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THE HOME JOURNAL

767

Canada's Leading Home Magazine

JAMES ACTON, Managing Editor JEAN GRAHAM, Editor
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

FEATURES FOR
OUR COMING NUMBERS
Just What You Need on a Happy Holiday

THE days of August are our great holiday season, when all of us who can get away to lakes and rivers are only too glad to escape from the rush and work of city or town. We are not unmindful of the interest which Canadians take in the outdoor life of the good old summertime and, both in fiction and descriptive articles, will offer our readers seasonable fare. Newfoundland, the island on which Canada has set covetous eyes, is increasingly popular with our summer tourists and no one knows that island better than Mrs. Denison (Lady Gay), whose articles on this country of historic struggles have been widely read. This writer contributes to the August number an article on the great regatta, "the" holiday for Newfoundland.

¶ Our serial, "Betty of the Rectory," has been deservedly popular with our many readers, who will doubtless find the new serial, "The Mystery of Barry Ingram," by Annie Swan, which begins in this number, quite as absorbing. We have been exceptionally fortunate in securing this story, which has a plot of unusual merit and characters with which you will soon feel at home.

¶ The domestic side of the season is not to be forgotten and articles relating to hot weather diet and diversion will provide the housewife with timely suggestions.

¶ The new needlework page of the July number is a feature of such general interest and value to our readers that it will doubtless meet with a gratifying appreciation and will become an attractive and familiar page.

¶ This issue contains our second architectural article by Collier Stevenson and this department of domestic interest has already attracted the attention of many of our readers, who find the article and illustrations, unlike certain others of the class, thoroughly practical and suited to Canadian conditions.

¶ Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, will contribute to an early autumn number an article on "Choral Music in America" and, with the resuming of musical work in September, special contributions on subjects of choral interest will be found in the HOME JOURNAL columns.

¶ The aim of this journal is to be national in scope and subject. Wherefore, one dollar for a yearly subscription means a closer acquaintance with all parts of the Dominion and a wider outlook for the woman who finds herself at home in East and West.

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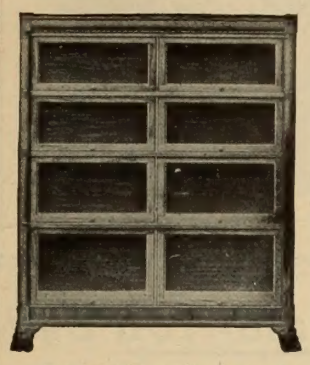

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TORONTO, JULY, 1909

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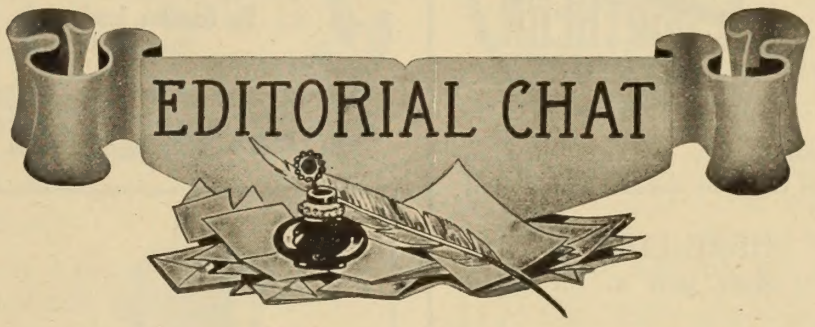


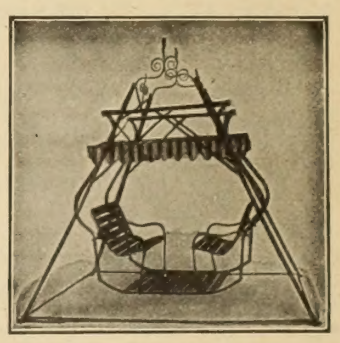
¶ THE VIOLET LADY. That is what a kindly critic named this July cover and it seems an appropriate title for the dainty type of girlhood which our artist has portrayed. The June cover received warm praise from all quarters and this month's production, we feel sure, will meet with our readers' admiration.

¶ OUR AUGUST ARTICLES will include several contributions of especial interest in that holiday month. The East, which contains some of Canada's most beautiful summer resorts, will be represented in an article, "East is East and West is West," by Agnes Norton, who describes graphically the Halifax of naval and military tradition, which is one of our storied cities. Newfoundland will also be represented in an article by Mrs. Denison ("Lady Gay"), who will give a pen picture of the famous regatta in the Ancient Colony. The short stories will also be in keeping with the month of out-doors and sunny skies.

¶ OUR DEPARTMENT OF HOME INTEREST, known as "Around the Hearth," will be found a source of helpful suggestion to many a wearied or perplexed home-maker, in the bright and varied discussion of the many difficulties which beset the woman of the Twentieth Century, with her multifarious duties.

¶ THE FIRST DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTION came from—what corner of the Dominion do you suppose? As a matter of fact, it came from neither British Columbia nor Nova Scotia, but from Shropshire, in the Mother Country. So we have travelled far, in these days of imperial journalism, and should not be at all surprised to receive New Zealand subscriptions before the August issue is published.

Out Door Pleasure



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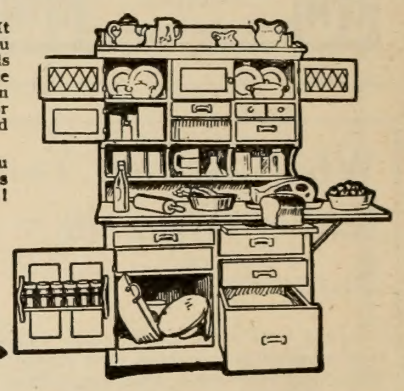

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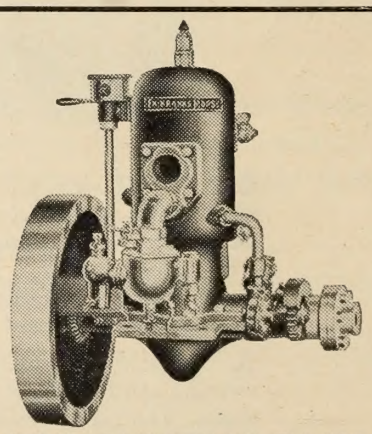

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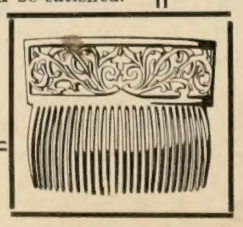

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THE HOME JOURNAL

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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA - - - - - - - JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor.

IT WILL SOON be a hundred years since a hostile shot was fired between the two peoples who live side by side in this great North American continent. We have celebrated centenaries and tercentenaries of conquest, let not the hundredth milepost of this era of peace pass without appropriate recognition. Could not a great international exposition and peace congress be arranged for to be held in 1914 and the world thus given a lesson in the development of Christian civilization on this hemisphere, such as would prove most salutary. It is none too soon to begin such an enterprise, which could be made redound to the advantage of both countries materially as well as morally. We trust the matter may be taken up by the authorities on both sides of the line. We could better afford to spend a large appropriation in such an enterprise as this than in munitions of war.

TO CELEBRATE PEACE

THE GREATEST RESULT that could flow from the Imperial Press Conference in London would be a resolution on the part not only of those participating, but of the thought leaders of the Empire at large to discourage the publication of sensational war scare matter. Much of the mischief wrought amongst nations as well as individuals is the outcome of ill-considered gossip. There is not the least doubt that the Spanish-American war was the direct result of national passion inflamed by newspapers. There is no less doubt that the present excited condition of public opinion in England and Europe is the result of an unfortunate tendency on the part of newspapers and some public men to keep up this talk of war. No sane man believes that the Germans want to take England any more than they believe that Canada wants to take the United States. Military enthusiasts start the discussion and newspapers, anxious to spice their columns, fix up the statements to suit their purposes. No wonder one statesman has remarked that Europe is lapsing into barbarism and that the press is largely responsible for this lapse is quite as true.

SENSELESS WAR TALK

IT IS NOW AS COMMON to take a vacation in summer as it used to be to take sulphur and treacle in spring. We have "got the habit" and most men and women follow therein the principle of the man who took a bath once a year whether he needed it or not. There are those who now regard the vacation as a part of the magna charta, and office boys with the utmost sang froid, ask before accepting a position, whether two weeks' holidays go with the job. The idea originated in the supposition that after a year's steady toil a short respite was needed, but now the easiest pacer on the staff is about the first to enquire when his turn will come for a fortnight's rest. It is not a good thing to keep one's nose on the grindstone, but there is a good deal of holiday-making in summer that is anything but contributory to health and prosperity. Take a holiday by all means but let it be such as will help you to do a better day's or year's work when you get back to it.

VACATION CRAZE

IF THE MUNICIPALITY does not provide adequate playground accommodation for children the latter should be allowed to play on the streets. It is monstrous that boys should be subject to arrest in our larger cities for playing ball, "Cross Charlie" or "Duck on the Rock" on the streets and should everywhere be faced up with warnings to keep off the grass. Not long since a number of lads under twelve years were arraigned before our police magistrate for playing hand-ball in a lane off one of our private streets. The magistrate most indignantly refused to convict them and commented in scathing terms upon regulations which refused to recognize the right of children to recreation. Of course regular supervised playgrounds are the ideal thing and when we recognize the fact that the play spirit properly directed is as essential as the need for mental and moral training, we will begin to make good citizens out of some of these now going astray. In the meantime the boy should be given consideration over the policeman and the cranky householder or taxpayer.

LET THEM PLAY

AN AMERICAN PAPER is trying to develop a new national anthem for Canada. The taste involved in a foreign publication dabbling in such a matter as this is bad enough, but it is carried even a step farther into the ridiculous, if not the impertinent, by an attempt to take a musical score already used for another setting and adapting it to new words. "Oh Canada" was written for a definite purpose by Lavalee, and at the request of a responsible committee, Judge Routhier wrote the words that for over a quarter of a century have been identified with it. What right has anyone to put asunder that which occasion and custom have joined so indissolubly? If a new national anthem be desired why not combine words and music such as will relieve the effect of the charge of plagiarism? No matter what English setting may be put to Lavalee's melody it will always be associated with Routhier's "O Canada, Terre de nos Aieux."

A NATIONAL IMPERTINENCE

CONSIDERABLE FUSS has been made over the "yellow peril." The danger of unrestricted immigration into this great country does not lie so much in what the immigrants may be willing to take for a day's wage as in allowing them to bring with them the habits of life and thought that are not in keeping with our ideals of our civilization. In all our eastern cities we are encouraging foreigners to establish colonies in which they live as they have been accustomed to live in the overcrowded countries from which they have come. We will learn our lesson, as these crowded, congested settlements breed disease and crime, and will, when we finally awaken, forbid the huddling of human beings in tenements like vermin. It is not too much to ask those who make this new country their home to live like civilized beings, and it is none too soon to ask our legislature and municipal councils to provide machinery to prevent these strangers either falling victims to the greed of unscrupulous landlords, or following their old world ways.

THE DIRT PERIL

IT IS A MARVEL that with all our expensive plans for sanitation, the traffic in old clothes and rags is allowed such latitude in all our centres. In the very midst of our largest cities within a stone's throw of our busiest thoroughfares will be found depots for rags, bones and refuse. This traffic, the same as the handling of sewage, should be controlled by the municipal authorities. To allow house refuse to be gathered into heaps without disinfection is to invite a plague. Why could not old garments, rags and other similar products be gathered like garbage and subjected to municipal fumigation? They could then be sold or distributed to the poor through the civic Bureau of Charity, and thousands of dollars thus saved annually.

OLD CLOTHES

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE who get into spheres for which nature and training never intended them. There are men making the laws of this country who by breeding and education seem to be better fitted to dispense drinks behind a bar than occupy seats within the bar of legislative bodies. One has only to read some of the debates or listen to some of these legislators talk in the lobbies to realize that it is not by the spirit of truth and purity, but by the might and power of political influence that many of them hold their positions. Unparliamentary language is not half as bad as the unparliamentary unregenerate ideas that some of these men have of the sacred obligations involved in their office.

PARLIAMENTARY AMENITIES

James Acton

THE DOMINION OF TO-DAY

Forty-two Years of Federation

THE NATION OF NINE PROVINCES WHICH HAS GROWN FROM THE UNION OF FOUR

1867 1909

FORTY-TWO years since the first Dominion Day! The stories of how that day was celebrated and of the hopes and fears which inspired the four provinces as they entered upon a federal union seem to this generation a tale of very long ago. It is an age of transportation, we are told, and Canada has travelled far and fast since 1867. "Too fast," say some of the elders as they shake their heads in deprecation of the hurry and fluster which make the northern part of this continent a happy hunting-ground for the specialist in nervous disorders. We are not given, as a people, to overdoing the keeping of a holiday and the First of July was, for many years, only a half-hearted celebration. But the children in our schools to-day are learning far more about Canada and Confederation than it was the fashion to teach a score of years ago, and Dominion Day is kept with increasing enthusiasm. It means, to the small boy and his sister, the first week of vacation and therefore its firecrackers and ice cream appear the outward sign of a two-months' emancipation.

Perhaps we can estimate the degree of our development best by reminding ourselves of what Canada meant in the year following the Fenian Raid. To the man in Halifax, St. John, Montreal or Toronto, Winnipeg was a place of fearsome hardships and British Columbia a district where only the most daring would venture. The railway which was promised for the West, a few years later, was regarded by many public men with a cynical disbelief which the people shared. Talk about the labor of Hercules and the fairy tales of giants! The story of our own Canadian Pacific Railway and its final completion to the Coast is a chronicle which might well be a chapter in a Nineteenth Century Wonder Book. In 1867, the Dominion was a map hardly half-unrolled. To-day we may catch wide, shining glimpses to the West and to the North, while the most ambitious cherish the hope that before 1920 an island expanse to the East may be sketched as part of our Confederacy, when Newfoundland also may be induced to join in the chorus of "The Land of the Maple."

The story of the last forty-two years seems to be the annals of the West as we regard the record of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia—provinces which were a far-off dream when the Fathers of Confederation met in Old Quebec. Wheat is the monosyllable of golden letters which is "writ large" on our three prairie provinces, and it is the realization of our agricultural possibilities which has given to Canada the name, "Granary of the Empire." Professor Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, has estimated our western wheat lands at one-hundred-and-seventy-one million acres. In our total wheat crop for 1908, the Dominion estimate gave one-hundred-and-eight million bushels, of which eighty-eight millions were grown in the West. Such are our golden possibilities in the agricultural sphere, and it is well for us to be reminded that our farmers form one-twelfth of the population and that nearly one-half of our population depends upon farming operations for support. With an average value for farm lands of thirty-six dollars an acre, surely Canada should be able to offer homes to all who are not afraid of work and wide spaces "washed with sun."

The tale of our development since 1867 has been clicked out over lines of railways and over telegraph wires. Our railway mileage is greater than Australia and New Zealand, or Italy and Spain combined, and more than all the South American countries. We have, in truth, a country of superb distances, and our railway pioneers have, of necessity, been men of wide vision, as well as of indomitable will. In proportion to her population Canada stands first among the nations in transporting facilities. On the first Dominion Day there were 2,278 miles of railway to keep the four provinces acquainted with one another. To-day there are 22,696, with Ontario in the front with nearly eight thousand miles. The early settlers who came into the wilderness with hatchet and spade were those who knew hardships in the sternest sense of the word and who would have regarded the modern colonists' car as a marvel of luxury.

Among the railway systems one may notice ninety miles in Yukon, that auriferous north, of whose wealth the Fathers of Confederation were profoundly ignorant. Yet if Sir John Macdonald could come back to Canada for a glimpse of what we are doing, there is probably no book which could afford him more entertainment than "The Songs of a Sourdough." Yukon is the real north, with its wonderful blaze of Arctic color in the sky and its brief, fierce summer, and, among our new towns, Dawson City is not of least attraction. Then there is Prince Rupert—the town which just the other day sold its first lots and which will hold the western end of the Grand Trunk Pacific's thread of traffic. A Carnegie library might be written on the wonders of British Columbia alone, where mountains, streams and ocean unite to spread such a majestic panorama as only the largest province of the Dominion can afford. Minerals, fisheries and lumber invite the ambitious not to pause until our western coast is reached and yet we are reminded that the city of Vancouver is only twenty-four years old—hardly more than a debutante in the sisterhood of ports. In fisheries and fruit the two extremes of the nation—Nova Scotia and British Columbia—may well form a friendly rivalry. From Annapolis to Okanagan is a stretch of continental width; but the fruit from these two favored districts will soon be equally famous.

In orchard products, Canada has been shamefully prodigal. The wealth of her forests and orchards has appeared so boundless, that there has been reckless squandering, with the result that the nation is arousing to the importance of preserving the forests and making the orchards a source of greater revenue. In apples alone, there is a yearly waste which shows that we are not a thrifty people.

The East has been comparatively neglected during the last decades and its charms of soil and scenery have not always met the appreciation they deserve. Among recent political proposals, that to unite New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island in one great maritime province, to be known as Acadia, is somewhat startling, but its adoption might result in greater growth and activity than the East has yet known. However, there is no need for the provinces along the Atlantic to feel that they have taken any but a momentous share in the development of the Dominion. In the most important sphere of all—education—the sons of these provinces have been conspicuous. When a new college-president is elected in Canada, turn to "Morgan" and you will find that he was born in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, while Prince Edward Island has the proud distinction of having given President Schurman to Cornell University. These provinces, as befits their history and traditions, are the most appreciative of all those finer arts which contribute to the nation's truest progress. Their natural loveliness attracts a yearly-increasing number of tourists, while the development of the great coal and steel industries of Cape Breton shows that modern commercialism is not ignoring the opportunities afforded in the East. A greater leisureliness and courtesy may be readily observed in the homes of the maritime provinces, qualities of which our latest civilization stands in sore need.

Are we a boastful people Do we content ourselves with recounting our wealth in forests, fisheries and mines, our acreage of rich agricultural lands, our wonders of resource which every school-boy is called upon to recite We have been too distrustful of ourselves in the past. But are we in danger now of going to the opposite extreme and proclaiming blatantly what has been given us, without considering what use we are making of this liberal endowment? Sometimes it seems as if we were showing off our rich estates and forgetting that the abundance of our possessions is not that in which the national life consists. Are we in danger of confusing bigness with greatness and of resting content with the achievements of others, rather than taking their deeds for a foundation? These are questions that must occur to us on the eve of the nation's birthday, for the vastness of that which we have is but a wasted heritage if the ideal of public service is selfish and ignoble. As a great English visitor to our country said to an earlier generation of Canadians: "May no Marius ever sit among the ruins of a prospect so fair!"

SHADOW RIVER

(See opposite page)

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

A stream of tender gladness,
Of filmy sun, and opal-tinted skies ;
Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
A bubble in the pearly air, I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
As twilight drifts to even.

The little fern-leaf, bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine,
The border line
The keenest vision can't define;
So perfect is the blending.

The far fir trees that cover
The brownish hills with needles green and gold
The arching elms o'erhead, vinegrown and old,
Repictured are
Beneath me far,
Where not a ripple moves to mar
Shades underneath, or over.

Mine is the undertone;
The beauty, strength and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command;
But all the shade
Is marred or made,
If I but dip my paddle blade;
And it is mine alone.

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others Fame
And Love's red flame.
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA

Some of the Photographs which were sent in competition and which, though not prizewinners, deserve a page to themselves

MIDSUMMER NOON IN THE FIELD
Photograph by Miss M. E. Dickenson, North Glanford

ON SHADOW RIVER, ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA

Photographs by the Misses Bell, Toronto

GRENADIER POND, HIGH PARK, TORONTO

JACK AND MISS JERSEY
Photographer unidentified

Simple Sewage for Country House

By SANITAS

ONE of the greatest drawbacks with many country houses is the absence of the most ordinary conveniences of the average city home. Without any effective system of drainage or sewage disposal, primitive ideals have to be adopted that constitute a source of constant worry, discomfort and inconvenience. Yet it is possible with a very small outlay to instal a system that will not only give complete satisfaction but realize a genuine acquisition to the premises. We give our readers herewith an outline of a simple septic tank system for the treatment of sewage that may be adapted to almost any sized house, school, hotel or small community.

The scientific principle which governs in all treatment of waste matter is that nature if given a chance will thoroughly do her own work. Thus, earth, air and light are the best disinfectants, deodorizers and solvents of waste and fetid matter. For this reason the ordinary cesspool, placed deep in the ground is too uncertain, and the dry earth closet too slow in action for satisfactory results.

Bacteriologists divide bacteria that are responsible for the changes in waste matter into two classes, aerolic and anaerolic—that is, those that derive their life from the air and those that thrive upon the oxygen given off by decaying matter, animal and vegetable. Study of sewage treatment has developed the fact that if this waste matter be left for a period in a place where light and air are practically excluded, a certain action is set up which brings about a process of disintegration. If, after a certain time, the sewage be exposed to the action of air the work of disintegration is carried a step farther. Then if the effluent be discharged into a sandy earth or upon any porous surface where air and sunlight may get in their work, its hurtfulness and noisomeness are killed. Hence any system which treats waste matter approximately on this principle may be made effective in sewage disposal. Where there is plenty of room and the soil is suitable or where it is desirable to carry the residuum or effluent some distance for irrigation purposes, two separate tanks may be used under ground as shown in Figure A, which explains itself. The tiles may be so arranged in this case as to thoroughly irrigate a garden with the most beneficial results and if the stack from the first tank be placed properly no odor will be noticed.

We illustrate in Figure B a tank in use on a summer house where it was impossible to place it any distance from the house and where there was not sufficient land to spread the tile anywhere but within a short distance from the rear of the building. As the ground was rocky and could not be excavated, the tank practically had to stand above the ground some four feet.

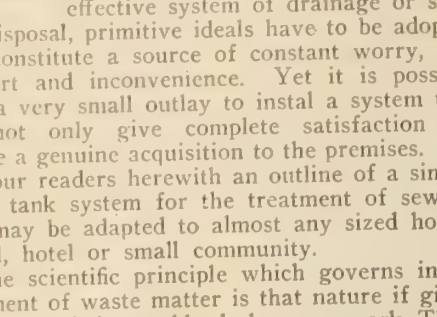


Fig. A—Sectional elevation and plan of tanks for septic treatment of sewage

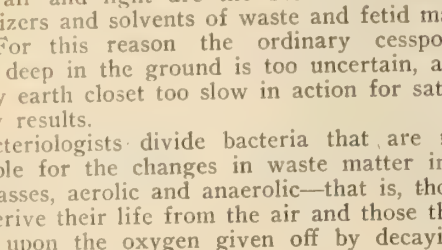


Fig. B—Septic treatment of sewage

It is built of solid concrete, the foundation being twelve inches with a floor of three inches of finished cement. The walls are eight inches thick all around with a cement partition of six inches between the two compartments, the whole inside and outside being finished smooth with cement to prevent sweating and leakage.

The soil pipe runs direct from the fixtures without traps to the tank and enters at A, a four-inch vent or stack running up through the roof of the house from Y next to the closet to carry off any gases that might accumulate in the chamber of the septic tank. As most of the matter will be in suspension in the first compartment, an overflow (B) is arranged with its inlet six or eight inches from the floor and its outlet just below the level of A through the partition into the second compartment. The inlet of this pipe should be covered with wire netting to prevent solids passing through. Through this overflow the fluids from the first compartment pass into the second.

The second compartment, which thus contains fluid only, is provided with what is called a Quinn Valve, which may be adjusted to discharge when any particular depth of fluid accumulates and thus the entire contents after being held for a period permitting further bacteria action, are discharged from time to time into the drain C which conveys them to the porous tile pipes some twenty or thirty feet along the drain I. These tile are simply porous field tile placed on a level about a foot below the ground and the liquid leaks through the joints and through the tile themselves into the ground, which of course must be of such a nature as to quickly take care of moisture. To give a drop to the tile or to run them deep in the ground or through hard clay would mean that the work would not be effectively done.

Air spaces are placed at the top of the partition between the two compartments to prevent air binding in the first, and G not only provides a vent for the second chamber but an overflow in case any trouble occurs with the valve. A stack is run from H above the line on the house where odors may prove troublesome.

In this particular tank the top is made of solid concrete with a twenty-inch iron manhole made secure against the escape of gases by having a top bolted down against a rubber gasket with screws. This permits the tanks being reached from time to time for cleaning or repairs. Plank may be used to cover the tanks when such are underground and a top covering of earth or sod used to prevent escaping odors. The solid tank is, however, the best. If figuring the tank capacity, allow three cubic feet in the first compartment for each occupant of the house and allow twelve feet of tile for every cubic foot of space in the second compartment. If you cannot get the right earth surface for the tile run the effluent into a dry ravine or into a storage where it can do no harm.

Ontario's Outworn Police System

THE administration of justice in the Province of Ontario is by no means all that we patriots fondly profess. During the past two years there have been instances where it has been glaringly defective in the detection and punishment of criminal offenders. The tramp nuisance, for instance, has become a menace in several districts of the province; yet there appears to be no effort to cope seriously with its dangers and disabilities. Women are especially concerned in the proper enforcement of law and order in the districts beyond the cities, and the fact that so many murders remain mysteries is by no means re-assuring to those who would like to believe that our province is under progressive control.

In a recent issue of the *Canadian Magazine,* an article by Mr. J. V. McAree deals with this question in a frank and fair manner. The writer suggests that it is the fault of the system, not the police, that so many crimes, and many of the worst sort, go unpunished, if not uninvestigated.

"It is reported," says Mr. McAree, "that Honorable Mr. Foy, the Attorney-General of Ontario, intends to have some changes made in the law that regulates the activities of Provincial detectives. If he does anything at all, it will be to make the Attorney-General's department free to despatch an officer to the scene of a crime without waiting for a request from the county crown attorney. At present a Provincial officer is supposed to wait until the local authorities send for him. He is the consulting specialist who must on no account rush to the rescue until requested to do so by the family physician who is in charge of the case.

"Time is more than money; it is life and death in cases of serious crime. A day lost in getting a trained man on the spot is enough, in four cases out of five, to let the criminal escape. A case in point was that of little Glory Whalen, at Collingwood. The child was foully murdered in 1903, and to this day no one knows who killed her. Six years—that is one stretch of time. From Thursday until Saturday, that is another. One period is that in which the fiend who slew Glory Whalen has been at liberty; the other is the time it took a Provincial detective to get to work on the mystery. The crime was discovered on a Thursday. It was Saturday before the trained detective got to work."

We sometimes refer to the Southern States as a region of lawlessness. But the chivalrous men of any state south of Mason and Dixon's line would consider it a disgrace and shame to their civilization that such a crime as that of a child's murder should go unpunished. Are the men of Ontario entirely indifferent to such atrocity? It would seem so. Then they content themselves with murmuring the rubbishy platitude that life is sacred, while their supineness gives the lie to their speech.

"The suggestion is made," continues the writer, "that the police forces of Ontario, including city police, county constables, provincial detectives, special officers such as are employed by the railways, forest and fire-rangers, game wardens and their deputies, and jail governors and turn-keys should be brought into one force, under one central management. There should be district headquarters in every county, and local depots in every town and township. At least once a day the local depot should report to the county headquarters, and the county headquarters to the central office. Also from the central office could radiate instructions by telegraph which could be in the hands of every man in the service in a couple of hours. There should be mounted men in every township whose duty it would be to patrol the country roads, day and night, sweeping up the tramps and vagrants who now make the life of women in the less populated rural districts a terror. These mounted patrols, at certain intervals along their route, should have telegraph or telephone stations, like the patrol boxes in the city, and from each of them they would report to the local depot, and receive fresh instructions, if necessary. They should have a certain time-table, so that after a month or two it would be possible for the farmers along the route to tell, within about half a mile, where the nearest policeman was, and to get a message to him without delay, in case of emergency."

Mr. McAree suggests that the Cabinet Minister who will dare to offend the criminal classes will be a benefactor to rural Ontario. That such an aggressive legislator will arise is to be hoped by all decent citizens of the Premier Province.

The truth is, that the modern legislator sees more sacredness in a five dollar bill than in human life and, accordingly, the police system of the Province of Ontario is a colossal failure. It is not a force, but a farce. J. G.

THE WHITETHROAT

BY THEODORE H. RAND

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear.—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir
And echoes thy part!.....

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown.....

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

YOUR SUMMER HOME

A Glimpse of Some of Canada's Beautiful Summer Spots where July and August are Months of Delight

A MODEST HOME NEAR THE BAY

WHERE THE LIGHT-HOUSE TOWERS

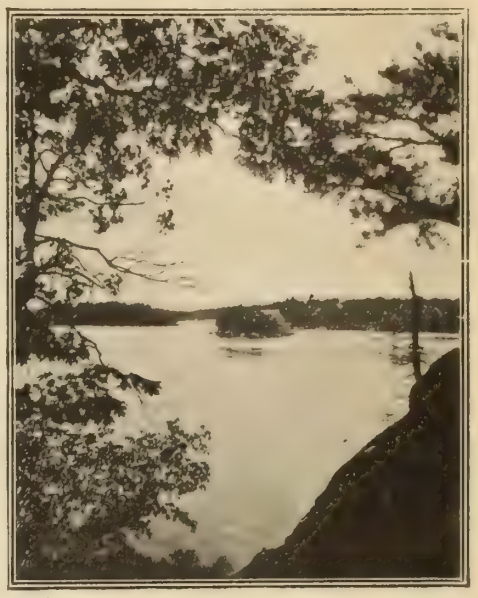
bright with holiday-makers in July and August and forlorn during the white months of the year. The business life of man and the household life of woman have become so exacting in their many modern calls that there is a positive need for change when the midsummer days are upon us. The spreading verdancy of June makes us homesick for the country and the lake shore. We begin to talk of fishing and swimming, and there is a wistful look towards the north. Trunks are brought down from the attic and the advertisements for camping supplies are eagerly scanned.

If there is any spot where the simple life is a bright and shining virtue it is the summer home. Have the maximum of comfort and the minimum of carpets and curtains. Take the lightest furniture you can find and as large a supply of cushions as you can afford. In fact, it is impossible to have an over supply of hammocks or cushions.

Whatever the summer home may lack, it must have a veranda—the wider the better, with an array of wide, deep chairs—not rockers, which are as great an abomination as in the days when Charles Dickens visited the United States and condemned the eternal rocking-chair. Let the tired-out dweller in the city remember that rest is the end of the summer holiday, and abandon everything that means unnecessary effort!

It is to be noticed that the summer home becomes more substantial as the years go by, and is supplied with as many of the conveniences as may be sent by the northward bound express. The old idea of roughing it has somewhat declined in favor as the transportation facilities to our great holiday grounds have increased. There is no especial virtue in eating from wooden plates, when granite ware and porcelain may be sent up by the flyer and the boat in a day.

The decoration of the summer home should be in keeping with the out-door spirit of our brief summer-time. Pictures, pillows and furniture should all suggest the season when we renew our jaded forces and fairly vie with *Ariel* as we "drink the air." Woods and shore give us many a bit of decorative color, which will brighten the living-room, without making a burden for the housewife.



A GLIMPSE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

IN THE CHANNEL

The bedrooms of the summer home should be as free to breeze and air as if they were a tent. Carpets should be banished and the one aim should be to secure a place for cool and refreshing slumber. The dining-room—well it is just as well to have an indoor room for the sake of the damp days—but many of the dwellers in Muskoka have their meals out-doors in happy defiance of black flies and other disturbers of sylvan peace.

The summer home is more than a relaxation—it is an institution. It is a place of blessed sunshine and strength, to which we look forward in the days of June, and on which we look back in the days of December with a sudden vision of wide waters and tall pines, while if we listen ever so closely, there comes the note of the whip-poor-will.

"THE PINES" ON LAKE SIMCOE, LADY EDGAR'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

CANADA is usually regarded as a country demanding strenuous work and making stern demands on endurance and physical force. It is hardly a lazy man's paradise, and the loafing immigrant who comes over to this Land of Many Acres with the fond expectation of being fed and taken care of, in exchange for a display of consummate indolence, is doomed to early and bitter disappointment.

However, it is too frequently forgotten that Canada is also a great country for a holiday—all the way from Cape Breton to the Rockies, you will find as magnificent a playground as the gods have granted. There has not been the appreciation from Canadians themselves of the beauties that are spread so lavishly in every province of the Dominion—vast stretches of lake, broad sweep of mighty rivers and soft murmur of pines.

The summer home has become almost a necessity to the dweller in the town or city. Dotted all over our inland waters are cottages which are

NEAR "THE WILLOWS," BROCKVILLE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

MOSQUITO
Male and Female

FOR THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Nature History Rhymes—The Mosquito

By E. M. GARDNER

CHAPTER I.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

Away from the noise and the bustle,
And the dust of the city street,
Away from the crowds, and the vendors, and cars,
We have sought out this quiet retreat.
A dear old house in a garden,
With orchard and shade trees fine,
An old-fashioned well, and a rain-barrel too,
And chickens and horses and "kine."

"How pleasant to lie in the shadow,
And breathe in the sweet-scented air,
While resting our eyes on the soft shaded greens
Of bushes and trees, everywhere!

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTACK.

But scarce was the sentiment uttered
When the spell—by a "little thing"
Was broken completely! The reason was this,
That "little thing" had a "big sting"!
Nor was there one visitor only,
But a regiment large, with a band!
Which sounded to us like the wild stirring notes
Of the bag-pipes—from Fairyland!

So loud and so clear was the music,
So persistent the call to war,
That we mortals felt challenged to rise and show fight
To the insects so thirsting for gore!
And fiercely and long raged the conflict,
And cruel the wounds we sustained,
Yet many a vicious mosquito lay dead
Ere its blood-thirsty object was gained!

CHAPTER III.

THE RETREAT.

But our forces were greatly outnumbered,
And "thoroughly routed" were we;
The enemy drove us right into the house
—For the arnica bottle you see!
With lotions, and much imprecation,
Our feelings so outraged, we tried
To soothe; but alas! 'twas a difficult task,
So injured our skins and our pride!
"Now, children," said grandpa, "just listen,
A wonderful story I'll tell,
'Tis as good as a fairy tale, yet 'tis about
The mosquito you all know so well!
But come to the rain-barrel with me
And see what in it we can find,
For live illustrations of what I may say
Will help you to keep it in mind.

ILLUSTRATION IN THE WATER BARREL

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENEMY—HIS EVOLUTION.

Do you see that queer little brown thing
On the top of the water that floats?

LARVA OF MOSQUITO

There are three hundred eggs of mosquito in each
Of those wee unupsetable boats!
Three days on the surface 'twill linger
And then each small larva will hatch
And wiggle itself from the large lower end
Of its own little shell, with despatch.

Here! look at this cute little fellow,
He's resting head downwards, you see,
For strange to relate he now breathes through a tube
Near his tail; a queer way, you'll agree.
And now, when I touch him just notice
His method of swimming about,
Head and tail nearly touch, and then quick spring apart,
'Tis a devious course, and I doubt

If he long can keep under the water,
For see! he is rising again;
And his tiny fringed tube on the surface appears,
Else he'd soon suffocate, that is plain.
Now here is another one older,
Just look how his whiskers have grown!
He has changed his first coat and will change it again—
Three times in three weeks, it is known!

And see! here's another still older,
How different he looks from the rest!
His tail is now down and his big head is up,
He's no beauty, it must be confessed!
But look at those two little valves,
They are growing right out of his head,
Through these he is breathing, but very soon now
He'll be floating as if he were dead.

Once more, in a few days at most,
He will crawl from this skin that you see,
And perch on its edge while he dries his fine wings,
For a full-fledged mosquito he'll be!

CHAPTER V.

THE ENEMY IN FULL FEATHER.

Ah! here is one fully developed,
Just gaze on his whiskers so grand!
He looks so imposing! yet he cannot fight,
And he only belongs to the band.
It is said that his elegant wings,
Vibrate three thousand times in a minute!
With a record like that, let us throw up the hat,
Tommy Longboat is simply 'not in it.'

But here is his notable spouse,
It is she that we all have to fight!
For instead of a headgear of feathers, she has
A proboscis, with which she will bite.
Could you look at it through a strong glass,
You would see it is covered with scales,
So tiny and shiny, which seem as gems—
Yet before it our very flesh quails!

For encased in this wonderful sheath
Are six tiny lancets so fine,
And through them there passes a queer little trough
Which the poison runs down, I opine.
You can see that her eyes are much larger,
The reason I cannot narrate;
Nor why she was made with but two little plumes
While like a wild Indian, her mate!

Nor why she's the one that's so vicious,
And harmless and mild is the male.
But now I must stop or you'll think there's no end
To mosquitos—or this little tale!

But look! on my hand one's alighting,
Now watch her small body expand.
When she's only half-full she a prisoner will be
For slowly I'll close up my hand.
She'll be caught by her precious proboscis,
For stretching the skin holds it tight,
And then I'll get back at her with a big smack
Which will finally end our small fight!

PUPA OF MOSQUITO

THE BUNGALOW: ITS JOURNAL

The Story of the House that Nell Built

By CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

Monday.

AFTER this, no more tedious entries in my journal. Such pages and pages of dull, stupid items you could not imagine unless you had stolen a half hour with my diary.

Three years ago I was much younger—fully five years younger—and did not see anything ghastly in beginning my little green leather book in this wise:

"I am a teacher in one of the big public schools of New York City, and my name is Nell Oliver."

Good heavens! Think of that for banality! According to our copy books, "Pedagogy is a glorious profession," and three years ago I had dreamed a bit of its glory and another bit perhaps of its romance. I saw a little schoolhouse perched upon a hill, deep among the trees, not far from the river. The sweet little country children crowding day after day about my knee, and the teaching of the multiplication table to a future governor of the State, who in after years would dedicate an historical volume of moment to his "Esteemed teacher, Miss Nell Oliver." But the country schoolhouse was the vision of a night and a great ugly reality made of bricks came to take its place. Instead of my country lasses and future governors I teach a class of fifty desperate characters. I shudder to predict their future. I hate to think of mine—among them. The maps portraying the red and yellow countries of Southern Europe from which my pupils come, fascinate them, but I never want to go there. And these were the things that made my journal—but now! My cap is in the air, I give three cheers, very sotto voce, every other minute, for as the woman who keeps the tobacco shop around the corner says, "Things aren't goin' to be as they used to was, miss!" (I go there for wax matches).

Tuesday.

At recess to-day I took out my bank book and added it up! A week ago, I had eleven dollars and seventeen cents. To-day I have—well, I am afraid to tell you. Really, I am! I can hardly believe it myself and I own the book. I just couldn't expect anyone else to believe that wonder tale. It isn't a million or any foolish thing like that, but a real sum of money which will buy—which will buy—a little house in the country! A little house for mother and Judy and I do hope they will let me in too as long as I am paying for it.

After school closed to-day I used the telephone on the principal's desk and called up my old friend, Mr. Jed Forbes.

"He's one of the best architects in the city," I explained to the group of teachers who were holding a little causerie in the principal's room. In prosperity, one must guard against becoming a cat, and a vulgar display of architects is not particularly good either, but just for one day—just for one day——!

"My dear Mr. Forbes," I said over the telephone, "I certainly hope you can come down to see me this evening, it is such an important matter! Yes, indeed, eight o'clock will be a splendid hour, and do bring down some plans for small houses, concrete or stucco, nothing elaborate, but something real pretty in those dear little bungalows!"

When I turned away from the desk they were all staring, brownie-eyed, at me, and I had the grace to blush. I am sure that Miss Tompkins believes that I am going to be married. Poor old thing! She has been teaching for thirty years in the public schools. What a life! If I should have to teach, teach, teach, for thirty years, for a bit of food and a roof over my head, without ever a hope of—— But that won't happen, thank God, for the little house will be built soon and then it will be *fun* to work for such a home. I'll ask Miss Tompkins down over Saturdays and give her the little room overlooking the garden. You will just be able to catch a glimpse of the sea, very faint and alluring, from that window. I think the room will be done in blue. Gracious, won't Miss Tompkins be pleased!

Wednesday.

Dear old Mr. Forbes came last night and his surprise at my sudden good fortune was touching. He took his glasses off and wiped them and said he would build me a palace, that is what he said, a "palace," for what some one else would have to pay for just one of those common little bungalows! It is so fortunate to know people in the business. The plans he brought were beautiful. I decided on a stucco, tan with a green tiled roof, quite a touch of Spanish style about it. Mr. Forbes suggested that I buy my land first and then fit the house to its surroundings, but if I find a pretty house first, why, the other way round is good enough for me. Mother agreed with Mr. Forbes, but Judy agreed with me. Sweet Judy! No teaching for Judy! She shall live in the little house, walk in the little garden, and be happy! Oh, my little house! my little house! my little house!

Mother's room is to be in mauve; very simple and restful, with pots of heliotrope on the window-ledge. I shall buy the seeds for the flowers to-morrow in Courtland street. Of course, a chintz room, all rosy and sunny, might be attractive, too. In fact, I think it would be better for mother and make her more cheerful.

A chintz room with pink geraniums in the window! Now, candidly, could anything be better than that for a mother? I have *quite* decided on chintz.

"Think of it! A little grey house deep among the white sand."

Thursday.

Fearful panic for five minutes to-day in Classroom No. 7. I had set the children to work on a composition about the principal city of the South and was deep in a little private addition anent window curtains and portieres of pink-flowered stuff, when in walked two commissioners who demanded to see some "board work." In a sort of dream I said, "Lysippus Chrysostus, go to the front of the room."

Lysippus' father sells plaster casts on Grand street. The child walked forward with the grace of a little Greek god.

"I would like you to—" I began, and then I saw the commissioner, grim, unsmiling, waiting for me to go on. I tried to think of some intelligent sentence to be written out and analyzed, but I could not. In mathematics my brain was a blank, except one small corner still alive to the price of chintz.

"The boy is waiting, Miss Oliver," snapped one of the men. My face burned and the room rose and fell before me.

"I want you to draw—" I began again, and then in desperation I cried out, "a little house!"

And he drew one! That little, dirty-faced rascal drew as pretty a house as you could wish to see, with beautiful curly smoke coming out of the chimney.

The commissioners were delighted. When they had gone I called Lysippus to me and kissed him.

Friday.

To-day Mr. P. Chrysostus brought me a plaster cast of Mozart.

Saturday.

Such a surprise! I went down to Long Island with Kitty to-day. She went to look over their place at Bellcliff. They open it quite early in the spring. Although it is still pretty chilly we got someone to sail us across the bay and took a long walk along the sand dunes. After all, there is nothing better than the ocean, is there? A year of hard work completed, that is the place to go for rest.

Is it, after all, a mistake for me to build inland?

Sunday.

Mr. Forbes came to spend the day. He looks very badly, so frayed and faded. Mother says he is just a clerk in that great architect's office. Never mind, Mr. Forbes shall be a welcome visitor to the "little house."

He was enthusiastic about the sand dunes. Such a chance for a charming and artistic home! But, alas, no stucco and green tiles for me when I build on Long Island! Mr. Forbes says grey shingles are the only things that fit in the picture!

Think of it! A little grey house deep among the white sand with the great sapphire sea at its feet. How could I have fancied anything else?

Oh, the days on the beach! Oh, the nights in the living-room; a drift-wood fire burning; mother sitting on one side saying, "All my troubles are over now, my dear!"

And Judy on the other singing something like this:

"Hurray, hurray, I'm chuck full of glee,
For nothing can happen to any of we!"

Oh, when the little grey shingle house is finished nothing must happen, nothing can happen but happy, beautiful things. I'll lock the door against anything else and never let it in, never—never,—never!

Monday.

An early spring rain. I must look up the rates in the Northeastern Company to-day and see about insuring my house down on Long Island against fire and flood.

Poor Miss Tompkins! I should love to ask her to-day to arrange to spend her vacation at "Grey Shingles," but I suppose I had better wait.

A Month Later.

After all, I didn't build the place among the sand dunes. That would be all very well for a poetic, imaginative soul. But anyone as gregarious as I am ought to join some little bungalow colony. I read about one in the Sunday newspaper last week.

Next Day, Saturday.

To-day Judy and I went to New Jersey and to-night I can truthfully say: "All doubts are at an end." We found the place described in the paper, and after looking it over we put our arms around each other and wept for joy. The shores of the little lake are dotted with log cabins, the pine trees make harps above your roof, little rustic steps lead from the bank to each tiny wharf, where canoes float up like graceful water fowl, and the wild honeysuckle grows down and drinks the sweet lake water. (I feel rather proud of that!)

It is still early in the season, but there were already some bungalow-fers abroad. The real estate office stood near the road, so I took Judy and went there at once. The man was very nice, and without arguing at all I bought some land! It was just as simple as that!

Sunday.

Mr. Jed Forbes is here hard at work on plans

the log cabin. We will have to get a flat-bottomed canoe for little Judy.

Saturday. A Week Later.

A glorious day. There is nothing wrong in the whole, whole world! To-day they broke ground and started the house.

Sunday.

Went down to the country to see how the hole in the ground looked. The young man who owns the log cabin next to mine (the real estate agent told me he was a young college professor) came over and looked at it too. He took his hat off and said that he understood we were to be neighbors. Of course, if I had been simply a poor little school teacher I would have trotted off meekly without a word, but a land owner is different! I asked him about the other neighbors to show him that I was particular as to the kind of colony I joined. He really is very possible. His mother came up soon and asked me to their place for luncheon. I accepted with dignity and was very quiet and grand throughout the visit.

There is nothing like a lake front to give you an air!

Monday.

I am not going to write diaries of any days but Saturdays and Sundays. In fact there are no days but these.

Saturday. Weeks After.

Mr. Stevenson, my neighbor, came up to the city to fetch me to the lake to-day, and together we visited "Knoll Place." They are getting along splendidly with it. We sat on a fence and admired my logs and my chimney and my pine trees, and then we admired his. Mr. Stevenson suggested a rustic pergola connecting the two. Rather nice idea, but I don't know the gentleman well enough yet to have anything between us—even a pergola.

Sunday.

The professor says pink chintz isn't good for mothers! A soft green is the best color in the world for all people over twenty-seven. He and I, accordingly, planned a sweet room for mother, all sage green and white wicker.

Think of a hideous, glaring chintz room! Mother has certainly been saved a great deal by my meeting Professor Stevenson.

Next Saturday.

Again at the lake! Wilmer Stevenson is away on business. The little house is almost finished, but I cannot look upon it to-day with joy. I feel that I have no right to it. It is almost as though something was saying, "You should sell your house and give the money to the poor."

It is a very sad thing to be sad!

Sunday.

A lovely long letter from Wilmer S., who was away buying me a beautiful canoe.

Monday.

There is nothing like owning a house and inviting your friends to spend the summer with you. I wrote seven invitations to-day, and I am sure I gained seven pounds—pure joy.

One Saturday, Later On.

Mother is ill. But I won't fret this time; in a few days I shall take her to Knoll Place and everything will be all right.

The first pillar of the rustic pergola was driven in to-day!

Sunday.

I am up here in our little flat, but I smelt wild honeysuckle all the day.

Monday.

Summer is here with a vengeance. The classroom is stifling. Mother is no better, and Judy is unhappy. Little girls of twelve should be out in the fields.

Tuesday.

Oh, heavens, these children drive me wild!

Wednesday.

I *do* wish someone named Wilmer Stevenson would write to me.

Thursday.

Mr. Forbes *is* only a bookkeeper in the architect's office, but then I have always known that.

Friday.

Oh, I cannot keep this up any longer, I cannot! Judy came down to meet me at three o'clock to-day and she looked so little and pale.

"Nellie," she says, "wouldn't it be wonderful if we had a little place in the country where mother and you and I could go? And flowers, Nellie, geraniums and honeysuckle and——"

I stooped and took her into my arms there in the street. What could I say to her?

Saturday.

Oh, little diary, don't you see—don't you understand? It was all in a joke, a mean, tearful, ghastly joke about the little house—for there is no little house.

There is nothing but the big school building and the black-eyed children, and there's no Mr. Stevenson either.

The old diary was stupid, and I thought to liven it up a bit, but it has hurt too much in the end, so we will close the little book.

Drab little schoolma'am, go back to your desk and forget your dreams. A little house should be made of sterner stuff than wishes.

A Woman Explorer

By JEAN GRAHAM

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON is a Canadian of whom we have heard much during the past year, but not a word more than her pluck and ability deserve. Miss Cameron was born on Vancouver Island and, although she has gone far from that picturesque home in her many wanderings, it is evident that the "Pacific Paradise" still holds first place in her affections. The Scotch settlers have done great service in building the West. It was Max O'Rell who declared that wherever one might go in the Canadian West, one found a Scotchman "bossing the job." The C. P. R. was the work of Scottish brains and endurance and wherever the steel rails go they flash forth the story of Mountstephen and Strathcona.

To the breed of hardy Scottish pioneers Miss Cameron belongs, and she does not leave her hearers long in doubt as to her descent. Early in the lecture, travel talk, or whatever it may be, the reference to Scottish blood is introduced and the hearer knows that the woman whose talk is as broad and sparkling as the northern rivers she loves is indeed of the Cameron clan. We may talk of the superiority of the Englishman as he refers to "home," of the impetuous love of the Irishman for the Isle of Tears, but there is nothing else quite like the ineffable satisfaction of the Caledonian with the circumstance of his origin. This pride is evident in the Canadian lecturer of Vancouver Island birth and is hailed with a sense of kinship in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal.

Miss Cameron began a career of independence, as so many women do, in the school-room, and taught for some years in the West. It is easy to believe that she was a successful teacher but one is perfectly convinced that she did not find the work altogether to her vigorous taste. She is a born explorer—of the tribe of Mackenzie and Fraser—and the *wanderlust* is strong in her soul. Wherefore, when she said good-bye to desk and class-room, I believe that she must have said: "Well, thank Heaven that's over."

MISS CAMERON AT FORT SIMPSON ON THE MACKENZIE, TAKING CARE OF A NATIVE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Then this intrepid Daughter of the Dominion set out on her travels—and such travels! It makes the adventurous heart throb to think of those days in the prairie country, learning of the breadth and strength of the wheat belt, of the ten-thousand-mile journey in the summer of 1908, from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean by way of the Athabasca, Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie, to say nothing of those six delectable weeks in an open boat on the bosom of the Peace River! It is a great mistake to believe that only the men of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races have the pioneering spirit. It often burns just as fiercely in the veins of the women of the race, and, next to setting off to the land of lakes and streams and mighty mountains on your own daring trail, it is good to hear one who has the understanding and the gift of the inevitable word tell of the great spaces all unspoiled, in our wonderful West and North.

Miss Cameron's "programme" includes four lectures—"Wheat, the Wizard of the North," "From Wheat to Whales," "The Witchery of the Peace," and "Vancouver's Isle o' Dreams," each of which is vibrant with the personality of

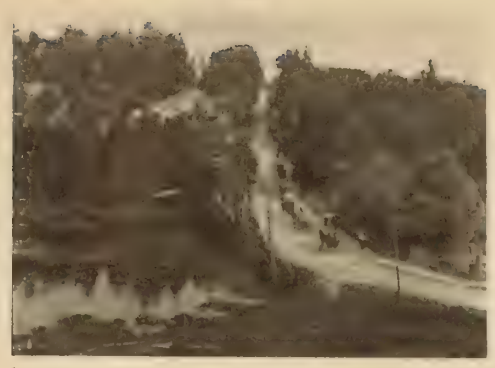
MISS CAMERON AT WORK DURING THE ARCTIC SUMMER

a bright, valiant nature. Even the stereopticon views seem almost superfluous, so vivid are the word pictures presented by the woman who is always at home with her audience and who seems to carry her hearers off at will to Vancouver, "the most cosmopolitan island in the world," to the far forts on northern rivers, which have heroic and whimsical deeds on every page of their journals, to rivers that have a majestic brilliance in their wide sweep to the Arctic, to wheat fields that gleam in broad wealth of gold as they yield the nurturing grain of an empire. There is humor of a delightfully naive touch in the flow of Miss Cameron's story and the quiet twinkle in her blue-grey eyes as she tells quaint tales of primitive emergencies is a delight to those who may have suffered from the narratives of less vivacious travellers. In fact, it hardly seems fair to use the word "lecture" in connection with such unconventional and vitalizing talks.

Miss Cameron's present residence is Chicago and one feels a bit resentful about this circumstance, as Uncle Sam seems to woo successfully all ambitious Canadians who have "done things." This summer a deserved honor has come her way, as Miss Cameron has been selected by the authorities of the University of Minnesota to deliver five stereopticon lectures during the eighteenth annual session of the University Summer School, combined with the Annual Convention of Teachers of Minnesota. Miss Cameron, in writing to Canada regarding the broad-minded action of the Minnesotans in securing a Canadian to talk to their teachers for a week on the glories of her own land, remarks: "I wonder if we, reversing the case, would be as broad. 'I hae ma doots.' But that is not going to prevent me from trying very earnestly indeed to remove some of the misapprehensions that exist in the mind American regarding Canada and things Canadian. By throwing five hundred or six hundred specially-selected stereopticon slides on the curtain and giving hard *Gradgrind* facts, I will not be living up to my fullest opportunity if I do not leave an impression of something different to icebergs and snowshoes, snow-ploughs and ice-palaces. I shall want the teachers to take back to their rows of little kiddies some half-way adequate pictures, at least, of rolling fields of forty-bushel wheat, of vineyards in Sunny Ontario, of the Christmas roses at dear Vancouver."

Good luck and sunshine go with this daughter of the Pacific Province!

WANTED: A BEAUTY COMBINE



ROAD TO THE OLD ACADEMY

A Plea for the "Town Beautiful" in this Wide Canada of Ours

By MARY LESLIE

Photographs by Thomas McCarter

PINNACLE ROCK

THE great civic movement in the last few years throughout the United States for the improvement of towns, cities and villages, set me thinking of cities the world over, which stand out distinctly from all others and are lifted forever above the commonplace. As a rule, they are not the growths of a day, nor the conception of one mind; and sometimes a very beautiful plan, the idea of one person—a sort of inspiration—is utterly ruined by the barbarism of successors in office. For instance, the original plan of Galt, when he founded Guelph, would have resulted in a beautiful city if held to rigidly, and carried out in its entirety. As it is, the railroads passing through the centre of it, instead of skirting it about on the outside, have ruined its beauty and made it an undesirable place of residence, whatever its business prosperity; and the stone cattle buildings for the Winter Fair have given the finishing touch to its ugliness. Citizens ought to look well to the natural advantages God has bestowed upon their

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ROCKWOOD

town and conserve instead of destroying them. Jerusalem is not the only city on earth which "knew not the time of its visitation."

What, you may ask, are the attributes of a beautiful town? Edinburgh is beautiful from its bold and picturesque site, and interesting from its romantic and dramatic history, and the highly intellectual atmosphere which pervades it. I have heard it pronounced "unique" among the cities of Europe, but it is filthy; if it attracts by its wonders, it repels by its dirt, even where artists and students most delight to linger—in the Old Town.

Copenhagen is beautiful, even more charming than Paris, because of the air of leisure about it, and the refined nature of its amusements; but it falls short of perfection.

Oxford is beautiful, with its accumulation of centuries of learning, and the aroma left behind by fine minds, and noble traditions; yet there is a want, easy to feel, yet hard to define.

I mention these three cities because they bear a distinct individuality, making them different from all others. In America—more especially Canada—there are greater opportunities for beautiful towns, than in the Old World, because our great continent has *space,* and it is not yet over-populated; it has wealth; it has natural advantages; above all it has *freedom,* and is unhampered by foolish old laws and abuses which are regarded as venerable from long custom. But whether the United States and Canada have the good taste and breadth of culture necessary to take advantage of their golden opportunities, is a question yet unanswered.

A fine, healthy situation is of the first importance for the "town beautiful," and granted this advantage, the next condition is pure water for every house, and perfect, immaculate cleanliness both in streets and dwellings; good lights, good sidewalks; green nooks and corners under beautiful trees, for a rest by the way; and where the climate permits, fountains of water here and there. Then, that practical economy which can utilize refuse matter as manure for trees, plants and vines; and even sometimes where it is old wood, mortar, broken bricks, iron or stone, for ornamental purposes. Common sense, taste and energy, and the "all pull together" principle will accomplish much with small capital.

As to public libraries, they of all places need sensible supervision, and a committee of taste to select wisely and weed out worthless and pernicious literature, that the people may keep pace with their surroundings.

Really good music should be cultivated and more time spent upon morals and manners, than upon arithmetic and the art of money making; and humanity to dumb creatures should be taught in the public schools, as well as the rational care of domestic animals and birds. Slang, cigarettes and chewing-gum among boys and girls will retard the progress of the town beautiful, and spitoons and saloons among their elders, with other vulgarities deemed harmless by the multitude, will imperceptibly pollute and check its growth.

There should be cheap baths—not less than two—in every town and village, provided at the public expense, and the common schools should be uncommonly lovely with flowers, trees, fine pictures, and everything within and without to elevate, especially ample playgrounds. Old age pensions should be provided for the teachers, that they may give a whole-souled strength to their life-work, untroubled by sordid cares and the dread of poverty in old age. Do not be mean in paying the teachers, if you would attain your ideal of the "town beautiful," but choose the noblest, at all cost. If you must skimp, dock the salaries of the common councilmen who neglect to enforce the law against noxious weeds and nuisances; and the stipend of the pathmaster, who does not cut the burdocks and thistles; but pay the teacher well, and those of the next generation will appreciate and complete all the noble projects you have begun. They will work in the daylight, although you may have struck the first blow in mist and shadow.

Above all, guard well the possibilities about you, *now,* at once, at your very doors, which you may hitherto have overlooked or neglected; and pray for an understanding heart to take in the fact that brotherly kindness is a great factor in beauty of all kinds; and that charming reading-rooms, public gardens, music halls, assembly rooms, baths, parks, playgrounds and all means of innocent recreation for the people, are more appropriate than jails and workhouses in a beautiful town, and more conducive to virtue.

Now I will tell you a true story of a town beautiful, in King Edward's Dominion of Canada (where I am at present perched, like a swallow with wings lifted for flight) and show you a little glimpse of how the inhabitants—though not all churchmen—have "done those things they ought not to have done, and left undone the things they ought to have done," with a few pictures to illustrate the tale.

Eighty years ago this place lay in virgin loveliness, untouched by the hand of man, comprising within an area of three miles, quite distinct, various and contrasting natural advan-

THE MILL RACE, ROCKWOOD

tages and beauties. There was a junction of two rivers, with a picturesque creek diverging from the wider stream, brawling along in noisy beauty for a little distance, and then joining it again. There was a natural mill-race, roaring over sunken rocks, a very whirlpool of Niagara in miniature during a spring freshet. There were innumerable springs, caves, pot-holes of various sizes, some of great depths—one, now called the "devil's well," very awful to look into, and suggestive of dark deeds—mighty rocks, some solitary, some in masses; huge stones of curious shapes. There were beautiful hills, dells, forest nooks, hundreds of wild flowers—including such orchids as the pitcher-plant and lady's slipper—unnumbered acres of wild moor-land, and all this profusion of lone loveliness girdled by sloping

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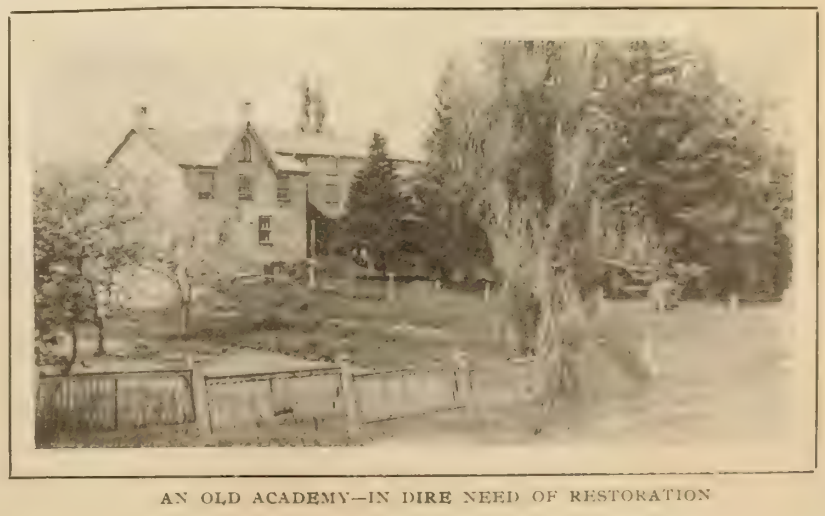
AN ALLEGED "HAUNTED SPOT," THE SHINGLE FACTORY



AN OLD ACADEMY—IN DIRE NEED OF RESTORATION

FARM HOUSE DESIGN, NUMBER 2

A DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY HOME

A Plan for a Pleasing and Commodious Home at a Reasonable Cost

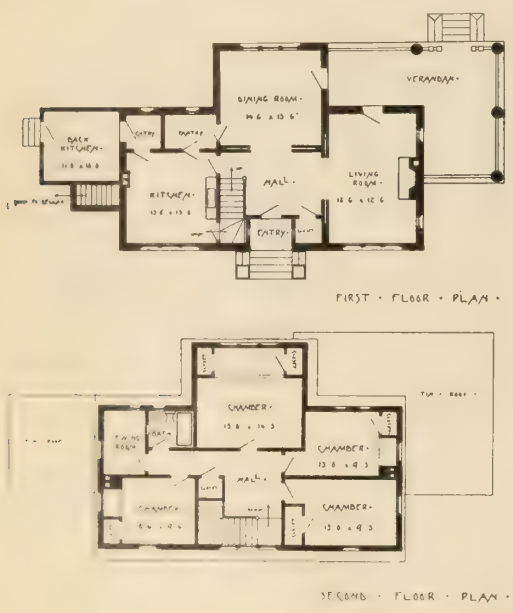
(SECOND ARTICLE)

By COLLIER STEVENSON

"Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so? I was too.
Born in a house with a gambrel roof—
Standing still, if you must have proof.
Gambrel? Gambrel? Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,
First great angle above the hoof—
That's the gambrel, hence gambrel roof."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

FOR generations, the origin of the gambrel roof has been an open question, but the above quotation may shed some light on the matter. Anyone, however, who spends some time in the New England States cannot fail to be agreeably impressed with the "homey" qualities of the gambrel roof farm houses—many dating from the Eighteenth Century—with which the landscape



is dotted, and for us this qualification of "hominess" should be a sufficient reason for the adaptation of the gambrel-roofed house to present-day requirements. The aim should never be to build a house for "show" purposes; it should be our endeavor to have homes wherein each room is thoroughly livable and home-like.

Farmers have long appreciated the value of the gambrel-roof in barn construction, owing to the greatly increased space which it gives. Possibly that was a determining factor in its very general adoption in early colonial days, and it has undoubtedly much to do with its present popularity in domestic architecture. While many present-day gambrel roof houses depart widely from traditional colonial lines, that extremely elastic term "colonial" may not improperly be applied to them.

In the house illustrated, the first storey walls are of grey-white plaster, the upper side walls being shingled and stained a silvery grey. These grey tones blend admirably with the moss green of the novel trellis at the front entry. The only other colors introduced are found in the dark red bricks of the underpinning and in the white woodwork. The window blinds chosen add no jarring note as, next the glass, they are the pure white of the exterior woodwork. The verandah on the right is balanced at the other side of the house by a summer kitchen. The latter, having an exterior finish similar to the main house, does not in any way cheapen the appearance of the whole, but rather aids it in giving increased breadth to the house.

Stepping from the sheltered front entry, one finds himself in a well-lighted hall, affording charming vistas into the living apartments. Near the door is a roomy coat-closet, with outside light. At one side, convenient to the kitchen, rise the stairs to the second floor. At the right is a particularly pleasant living room, having a large open fireplace directly opposite the hall. grouped together, and, opposite them, is a French door opening to the spacious verandah.

Leaving the living room and traversing the hall, one enters the cheerful dining-room. It, also, boasts of two of the features which contributed to the success of the living-room, for, at one end, is a triple window facing the garden, while at the side a door leads to the verandah. The dining-room is connected with the kitchen by a commodious pantry, having the built-in cupboards and shelves which add so materially to the housekeeper's comfort.

We have had a definite aim in placing the kitchen in the front of the house. The women of the farm home must necessarily pass the greater portion of the daylight hours in the kitchen. Should they not enjoy an outlook on life as it moves along the King's Highway? In a city home, it is, of course, not always feasible or desirable to have the kitchen in this place of honor, as there would be a lack of privacy. Placed well back from the road, however, there is no reason why the farm kitchen may not be thus advantageously located. Leading from this room are the stairs to the cellar, and, in addition, outside stairs are provided—so that it will be unnecessary to carry vegetables and other stores through the house.

The summer kitchen is separated from the main kitchen by an entry. This will prove to be an advantage during both the summer and the winter. During the former season, meals can be prepared in the outside kitchen and the winter kitchen utilized as a dining-room, with an entire absence of the heat and often unpleasant odors of cookery, while, during the winter, the entry will act as a buffer to the cold.

All too frequently, the views to be had from one room into others do not enter into the housekeeper's mind in selecting wall-coverings, window and door hangings and furniture. Often expensively furnished homes fall short on this account. Brown and green are the predominating colors used in this instance. A dado of brown burlap is carried around the hall, and above is a tapestry paper in various tones of brown and green. In the living-room, the walls are covered with a soft green paper, bearing a conventionalized pine tree design in browns and greens, while in the dining-room a two-toned brown striped paper has been used. The rooms are further harmonized by the use of cream moire paper on all the ceilings and by the Flemish brown stain adopted for the woodwork. Next the glass hang curtains of plain cream-colored net, the sill-length over curtains at each window being of green linen taffeta.

Nothing could be more conducive to solid comfort than the Craftsman furniture—built on strong, chaste lines—used in these rooms. There is also no crowding of wall spaces with mediocre pictures and bric-a-brac, but, rather, one finds unobstructed surfaces by which unconsciously the eye is being rested while the body is in repose.

On the second floor are four good bedrooms, a sewing-room and a bathroom. The owners' room is directly over the dining-room, and is provided with a closet each for the mistress and the master. Each of the other bedrooms has a good closet and windows facing in two directions. With the exception of the hall, the woodwork throughout this floor is finished in white enamel, than which there is no better or more sanitary finish for bedrooms and bathrooms, as it may so readily be cleaned.

The future of Canada lies to a great extent with the agricultural world, the farm being without a doubt the backbone of the country. Is it not then our duty to make life on the farm more pleasant and attractive and our farmhouses "homes" in the truest and best sense of the word, so that the advantages of city life will be equalled by the attractions of the "old home down on the farm"? The cost of this house is estimated at forty-five hundred dollars.

A Tame Wild Garden

By DORCAS

I WISH everyone knew the delights of a home garden of wild flowers. I do not know which was the greater pleasure, the finding and planting of the specimens, or my own and my friends' enjoyment of the result, season after season. My wild garden began, as do so many of our successes, in what seemed a misfortune. The limited space I had for flowers was nearly all on the north side of the house, shaded by a beautiful row of trees which divided our lawn from a neighbor's. We had tried various flowers supposed to thrive in the shade, but without success. It was so shady the grass would not grow between the trees, and it looked so woodsy it needed only the wild flowers to complete the picture.

In my first woodland rambles in the spring, I got clumps of hepatica roots with the woolly stemmed blossoms in every dainty shade of pink, blue and mauve. After its flowering season is over its glossy trifoliate leaves come out and make it a very decorative border plant all summer. The pure white bloodroot also comes early, rolled in its large cradle-like green leaf, and nearly the same time comes the spring beauty. These low-growing plants I placed in the front rank where they would not be obscured by their taller sisters. Then came groups of delicate pink orchids, and white dicentra or squirrel corn, which children always seem to enjoy more under the name of "Dutchmen's breeches." About the same height as these were the wild geranium with its pretty leaf, and a little taller were the white, the yellow and the blue violet. The red and white trilliums or wake robin, and the yellow dogtooth violet with its spotty leaf were given prominent places. Taller than any of these was the wild phlox with its soft bluest blooms like the starry

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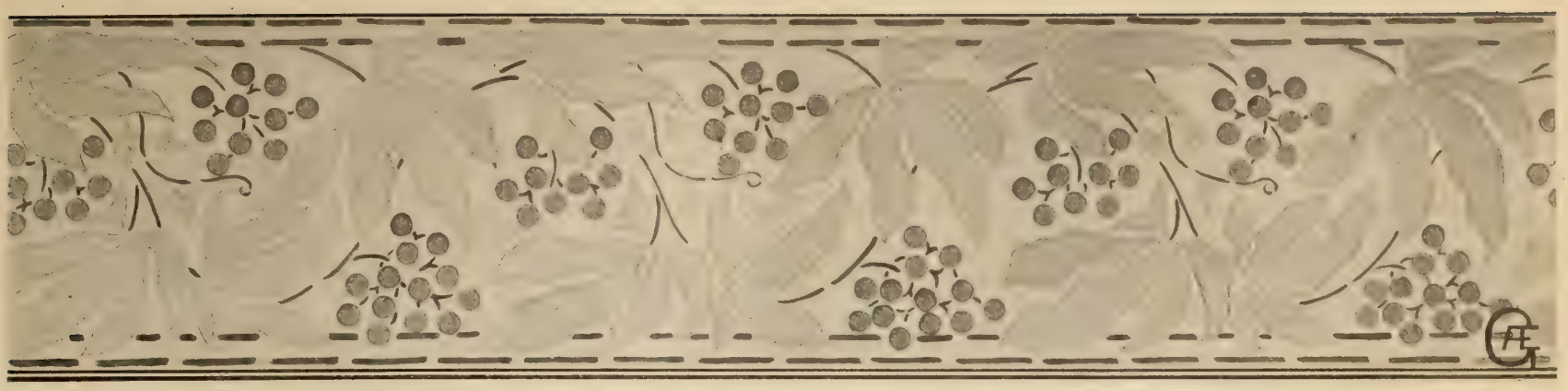


A SUGGESTION FOR APPLIQUE OR STENCILLED CURTAIN BORDER

TRANSFORMING A COMMON-PLACE ROOM

How Individuality and Art make a Difference

By ARTHUR E. GLEED

COMMONPLACE rooms are not always essentially ugly, but as they never awaken in us any pleasant surprise, their effect is to make a home dull and monotonous. To live amongst commonplace surroundings is to be in danger of becoming like them, for not only is there no stimulus to new thought, but the commonplace is particularly subtle in its depressing effect and will often be found to be the cause of actual mental and physical depression.

The commonplace home must be transformed, and if we feel that the appearance of our rooms is unsatisfactory, and that they are just like dozens of other rooms that we know, it is time to ask ourselves why this is so, lest on redecorating them we make the same error. On thinking the matter over we shall most likely find that our rooms lack unity of color and design. The wallpaper perhaps is pretty by itself but the curtains are of quite a different design, and the carpet is like neither of them. The cushion covers we worked and the many ornaments we bought, are one and all quite pretty but as they bear no relation to one another in either color or design, they produce no idea of harmony and really do just the opposite by creating a general feeling of restlessness.

To remedy this state of things we must decide upon one simple scheme of color, and carefully adhere to it, in all the details of the room. Simplicity can never be an error and it is advisable to adopt one particular flower as an inspiration or motif for both color scheme and design. Uniformity of pattern or design is not so important in decoration as is harmony of color, for color appeals to us more quickly and more powerfully than anything else.

In the room illustrated are some suggestions which perhaps can be adapted to existing commonplace rooms to give character and personality. The room selected is of the usual plain rectangular shape, with a high narrow window, and ordinary woodwork. The window is improved by having the upper part glazed with leaded panes in a simple pattern, and introducing some pale green and mauve in conjunction with plain clear glass. The commonplace moulding round the window and doors is replaced by plain flat casing, the uprights of which are capped by simple bevelled blocks as illustrated. In the instance of the window, the casing is extended on either side about eighteen inches, allowing for greater space for the curtains, and thus adding considerable width to the appearance of the window.

The ugly part of the window being placed high, is turned to a useful asset by placing a long, low seat in front of it. The seat is made in box form with a panelled front, and a mattress cushion is fitted to the top. The part of the wall forming the back of the seat is not upholstered in any way, but is filled in by woodwork, and a supply of cushions gives ample comfort. By this arrangement all the cushions are easily removed for cleaning purposes, which is far more hygienic than any form of fixed upholstery.

The wall space on one side of the seat is filled by a plain substantial desk, over which is a cupboard fitted up as a stationery cabinet. If desired the table of the desk can be built on a slant, and will only require a blotting pad of generous proportions to make it a comfortable place for correspondence, being well lighted by the close proximity of the window. The space on the opposite side of the seat is filled with a useful cupboard, over which is a set of bookshelves, one of which is closed in by doors to hold more precious volumes.

The color scheme of the room is a soft, warm green and pale buff as a background to the beautiful shades of Virginia creeper, with its autumn tints of russet and gold with rich purple for the berries. Instead of the usual narrow border round the room, the picture moulding is placed about three feet from the ceiling, and the space above the moulding together with the ceiling are tinted pale buff color. This gives an airiness and feeling of spaciousness to the room, and the picture moulding being low brings the pictures hung from it comfortably into the natural line of vision. A slight stencilled design of Virginia creeper is placed just below the ceiling in pale shades of gold and dull red for the leaves and warm mauve and purple for the berries. The lower part of the walls is tinted a warm green, the color having sufficient yellow in it to make it harmonize well with the buff above it.

THE RESULT OF THE TRANSFORMATION

All the woodwork of the room is made from pine, and stained a dull green to match the lower walls, and then oil finished to bring out the mellow grain of the wood. The cupboards have copper hinges and key-plates, the red metallic lustre matching well with the russets of the stencilling.

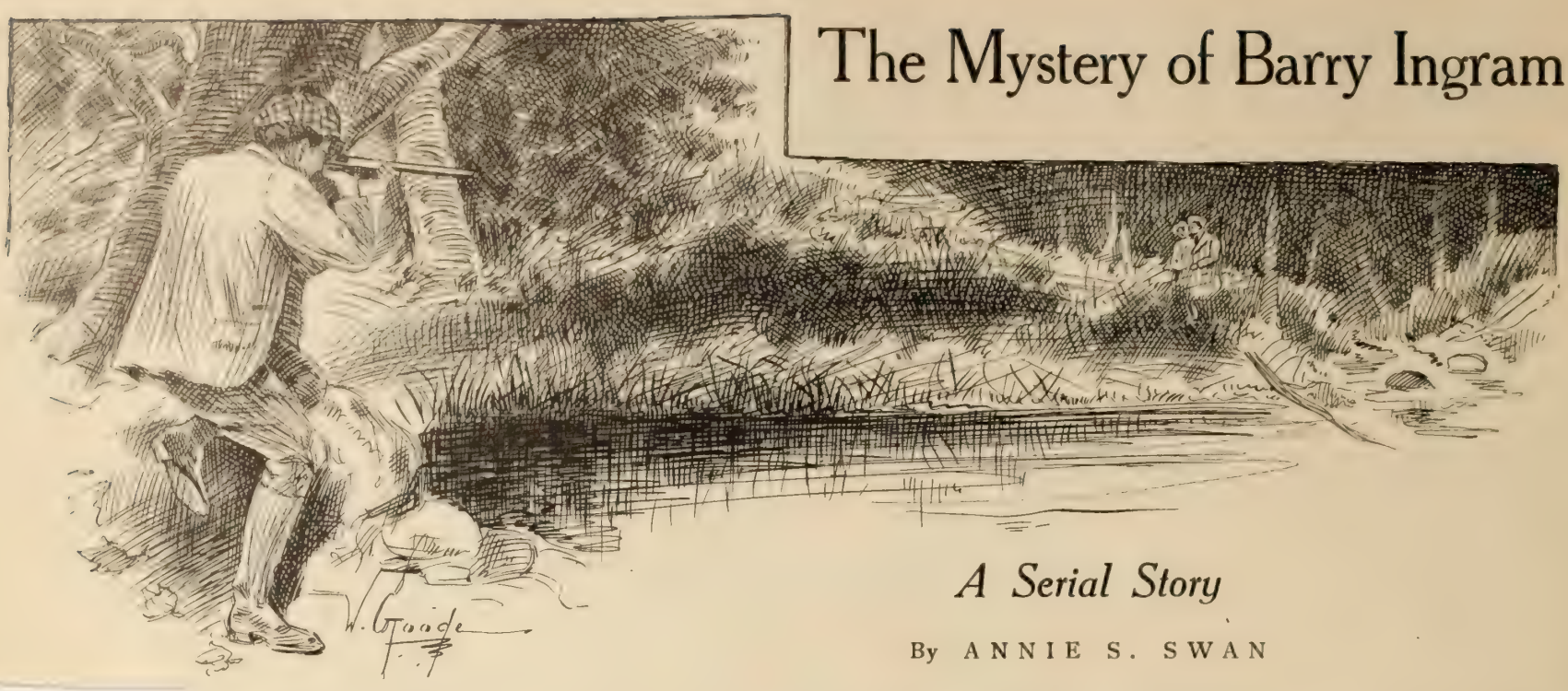
The commonplace is not exterminated by the blind use of expensive materials, but rather by the harmonious and unexpected use of serviceable ones, and an excellent fabric for curtains, etc., would be plain brown Holland linen. This material is very inexpensive, and the natural shade of the linen almost reproduces the light buff of the upper walls and ceiling. The curtains are made to reach only to the window sill, and are stencilled with a bold design in the same tints as the frie design can be executed in a ery, using only linen and lin uniform effect is obtained if produced in one material. about the room might have bleached linen, decorated in bold designs in shades of gr set. A narrow table cover would also be effective, with the ends decorated with exactly the same design as used for the curtains. Plain green serge would be a useful material for some of the cushions, particularly for the long one fitted to the window seat, as it would there harmonize well with the green woodwork.

It is unlikely that a rug for the floor can be obtained with a design and combination of colors to exactly match the room, but one woven in two or three shades of soft green would be quite effective. For design, choose one having a rectangular pattern rather than introduce some new floral motif, and to help the general harmony, decorate some of the cushion covers with the same design as the carpet. A very satisfactory floor covering is cork carpet or linoleum, as it can be procured in plain green, and overlaid with one or two rugs leaves nothing to be desired

Chairs having black frames would agree well with the green of the lower walls, and the old-fashioned pattern having seats of woven rushes are both comfortable and durable. Any upholstered chairs should be covered in the same plain green serge as the window seat, and if desired could be slightly decorated with stencilling or applique work. Pictures should be framed in dull black frames and any shelves or hanging cupboards should also be stained dull black to form characteristic touches against the green background. The desk offers a good opportunity for an artistic black iron electric light fitting, which should be placed above the cupboard with the lamp hanging clear of the cupboard door, but low enough to light the desk below.

Small ornaments of all kinds must be introduced most sparingly. Nothing reduces a room to the level of the commonplace more quickly than a mixture of odd, meaningless ornaments. Doubtless many of them are attractive as they stand displayed in the store, but bought at odd times, and without any particular purpose beyond their being "pretty," they are by the time they form a collection in our rooms, sufficiently distracting to spoil any well-conceived scheme of decoration. The same amount of money will purchase one or two good, useful specimens of the potter's art which will be a pleasure to live with. Select one well-proportioned jardiniere and have it always filled by a healthy, beautiful plant. Have also one or two jars of good shape and pleasing color, that they may really form points of beauty and interest in the room, and have them on occasion filled with a few flowers.

All these suggestions may not be necessary for one room, but the adoption of some of the principal items will do much to add character to an otherwise uninteresting room.



The Mystery of Barry Ingram

A Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

HE ironmaster looked down upon the petite, golden-haired figure curled up in the depths of the pink brocaded easy chair with a sudden wonder and compassion, though he could not have told whether the compassion was for himself or for her. She was not more than five feet five inches in height, and her childish looks, her slenderness, her pretty air of appeal, had never been used in vain. She was so small and fragile that a clasp too rough might have crushed her; but there was no fear in the blue eyes as they uplifted themselves to the stern face of her lord and master.

"If you're going to be disagreeable, Tom, you can go away and shut the door," she said, as she adjusted the pink satin cushion till it was brought to the proper angle for the study of his face.

"Disagreeable, Carita! But I've had a worrying day enough at the Foundry and at the Exchange! Hang it all, a man doesn't want to come home to another dose. I'm sick of it!"

"So am I, and it's got to have an end soon, Tom, before it makes an end of me."

He did not immediately reply, but continued to gaze on her pink and white prettiness, finding it hard to realize that she was the mother of children taller than herself, also that she was the absolute head of Tyrie Castle, holding him and his in the hollow of her hand. She was perhaps the only being on earth who was absolutely fearless of the great ironmaster whose name was sufficient to strike terror in certain quarters, and who, in his steady march towards wealth and supremacy, had crushed many lesser men.

She was Ingram's second wife. The anomaly is not so rare in life. The man before whom individuals, sometimes even nations, tremble is often the merest cipher in his home.

Underneath the pink and white beauty that had enthralled Ingram he knew full well there was to be found the nether millstone of Carita's heart.

"Well, then, tell me what has happened," he said, as she applied a wisp of cambric and lace to perfectly dry eyes.

"Christabel has been insufferable all the week. Let me see, she went up on her high horse last Tuesday, because she did not happen to be in the house when Lord Fincastle called."

"Carita, stick to the truth! Whatever Christabel may be, that wouldn't affect her," said Ingram.

"She made some other excuse, but that was at the bottom of it. Tom, don't tell me! It takes one woman to read another! She's jealous of Angela, and will be of Caro in a year or two, and, as I say, it must end."

"Explain yourself, Carita," said Ingram, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece a trifle wearily. His wife was speaking of her step-daughter, Ingram's second child by his first marriage.

"You are not usually obtuse, but you simply love to revel in disagreeables. You would never make a diplomat. Now why can't you take my word for it that the situation here has become strained beyond endurance, and that in the interest of all parties something must be done at once."

"Well, I own myself cornered, Carita, and ready to hear what you have to say. Go ahead."

"I will. First of all, have I been a good wife to you, Tom, in the last twenty years? Himmel! that I should have to speak these words! It is like twenty centuries."

"Of course you have; that does not enter. What are you driving at?"

"Have I ever complained, though I gave up the chance of a brilliant career to bury myself in the dullest hole on earth?"

"What was the career?" he inquired, with a faint, flickering smile.

"I might have been a vicereine now instead of —of— Well, what am I?—a mere drudge to you and yours. Haven't I done my duty by you and your children in sacrificing myself and my own children to them all along?" she cried, rising to her feet before him with passion.

"I hardly think you have done that, Carita," he said as he took out his cigarette case.

"Yes, I have. Haven't I brought Christabel up well and made the most of her looks? It isn't my fault that she doesn't marry. And I've been simply angelic right through to Stephen, always hiding my shrinking from his deformities."

"Don't, Carita; you know how I hate the word," said the ironmaster with pain in his voice.

"Well, I'm sorry, but the truth has to be told sometimes, and the time has come for me to tell it. I've used up all my diplomacy, and now it has come to open warfare with Christabel. She isn't a bit grateful, as I told her to-day, though I kept Angela back a whole year from coming out, so that she might have her chance. And haven't I entertained all the eligibles in the neighborhood and been bored to extinction in the process? As I say, it isn't my fault that she doesn't go off. But after her rudeness to me to-day she and I can't remain longer under the same roof."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Ingram asked wearily.

"I am not going to do anything. You know that it is you who are master here," she answered; and at the words he slightly uplifted his brows. "I can't do any more except offer a humble suggestion."

"Let me hear it."

She hesitated a moment even then before she complied.

"Darling," she said, wiping her mouth nervously, "I have really been thinking of Bracklinn."

"What about it? Aren't the servants all right there just now? I thought you had put a treasure of a housekeeper in at last?"

"Oh, she's all right, but it has always seemed a shame to have that lovely place shut up so many months in the year."

"Well, shall we put Tyrie on the market and go back, Carita? I remember, however, that you railed a good deal against Callander in the winter and that the season ticket hardly reconciled you to the deadly dullness of the few hours you spent in it every day."

"Don't be absurd, Tom," she said, sharply. "You know that you will never sell Tyrie. You love it too much, to say nothing of the fortune you have spent on the house and grounds. No; but what is to hinder Stephen and Christabel from going to live there? They both profess to love it dearly. Stephen would have peace for his books, and as for Belle, well, I daresay she would be able to occupy herself."

She paused and stole a glance at her husband's face as he stared at her with a somewhat blank expression which indicated that he was wholly taken by surprise.

"Of course, they would come up and down here a good deal, as much as ever they liked. I am sure it is an arrangement that would work well, and we should have peace in the house, which we have never had since Belle came home from school."

"Turn the children out of doors! It sounds a bit inhuman."

"They are not children to start with, Tom, so your argument won't hold. Stephen is nearly twenty-seven, and looks like sixty. And you can't say Belle is not a self-centred, independent young woman who could look after herself anywhere."

"That isn't the point, Carita. What would people say?"

"Darling, I thought you utterly despised the wagging of tongues," she said with her small, sweet smile. "How often have you said to me in this very room that people are just so many pawns in the successful man's game?"

"Ah, the outside world, that's a very different matter. So you have decided to pack Stephen and Belle off to Bracklinn."

"I have decided nothing. Unfortunately I am not the arbiter of the Ingram destiny. I simply suggest, though I will add now you have pushed me to it that either they go to Bracklinn or I leave Tyrie Castle. I can't go on like this."

She sank back on the pink cushion and spread the film of lace over her face. The ironmaster regarded her for a few moments with a curious expression on his face. In a lighter moment he had read a magazine story concerning a woman who ruled her household with a rod of iron, composed entirely of her feminine weaknesses. The author had called her a mollusc.

"Carita," he said suddenly, "I do believe you are a first-class mollusc."

"I suppose you mean a limpet that sticks to the rock, but I do assure you, Tom, I shan't stick here much longer. There's going to be a revolution soon. Look what I gave up for you, what chances of a brilliant career! Ach Himm ! ! What mistakes women make! The greatest the world has ever seen surely was when I listened to your protestations at Homburg and threw up all for your sake."

"You didn't do so badly for yourself after all, Carita," he said drily, as his eyes roamed round the pretty and luxurious room in which she spent so many of her days. "From a second or third rate German *pension* to Tyrie Castle was a pretty good jump!"

"A pretty good jump—what insufferable vulgarity!" she said faintly. "I have paid for that jump, if you like, ten times over. And as for the *pension* you speak of so slightingly, a prince of the blood did not disdain to have his *appartement* there, and he was most attentive to me."

"Princelets are cheap in Germany, Carita, and a poor catch at the best. You are better with the Scotch boor after all. At least, he has something behind him that will stand the wear and tear better than a title, which is apt to get tarnished through hard usage. But don't let's recriminate! I'm willing to consider this Bracklinn scheme, but only if the children are willing. I shall never turn them out, remember that! Have you spoken to either of them about it?"

"I had more respect for you, Tom. It was surely your right to be consulted first."

She was all sweetness again, calmed and

CABBAGES AND KINGS

> *"The time has come," the Walrus said,*
> *"To talk of many things*
> *Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—*
> *Of cabbages—and kings."*

THERE is a persistent idea among men of various nationalities and creeds that women's associations are doomed to quarrelling — that it is quite impossible for a meeting of any feminine organization to be held without metaphorical hair-pulling and a profusion of tears. Such is an entirely mistaken view of life and ladies. In fact, women's organizations are very much like those of their brethren, only occasionally disturbed and marred by such outbreaks of human testiness and temper as are characteristic of our very imperfect race. Those who think that the Women's Foreign Missionary Society or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats are occasionally tempestuous should just see a meeting of Ward —— of the Toronto Conservatives, to say nothing of a breezy session of the Montreal City Council. In fact, that worthy and somnolent aged men's club, known as the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, has been sometimes stirred by the breeze of debate to such an extent that a respectable member has referred to another honorable gentleman as a "toothless viper." Just let me ask what would happen in any feminine society if one member were to call another, openly and audibly, such an utterly impolite name. There would be troubles, indeed, and the insulting offender would be relegated at once to the class denominated "no perfect lady."

Having said this much, no reader of the *Home Journal* will consider any reference by the writer to a difference of opinion in a women's club or society, as an instance of a "contrary" disposition marking the sex of Eve. The various clubs and societies of women which star our fair Dominion with intelligence and philanthropy are quite as harmonious as any clubs, political or otherwise, composed of men only.

However, there are small discussions which may grow into an international disparity and cause all manner of acute distress. Indeed, all good and reliable copy-books, as well as the teachers of our youth, inform us that trifles are such only in name, that it is invariably the small affair which causes the worst strife. With this assurance in mind, it is surely not well to despise what looks like a slight offence—for who knows where the ensuing strife may not land us?

For instance! That delightful county town of Middlesex, Ontario, known as London the Less, has been plunged into more or less agitation by a dissension which began in the simplest possible way. It arose about a monument and the monument bids fair to become more than historic. I suppose you may have noticed that when the moment for any dissension arises, there is always a cause *somewhere*. When the moment was ripe for a difference of feminine opinion, it came with a completeness which rejoiced the unrighteous.

In a recent issue of *Echoes,* the official organ of the Daughters of the Empire, there appeared a small notice which gave little hint of the months and years of agitating strife which had preceded it. The notice was to the effect that the Municipal Chapter of London, Ontario, having behaved unconstitutionally, had been deprived of its charter by the Head Office. Just a few lines of cold, black type set forth the result of weary struggle on the part of London and stern standing to the "principles" of the Order on the part of the Head Office, which is usually considered as an institution of Toronto, since Mrs. Nordheimer of "Glenedyth" in the latter city is the chief official in the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire.

THE trouble began just after the days of the Boer War —that strife across the sea, to which Canadian contingents hurried as fast as transports could take them from Halifax or Quebec, all for the purpose of showing an incredulous world that "if you'd fight the Lion, you must reckon with the Cubs." There may have been a lesson of imperial sentiment in the service, but there was also a list of Canadian dead—the price which is usually paid for a new constitution in any part of the civilized world. The Canadians were not inclined to whimper over their share of the loss, for the sacrifice had been made willingly. However, in most cities of the land, there was a feeling that there should be erected memorials of those who had fallen. London, as befits the name of the city, had been one of the centres sending volunteers and naturally desired to commemorate the courage of its "boys" who had given their lives to the Empire. The citizens were not slow to act upon the suggestion and the first money collected was put in charge of Mr. Pope, the City Treasurer. In January, 1901, Queen Victoria died, and the Canadian town, named for the greatest city in the realm over which she had ruled, felt a strong desire to erect a memorial to the noble sovereign, as well as to the Canadian soldiers.

The Daughters of the Empire, which had been formed during the days of the Boer War and which was not then a strong organization, undertook in London the task of providing a memorial. The work went along slowly until 1904, when Mrs. F. E. Leonard was made regent of the Municipal Chapter. Mrs. Leonard is one of those capable and enthusiastic women who believe in nothing short of success, and, under her leadership, the Daughters of the Empire felt a hope and belief for the Memorial Fund, which had hardly been realized before. The sum in the treasury at that time amounted to about five hundred dollars, and even an amateur in monuments knows that you cannot erect anything like a respectable memorial with only the half of one thousand dollars. Wherefore, when Mrs. Leonard, at the head of a prosperous and constantly-growing chapter of Daughters of the Empire, set to work on the expansion of the memorial fund, there was a general feeling that the undertaking would be crowned with success.

However, nothing of great increase occurred until June, 1906, when the "Daughters" decided to hold a mammoth entertainment, "A Trip Around the World," in the Armories. Now, the masculine world does not need to be informed that such a picturesque spectacle on a large scale means money—and lots of it. Women, young, and not-so-young, can transform even a military building into a scene of bewildering and expensive loveliness. The London men are the soul of generosity and all other desirable virtues, and they attended "A Trip Around the World" to the pleasant and melodious tune of about four thousand dollars. Booths there were in abundance with candy, flowers, fancy-work, fortune-telling, pretty girls, and all that goes to make the sons of Adam spend their hard-earned dollars. It takes a lot of lemonade and other luxuries to make four thousand dollars—but such was the net result. So, you may readily understand that the Daughters of the Empire worked hard, and deserved to have a memorial to suit their own tastes and fancy. The funds were promptly turned over to a Citizens' Committee, composed of Major Beattie and Colonel Little, with Mrs. F. E. Leonard, Regent, as Treasurer.

BUT the London Daughters of the Empire had reckoned without taking the Head Office into consideration—and from the days of Old Adam to the days of Adam Beck, it has been "difficult and dangerous and bad," not to take the Head Office into account. In January, 1908, it was decided to call for designs and tenders from sculptors, for the long-desired monument. It was decided also to have as the prominent and uppermost figure a soldier in khaki uniform and a large bronze medallion of the late Queen in front, to commemorate the reign during which the war occurred. While the majority of the London members favored the design, which, by the way, was considered most appropriate by prominent British sculptors, a few objected on the ground that Queen Victoria had been given a subordinate place.

Permission was obtained from the National Chapter to erect the monument and no objection was raised for several months. In the meantime, however, protests were sent from the "royal and loyal" members of London, with the result that the National Executive took steps to prevent the erection. The long-cherished and almost-accomplished plans of the energetic regent, Mrs. Leonard, and her faithful supporters were all upset. The Head of the Order, Mrs. Nordheimer, was prominent in opposition to the monument design and the Londoners in favor of it waxed all the more strenuous. It is a remarkable fact that Toronto is not wonderfully popular with that part of Canada outside the Capital of Ontario, and rulership from Toronto is not regarded with positive enthusiasm. Hence, the Londoners in favor of the soldier style of memorial became wrathy and called for legal advice. There was hurrying to and fro and mounting in hot haste, as dear old Sir Walter would say, but the National Executive stood firm, while the fit and few Londoners who opposed the regent of their Municipal Chapter assumed an air of extreme loyalty which was trying to their opponents. Are not all Londoners loyal to the core? Did they not call their classic stream the Thames and their bridges Blackfriars and Westminster? In the early days, did they not have a Pall Mall?

Warfare, such as London town had not known before, was the result of this monument mix-up and the days went by without bringing any settlement of the subject. Finally, this winter, the National Chapter withdrew the charter from all chapters in favor of the soldierly design. Since that time, the bitterness has gone deeper until it is hardly safe to mention the National Executive to members of the Municipal Chapter. It is a sorrowful situation, for the offending Londoners are no doubt in earnest as to their patriotic intentions, while the National Executive is equally sincere in enforcing ideas as to monuments, declaring that the money was raised for a Victoria memorial and that the Queen who reigned for nigh three-quarters of a century should be represented more adequately than by the bronze medallion. The Londoners who differ are of the opinion that Queen Victoria would quite approve of the design, as Her Late Majesty was always ready to reward her loyal defenders.

Betty of the Rectory

By L. T. MEADE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Geoffrey Pevensey, before marrying Betty Ross, has been informed of a distressing family secret, which his bride refuses to hear. They live happily for some time at Hillside Rectory, Dartminster, but, on a visit to Lady Pevensey and her daughter Laura Geoffrey becomes deeply depressed and visits Sir Preston Dykes, the great specialist. Betty is told finally by her husband that insanity afflicts the male members of his mother's family, the ailment being preceded by overwhelming fear. Betty becomes acquainted with Miss Spring, a spinster who has formed an attachment for an unresponsive professor, and both Miss Spring and Professor Power are invited to visit Dartminster. During Betty's absence to attend a sick little sister, Geoffrey yields to temptation and takes a heavy dose of a dangerous opiate and, on her return, his wife is alarmed. Geoffrey recovers and the Professor, Miss Hughes, his secretary, and Miss Spring visit the rectory. There occurs an accident at the factory which alarms Betty, and the visitors leave suddenly.

MEANWHILE, Pevensey and M'Dermot had a long talk together. "Now that I truly understand," said M'Dermot, "the nature of the drug, I am more than ever alarmed and distressed at your taking it. Are you not man enough to abstain?"

"At the present moment," said Pevensey, "I don't feel the slightest inclination to touch it."

"That is not to be marvelled at. You have just had a severe mental shock; but remember, that will pass off. Preston Dykes has told you the nature of the drug?"

"He has."

"I cannot understand why a healthy man like you should deliberately set to work to wreck his constitution."

"I am subject to great mental disquietude," said Pevensey.

"The drug causes that," was M'Dermot's remark.

"You will forgive me, but I had that disquietude before I touched the drug."

"Have you a reason for your trouble?"

"I have."

"Will you tell it to me?"

"It is a family matter. I told it to Preston Dykes; I also mentioned it to my wife. It can never be got over. Dykes says that I shall hasten the catastrophe and make it, in fact, an assured thing if I continue to take the drug, and yet I cannot abstain. There are times when I am nearly mad. If you knew my sufferings you would pity me."

"I do, from my heart," said M'Dermot. "You have all that man can wish for—a happy home, a good income, a most noble wife, and yet you fling everything away. You will die of—"

"Softening of the brain, of course," said Pevensey in a gloomy tone. "There, I think I have explained. Thank you for your advice. You are good; but you stand on a rock, whereas I flounder in the mire. If I could get a firm foundation under my feet; if this ghastly, most haunting fear was silent—if, in short, it did not exist, I should be as little influenced by that drug as you are, M'Dermot. As things are I cannot trust myself, that's the truth."

M'Dermot and Pevensey were both in the library—that room which had witnessed Pevensey's most terrible fall—and just at that moment a girl rose from her seat by the fire and came forward to meet them. It was Laura. Her face was pale as death.

"I overheard everything you said, Geoffrey," was her remark, "and I am not ashamed to say that I listened on purpose. Well, I think I know how to act now. We are going back to town to-morrow. You will hear from me—or of me—presently. Don't scold. It is a right good thing that I know at last what neither you nor Betty had courage to tell me."

Pevensey followed his sister and seized her arm.

"You dare not do anything!" he said. "You had no right to listen."

"I had—every possible right—as you will know before long."

She wrenched her hand away from him and left the room. M'Dermot watched her for a minute.

"Your sister is a very fine and brave girl," he said. "I hope you won't be offended when I say that I wish you had half her character and spunk."

"Look here, M'Dermot," said Pevensey, grasping his hand, "through a most unfortunate accident, or rather, through Laura's determination, she has got upon the track of the thing which will wreck her peace as it will wreck mine. She must never, never know. I must go and see my mother. I will go up to town with you all to-morrow. Intolerable as this burden is, I would not have it fall upon Laura."

CHAPTER XX

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

But Pevensey was unable to go up to London on the following day owing to Betty's sudden collapse. She had held up bravely until the very last moment, but now her strength completely failed her. Her temperature was high. The doctor was sent for and insisted on her remaining in bed. Pevensey could not possibly leave his wife, and Laura, who seemed possessed by a strange feeling which caused her to avoid her brother and sister-in-law, started off for London, to her great relief, without him.

On her way to town she said a few words to Mr. M'Dermot.

"I consider," said Laura, "that Betty's illness is nothing short of providential."

He looked at her out of his shrewd eyes, and said suddenly:

"Why did you listen last night?"

"There are moments," replied Laura, "when one must be mean in order to be great. I have guessed for some time that Geoffrey is suffering under a wrong impression. I believe I can get to the bottom of that terrible thing which is worrying him, but until I was quite certain of my ground I could not take any steps."

"You will be doing a noble work if you can relieve the poor fellow's mind," said M'Dermot.

"I do not mean to leave a stone unturned in order to effect my object," was her reply. Then she added suddenly: "In your vast experience of life, Mr. M'Dermot, have you not sometimes come to the discovery that women have greater courage than men?"

He looked at her almost quizzically, a cynical light in his eyes. Then their expression altered.

"Why do you ask me?" he said suddenly.

"Because," she said swiftly, "it is my firm intention to put myself into the fire in order to get Geoffrey out."

"I cannot understand you," was his reply.

She laughed, and her laugh was a little discordant.

"I have had my suspicions for some time," she said. "They will be realities before this night is over; but even at the worst there is no fear of my adopting that terrible source of relief which poor Geoffrey has had recourse to."

"Then you are stronger than he," said the surgeon. "I do not know enough to give you real advice, but at any time I can help you, will you command me?"

"I will indeed; and I am so glad to know you," she answered cheerfully.

During the journey back to town, Professor Power was also much exercised in mind. He was in the same compartment with Laura and M'Dermot. Miss Spring sat facing him, and Miss Hughes was at his side. Between these two ladies there existed a feud which was very nearly an open one. The Professor, quite unconscious of any possible cause of disagreement between them, was wrapped in meditation. He did not speak to either. Miss Hughes pretended to bury herself in a book. Miss Spring was restless, and once or twice trod on the Professor's toes. He invariably started with an "I beg your pardon," which caused Miss Hughes to color hotly, and the Professor to wonder where he could put his feet so that they might not be in the way of the lady who was facing him. Miss Hughes did her very best to feel amiable, but there is no doubt whatever that those angry feelings which stir up strife were occupying her heart; and even the thought of Betty—the remembrance of her goodness and the feeling that she had left her sweet young hostess broken down and ill—could not altogether subdue that jealousy which was consuming her. Again and again she looked at Miss Spring, trying to depreciate her various attractions. She was rich, but the Professor thought nothing at all of that. She was old; it was simply ludicrous for the woman to pose as only five-and-thirty. In that respect Miss Hughes had the advantage of Miss Spring. Besides, Miss Hughes saw the Professor daily, whereas Miss Spring could only manage to meet him at intervals.

On the whole the secretary thought that the advantages lay with her. She had not the slightest idea of marrying her dear Professor, but she did want to keep him from becoming the husband of that atrocious old woman who sat opposite to him.

The journey had very nearly come to an end when something was said, however, by the Professor which raised poor Miss Hughes' jealousy to boiling point.

"There is the sweetest melody running in my head," said Professor Power. "I cannot recall the name, but it keeps repeating itself over and over again. It is like the babbling of a brook in summer, and there is something about it which reminds me of the sunshine in May, the primroses and the cherry trees in full blossom. I can see those white cherry trees bending over the stream, and I hear the ripple of the water, and I am young once more. You brought it all back to me dear lady, when you played the violin so exquisitely last night."

Miss Spring felt her heart leap into her mouth.

"I would play to you once again," she said. "It is a pleasure for me to find my simple music appreciated."

"She knows her music isn't a bit simple!" murmured Miss Hughes under her breath.

"I would play to you," continued Miss Spring, "either at my own house or at yours."

"I hardly ever go out; but I would come to you if you could make certain that I should meet no other visitors."

"You shall meet no one else; and I will play the violin unaccompanied. The sort of music you like will sound exquisite even without a pianoforte accompaniment."

"I can play the piano if it is necessary," said Miss Hughes.

The Professor looked at her.

"Can you fit the expression in?" he asked.

"I don't know," she murmured. She felt inclined to say: "Professor, I give you up; this is more than I can stand." But prudence forced her to hold her tongue. Miss Spring on the contrary was radiant.

"You will come to-morrow," she said, "at four o'clock to-morrow, and then I will play those melodies which you love. Afterwards you can go. I will not expect you to speak; but you will rest and I will play to you. I know what music is to the tired brain."

"It conjures up pictures," said the Professor. "I thank you very heartily, and I will come."

If Laura felt anxious, if Betty's head ached incessantly, if poor Miss Hughes was reduced almost to despair, and if Pevensey, left alone, struggled fiercely with temptation, and M'Dermot wondered and wondered what it all meant, there were at least two happy people that day; one was Miss Spring; the other Professor Power.

The Professor was in a queer predicament. He loved the music more than he hated the lady, therefore he would go to listen to it. He could shut his eyes so that he did not see her, and the pictures she would conjure up would solace him. His tired brain would be rested; he would be in Paradise once more.

Miss Spring was equally in a state of delight. She was an excellent musician, and truly loved music for itself; but she certainly preferred the man to the music. Therefore this pair were more or less playing at cross-purposes.

Miss Hughes, thoroughly miserable, went home to her lodgings and indulged in all those vagaries which the green-eyed monster causes to flare up in a woman's breast. What could she do to keep the Professor and Miss Spring apart? She had known long ago of this great man's passion for music. If she could get someone else to play for him, perhaps her cause would be won. She guessed truly enough that he did not care for Miss Spring for herself, but that her music, being of a very excellent quality, appealed to a part of him which was always raised to full life by its influence. If she could only find a man to come to the Professor's house in Bloomsbury and play for him there! She knew well that Professor Power disliked going out, that he only dined out under protest, that he refused all invitations to afternoon tea, that he disliked fashionable "At Homes," and loathed fashionable ladies. She must not speak against Miss Spring, for that would be giving her own cause away; but if only she could supply her dear Professor with the one thing he needed—a little music in his quiet hours—all would be well.

Miss Hughes amongst her acquaintances numbered a young musical artist of the name of Halbert. He was twenty-five, and had never done much in the world. He was devoted to music, however, and had studied it ardently As Miss Hughes thought of him now her hopes began to rise. She knew that the violin was his favorite instrument. She knew that there was on old piano in one of the Professor's rooms. She could accompany Halbert, and thereby give the Professor the music his soul craved for when he required it. Thus Miss Spring would be forgotten, and the small influence she exercised over him would die out.

The good lady was tired and flurried, but she put on her hat once more, dressed, and went out. She was lucky enough to find Halbert at home, and immediately explained part of her errand.

"Will you take a very small commission from me?" said Miss Hughes.

"From you?" said Halbert, staring at the lady in some astonishment.

"I can pay you," she replied, "and I will. I would not ask you to come for nothing. I want you to-morrow to call at Professor Power's house, 17 Keppel Street, and to bring your violin with you. Leave the rest to me, only make a selection of music which is not too deep or too difficult to understand. Will you be with us at three o'clock in the afternoon? I will pay you five shillings an hour; and I will ask you to remain with us to-morrow for an hour and a half. You will come, will you not?"

"I will come with pleasure; but I cannot possibly take your money. It will be a pleasure for me to play for so great a man as Professor Power. Shall I have the felicity of meeting him?"

"That I cannot tell you. I propose that the music shall be conducted in the ante-room, so that he may feel quite free to pace up and down, or rest, just as it pleases him. But I cannot take your time for nothing. The matter is of importance to me. You will not fail me, will you?"

"Certainly I will not fail you; and I am to choose, you say, simple things?"

"Oh, yes; the sort of music that elderly men love—the music that recalls bygone days."

"I think I understand. Well, I can promise to be with you at the appointed time."

CHAPTER XXI.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Miss Hughes was now comparatively happy, and being tired out with her various emotions and constant exertions, slept soundly that night. The next day there were two ladies busy after their own fashion. Miss Spring was making arrangements for the reception of the Professor. It happened to be her usual "At Home" day, but what mattered that? All visitors, with the exception of Professor Power, were to be denied. From four to six o'clock she would devote herself to him, and to him only.

She knew a young girl of a modest and very retiring disposition, who was a distant cousin of her own, and who could accompany her fairly well. She sent a note to her early in the morning, asking her to come to her house not later than three. This girl's name was Coralie Ransom. She was pretty, young and intelligent, and had a great admiration for Miss Spring. Miss Spring often bestowed some of those dresses she was tired of on little Miss Ransom, who was by no means too proud to accept them.

When she arrived on the present occasion, Miss Spring met her in a wonderful robe of deep violet velvet. It was a sort of tea-gown, made to fit her really elegant figure, trimmed simply with very rich lace, and so designed as to exhibit the graceful curve of her arm.

Miss Spring had arranged that Coralie, her accompanist, was to be invisible to the Professor, and a curtain was drawn partly across the room so as to conceal the piano.

"But this is quite an innovation," said the girl. "Why this curtain?"

"I will tell you, dear," said Miss Spring, who was in a state of inward trepidation. "The dear man who is coming to-day to listen to my music" —("and mine," thought Coralie)—"has the greatest dislike to being watched. He is Professor Power, one of the deep thinkers of the age, and has, in short, such a dislike to women in general, and particularly to quite young women, that I do not want him to know that you are in the room. You will play my accompaniment and he will be unaware of the fact that you are there. When the music is over you will discreetly withdraw by that door at the back of the curtain and leave him alone with me. You quite understand, Coralie. Afterwards, you and I will have a nice little dinner together, and go to the opera. They are giving *Don Giovanni* to-night, and you will enjoy that."

"Oh, shan't I!" said Coralie, clasping her hands in ecstatic fashion. "How good you are to me, dear cousin!"

Meanwhile, Professor Power forgot all about Miss Spring and his engagement with her that afternoon. His few days' rest in the country had refreshed him, and made him all agog to be hard at work once more. There was a mass of letters to be attended to, and Miss Hughes was happy in replying to them. She had arranged that her friend, Mr. Halbert, should arrive at three o'clock. By that time the bulk of the Professor's work would be over. He would be inclined for meditation. She could slip into the ante-room and accompany Halbert on the old piano. But—alack and alas! "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley." At a quarter to three there came a note for Miss Hughes in Halbert's writing.

She tore it open, and read, to her bitter disappointment, that a sudden engagement of a very lucrative nature which had only been offered to him that morning had compelled him to leave London for Paris, and that he could not expect to be back for at least a fortnight.

Miss Hughes got very red and looked decidedly angry when she read this letter. She felt even inclined to stamp her foot. The Professor, who had finished his work, and was resting in a chair, observed her. He was never curious about anything, and he would not have been curious now but for the fact that her face grew red and she seemed much annoyed. He would not dream of asking her what her letter was about, for he considered letters sacred things that ought not to be pried into. But it suddenly occurred to him that in all probability she was tired and wanted rest.

"Now," he said, "we both need rest; you in your way, I in mine. I am going to listen to a little music—that simple music that gave me such intense pleasure when I was at Hillside Rectory —at four o'clock this afternoon. Miss—Miss—what is the lady's name? Oh, yes, I recall it—Miss Spring is going to play. Her playing is quite charming—not that I particularly care about the woman, but her playing is delightful. Now, you must go and have a holiday."

Miss Hughes went. The Professor sat for a little longer in his deep armchair. He had been working very hard, and was really tired. But he was puzzled. He had never liked Miss Hughes less than he liked her to-day when she begged him not to take the very simple enjoyment which he meant to give himself; and of course a gentleman never broke his word to a lady. He wondered a little; then forgot all about Miss Hughes, and at ten minutes to four got into a hansom and drove to Miss Spring's flat.

CHAPTER XXII.

HONORS ARE DIVIDED.

Professor Power prided himself on never keeping a lady waiting; and at four to the minute he was ushered into Miss Spring's presence.

Little Coralie Ransom, skilfully concealed behind the heavy plush curtain, was as though she did not exist. Miss Spring came forward.

"This is delightful, Professor!" she said. "And what a merit is punctuality!"

"It is essential, madam," said the Professor, "if one wants to do anything in life. The number of golden hours that are wasted by unpunctual people is past counting."

"How tired you look!" said Miss Spring; but she saw at a glance that her remark did not quite please the Professor, and added: "I will give you a cup of tea, and then we will begin." She poured out tea, which the Professor drank. As he did so, he became self-absorbed.

"Can you furnish me, madam," he said, "with a note-book—any sort of note-book—and a pen and ink?"

Miss Spring was rather surprised at this request, but, ringing a bell, she desired the servant to bring the Professor what he required.

"I left out the whole of one side of an important argument in the dissertation I was writing this morning," said Professor Power. "You will forgive me for a few minutes. I do wish I had a shorthand writer here. Do you by any chance understand the art?"

"Alas! no," said Miss Spring.

"My secretary is an admirable shorthand writer," said the Professor; and Miss Spring felt that she hated Miss Hughes with a deadly hatred.

The Professor looked at her meditatively.

"I wonder—" he began.

Miss Spring thought quickly. The Professor, leaning back in his deep chair, began to write. He was not accustomed to writing his own work. He could have dictated it with perfect ease; but then there was no one to dictate it to. That woman in the velvet dress was, he said to himself, more or less of a fool. But—what? The pen dropped from his hand. The paper on which he was writing slid to his knee. He gazed thoughtfully into the fire. The tired look fled from his face. He was back in the old days, for Miss Spring had begun to play very, very softly the gentlest, most soothing rendering of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doone."

The Professor found a lump rising in his throat. He forgot his dissertation, the incomplete argument, the lapse which must have occurred in his memory that morning. He recalled old days, when he was a little boy, and his Scotch mother had walked with him by such banks and braes.

Miss Spring had the facility of throwing her soul into what she did. In exercising her great gift of music she even forgot the fact that she was playing to her other half. She was playing for herself. At last the Professor put up his hand

"It is enough, dear madam," he said. "I thank you."

He rose from his seat. But this was Miss Spring's opportunity. She could not let it pass

"Don't go yet," she said. "The echo of the music is still in my ears, and, I doubt not, it is in yours. Don't go into the noisy, crowded streets. Stay and rest a little longer."

"You have brought me back from a very long way," said Professor Power. "I thank you with all my heart."

(To be continued)

ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

GEORGE.A.PUTNAM, SUPERINTENDENT

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Home Nursing

By MRS. J. H. PERRY

Whitby Branch

GOOD nursing consists chiefly in being able to render certain assistance in a skillful manner. It is the minority, not the majority, of people who can afford the luxury of a trained nurse. The importance of the art of nursing therefore can scarcely be over estimated. In many cases the recovery of the patient will depend more upon the care he or she receives from the nurse than upon medical skill. When you have undertaken the care of a sick person his or her welfare is of course understood to become your first consideration.

A good nurse is very careful to do not always what seems to her best, but what it seems to her the doctor will approve. The nurse is a connecting link between doctor and patient, responsible to the one and for the other, and can do much to promote good feeling between them. Between doctor and nurse there should be the most perfect truthfulness, and nothing should induce the nurse to conceal from him anything bearing upon the case. You must be ever on the alert to minister to, and even to anticipate, your patient's many personal wants.

There is one necessity common to all cases, that of cleanliness. Keep your patient with a clean skin, clean clothes, clean air, and clean surroundings, and much will be done towards satisfying your patient's needs. This, of course, applies to your own person, which should be an example of cleanliness. Your dress should be fresh and tidy, the hands should be well cared for, kept smooth and warm, with the nails short. Cold hands will make a patient shrink from your touch. Cultivate a touch firm, gentle, light and steady. Never use force where persuasion will prevail, and do not make an unnecessary display of authority. The authority must, however, exist, and will occasionally have to be exercised. A calm steady discipline is needed in the sick room.

The comfort and well-being of the invalid depend to so great an extent upon his or her surroundings that there ought to be in every well-arranged house an apartment chosen and especially fitted for the use of the sick. A sick room should be large, light, airy, clean and quiet. If possible the sick room should be located on the sunny side of the house and should be as far as possible away from the noises and odors of the house and of the street. Sunshine, pure fresh air, and freedom from noise and odors are the principal things to be considered in choosing the sick room. There are numerous advantages to be gained by having the sick room at the top of the house. It will be quieter, the air will be purer and in cases of contagious diseases the patient can be more completely isolated.

In the sick room only necessary articles of furniture should be retained. All heavy draperies and upholstered furniture should be removed, care being taken however, not to make the room too bare and unattractive. Medicine bottles and all necessary utensils should be kept in another room if possible. The air in the sick room must be as pure as the air outside. Fresh air as an aid to recovery is often sadly underrated.

Flowers should be removed from the sick room at night, and the water they are in changed daily, and the flowers thrown away as soon as they begin to fade. Everything possible should be done to make the sick room the brightest and most cheerful in the house. The necessary furnishings of the sick room are a bed, a bedside table, an easy chair, a lounge, and a screen, and all the furniture should be of the simplest style. Rocking chairs should never be permitted in the sick room, as when sitting in them one is almost sure to rock, and the motion is very apt to irritate the patient.

The nurse should avoid wearing clothes that rustle or shoes that squeak. If possible, instead of carpets, small rugs, which can be removed and shaken, are preferable. To properly care for a patient the nurse must take proper care of herself. She must have rest, recreation, and out-of-door exercise. When speaking to a patient, always stand in front of him or her, so that you can be seen; never speak suddenly, as when people are ill and nervous they are easily startled. Never whisper in or near the sick room. If the same member of the family has both day and night duty to do, she should dress herself as comfortably as possible for the night, and where convenient a cold bath in the morning with a complete change of clothing will be found very refreshing. Care must of course be taken by the nurse not to overtax her strength. At night, or rather when getting ready for the night, attention must be paid to anything likely to prove disturbing to the patient's rest. Before the patient goes to sleep see that you have everything at hand that you are likely to need for the night, all the medicines you will require. Above all things see that the bed is as comfortable as can be made, as an uncomfortable bed is a great aggravation of the miseries of an invalid.

BERRY-PICKERS AT Y. M. C. A. CAMP, ST. ADOLPHE DE HOWARD

Photograph by Mrs. H. H. Pick

* * *

The Whitby Branch

THE Whitby Branch of the South Ontario Women's Institute held their annual meeting in the Agricultural Rooms on Friday, May 14th. After the re-election of former officers, Mrs. George Robb gave a paper, "Butter Making on the Farm," in which the writer emphasized the fact, that to have good butter, there must be pure, rich milk. Cleanliness was literally the golden rule. For good butter-making, we must have healthy cows, fed on good grain, good pasture, and there must be a pure water supply for the cattle. Attention was also drawn to the good market for butter, in comparison with that of ten or fifteen years ago. The excellent quality of modern butter and cheese was also dwelt upon, to the satisfaction of the members of this branch.

* * *

The Lunch Box

By L. E. JULYAN

Macdonald College, Guelph

HALF-PAST eight and little Willie and small Jamie emerge from the side door, wave good-bye by mother, who probably stifles a sigh of relief as they depart. Over Willie's arm hangs the well-known school-bag with the also well-known "dinner" within. A long, weary morning of sums and other vexatious things and then this same "dinner" is eagerly seized upon and, judging by recollections, it goes, by guess—a sandwich or two of good thick bread and butter, now well dried out; jam may be, may be not. Next or generally first, a piece of yesterday's or last week's cake, which "the children will be glad enough to eat," and a slice of *pie*. It sounds good for a growing youngster, but so from day to day the children in our public schools, more generally in the rural districts, are regaled.

Willie opens up the old newspaper and eyes the repast. He probably eats the pie and the icing off the cake and licks off the jam—and goes and fills up on green apples. Then at night he must have a hot supper because he had a cold dinner, and he has it and has a surplus of good many hot things because he hadn't any dinner, and Willie lays the foundation for some trouble with his digestive organs shortly. And this too at the period when the boy should be eating heartily of nutritious, "building" foods. It seems to be the impression that school children's luncheons must necessarily be unappetizing and unsightly, but let us see how it could be remedied.

First, the luncheon must consist of nourishing, palatable food. Secondly, the food must be easily prepared and packed. The food must be such as the child likes and there should be variety. But throughout all, there should be the greatest daintiness because during these years the child's temperament is being moulded and if it is now taught to like beautiful things, so the end.

From the diet of school children should be eliminated all pies, pastry, condiments, fat meats, fresh breads, etc. But on the other hand they should be given eggs, some meat (too much stunts the growth), fresh fruits, and this is the time they should be introduced to vegetables and all sorts of new dishes. From every standpoint sandwiches seem to be the best form of packing the luncheon. Bread and butter is, too, always welcome but not cut in thick chunks or spread in lumps. Several dainty sandwiches, smoothly spread (and it takes but a few moments to pour some lukewarm water over butter and cream enough for several days), will much more likely meet Willie's fancy. Then these may be spread, one day, with grated cheese moistened with cream or dressing; another day, with well flavored meat, neatly cut. Again, chopped hard boiled egg moistened with salad dressing, or salad dressing alone makes a palatable change.

When the garden is in use, of course, lettuce sandwiches, alone or with chopped radishes, are welcomed. Nut fillings are as nutritious as delicious used with dressing, and good home-made jams are sometimes enjoyed. Celery can be combined with meats or anything and is refreshing.

Bread made from whole wheat flour is excellent for children, and also provides a change, and brown bread and rye bread are good. Plain cakes may vary the menu but no rich fillings or icings should be allowed. Oatmeal and ginger cookies are not harmful. Fresh fruit may always accompany the luncheon and should never be omitted when procurable.

A dampened table napkin should surround the luncheon and it should be packed carefully. A bottle of milk or lemonade or orangeade forms a welcome and beneficial beverage if it can conveniently be carried without trouble to the bearer.

The lunch box is a daily necessity in many Canadian homes, and the fashion in which it is prepared and filled, too often lays the foundation of future ills. Willie and his sister are quite indifferent, in many cases, to the thick bread and lumpy butter, while their elders too often console themselves with the reflection: "It doesn't matter for the children. Hunger is a good

sauce." But in after days, the small persons grown to maturity, may have reason to remember with bitterness the unwisely-filled lunch box, whose contents might have been so much more appetizing with a very slight expenditure of time and trouble.

* * *

Editor's Note

THE editorial department of this journal, recognizing the importance and strength of the Women's Institute movement, would ask the members throughout the province to co-operate in making these columns attractive and beneficial. Photographs of new devices in connection with household work or entertainment are especially desired. Accounts of any novel method of social amusement or diversion are also most welcome, and photographs of a prettily-set luncheon table or a veranda tea would be interesting to all readers. Groups of members are not of consequence, save to those immediately concerned.

This department has received too many articles on such abstract topics as "Education" and "Woman's Sphere." These contributions are usually well-written but are not what is required in a department of this nature. By this time, we know the derivation of the word, "education" and are doing our best for whatever sphere we belong to. Hackneyed advice or didactic reflection we do not demand. Practical articles on matters of real interest,—written in bright fashion, are what our members appreciate and to these our columns are always open.

* * *

The Hanover Branch

(Hanover Post)

A VERY successful meeting of the Hanover Branch of the Women's Institute was held in Miller's Hall on May 21st. The meeting took the form of a fancy work contest and exhibit in the afternoon, followed by a lecture by Dr. A. B. Taylor in the evening and several musical numbers. The ladies of the town and country had been asked to exhibit any fancy work they might have, and many beautiful pieces were in evidence and the many viewers no doubt received much valuable assistance in all the modern work. One was surprised at the many entries in the contests, especially the children's contest. In this age of rush the children are taught so many of the so called "frills," that many of the more necessary accomplishments are entirely neglected. A contest like this does much to encourage the wish among children to learn to sew, and the work was wonderful. More than one good needle woman on examination of it vowed she could not do nearly as well. Also in the open contests although on first thought upon reading the rules, one would think the contest rather limited, a look at the result of a little cost, and a little work rather stimulated one to do more of the same kind. The following are the prize winners:—Contest I.—Plain Pinafore by child under ten years, with at least three button holes—Edna Miller, age five. Contest II—Children under fourteen years, first prize 50 cents, Nellie Furzman, Edith Switzer, equal; second prize, twenty-five cents, Saloma Winkler; third prize, Lottie Eaglesham and Pearl Falker, equal. Contest III—(open)—Material not to cost more than twenty-five cents—Fancy crocheting or knitting in wool. First prize fifty cents, Mrs. B. F. Ahrens; second prize twenty-five cents, Florence Kirchner. Contest IV (open)—Any fancy work, material not to cost over twenty-five cents—First prize, L. M. Furzman; second prize, Mrs. G. Wingham, Sr. Contest V—Material not over ten cents—Fancy wool work

Continued on page 36

YOUR SUMMER OUTING
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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

HO, FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

"What are you going to do, boys,
What are you going to do?"

MOTHERS, how are you going to meet this problem of school let out? With the resignation of a martyr, and the endurance of a stoic? Are you going to sigh in despair because you will have the children on your hands for the vacation, and long for school to begin, to be rid of the trouble? Are you going to be perfectly indifferent to something that is of vital importance to them, and display no interest whatever in what, to them, is the great event of the year, or is it going to be possible for you to enter into their enthusiasm as they anticipate the possibilities that lie before them in nine long, happy weeks of midsummer holidays, no more books, no more school. Hurrah, hurrah!

* * *

YES, I know the difficulties before you, the repeated calls to breakfast, the lazy, indolent attitude, the desire simply to sit and do nothing, the teasing to go here, to go there, to swim, to fish, the unwillingness to abide by your decision when it is given. Yes, it sounds like breakers ahead. But don't you remember—why, of course you remember, it seems like only yesterday since you left the old schoolroom, your arms piled full of books, and those blessed weeks ahead, whole days of which you lounged, and dreamed day dreams under the trees, and you turned over in bed each morning and took another snooze, without the harassing warning sounding up the stairway, "Hurry up, or you will be late for school"? Oh, it was bliss, pure, unalloyed bliss, and you drank it to the dregs, you enjoyed it to the full, until the long continuance palled a little, and the thirst for a change overwhelmed the delights, and then how eagerly you gathered the books together, and with renewed strength, physically and mentally, you returned to school, and the new fresh term inspired your heart and brain to greater activity, and study was a pleasure, and you went forth to conquer and win honors!

So, pass it on, mother—let the children laze and dream a spell. Let them sleep the sleep of peace far into the forenoon if they will. It means restoration of nerve force. Let them lie down in the sun if they want to, or play in the sand, rest in the shade, go barefoot, do anything, in fact, that means reaction from settled duties and stated hours. Relaxation of body and mind is the all important idea to carry out, something directly opposite to the ordinary, freedom from study, from music, just carelessly listless and happy, until they are roused to ask the question this article started off with. Then the perplexing part really begins for mother, to plan and arrange for the active young people when they awake from their lethargy, for it *is* a question, I will admit, and a trying one, to keep the restless young spirits entertained. There is *one* of two things you can do; you can worry yourself out of all patience, and make the days full of misery for all concerned, or you can expend a little time and thought, and be the lodestone to which they are drawn for their source of pleasure and happiness.

* * *

LET the holiday season be a happy one, joyous and care free. Do not shrink from the extra exertion necessary to guide the inclinations into safe fun-making. It is dangerous often to allow them to drift, but enter with sympathetic joy into their childish delights. I always feel sorry for parents who are insufficient in themselves to provide amusement for their boys and girls, as I do for those who are foolish enough to satiate the young with expensive outings, and grown-up entertainments, until they fail to enter into innocent pastimes, and do not understand the truth of:

"Better than gold is a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please."

In these two lines lies a great secret, the meaning of which that mother understands, whose little ones clap their hands with joy when she announces her intention of accompanying them to the woods in search of wild flowers, or when she proclaims in a cheery voice at breakfast that tea will be served on the lawn if she gets through with her work. Tea on the lawn! Willing little hands assist, and good-nature is assured for the day, with the simple prospect of a meal outdoors with father and mother. They are inspired to be and do their best, and, *of course,* the work will be finished.

PROVIDING FOR A FEATHERED FAMILY

I want to tell you what a mother of boys and girls among my acquaintances said "I make a desperate effort to have everything ready for the holidays, all sewing and cleaning, so I can just be lazy, and have a good time with the children." Wise little woman, she who thus enters into the lives of her children, sharing their recreations and mingling with them on their holiday outings! What pictures of mother will hang on memory's wall in the long years to come! It takes so little, after all, to give them a good time—a basket of lunch, a little tramp, a day's fishing, a birthday picnic, a boating excursion, and at times a genuine letting-alone, a do-as-you-please day, a rainy day spent in the attic rummaging among old toys and books. Just give the children a chance, and the days will come and go, when lo,

"Play is done, work is begun,
Boys and girls must now quit fun."

* * *

BUT mother's holiday, where does that come in? I would like to know that *all* had a change, for that is the *real* principle involved in a holiday, a change of scene, from city to camp life, from country to town, from indoor occupation to open air and sunshine, from outdoor employment to visiting museums and art galleries, always seeking the opposite of your daily routine, that means the rest you need. A lady was once advised to camp out for the summer, and she answered: "I have lived beside woods and water all my life, that would be no change for me. I cannot bear sleeping in a tent, and am terrified of bugs and worms, while flies and mosquitoes drive me crazy. Give me a purse full of money, and set me down in a city. That's the change *I* want." So it would be impossible to prescribe for any woman, the nature of her particular holiday. One wants pleasure, another needs quiet, some can go off alone, while others must take children. This one loves a trip on the water, that one enjoys a railway journey, some have money, and many have not. Thus I cannot plan your trip, nor you mine; but after much figuring and devising we may each plan our own.

To those, perforce, who must remain at home, I would suggest that they consider everything that pertains to coolness and easy living during the warm weather, sleep later in the morning, if possible, and spend all their spare time in the open air, on the verandahs, in the hammock, out on the water. Just live as "happy-go-lucky" as your situation permits, keeping both mind and body cool, and you will reap the benefit you require. To those who hesitate, and yet feel the necessity of a change, but dread the packing up, and the repacking, while perhaps moving from place to place, my advice is to make the exertion. When you are homeward bound, your head will be clearer, your thoughts will be broader, and the same old duties that will greet you will be heartily met, and almost joyfully resumed, for it will be so good to be home again. Some there are who needs must choose from several invitations. To those I say, allow no persuasions to lure you into visiting where you have only a standing invitation, because your visit may be inauspicious for them, inasmuch as there are many people travelling, and they may have other arrangements; but go where you are especially wanted. A wise mother, long ago, gave me this advice: "Always make a point to go and visit *when* you are invited, if possible. It is their time to have you, and they ask you to come. The same rule holds good with those whom you wish to visit you. If, however, they come and find you unprepared, do not let them surmise how inconvenient it is, but welcome them and make the best of the situation." This rule also works both ways, and remembering, may help you over some hard places.

I would bespeak for all a happy holiday. Do not allow yourself to be disappointed by expecting too much; nor exact a toll of pleasure that will send you home more fatigued than when you started out. But just let go of the intense life you have been living, the "demnition grind," that *Mr. Mantilini* complained of, and drift with the tide. Enjoy the lovely summer weather, for all too soon it wanes, and we gather around the hearth once more; but the pictures we will see in the bright red coals will be hammocks, canoes, green grass and trees, the city lights and delights, and we will live it all over again, the jolly picnic and gay excursion, until our hearts are all aglow. And now, here's to the holidays!

* * *

OUR "AT HOME" DAYS.

"YOUR 'days' are such a puzzle to me," said a little woman, "I simply cannot keep track of them. Where I came from we did not have 'days,' but when we wanted to see a person, we went. Wherein lies the advantage of this having a day?" I answered that it was merely an assurance that our friends would find us in our homes, and their endeavors to see us would not be in vain, but she shook her head, exclaiming, "Well, it is too great a tax on my brain, what with Monday first and second, and Friday two and four, the first Tuesday and the last Saturday to keep tab of, I am lost, get all tangled up." I must admit that the prevailing custom

of calling, as it exists in our present day, is more than puzzling, it is harassing; even stronger, it is a thraldom; and I believe we have reached the limit, and something different must be thought out to assist us in discharging this seemingly necessary social obligation.

Every paper of any account has a woman's page, and its columns at this time of year abound with such information as the following "Mrs. J. will not receive again until the fall; Mrs. N. will be 'at home' on Wednesday, and not again this season; Mrs. R. will not receive again until further notice." And your friends number up in the hundreds, and newcomers ever adding to your list. The other day in answer to a telephone ring, a friend reminded me that unless I made a certain call that afternoon, it might be months before I could get another opportunity, and thus we are hurried hither and thither by the beck and call of entertaining hostesses, while our good old friends, our inner circle, those who are congenial to us, and we enjoy the most, can only get a fleeting glimpse of us, at best, and we realize that nothing seems real nor satisfactory; but the situation remains unchanged, and no one challenges the sanity of our method of sociability, for "when we live in Rome, we do as the Romans do."

Women have always called upon each other, and always will, and we would not dream of abolishing it, but time was when the pleasure of it was not hedged in and trammelled until—well, to use an expressive phrase, we "don't know where we're at." It seems to me that matters could be simplified for us somewhat, that we could extricate ourselves from the net we have gradually set for ourselves, for this thing is not a sudden fad, nor a mushroom growth, but it has taken years to develop into its present status. Some years ago we stood rather in awe of the lady who gave herself a day, then slowly others presumed to follow, until now it is almost universal, and towns and cities are enveloped in the meshes of a network so intricate that it has ceased to inspire us with wonder. But we are caught by the glittering bait of what we may fancy is a step up the social ladder, and thus we are floundering, and looking for a means of escape from what appears to be a hopeless entanglement.

* * *

I HAVE tried not to use the terms *sham* and *hollowness,* but I am of the opinion that much of our social calling is entitled to it, for, listen, there was a time when we respected our day—it was religiously kept. But we are growing careless, and it is a very common occurrence after you have consulted your card basket and the daily paper to make sure of a person's day, and sacrificed that particular afternoon's duties in order to go, that you find that lady calling at the first house you enter. Her excuse, "Oh, it was just too lovely to stay in to-day, and I did not think anyone would come," or "Really, I forgot to 'phone last night that I would not receive, and, anyway, I concluded I owed everybody, and would not have callers." Then what about the woman who closes the shutters and draws down the blinds, and pretends she is not there; or the one who pins a card on the front door, "Not receiving," and you have walked a mile to regard her day? Hollow? Yes, giving up the substance for the shadow. Who will say the time has not come for altered conditions along this line?

* * *

WHAT would you, do you ask of me? I would ask you to welcome the strangers who come to your town, often lonely, and yearning for a kindly word. Give them the glad hand of friendship, assuring them by your manner that you will not forget them, and will be pleased to have them visit you in return. Not a mere ten-minute call, but stay for a whole hour. Oh, yes, I know that people are not supposed to intrude until it is announced they are ready to receive, but risk it; you have only done a kind womanly act in any case. I am also aware that custom demands that you call a second time, or the supposition is that you have seen enough of that party in the first exchange, and there are injured feelings, and independent spirits that will not brook a snub of that kind. But suppose you never managed to make that second call, should not that woman be assured of your kind intentions, and understand? And should not that single call pave the way for future friendship, without being obliged to repeat it at intervals in the most formal possible manner? Isn't it positively refreshing to meet a person whose house you have not entered for several years, to see her extended hand, and drop into easy conversation every time you cross each other's path? And isn't it depressing to encounter the frozen stare of one who considers herself unjustly treated because you have failed to live up to her strict code of making and receiving calls?

Women, take a leaf out of man's book. They are not given to straining a point on such small matters, but are hail! fellow, well met! in minor matters of etiquette. Being tied down to a "day" prohibits much that is greatly worth while in this life, that we only live once. Especially is this true when that "at home" day has outlived its usefulness, in other words, its purpose. Do get out of the rut, and back to something approaching the natural within us. Enjoy your friends in the good old way. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Be on hand to congratulate at the births and weddings, and there to render your aid or sympathy when there is trouble, sickness, or death. Call upon an esteemed friend *ten* times to her once, if you can make the opportunity, and stress of circumstances prevents her. Why this foolish aloofness "because she never returned my call"? Pull away from this senseless, stilted dignity we are trying to uphold, but say, what have I brought upon myself? The denunciations of hosts of people who will not dream of saying "How brave to tackle this question!" Out of date, perhaps; old-fashioned, I'm agreed; all the same I feel that liberty lies beyond the bars that hedge us in where conventionalities hold us in the grip of what we would gladly escape if we dared. Did I say dared? As if we couldn't break away! Well, I guess!

* * *

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

SOME one exclaims, "But surely no *one* woman has as many duties as you suggest!" Let each count off how many she can safely leave out, and I will venture to say that there will be more addition than subtraction done. There are our social and church duties, the calls to make and receive, the correspondence that ought to be kept up, the music that is more and more neglected, the reading one's soul craves for, our fancy work, our pet hobbies that no leisure is found to indulge in, painting, elocution, or literary work. Then we are a highly organized people, meetings galore, temperance, charitable, women's institutes and clubs, all necessary and right, but demanding much of our time and strength. And when we have done all that *must* be done, and omitted all that we cannot manage to squeeze into the busy day, we are "sat weary, and fair done oot," and we wonder if there was ever anything different to this hurry and scramble through life, which we continually keep up at this present day. Did our fathers and mothers tear along at this rate? Is life worth living when time is swallowed up in such a ceaseless rush?

Continued on page 30

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FASHIONABLE SUMMER GOWNS.

SILK and linen are equally in vogue this season and here are two gowns, one made of foulard and one of Ramie linen that are essentially smart and attractive. The silk gown combines one of the very newest skirts with the pinafore bodice that is one of the latest developments of the season. It is worn over a separate guimpe of lawn with net sleeves and in this instance the guimpe is made with a Dutch neck. The guimpe can be made high, however, and finished with the regulation stock if preferred. Pongee, linen and also many of the thinner, lighter materials of the season are appropriate for the design.

For the pinafore bodice will be required 2⅝ yards of material 24, 2 yards 32 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide, 5 yards of banding; for the guimpe 1½ yards of plain material 36 inches wide with 1½ yards of tucked net; for the skirt 8 yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding. The pattern of the pinafore bodice with guimpe 6357 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.

The linen gown is made with one of the latest skirts which includes plaited panels at the sides and an exceedingly attractive bodice. This last is trimmed with a garniture, which in this instance is embroidered with a simple and effective design, while the yoke and the sleeves are of tucked net, and the whole gown is an attractive and smart one. Pongee would be charming so made, foulard can be treated in the same style and many of the pretty thin summer fabrics are adapted to the model, for even lawns and batistes are being made on somewhat severe lines just now.

For the medium size will be required, for the bodice 2⅝ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 32 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards 18 for yoke and sleeves; for the skirt 6 yards 27 or 32, 4⅝ yards 44 inches.

The bodice pattern 6363 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6312 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

A TRAVELING COAT OF PONGEE.

LONG simple coats of pongee are being much used for travelling this season and they are exceedingly satisfactory. They are light in weight, they shed the dust and the material is found in so many colors that it is very generally becoming. This coat is half fitted and can be made in either long or three-quarter length and it consequently suits general wear as well as motoring, travelling and purposes of the sort.

For the medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 44 or 3⅞ yards 52 inches wide for full length; 6½ yards 27, 4 yards 44 or 3½ yards 52 inches wide for three-quarter length, with ⅜ yard of silk for collar and cuffs and pocket-laps.

Coat Pattern No. 6353

The pattern 6353 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

* * *

A SMART VISITING COSTUME.

VISITING costumes of the summer are exceedingly attractive and this one made with the new bolero and stole is graceful in the extreme. In the illustration the skirt and the guimpe are made of messaline and the stole is made of net in matching color. The material of the gown braided or embroidered is well liked for such accessories, however, and if a thinner gown were wanted the guimpe could be made of net or chiffon or some similar material. The skirt is an exceedingly graceful one cut on the modified Empire line which extends just a few inches above the waist. The guimpe is tucked, consequently peculiarly well adapted to thin fabrics. The bolero with stole is separate and adjusted over the gown.

For the medium size will be required, for the guimpe 5¾ yards 21, 4⅝ yards 32 or 3⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6¼ yards 24, or 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide. For the bolero with stole will be needed 1⅞ yards 18, 1 yard 27 with 5½ yards of banding, ⅜ yard of fringe.

The guimpe pattern 6127 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6313 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and the bolero with stole 6351 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large.

* * *

IN SEMI-PRINCESSE EFFECT.

THE semi-princesse costume is an established favorite and is peculiarly well adapted to lingerie materials. Here are two gowns, one which is actually made in that style, one that gives the effect, in spite of the fact that blouse and skirt are separate. This latter is shown on the figure to the left and is made of white lawn with trimming of Valenciennes lace. The blouse is of the available sort and can be made either with the big collar illustrated or without and with the neck finished to form a little V, or cut high and finished with the stock, and it allows a choice of three-quarter or long sleeves. It is closed invisibly at the front. The skirt is gored and joined to a flounce, which is straight at its lower edge but cut in points at the upper, but this skirt is finished with bands of insertion which are arranged over the blouse to give the semi-princesse suggestion.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 8 yards of insertion and 3¾ yards of edging; for the skirt 8¾ yards 24, 8 yards 32 or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide with 20 yards of insertion. The blouse pattern

Guimpe Pattern No. 6127
Skirt Pattern No. 6313
Bolero Pattern No. 6351

Bodice Pattern No. 6357
Skirt Pattern No. 6362

Bodice Pattern No. 6363
Skirt Pattern No. 6312

6343 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5970 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right is made with blouse and skirt joined by means of bands of trimming and is closed invisibly at the back. It is made of flowered batiste and the yoke is of plain material embroidered by hand. It could be made from fancy all-over or something of the sort if preferred, or of the material trimmed or it can be cut high and finished with a stock collar as liked. The sleeves also can be made either in three-quarter or full length. The skirt is peculiarly well adapted to washable fabrics, for it is made with an upper portion and flounce, both of which are straight and which can be either tucked or gathered at their upper edges.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4⅝ yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 3 yards of banding, 2 yards of edging, ⅝ yard of 27 inches wide for the yoke; for the skirt 10½ yards 24, 8¾ yards 32 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6348 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6349 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

IN THE FAVORITE PRINCESSE STYLE.

PRINCESSE costumes are unquestioned favorites of the season, and this one with plaited panels is exceptionally graceful and attractive. It provides sufficient width at the lower edge to render walking comfortable and graceful, yet it is perfectly plain over the hips and in addition the upper line of the panels gives just the suggestion of the Dagobert idea which is so pronounced just now. In this case the gown is made of buff linen with trimming of white Cluny lace but it will be found adapted to pongee and foulard as well as to linens and to the various simpler cotton fabrics and also to wool materials. It is one of the newest and latest models to have appeared and can be relied upon to continue its vogue throughout this season and the next. The gown is closed invisibly at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be required 10¼ yards 27, 6¼ yards 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6346 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Pattern No. 6346

* * *

DAINTY MUSLIN FROCKS.

MIDSUMMER is sure to bring the demand for summer frocks and here are two lovely dainty ones that are quite simple at the same time. In this case the older girl's dress is made of white lawn with trimming of Irish crochet and the smaller child's from embroidered Swiss muslin. Both models will be found available for all seasonable materials, however, the colored ones and the flowered ones as well as white.

Blouse Pattern No. 6343
Skirt Pattern No. 5970

Blouse Pattern No. 6348
Skirt Pattern No. 6349

The dress to the left can be worn either with or without a guimpe and will be found peculiarly well adapted to bordered materials as the skirt is straight at its lower edge.

For a girl of twelve years of age will be required 6 yards of material 24, 4⅝ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 8 yards of banding; or 8 yards of bordered material 24 inches wide. The pattern 6350 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

The younger girl's dress is made with a straight skirt which is gathered and joined to the body portion by means of a belt. It allows a choice of short or long sleeves and can be made either with or without the collar.

For the four year size will be required 3⅜ yards 24, 2⅞ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1½ yards of banding. The pattern 6364 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

* * *

TO FIT A SHIRTWAIST.

SEVERAL nice points there are in the fitting of a shirtwaist or blouse that every home sewer does not know and many dressmakers neglect. Almost invariably, after the seams of a shirtwaist have been put together with a fair degree of accuracy, the novice makes, either of two mistakes—if not both: She bastes the collar and blouse together in a seam—which is wrong—or she tries to fit ed on. This last is not possible.

The blouse should be put on the wearer, or on a figure, with the seams basted only. A neckband or a collar, finished at its lower edge and of the correct length, should be laid over the blouse and around the neck, then carefully pinned fast so that there are no puckers in the blouse. With the garment now in hand, the collar is the sleeve before the collar is fastened exactly as it was pinned and the sleeve is basted in.

It should now be tried on with shoulder seam still only basted, collar basted on and sleeve basted in, so that the fit of all three may be proved or altered before any of the final sewing be done. The reason for doing this all together is because either collar or sleeve may destroy the fit of the other.

Another nice point so often overlooked is a certain length of line under the arm. The most fashionably gowned women demand to be allowed to turn on the gas; they, presumably, have found it inconvenient to be disabled by their simplest of blouses.

To gain this length, two things are necessary: Do not cut out the armhole too much under the arm, and when the tape measure is placed round the waist to determine the waist line, lower it a little bit and let the wearer-to-be reach up to prove whether or not the underarm seam is long enough between sleeve and belt.

* * *

A SERVICEABLE FROCK OF PONGEE.

PONGEE is one of the smartest of all things this season and it is to be found in so many lovely colors that there is no possible danger of sameness. Young girls are wearing it in such pretty shades as rose color, mignonette and the like and this dress is especially well adapted to the material. It can be worn over any guimpe and it is quite easy to keep a supply of these while the dress itself has the advantage of being always in readiness. In this case collar and belt are made of plain silk braided with soutache and the guimpe is of tucked net, but plain net of heavy mesh trimmed with bands of the material is much liked for handsome guimpes and for the simple ones muslins and lawns and the like are in every way appropriate. It is a good plan to supply two or more with each frock and to make them of quite different materials, as so doing makes a complete change of toilette with very little effort. For a simpler dress linen could be utilized and it suits the design quite as well as pongee and there are also still lighter weight washable materials that are in every way appropriate. Chambrays, both linen and cotton, are being much worn and among the inexpensive printed wash fabrics are to be found attractive colors and designs.

For the sixteen year size will be required 7 yards of material 24 or

Continued on page 31

Pattern No. 6350

Pattern No. 6364

Her "Declaration of Independence"

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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS SAY YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HOME JOURNAL

Around the Hearth

Continued from page 27

NO, we can never return to that primitive, simple life, but we *can* to a greater degree than we do, live the *life simple,* but at the cost of which many will hesitate. It means being brave enough to live your own life, and not copy others. It dares to stand alone, and have individual ideas. It means to "cut out" much from our lives that at best is "nothing but leaves"; to adopt our own methods; and to cater first to the welfare of those dearest to us, and dependent upon us, rather than follow the crowd, and dance to the music of an applauding public. It does *not* mean to shut one's self up in the home, for every woman needs the broadening influence of a few interests outside her own little world, but unless she has unlimited leisure at her command it is best to specialize, and unite only with those societies where her sympathies are most enlisted. It does *not* mean that we are supposed to live without recreation and entertainment, but endeavor to prevent engagements and invitations from crowding one upon the other, until they conflict with all that is peaceable and comfortable. It does *not* mean that a person is expected to live and move on a platform so narrow, that she never gets beyond her own idea of things; never allows herself the benefit of an outlook gleaned from a friend's rich experience.

The life simple calls for this—the hardihood to resist; the power of refusing; independence of action; a strength of character to bear the opprobrium that will be flung because you follow the dictates of your own mind rather than fall in line without a protest with what fashion and your friends demand; and the fortitude to bear the ban of being considered eccentric, and holding singular ideas. But it pays; first in the serener atmosphere of our lives; then in the knowledge that there is the ring of sincerity in all we do; and lastly, we find our better selves redeemed from the hollowness of the wear and tear of a dissatisfied struggle, risen to calmer heights of existence. David Swing gives us the whole truth in a nut-shell, the rule of life I fain would follow. It hangs in my study, printed on a beautiful card, given by a dear friend, and reads thus "Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has."

* * *

A PINEAPPLE RECIPE.

IF you have not done your pineapple yet, try this recipe. Take twelve pineapples, twelve cups of sugar and twelve of water. If the fruit is large, measure with large-sized cups, if small use a cup accordingly. Peel the pineapple, taking out the eyes with a sharp instrument, so as to lose as little as possible of the fruit, this process being done over a vessel whereby all juice may be saved. Then with a silver fork shred the pineapple from the root, so that when finished nothing but a small bare root remains, out of which saving any juice it may retain.

Dissolve the sugar in the water and which wring any juice it may retain. When it has boiled five minutes, put in air-tight sealers, and you have pineapple almost as good as fresh the year round. Have the fire at a brisk heat when you add the pineapple so it will boil up quickly.

Random Thoughts

By MRS. A. M. HUESTIS

IN casting round for a hint of a few minutes chat this afternoon, I wondered just what we women had accomplished in the past, and what we could do in the future; not only for our immediate homes, but as citizens of a large domain. Even to casual observers women are beginning to be regarded as a greater force than formerly. We do not sit so long over knitting as did our grandmothers, we have no need to do so—for presto! and lo, the knitting-machine. With the removal of much of the confining work, women have even dared to try their wings—and always being akin to angels, they have even found that they could fly; even if ever such a little way.

I read the other day of a device to harness the ocean waves to generate electricity—well, they may harness even the free roving wave, but who shall so stay a woman once she becomes perpetual motion for a good cause? First, it is believed by many that her home should be only "good cause." But this rather reminds me of the "charity that begins at home," and usually stays there, and is there not something wider than the charity that stays at home.

The modern child, if having the choosing, would choose the jolly mother—the mother who can laugh even over the refined cruelties of the modern hockey-match, who can at least talk intelligently of the latest foot-ball hero, and who dares to even go down a toboggan-slide. And who shall say that in closing the front door even upon the family mending once in a while, that mother is not doing her duty to the young folks? No, come out of those four walls, and in coming out, take back a good breezy atmosphere to clear the hazy smoke of dullness from the household air.

Another little way in which we could use some of our superfluous energy and to a good advantage, is to go out and help the Toronto Playground Association. For years this city has felt the crying need of supervised squares for a legitimate outlet for our boys' and girls' active spirits. It is a recognized fact that to give the youth something to do with his or her leisure hours, and promote healthful recreation, is a wise way towards solving the requirements of children's courts, and like "good things" to reform, after we have let the horse out of the stable. Better be wise, and close the door to wrong now, and not wait until the red tape of the law entwines around them. If a few ball-squares, teeters, swings, sand piles, and lots of green grass helps, and we know it does, then can we women choose to help a better work along? I do not believe we can. The Association would like to become strong enough in membership to ask the city to allow them to equip Moss Park, as a model playground, and I say let's help.

We have been a favored body of women in receiving great help, physically, and morally, and indeed artistically, from the lectures that have been given us in seven or so years of open meetings, to say nothing of those delightful bye-meeting papers.

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

27, 5½ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard 21 inches wide for collar and belt; for the guimpe 1⅝ yards 36 inches wide with 3 yards 18 for the sleeves and yoke facing.

Overdress Pattern No. 6333
Guimpe Pattern No. 6166
Embroidery Pattern No. 385
(For description see page 29)

The overdress pattern is number 6333, the guimpe 6166 and the embroidery, 385.

* * *

A DAINTY SUMMER FROCK.

THE summer frock that is made of linen, or some similar material, embroidered either in matching color or in white, is an exceedingly dainty and attractive one. This model is peculiarly susceptible of such treatment for the box plaits lend themselves to the embroidery with exceptional success. In this case it is made of pale blue linen with white embroidery. Rose color is to be much worn this season, however, and is always charming, while white with colored embroidery makes a notable feature of summer styles. In fact, the dress can be treated in a number of ways, for it can be made just as illustrated and become a very dainty afternoon frock, or it can be left plain and made from some such material as gingham or percale and become adapted to morning wear, it can be made with a sailor collar and shield and with long sleeves and be completely transformed; and it is just as well suited to the thinner materials as it is to the heavier ones. The body portion and skirt are cut in one and are held in place by means of a belt, and the closing is made invisibly beneath one of the box plaits.

For the eight year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 24, 4⅛ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern of this dainty gown is number 6320 and the embroidery 397.

* * *

FOR SUMMER MORNINGS.

SUCH a becoming and attractive morning gown as this one, which is thoroughly comfortable at the same time, will appeal to many women.

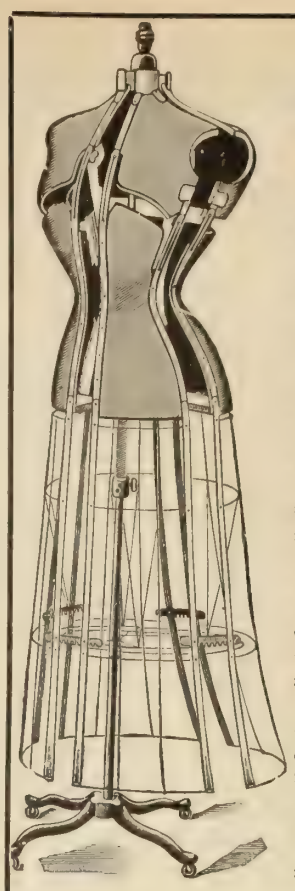
This lawn breakfast jacket trimmed with bias bands of the skirting material, but there are various ways in

Tucked Negligee Pattern No. 6330
Skirt Pattern No. 6198

which it can be utilized. Sprigged and dotted muslins are very dainty and the entire gown made of one of these would be charmingly cool in effect, and for slightly harder usage ginghams and the many inexpensive printed wash fabrics are to be commended. The jacket is perfectly simple notwithstanding its novel cut and is held in place by a ribbon waistband arranged over shirrings. The skirt is circular, buttoned in front.

For the medium size will be required, for the jacket 3¼ yards of material 24 or 32, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, 5⅞ yards of banding; for the skirt 5½ yards 24 or 32, 3½ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern of negligee is 6330 and skirt, 6198.

Dress Pattern No. 6320
Embroidery Pattern No. 397



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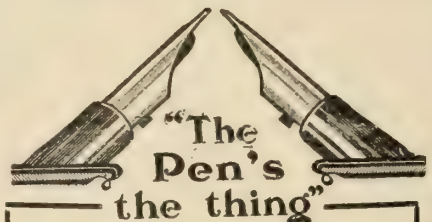

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The Fence That Saves Expense

A Beauty Combine

Continued from page 13

hills, crowned with maple, beech and elm forest. Birch and cedar abounded in the valleys, also pine and basswood (linden), speckled trout in the streams, deer in the woods.

A wealthy Englishman came, saw, recognized the water power, and started a sawmill. As a consequence, the finest and largest of the trees went down. Tiring of his plaything, he sold it to another, and about this time some members of the Society of Friends came and took up land here. They erected a cluster of frame and log buildings, and the place was called "Brotherstown." The Quakers saw the water power and the business capabilities of the spot, but I question if its various beauties made much impression on them, or had power to charm. Some remember the women, spotless and immaculate in their clothing as the lilies of the field, sixty years ago, tripping in and out of their forest homes, with little girls at their heels in the same quaint dress, adding unconsciously another interesting element to the attractions of the place.

The common schools of Canada were not very good at that time, and the Friends started two ladies' boarding schools, and later a boys' academy. All flourished for a while. Then came a woollen factory, a shingle factory, and a chopping mill took the place of the sawmill.

The railroad came next and the character of the village changed. A mean little passenger station, and some frame buildings for freight were set up, according to the mistaken idea of thrift and money-loving peculiar to certain corporations. A really solid and splendid railroad bridge was erected over a deep gorge in the village, where the Irvine River ripples along in placid beauty. The engineer who designed this bridge, Mr. Arthur Wells, gave the station a new and appropriate name, and "Brotherstown" became "Rockwood." The railroad brought great business to the place in the way of shipping cattle, sheep and pigs. A glove factory and other industries sprang up, flourished for a time, then dwindled and died again. A strong, neat common-school house was built at the public expense, where the young folks receive the usual course of instruction, but are not taught morals or manners, and the large private schools became a thing of the past. Five or six places of worship were erected, and two or three taverns. A variety of village scandals succeeded each other, a murder was committed, and Rockwood was altogether as "up-to-date" and commonplace in many ways as the towns and villages about it—but it was still unique in natural beauty. The rocks stood fast, the streams rushed and rippled and danced along as of yore. It could not be degraded at one blow, though its primitive glory had gone, and the advantages of civilization had not come. It had neither lights nor sidewalks, nor could the village Fathers be induced to believe that light is conducive to virtue, and I am told they actually petitioned the railroad company to increase, instead of reducing the fare to neighboring towns, by way of home protection lest the housewives should spend their money elsewhere. This they never would do if they could get as well served at their own doors.

Though not incorporated, but a police village, Rockwood is really a large straggling town, greatly in need of enforced sanitary laws and police supervision. When the moon is invisible—its sole illumination—lanterns move about like feeble will-o'-the-wisps through intense darkness. Some of the bonniest spots are turned into dumping grounds for old tins and worse rubbish, and there is a slaughter house in the centre of the village. Horses, cows and calves went where

Dainty Embroidered Garments

Illustrations by courtesy of the *Canadian Home Needlework*, Smith Publishing Co., St Johns, Que.

AMONG aprons the princess shape is very popular, the fullness being confined at the waist line with tiny tucks so as to give the proper amount of fullness above and below the waist. This apron, No. 9176, is made of sheer Persian lawn embroidered with a simple design in Lazy Dazy embroidery. It is a pretty idea to do the flowers in the color which is known to be a favorite with the one for whom it is intended. Worn with one of the pretty string ties so popular this season, matching in color the embroidery on the apron, the effect is altogether lovely. So if you like, let your gift include a pretty velvet or silk tie to match the apron. The edge of the bib portion of this apron is finished with buttonholed scallops done in color to match the flowers, the lower part with lace insertion and edging put on as flat as possible. Use 1½ yards of insertion and 2 yards of lace for the edge and 4 skeins Corticelli Caspian Floss, any preferred color, for the embroidery.

Crossbarred dimity is another material which makes very dainty aprons. This has been used for a new panel effect with deep pockets on the side panels. In making this apron the embroidery is first done on the middle panel and the pockets. The pockets are then cut out, finished on the upper edge with lace, and basted on the body of the apron. Then the lace insertion is stitched on, the material cut away from under, and the edge finished with lace. A fine muslin beading is used to finish the waist line, and through this is drawn satin ribbon of any preferred color. The embroidery might be done in color to correspond, but is quite as pretty all in white. All parts of the design should be well padded and worked in solid embroidery, which on the cross-barred material is very pretty, indeed. For the embroidery use 5 skeins D. M. C. Cotton, No. 35, and 2½ yards German Valenciennes lace insertion and 2¾ yards lace edge to finish.

A Pretty Princess Apron
Stamped on Persian Lawn, No. 9176

Some very dainty blouses are made of crossbarred muslin with a design for solid embroidery in either white or color. Copenhagen blue and rose pink are in evidence on the imported blouses. One color is used for the entire design. There is no shading. Such designs are well padded and worked in satin stitch. The crossbarred muslins are the smartest things this season. The collars and cuffs are daintier when made of lace insertion than of muslin. The two designs we are showing are designed especially for the crossbar effects, and are dainty and girlish. The daisy design particularly is very youthful in appearance. French knots may be used to fill the centres of the daisies if one likes. Four skeins embroidery cotton, size F, should be allowed for pattern A and three for pattern B.

For a dressy theatre or evening blouse by all means have one of embroidered net. The very handsomest models this season are made of filet in either white or ecru, hand embroidered and inset with lace. Blouses like these cannot be found in the stores and are only made by the most exclusive dressmakers. The objection to the ready-to-wear waist by careful dressers is that one is certain to come across some one wearing exactly the same model as their own. Particularly is this true in the smaller towns and cities. Embroidery on net is not at all difficult, and the effect is charming.

Design LC9131 was worked in shades of pink and green upon ecru filet, inset with white Valenciennes and made up over white taffeta. The design might be carried out all in white, or the embroidery could be done all in one color.

The design is furnished stamped upon white lawn, the net is basted over this, mounted in a frame or hoop, and the embroidery done through both materials. When the design is complete the lawn is trimmed away close to the edge of the embroidery, being careful not to cut the net. In this way the embroidery has all the appearance of being done simply on the net and is very handsome. The flowers should be worked in Feather stitch with Roman Floss, and the leaves in slanting Satin stitch, padded. The stems are outlined, and a Satin-stitch dot in green, the same shade as the leaves, placed in the centre of each flower. Six skeins Roman Floss, pink 2471, and five skeins green 2620, are required.

The lace insertion is stitched on before the lawn foundation is cut away. Then the lawn is trimmed away close to the stitching. It is better not to cut away the net beneath the lace. Filet net in either white or ecru is furnished in forty-five-inch width. Two and one-half yards are ample for a waist.

This Daisy Design is particularly Girlish
LC9130B

A Dainty Theatre Blouse
No. LC9131

A Dainty Waist of Crossbarred Muslin with design for Solid Embroidery
Stamped on Crossbarred Muslin, No. LC9130A

Apron of Crossbarred Dimity with Deep Pockets on the Side Panels
Stamped Material, No. 9175

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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS SAY YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HOME JOURNAL.

Women's Institutes

Continued from page

—First prize, Mrs. Rogers; second prize, Mrs. J. Hahn. Other fancy work not exceeding ten cents in cost —First, Miss Haddow; second, Mrs. B. F. Ahrens. Other fancy work—First, Mrs. H. Peppler; second, Mrs. B. F. Ahrens. Miss Miller's Indian basket was much admired. Pieces of Battenburg lace exhibited by Miss Jucksch, Mrs. Hohmier and Miss Kirchner were beautiful. Eyelet work of Mrs. Ahrens and Mrs. Helwig and silk embroidery of Mrs. Hahn's called forth much attention. Mrs. J. E. Knechtel's stencilled set for child's bedroom was a unique idea, and for ten cents she had pillow shams, bed spread, dresser and stand covers. The material was hemstitched unbleached sugar bags. The judges were Mrs. J. H. Adams, Miss Berry and Mrs. John Mitchell.

* * *

Suggestions to Officers

NOW that the annual meetings of branch institutes have all been held and a great many of the district organizations have also elected officers and made plans for the year, we think it well to draw the attention of officers, especially those who are assuming these duties for the first time, to a few suggestions.

One who has been elected by the members of her organization to the presidency or secretaryship, should accept the responsibilities which the office carries and be aggressive in planning work for the coming year. The membership generally will look to the officers to inaugurate lines of work and see that they are carried out. It is necessary that those who are responsible for programmes for the coming year study carefully the capabilities, likes and dislikes of the members and select those subjects and lines of work which can be most efficiently handled by the members. The woman who has a family which reflects the good training received in the home, should be asked to give an address, or paper, upon "The Training of Children." She who has shown a liking for house plants should be asked to give a demonstration, or talk, upon the potting and care of these household friends. The woman who is always found with a good supply of well preserved or canned fruit in her cellar, should, if possible, be induced to tell the members of the institute how best to secure and prepare such foods. Why not ask the local teacher to give an address upon some topic in which she is specially interested. A talk upon flowers, trees or weeds would be found of great interest and profit, especially if the members are asked to bring specimens and have them identified and their characteristics pointed out. It is advised that samples of cooking done by the younger members of the institute be brought to the meeting for exhibition and small prizes offered to the one who furnishes the best cooking and gives most clearly the methods of preparation.

The officers are requested to refer to the hand book for suggested topics for different seasons of the year, and to make plans for at least four or five months in advance. It is unfair to give a speaker only two or three weeks in which to prepare a paper or address.

Then again, we think adjoining institutes would do well to arrange for an interchange of programmes. One good programme prepared by the members of a branch should serve the purpose for not only the local meeting, but for the regular monthly meetings of two or three adjoining branches. This assistance could be returned by each branch.

The Macdonald Institute, O. A. C., Guelph, Ont., is prepared to render assistance to those who wish information to enable them to prepare papers or addresses for presentation at meetings of the Institute.

By reason of the special training of the Macdonald Institute staff, and the resources of various departments of the college, the Home Economics Department is able to answer many questions and solve many difficulties now perplexing the housekeepers of this country, and will be pleased to try to answer such questions as the members of the Women's Institute care to send in.

A good reference library of books on Home Economics subjects is being gathered, and a collection of pamphlets and magazine articles is being made. These books, pamphlets and articles Macdonald Institute is willing to lend to Women's Institute members.

In order to prevent disappointment and delay, the borrower should observe the following directions:

1. Address your request to Home Economics Department, Macdonald Institute, O. A. C., Guelph, Ont.
2. State the subject of the paper or speech you have undertaken to provide, and the date for which it is wanted.
3. As it is seldom possible to answer questions or requests by return mail, and some require several days to satisfy, please send them in at least a fortnight before the answer is wanted.
4. When returning papers or pamphlets, please do not roll or fold them but return them in flat package as received.

For information as to methods of organization, rules and regulations governing the institutes, suggestions as to ways and means of making the institute meetings most interesting and profitable, financing the organization, etc., apply to the superintendent.

* * *

East Hastings Institute

WHEN the delegate to the Roslin meeting arrived at Mrs. Chisholm's home, she found benches to seat one hundred and fifty placed within a few feet of the river, and every preparation complete for an open air meeting. Accompanied by the organ which had been placed on the verandah for the occasion, "The Maple Leaf" set the tune of enthusiasm which permeated the remainder of the day.

Miss Susie Campbell gave her address, "The Judicious Housekeeper and Home-Maker," with a number of recipes which induced a most lively discussion on the canning of fruit, among the sixty-five ladies present. After four o'clock, the school children trooped in, bringing with them a new element of life. "Oh, the delicious home-made bread, sandwiches, salads, pickles!" wrote our delegate in reporting this meeting.

"I could not imagine this was a new branch," said Miss Campbell, "when I saw the interest and the perfect enjoyment these country men and women take out of their meetings. I have been to many pretentious affairs, which could not at all compare with the systematic way they conducted this meeting. They are young and strong!"

The above is a good sample of the East Hastings meetings. The Quinte Branch showed great ability in discussion. The Melrose Branch is most progressive. Their tables, cooking and serving cannot be surpassed by anything in the institute display.

The Women's Institutes in East Hastings testify to the executive ability of their members. The manner in which their arrangements were carried out merits the highest commendation.

CULINARY CONCEITS

Beverages of the Season

THE Ontario Department of Agriculture, Women's Institute Section, has issued recently a pamphlet on "beverages" which should interest all households, especially at this time of the year. From this highly useful publication, we publish the following recipes.

To make a refreshing glass of lemonade, cut a thin slice off a half lemon and place in a tall glass, add remaining juice and a tablespoon of sugar and fill with ice-cold water. Plain soda-water may be used instead of water, thus converting it into a lemon soda. A tablespoon of any fresh fruit may be crushed and added to vary the flavor. This is perhaps the most troublesome way to make lemonade, but made thus it has a snap and sparkle which is lacking in that made with hot water or sweetened with syrup. Another method is to put one cup of water and two of sugar into a saucepan and boil gently for five minutes. Pare the rind thinly from one lemon and add to the boiling syrup. Squeeze the juice from six lemons and when the syrup is cool, mix and strain the whole. Put in clean bottles and keep in a cool place. This will keep for several days. For use mix with ice-cold water in proportions to suit the taste. The syrup may be made of a mixture of fruit juices such as lemon, pineapple, orange juice.

For orangeade, pare the rind thinly from half a sour orange, place in a small bowl, add half a cup of boiling water, cover closely and set aside to cool. When ice-cold, strain into a glass, squeeze the orange juice in, add the sugar and serve at once.

For grape juice, choose good Concord grapes. Wash the bunches and pick the grapes from the stems. Measure

A REFRESHING PROSPECT

them into saucepan, then add an equal measure of water. Cook until the fruit is soft and pulpy. The time will depend upon the quantity, but they should become soft very quickly. Strain through a jelly-bag made of two thicknesses of cheesecloth. To every quart of the juice add one cup of sugar. Put over the fire and boil five minutes. Bottle in sterile bottles, cork them tightly, and dip the corked top in melted paraffin as soon as cold. A great variety of fruit juices may be made in the same way, such as from strawberries, currants, raspberries, etc. Grape juice is said to be good for anaemic children, and all these fruit drinks are helpful in providing substitutes for the tea and coffee which are not good for them. The grape juice may be taken without dilution, but most people prefer it diluted about one-half.

For fruit punch, pare the rind thinly from six oranges, cover with one pint of boiling water, cover closely and steep for an hour. Squeeze the juice from twelve oranges and twelve lemons and add six cups of sugar. Pare and core two pineapples and, after putting the flesh through a meat grinder, add it to the orange and lemon juice. Then add one quart of grape juice and strain in the orange rind water. Stir occasionally until the sugar is dissolved, then set away to get ice-cold. When ready to serve, put the fruit mixture into a large bowl, pour in seven quarts of cream soda and serve at once. This will serve forty or fifty people. Cream soda is a plain, unflavored soda water. The pineapple and grape juice may be omitted and other seasonable fresh fruits or canned fruit syrup used.

For that popular and nourishing beverage known as egg-nog, break one egg into a small bowl, remove the piece of tough cord from the white, add a pinch of salt and whisk with a dover beater until foaming. Add one (level) tablespoon of sugar and beat until very light. Add two-thirds of a cup of milk and beat rapidly and thoroughly together just before pouring into the serving glass. The milk may be replaced by one-half cup of coffee or two-thirds cup strong lemonade or two-thirds cup of orange juice and water, with a little of the rind grated in.

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Scald two cupfuls of milk and dissolve therein 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in thoroughly while warm 1 teaspoonful lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls BOVRIL. Cool and freeze as usual.—

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20	"Arise Elijah" and "O Rest in the Lord,"	Mendelssohn
199	"Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond,"	J. Stein (arr)
201	"Cherrie Ripe,"	E. C. Horn
190	"Come into the Garden Maud,"	M. W. Balfe
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138	"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,"	Jules Riviere
205	"Good-bye, Sweetheart Good-bye,"	J. L. Hatton
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74	"Lead Thou Me On," (sacred)	Ed. St. Quentin
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158	"Somewhere,"	A. Trevelyan
82	"Song that Reached My Heart,"	Julian Gordon
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Music Department, HOME JOURNAL
59-61 JOHN ST. - TORONTO

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

PIES OF THE PAST.

THE poets sing of glories past
And rhyme of roses dead,
Of childhood's smile and girlhood's wile
And joys forever fled.
But in our hearts a memory clings
Whose sweetness ne'er can die;
And we recall the tender thrall
Of mother's pumpkin pie.

Let Swinburne sing in splendid verse
Of snows of yesteryear,
The homemade bread of years now dead
Is to our hearts more dear.
I care not for the violets
Which dry and withered lie;
I merely wish an old-time dish
Of mother's pumpkin pie.

The crust was crisp with flakiness,
The rest of it was brown;
And father said with nodding head
It was the best in town.
I'd give the richest modern fare
Which Morgan's purse can buy
For just a taste of melting paste
Of mother's pumpkin pie.

J. G.

* * *

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

"WE can learn from all men, even from the humblest," said H. K. Adair, a detective. "Turn a deaf ear to no man. The lowliest tramp may have information of incredible interest for you.

"I well remember a walk I once took down Market street. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a goldheaded cane in my hand, a drunken man had the impudence to stop me.

"'Ain't you Mr. Adair?' he said.

"'Yes,' said I. 'What of it?'

"'Mr. Adair, the detective?' he hiccoughed.

"'Yes, yes. Who are you?' I asked impatiently.

"'Mr. Adair,' said the untidy wretch, as he laid his hand on my shoulder to keep himself from falling, 'I'll tell you who I am, Mr. Adair. I'm—hic—the husband of your washerwoman.'

"'Well, what of that?' said I, scornfully.

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said:

"'You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Adair.'

"'What don't I know?' I demanded.

"'Well, Mr. Adair,' said he, 'you don't know that—hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white shirts.'"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * *

THE OLD-FASHIONED BONNET.

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet,
The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear;
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—
The bonnet that didn't require phony hair.
The dish-pan effect may be stylish and stunning,
The waste-paper basket that's lately come in
May be quite the rage and recherche and cunning,
But give me the hat she tied under her chin.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

POOR CHARLES!

A GRADE teacher after having a medical examination in her room recently wrote the following note to the parents of a certain little boy: "Your little boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and take steps to correct it?" to which she received a note in reply, saying: "I don't understand exactly what Charles has been doing, but I have wholloped him to-night, and you can whollop him to-morrow, and that ought to help some."

* * *

EXPLAINING MATTERS.

THERE were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahue, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence.

"Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahue had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yoursilf an' I'll make me mark," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whativer way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahue, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

DISRAELI'S LITTLE JOKE.

A FEW months ago M. Delcasse lifted the veil that hung over the Franco-German Morocco crisis. In a speech in the French Chamber he showed how German diplomacy had again brought France to the brink of war. How near a thing war then was may be guessed from one fact that M. Delcasse did not mention. For four terrible hours the French Government suspened all private telegraphic communication, so that they could issue mobilization orders without delay!

There is an amusing story told in connection with an Anglo-Russian crisis in Beaconsfield's

"Ma, carry me!"—*Life*

time. There had been a Cabinet meeting during the day at which the question, "Peace or war?" had been debated and settled, but no hint had been allowed to leak as to the decision of the Ministers. At dinner that evening Lord Beaconsfield sat next to a lady who wanted to get at the secret.

"Well, which is it to be?" she asked coaxingly.

Dizzy stared at her, then picked up the menu.

"Lamb, I believe, madam," he replied calmly.

He knew perfectly well what she wanted to know, and he had answered her question, for a lamb has always been the symbol of peace. And peace it was!

* * *

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

His Ma—Willie, where have you been? Your hair is suspiciously wet.

Willie—I fell in the river.

His Ma—But your clothes are not wet.

Willie—Well, you see, ma, while I was standin' on the bridge I thought maybe I'd fall in, so I took off my clothes, an' I did.—*Illustrated Bits.*

* * *

A CRITICISM.

FREDERICK REMINGTON, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures. "You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then: "Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can *knit* better pictures than those!"

* * *

A REVISED RHYME.

IF they keep on putting the suffragettes in jail over there in London much longer, it is dollars to doughnuts that the homely ballads of other days will soon be superseded by some such pathetic lyrical outburst as this:

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?
O where can my Mother be?
She hied her forth to the Suffrage fight
And hasn't come home to tea.
The range is cold on the kitchen trail,
The cupboard is bleak and bare,
For Mother has gone to the County Jail
For pulling the Speaker's hair!

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?
My Mother, O where is she?
She dwells in the "Box,"
While Father's socks
Are holey as they can be!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

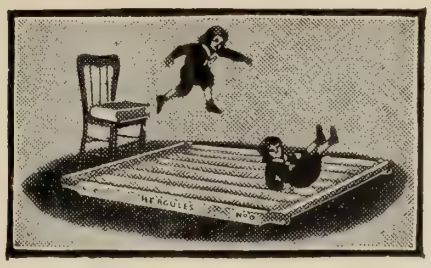
A VALUABLE WORD.

HERBERT GLADSTONE says that a fellow member of Parliament invented a plan whereby he kept his eight or nine year old son from repeating swear words. Every time the little fellow did so the father gave him a penny on the promise not to use the word again. The M. P. had great faith in the power of this system until one day when he was chatting with half a dozen guests before dinner. His home adjoins a golf links, and little Gus, who had been out walking near them, burst into the drawing room, his blue eyes dancing with enthusiasm. "Oh, papa, papa!" he cried, "I've just heard a new one that's worth a shilling."—*Bellman.*

* * *

CONVENIENT SPOONS.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewellery store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection. "Oh, aint those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"



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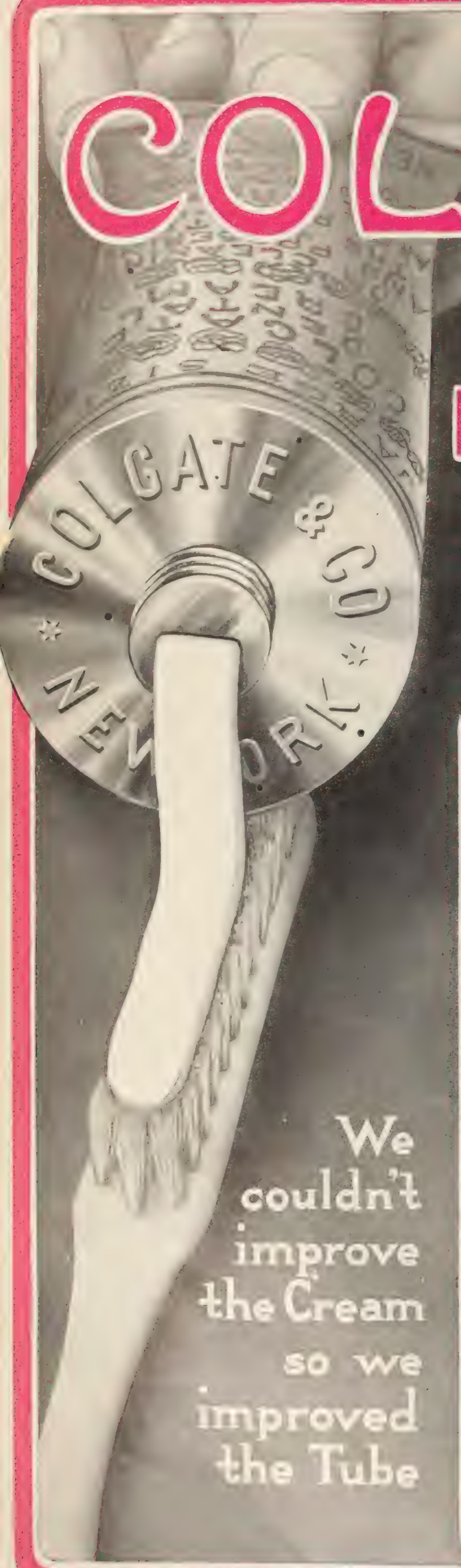

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A Magazine For Canadian Women

JAMES ACTON, Managing Editor JEAN GRAHAM, Editor
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

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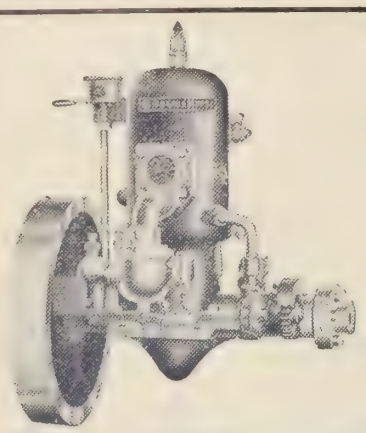

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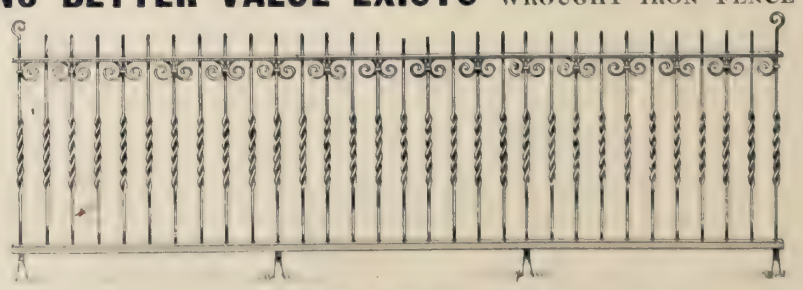

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EDITOR'S CHAT

AUTUMN FASHIONS will be the leading features in our September number and we have been fortunate enough to secure some advance news of both gowns and hats which will delight those of our readers who are interested in what is going to be worn—and what Daughter of Eve is indifferent to the question of wherewithal shall we be clothed?

OUR WIDE OUTDOORS is the atmosphere of this August number and we feel that the healthy, breezy holiday land which we Canadians know in the golden summertime is fully represented in article and story.

THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL articles have attracted much attention but not more than they deserve, since the subject dealt with is of vital interest to every community. The United States aroused to the importance of this matter of local beautifying some years ago and the women's clubs have done a great work in making rough places smooth and keeping beauty spots from being defiled. Miss Leslie has shown what may be done in Rockwood, Ontario, and it is to be hoped that her words of strong condemnation will not be wasted. There are many Rockwoods in Canada—places of loveliness, which greedy commercialism on the one hand and wasteful idleness on the other are speedily

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EDITOR'S CHAT

deforming beyond hope of rescue. Let us keep and make our country beautiful, if we have no more than a village street or a city backyard for our endeavors. We should like to hear from our readers on this subject, for there are many women with valuable help to give concerning the preservation of the "town beautiful."

OUR TRAVEL ARTICLES have been well received and we expect to present many depictions of remote spots in our own country and abroad, described in unhackneyed style. A Canadian woman who taught in South Africa for several years will contribute an article on "The Transvaal Farm School" to one of our autumn numbers.

ARCHITECTURAL SUGGESTIONS are of constant interest in a country where "his own home" is the ambition of every householder. Our September issue will contain an article in description of a modern colonial house, of modest cost and proportions, with an account of style of decoration and furnishing. The modern desire for simplicity, with grace and purity of outline, will be emphasized by this writer, Mr. Collier Stevenson, who has already contributed architectural designs to the Journal.

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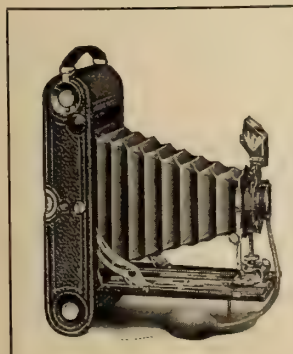

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201	"Cherrie Ripe,"	E. C. Horn
190	"Come into the Garden Maud,"	M. W. Balfe
195	"Death of Nelson,"	Jno. Braham
75	"Down in the Depths Below," (bass)	Ed. St. Quentin
138	"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,"	Jules Riviere
205	"Good-bye, Sweetheart Good-bye,"	J. L. Hatton
11	"Killarney," (violin obl.)	M. W. Balfe
74	"Lead Thou Me On," (sacred)	Ed. St. Quentin
194	"Mary of Argyle,"	S. Nelson
18	"Nazareth," (cello ob.)	Gounod
200	"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,"	J. P. Knight
198	"Sally in Our Alley,"	J. Stein (arr)
158	"Somewhere,"	A. Trevelyan
82	"Song that Reached My Heart,"	Julian Gordon
206	"Vicar of Bray,"	J. Riviere
67	"When the Heart is Young,"	Dudley Buck
202	"Ye Banks and Braes," (duet)	J. Stein (arr)

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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA - - - - - - - JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor.

WE ARE GETTING the immigration refuse of the United States in more senses than one, but in this one we ought to be able to help ourselves. New York, California, Texas, Florida and other States, where race-track gambling has sought to thrive at the expense of the people have driven this organized thuggery out of their borders. To-day these swindlers are establishing themselves in Canada and Mexico, and one Toronto newspaper that makes a considerable annual revenue from racing tout advertising panegyrizes the British flag as the emblem of true liberty in affording them protection. In the meantime our neighbors are enjoying a broad smile at our expense. Canada has always stood for morality and the strict administration of law, and in the past has made pastime of criticizing her neighbor on this score. We have a chance now to spend a little time cleaning our own threshold and securing legislation which will keep the race-track gambler beyond our borders.

RUN THEM OUT

IT IS BUT TO BE EXPECTED with the growth of our population that there should be an increase in the evil products of our development as well as the good. Recent criminal statistics show that we are producing an increasing crop of wrongdoing. An unfortunate feature is the growth of crime amongst the young. This may be due to some extent to the presence upon the code of ridiculous municipal enactments that make it an offence for a child to indulge in games upon the street. Toronto is being shamed into either providing proper playgrounds or so wording its by-law as to permit a reasonable amount of play upon the streets. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that offences amongst the young are on the increase, and it is well that we should face this situation. How much of this unfortunate record might be obviated by sane handling of youthful offenders or by providing proper surroundings and safeguards for the young is deserving of the most thorough discussion. It is time we quit drifting in regard to our handling of youthful delinquency.

INCREASE IN CRIME

RECENT STATISTICS show that in the United States there have been nearly a million divorces in the past twenty years, or about one in twelve of all the marriages. Divorce has increased about three times as fast as the population. The meaning of this with respect to home and social life is plain. Of late a great outcry has been raised against the demoralizing tendencies of easy divorce. Is it not possible that reform is being sought at the wrong end? If there were more restrictions upon marriage there would be less need for stringency with regard to divorce law. The uniting of foolish children in marriage and the coupling up for life of the mentally and physically unfit should be made as difficult as possible. There will always be those who for the miserable fee involved will be willing to perform the marriage ceremony without thought. Let it be made obligatory therefore, that the contracting parties shall establish their right, physically, morally and mentally, to be so united.

WHOLESALE DIVORCE

PRISON DISCIPLINE should be punitive as well as reformative. While there should be no maudlin sentiment about the criminal there should be an honest effort to make him a better man. Nevertheless, some of the methods adopted in our prisons are far from calculated to be reassuring along this line. Leaving aside the degrading custom of putting grotesque clothes upon prisoners and causing them to eat like a lot of wild cattle under the muzzles of loaded rifles, there are methods that are commonly accepted as inevitable in most of our prisons, which must have anything but a helpful or uplifting influence upon the prisoners. For instance, the latter are not allowed the use of newspapers and writing materials, and are thus restricted in their knowledge and correspondence to the narrowest possible limits. Some of the very means that ought to be the most potent in reform are absolutely discarded. Detention for wrongdoing seems to be a necessary part of prison discipline, although we are of late learning to believe that for certain offences, and especially for the ordinary offenders, other methods than incarceration are the most fruitful of good results to the individual and the community.

PRISON DISCIPLINE

THIS DID IT

This is the enactment that put race track gambling out of business in California:

"Every person, who engages in pool-selling or book-making at any time or place, or who keeps or occupies any room, shed, tenement, tent, booth or building, float or vessel, or any part thereof, or who occupies any place or stand of any kind, upon any public or private grounds within this State, with books, papers, apparatus or paraphernalia, for the purpose of recording or registering bets or wagers, or of selling pools, or who records or registers bets or wagers, or sells pools, upon the result of any trial or contest of skill, speed or power of endurance, of man or beast, or between men or beasts, or who receives, registers, records or forwards, or purports or pretends to receive, register, record or forward, in any manner whatsoever, any money, thing or consideration of value, bet or wagered, or offered for the purpose of being bet or wagered, by or for any other person, or sells pools, upon any such result; or who, being the owner, lessee, or occupant of any room, shed, tenement, tent, booth or building, float or vessel, or part thereof, or of any grounds within this State, knowingly permits the same to be used or occupied for any of these purposes, or therein keeps, exhibits or employs any device or apparatus for the purpose of recording or registering such bets or wagers, or the selling of such pools, or becomes the custodian or depositary for gain, hire or reward of any money, property or thing of value, staked, wagered or pledged, or to be wagered or pledged upon any such result; or who aids, assists or abets in any manner in any of the said acts, which are hereby forbidden, is punishable by imprisonment in a jail or State prison for not less than thirty days and not exceeding one year."

WE ARE GETTING our lesson in Canada in the development of graft in our growing centres. Recent investigations, both with regard to government and civic affairs reveal a condition of things well calculated to cause the greatest alarm. Graft has taken root upon our soil with unmistaken determination to thrive. In this new country it is difficult to get men to turn from their own interests to serve their fellow-citizens without remuneration. The result is that some are induced to seek public office not for the honor, but for the emoluments that may accrue. In our parliament, in our houses of legislature, and in our municipal councils there are to-day men who are undoubtedly there either to represent some interest or to secure what advantage the position may bring them in personal or business influence. The Montreal revelations have been a most humiliating lifting of the lid. The question, how to keep men like those involved in graft enterprises out of public office is a most serious one. Unless we can get those who ought to give time and thought to public affairs to consider their obligation to society, and to their times, it seems a hopeless task to cope with this gathering tide of public swindling.

GRAFT GROWS

THE RECENT SESSIONS of the "Quinquennial" Council were remarkable, not only for the representative character of the gathering itself, but the sanity and genuine helpfulness of the discussions. It is to be regretted that one or two incidents should occur to mar the success and spoil the splendid impression made by this parliament of women. The statement of one speaker that she would rather shoot her own daughter than have her grow up and suffer what her mother had experienced was most unfortunate, to say the least. While it could not possibly be taken as an indicative either of the good taste or sound judgment of the gathering, the impression created was unfortunate.

A DISCORDANT NOTE

James Acton

GOOD MILK AND HOW TO GET IT

A Matter which Concerns Every Household

By DR. HELEN MACMURCHY

HAVE you done anything to help? Are you taking any interest in the Canadian Milk Question? No? Then begin to-day. You are quite behind the times. Doctors, mothers, members of Parliament, bishops, judges, farmers, mayors, nurses, health officers, and many smaller folk are working at it with both hands earnestly, and they need your help. "When will they give us good milk?" you say. Answer, when you ask for it and take no other. And don't forget that when you say, "When will *they* give us good milk?" "they" means "you."

Let us begin with the farmers. Canada is a Farmer's country. The farmer is not the only man in the country. There are a good many other men. But when the cartoonist puts a harvest hat and top-boots on a broad-shouldered boy and prints Jack-Canuck under it to show he is a typical Canadian, his pencil has not gone far wrong. Now the farmer has started "Cow Testing Associations" to improve our milk and other dairy products. They have been in existence for three or four years. Men and women, boys and girls, are admitted as members on agreeing to take weights and samples of milk of each cow in the herd at least every tenth day. The Dairy Division at Ottawa bears the cost of testing, and the time required from the farmer or the farmer's wife or farmer's boy or farmer's girl is about ten minutes per cow per month. It is all in the day's work, too. What intelligent Canadian farmer but wants to know what he is doing in the dairy business?

An association that has done good work for the country is the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association, and in an address* at the annual meeting for 1909, Mr. C. F. Whitley, Superintendent at Ottawa, draws attention to some significant facts. The standard or normal percentage of solids in good milk is about 12 and about 4 per cent. should be butter fat.

But many cows in Ontario give milk containing only 3 per cent. butter fat, or 2.5 per cent., or 2.2 per cent., or even lower. In the City of Toronto, Dr. Sheard states that the daily milk supply averages 25,000 gallons, and that of 2,109 specimens of milk taken by the Toronto milk inspectors in 1908 there were 776, or 37 per cent., below 3 per cent. in butter fat. "Individual cows in the same herd on the same feed vary from 2,800 to 5,600 lbs. milk in the season."

COMPARISON OF 2 COWS, SAME HERD. TOTAL YIELD, 7 MONTHS.

The Most Profitable.	The Least Profitable.
Weight of milk ....5595 lbs.	2790 lbs.
Weight of fat ..... 186 lbs.	110 lbs.
Yield of cheese .... 509 lbs.	272 lbs.
Value of milk $55.95	$27.90
Cost of feed ..... 21.00 (7 months, at $3.)	21.00
Profit $34.95	$8.90

In other words, one cow is worth to the farmer, *and to the consumer,* four times as much as the other.

Here is the reason that our milk is thin and poor and blue. We pay for a quart of milk, but there is, so to speak, a great deal more real milk in one quart than in another. We must have a standard for butter fat and real solids in our milk. It should be established by law. And we hope that in one province in Canada at least, this will shortly be the case. This, and much more, is confidently expected from the Milk Commission recently appointed by the Ontario Government.

But to return to the cow. The first thing to do is to recognize the good cow and keep her. We cannot create a good cow. But if we have one, we had better not part with her. Her calves will be worth their weight in golden butter by and by.

Mr. Whitley tells of a cow bought at the usual market price from a city milkman. The milkman "had no time" to test milk, or keep records. If he had, he would not have sold that cow for any price. Her new owner made a record and discovered that he had bought a treasure-cow. Her record was nearly 1,000 lbs. of butter. Another milkman of the same variety sold "just an ordinary cow." Not so very ordinary, the buyer found, for she gave 13,000 lbs. of milk in 1908! And thousands of cows in Ontario are giving only 2,500 lbs. of milk during the whole cheese factory season! These cows are not good milk producers, and the way to get good milk is to have good milk producers. Sometimes it is found that in a herd of 14 cows, 3 of the cows make as much profit as the other 11. The 11 cows should be disposed of and a new herd developed from the 3. Probably if the cow's advice were asked about how to get better milk she would reply "get a better man to take care of me."

One of Swedenborg's wise sayings is to the effect that "Providence and prudence act as one," a saying turned to good account by William Scott Helmer* in his plea for modern scientific methods as means by which Providence works.

In former ages, the tower of Siloam fell. Was it that God's finger touched it? Was it that God's protecting hand was withdrawn and the tower collapsed upon the inhabitants? It was neither the one nor the other. The tower was built in the wrong place. Or its centre of gravity was in the wrong relation to its walls. Or it was badly constructed in some other way. The mortar was bad, or the bricks were poor, or graft had caused some fraud to be connived at and the tower was not worthy to stand. Other men have built towers before, and after—and they fell not. This tower fell because it deserved to fall. One of our towers of Siloam in Canada is the milk bottle. Some of us have never troubled ourselves about our milk. Some of us have thought of it occasionally and hoped it was all right. You do not get clean milk, or good milk or safe milk that way.

No physician and certainly none interested in Preventive Medicine, which is the medicine of the future, can afford to ignore the milk supply. Recent work in regard to the mode of entrance of the tubercle bacillus into the body, and results now generally accepted, have made it impossible to overlook the milk supply as an important factor in the work of Preventive Medicine,—not to speak of the numerous milk epidemics so thoroughly investigated as to be now a part of medical history. The mere question, "Where do you get your milk? Do you know what kind of cows he has? Did you ever see the cows?" will do a great deal to remind people of the duty they owe to themselves to see that this very important article of food is clean and safe.

We are all householders or members of households. We buy milk. What do we know about it? In most cases—*nothing.* I think once a-year at least we should pay a visit without warning, to the man and the cows on the farm where the milk comes from. It would have a tremendous moral effect, and would help to secure cleanliness where it is most needed.

GOOD MILK MUST BE CLEAN.

We are all Canadians. The Dominion Government is our Government, and if we all wrote to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for their reports on milk, and then addressed a short note to any member of the Government whom we know, or at least to the member for our own constituency, saying that we want the Dominion to do thus and so about the milk supply, it would certainly help. The Dominion Government now supplies tuberculin free for tuberculin testing of cows. This is a fact we should quietly mention to our own family milkman.

We have another Government. If the Dominion Government supplies the tuberculin free, would not the Provincial Government, if properly approached, provide at least one qualified veterinary surgeon to do the testing. Ontario is certainly becoming every year more and more a stock-farming province. If we are to make the most of our resources, we must put brains, and science, and modern methods and common sense and courage into our agricultural policy and into our use of our present opportunities. Look at what Denmark has done. It certainly is our duty to urge on the Government that it is their business to find out for us whether or not tuberculosis is prevalent among our cattle. We all feel uneasy about it, and we ought to know. We must be willing to face the situation ourselves and we must ask the representatives of the people to act in the general interest and for the common good. It would at least be the part of wisdom to provide means for having special herds tested, if the owners wished it, as a beginning, and without cost to the owner. We are all citizens of a township, village, town or city. This is a municipal matter. Where the food is consumed, there should the power of inspection reside. And milk is different from other foods in one respect. You must inspect the source. The power of inspection in the City of Toronto, for example, should include power to go to farms near Brantford and other places as far distant from which our milk comes, and see and inspect and set right, if necessary, conditions there. Nobody should be allowed to bring milk to any city, town or village or anywhere else and sell it there, and *refuse* to allow the health authorities of the place where it is sold to inspect his barns and cows and milkers and all, thoroughly. We should ask this and we should keep on asking till we get it.

And when this is done, it must not be forgotten that the cow, the milker, the pail, the can, the bottle, and the places where the milk is kept must be scrupulously clean, and that milk must be cooled down below 50 degrees and kept there. Think of the hands of the milker. Did you ever see them? Were they clean? This is a very important question, and I have never yet met the man or woman who knew—and would answer Yes. Perhaps we shall not get clean milk till we get back the milkmaid. But the farmer's wife works very hard, and milking is laborious. The farmer's wife needs more help, not more work. The "hired man" and his ways, form the farmer's hardest problem, and the "hired man" generally does the milking. An educational campaign is urgently required about our Milk Supply. We must get Clean Milk.

* Published in "Farm and Dairy," January 14th, 1909.

* Contemporary Review.

DAISY DREAMS

By Sara A. Randleson.

Scores of field daisies, going to seed,
Thrown in the fence corner—only a weed!
Tell me your message! Whisper a word!
What did ye murmur, when the wind stirred?

Brief, bright is your flowery day!
Shining like stars in the midst of the hay.
So quickly will cease, too, this warm throbbing heart!
We'll be glad like the daisies, nor fear to depart!

Bending low to the storm, when troubles arise;
Yet your faces ye turn again soon to the skies.
If we could be like you, with hearts true as gold,
Like your petals, our lives, pure and white, would unfold.

So brilliant and gladsome, like gay country girls,
We hold you so dear, Daisies, Marguerites, Pearls!
Flowers white and golden, leaves softly green,
Name, blossom and jewel, all fit for a queen!

A FEW OF WOMEN'S WAYS

Women's Work at the Exhibition

THAT much-used word, "evolution," must be called into requisition once more for the development of the "women's department" at the Canadian National Exhibition — which is the name the annual fair in Toronto has borne for the last six years. The Exhibition will be held this year from August 28th to September 13th, and the entries for fine arts, women's work and educational exhibits close on August 5th.

In the old days, the "country fair" atmosphere was breathed in every building in Exhibition Park; but Time and electricity, to say nothing of aesthetic development, have changed all that and the Exhibition has now a cosmopolitan appearance and flavor. In the fine arts department, paintings, modelling, photography and woodcarving are included, with a liberality in the prize list which does credit to the Directors. Of the divisions in this list, decorated china probably makes the strongest appeal to women, and no one who has seen the recent displays in this work can fail to appreciate the difference between the old order and the new.

When we come to the department labelled "Women's Work," we find a formidable list of fifty-eight sections under embroidery, thirty-five under lace, five under drawn work, eighteen under crochet and knitted work, thirteen under sewing and quilts, twelve under rugs, homespuns and stencillings, sixteen under babies' outfits. Verily, the sewing sex is in no danger of neglecting essentially feminine accomplishments if the Exhibition list is any indication of the tendencies of the times. From an embroidered monogram to a lingerie gown, this section represents the needlework capabilities of woman. The laces range from Honiton and Limerick Tambour to tatting, and have shown a remarkable development in quality and workmanship. The work of classification involved in such a prize list is a study in itself and has been greatly improved during the last two years. Many of the more commonplace entries have been dropped, but compensation has been made in an increase of the individual prizes. There was some consternation, at first, when certain features which belong to the more crude domestic arts were either eliminated or reduced; but changes of this order must take place as the Exhibition assumes the rank of a World's Fair, open to all exhibitors.

It is the present ambition of those in charge of the fine arts and women's work to attract the attention of all interested in the rarest and most artistic achievement in these activities. The most delicate and exquisite lace, the best ceramic display and the most finished products in needlework are sought by the Committee. An exhibit, such as may be seen anywhere else in the Province, is not the object in contemplation, and in discarding much that is trivial and commonplace, the Directors are merely following the policy of all development from the local to the general. Quality is to be the test and, in order to secure the best exhibitors, the prizes must increase in value. The importance of such an Exhibition is not so much in display as in inspiration. The women who attend by thousands during that crowded fortnight cannot fail to receive aid and suggestion from the beautiful and useful wares which they see in every department, and Canadian homes should gain in simplicity and beauty by the influences of the Exhibition.

The Educational Exhibits are, for the first time, entirely separate from the Women's Work, although in the same building. Here the influence of the introduction of domestic science studies into the schools is easily noticeable. The biscuits, jelly, marmalade and home-made bread, the work of children not older than sixteen, is a hopeful indication for the tables and pantries of the land. Household arts are given an honored place and in manual training a special demonstration will be given.

Mr. Noel Marshall is in charge of these departments, and the Women's Committee in charge consists of Mesdames J. E. Elliott, Willoughby Cummings, O'Hara, J. D. Allen, E. A. Stevens, Agar Adamson, J. S. Dignam, J. A. Cooper, Joseph Oliver, W. K. George, W. K. McNaught, S. H. Gooderham, John G. Kent, J. Davidson, W. H. Cawthra, H. S. Strathy, K. Stewart and Miss Carthy.

* * *

Man's Opinion of Woman's Fashions

THERE has been much talk of late concerning the fashions in women's apparel. His Holiness, the Pope, does not seem to approve of certain vagaries in which Dame Fashion has been indulging, while lesser dignitaries are heard in complaint of the size and hideousness of women's hats, to say nothing of the "slinkiness" of women's gowns. A man reader of the HOME JOURNAL has decided to address us on the prevailing styles and we take pleasure in publishing his communication on this ever-conflagrating question:

"Women's fashions, though variable and changing, are inflexible within certain limits. Most women would rather be out of the world than out of style. This leads to various results. The woman of good taste makes a careful study of prevailing styles and selects those which are appropriate both as to color and design. Others seem to make a wild dash for the nearest millinery establishment and 'grab,' not 'select,' the biggest, cutest, swellest or costliest article they can find. They *must* be in fashion at the risk of being a little extreme or even conspicuous. The results of this blind following of the prevailing fashion in many cases is horrifying. In fact it would pretty well exhaust the list of creepy, crawly adjectives to describe the effect. There are all degrees and gradations of bad taste, but fortunately there are a few, just a very few, oases or bright spots here and there to relieve the eye. Even with the raciest, sportiest styles there is sometimes just the right combination of pretty girl and stylish hat or costume to make the men admit that they rather like the effect, although it *is* just a little far-fetched.

"Some unthinking and hot-headed members of the male sex have been heard at times to consign large hats, gorgeous decorations and long trains to skirts to Patagonia or Heligoland, or some other distant country, but we venture to think that they would be equally disgusted by the opposite extreme, so that a happy medium is probably the right thing.

"Historically speaking, woman's costume is more mediæval and traditional than man's, besides being more inconvenient and uncomfortable, only that woman is educated to put up with these and, in fact, to rather like them. To the traditional long and cumbersome skirts, high-heeled shoes and straight-jacket for the body are added certain modern refinements such as stock collars, and long gloves for summer wear. Nobody could maintain for an instant that these are comfortable, but women are supposed to undergo these tortures either to gain the favor of the male sex, to keep pace with those who are engaged in the latter occupation, and for other reasons not yet found out."

Our correspondent seems to suffer from the average bewilderment which afflicts the masculine beholder of feminine fashions. Let him be comforted, nor imagine that his condition of perplexity is unique. Long ago, dear old Burton was in much the same state of mind and asked the same question, in unavailing curiosity. Down the centuries we may hear this plaintive interrogation as man regards the women who are so strangely bedecked.

"Why do they adorn themselves with so many colors of herbs, fictitious flowers, curious needleworks, quaint devices, sweet-smelling odors, with those inestimable riches of precious stones, pearls, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, etc.? Why do they crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tires of several fashions, deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rabatoes, versicolored ribbands? Why do they make such glorious shews with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, cauls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver, tissue? with colors of heavens, stars, planets? the strength of metals, stones, odors, flowers, birds, beasts, fishe, and whatoever Africa, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry of man can afford?"

Such is Burton's fierce and exhaustive inquiry and so far, woman has disdained to reply, contenting herself with a sweetly evasive smile. She merely goes shopping and allows the descendants of Mr. Burton to pay the bills. And the strangest part of it all is, that man seems to prefer the silly little spendthrift to the woman of economy.

* * *

A Conservative Savage

A CHICAGO professor, rejoicing in the illuminative name of Frederick Starr, has recently written an article on "The Women Men Marry," which has created much newspaper discussion in these sultry July days, when iced tea and trivialities are the order of the day. Professor Starr seems to be of the same opinion as *Richard Feverel's* cynical father who left on record that woman is the last being to be civilized by man. Many of the professor's assertions are provocative of debate, especially on the historic side. However, the feminine reader with a sense of humor (for there is such a person) is likely to come to the conclusion that there is a good deal of savagery in our common humanity. The barbarity of woman manifests itself in a fondness for decoration, jewels and feathered headgear; the barbarity of man is shown in a disposition to mob the umpire and to attend prize fights. The ward meeting in political circles is no more civilized than the pink tea. In fact, we all have a savage streak and, in some respects, it is not an unhealthy streak when it is kept in proper proportion and not allowed to widen.

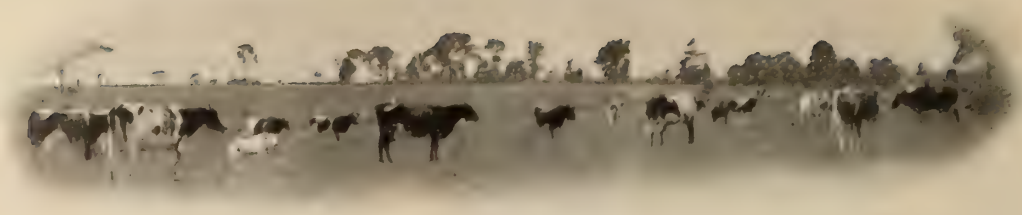
THE HOME OF A HAPPY BACHELOR

On this page is reproduced a photograph of a happy, if solitary, dweller in the West whose shanty decorations certainly indicate more than a touch of the barbarian. Should woman ever have an opportunity of reforming that lonely habitation, skins of animals will give place to painted plaques and Japanese panels will be substituted for weapons of the chase. She may not beautify the shanty but she will certainly modify and soften its aspect of barbarity. Shrewd *Mrs. Poyser,* with her conclusive comment may be quoted in this discussion of the comparative savagery of the sexes: "I'm not denying that women are foolish. But the Lord made them to match the men." The Chicago professor is worth quoting, and we therefore give his pseudo-philosophic summary of feminine tastes and limitations:

"The toga of the old Roman was indeed far from savagery. The mere form of woman's dress to-day, while illustrating an interesting survival, is far from savagery; but in her fondness for genuine trophies, for evidence of slaughter and bloodshed, woman's savagery is still more notable. The other day, upon the street car, one woman's hat had breasts of fourteen birds set upright side by side as decorations. Outside of a few admittedly primitive communities, in our land to-day the wearing of furs and skins by men has passed away, but women still love to load themselves with the pelts of seals and minks and lynxes. The more realistic the fact of death is made, the better on the whole the women seem to be suited. The head of the killed animal adds to the attractiveness of many of these trophy decorations. The wearing of feathers and breasts of birds is an example of woman's fondness for bright colors, a characteristic trait in savages."

J. G.

THE PURE MILK CAMPAIGN



A HERD OF HOLSTEINS, MANOR FARM, BEDFORD PARK

THE work inaugurated in Toronto last year by the HOME JOURNAL and which brought health and happiness to so many poor homes, has this year been taken up by the Pure Milk League, which has extended and developed its plans so that instead of only two stations there are already four places in which milk may be had by the very poorest at the cost of the common unclean product and even without money and without price when the applicants are unable to pay for it.

Last year some fifteen thousand bottles of pure milk were distributed in this way during the very hot months and the accounts of the work in the HOME JOURNAL were read with great interest by our wide circle of readers. Milk is the natural food of infants and young children, the most easily assimilated and the freest from disturbing elements when it is properly produced and handled. When treated carelessly it is one of the most dangerous products used as human food. A prominent city physician speaking of milk the other day was so strong in his convictions as to the danger of the ordinary product that he asserted the only safe course was to boil it.

Now almost everybody knows that boiling milk not only alters its taste but affects its character so materially as to make it much less desirable as a food. On this account scientists have resorted to the expedient of heating it to a point that will not materially affect the taste and digestive qualities and yet destroy what are called pathogenic germs. This heating to from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit is called "pasteurizing." The trouble lies in making certain that this "pasteurizing" is properly done. When left to careless employees it cannot be certain that too much or too little heat is applied or whether the correct amount of heat is applied for a sufficient time. As pasteurizing is being done at the Toronto and Montreal dairies it is admitted by those who know to be a complete farce. One of the greatest objections to the system is that it seems to permit conditions in milk production that should not be tolerated, leaving it for granted that milk can be "cleaned" little care is taken of the surroundings under which it is produced or distributed. Thus it is that at the recent great congress of health authorities held at Atlantic City pasteurizing was generally condemned as unsatisfactory and dangerous, many experts claiming that the danger of contamination after treatment was greater than before.

The Pure Milk League is procuring its milk from the Gooderham farm at Bedford Park, on which the utmost care is taken with respect to the cows, stables, utensils, milkers and handlers. The animals are inspected monthly and their health and cleanliness as carefully looked after as though they were children. The stables are thoroughly cleaned three times a day, the milkers are compelled to be clean in their person and clothing, and from the time that the milk leaves the cow till it reaches the child it is guarded jealously against the possibility of contamination from any source.

The cows are milked before six o'clock in the morning and the milk immediately cooled, bottled and put on ice. It is delivered at the Pure Milk Depots by nine o'clock, and thus within four hours after milking it reaches the consumer. This is "from the cow to the child direct" in very surety. There are four stations so far this year, the Central Pure Milk Sation at 88 Edward St., Fred Victor Mission at Queen and Jarvis Sts., the Evangelia Settlement in the East and the Euclid Avenue Church in the West. It is expected that before the summer is over at least two more will be necessary.

THE DAIRY BUILDING, MANOR FARM

For some weeks before the stations were opened this year there were anxious enquiries from mothers as to whether they would be able to procure the milk as last summer. The alarming number of young children who die through mal-nutrition and what are commonly classed as "summer complaints" has been shown to be almost altogether traceable to impure milk. It is hoped by the Pure Milk League that not only will this slaughter of the innocents be abated but a demonstration afforded of the fact that clean milk can be procured if we set earnestly about the task.

Those who are interested in this effort to save the lives of the children in the congested districts of the city and who wish to help demonstrate the feasibility of pure milk as a permanent thing, can help by sending in contributions to the HOME JOURNAL, or to Mr. R. H. McBride, Treasurer Pure Milk League, 907 Traders' Bank Building, Toronto.

THE COOLING ROOM, MANOR FARM

INTERIOR OF STABLE, MANOR FARM

STERILIZING ROOM, MANOR FARM

Ontario's Best Work

CHILD Saving is the best philanthropic work of the age because most effective and far-reaching in its results. Children—the hope of the future—to them must be entrusted the heritage of the past, the advancing of our civilization to higher and better ends. The Government of Ontario has given much attention to this subject, and has on its statute books a Children's Protection Law recognized by experts to be equal if not superior to any similar legislation in the world. This law has been adopted by the various provinces of the Dominion and has served as a model for the advanced legislation recently decided upon by the British Parliament.

Under the direction of Mr. Kelso, who has been identified with the work for over twenty years past, there are sixty Children's Aid Societies in the different cities and towns of the province engaged in the work of caring for and protecting neglected children. Since the beginning of the work over five thousand homeless children have been placed in foster homes, where they are cared for without expense to the community. They are much better off and at the same time the large expense of public institutions is avoided. Children are no longer to be found in poorhouses, jails or other undesirable places, and there are many boys who have been saved by this movement from drifting into a criminal career.

A most valuable contribution to the philanthropic literature of our province is the report of 1908, recently issued by the superintendent of the department. It deals fully with the social questions, which, in the growth of our national life, must be of deep interest to all.

Child saving in all its phases is described and well illustrated and the reader is impressed with the fact, that in the Province of Ontario, there are many hundreds of children in foster homes under the supervision of the department and its branch societies, and all doing well. The report also presents interesting statistics connected with the various industrial schools, the English distributing homes, and kindred institutions. Good foster homes are always in demand, and friends desiring to adopt children are requested to correspond with the secretary Children's Aid Society, Toronto. Where the home offering is a desirable one, the application will be kept in view and filled as soon as possible.

WILD FLOWERS OF AUGUST

Blossoms which Brighten the Last Month of Summer

By CHARLOTTE PENROSE

OUR short, uncertain spring is gone, and it was later, cooler, more uncertain than usual this year, but summer *did* come at last, and now we are in the full blaze of its wealth of sunshine and color. As you look about, you will notice what a change has come over the woods since the spring. Now everything is in full leaf, and on many trees and bushes seeds, nuts and fruits have taken the place of blossoms, and are slowly ripening in the sun. Many flowers and plants have already ripened their seeds and dropped them into the earth to hide till they wake up to life and growth next spring. The grass, which was so green a short time ago, is turning yellow, and there seems a sort of golden glow over the landscape, as of coming harvest.

In the spring we noticed how pale and delicate was the color of the wild flowers, as if a little of the winter clung to them, or the sun were not yet strong enough to paint them. Then came the more decided shades of blue, and red. in "lupins," "wild geraniums," gay "turk's caps," and "wood-lilies," and now, in August, yellow seems to be the favorite color, whether we look at the fields of grain or the woods, where most of the flowers are golden.

One of the most common flowers is the bright yellow St. John's wort, blooming in places where scarcely anything else will grow. I have seen it in great bunches on the wide beach of Lake Huron, with nothing but sand all about it in every direction, and it looked as happy and cheerful as the other members of its family which grow along the roads and through the woods. One kind or another of this plant is to be found from one end of Canada to the other, from June to September, and though it has been described as a "pernicious weed," it is so bright and vigorous; and the yellow of its flowers is so clear and pure, that we cannot help admiring it. There are several varieties differing slightly in color and in the grouping of the flowers. The common St. John's-wort (Hypericum perforatum) is the best-known in the eastern parts of Canada; the stem of this is branched and its leaves are small, oblong and dotted. The flowers are numerous and grow in clusters with small leaves among them. The calyx has five sepals; the corolla has five bright yellow petals, spotted a little with black; the stamens are indefinite in number, and there is one pistil with three spreading stigmas.

Hypericum ellipiticum has thin, spreading leaves set close to the stem, and pale yellow flowers half an inch broad. The Canadian St. John's-wort (H. Canadensis) has linear three-nerved leaves, the flowers are small and have from five to twelve stamens. Another kind, the dwarf St. John's-wort (H. Mutilum), has still smaller flowers, with the same number of stamens, and narrow, oblong leaves. The great St. John's-wort (H. ascyron) grows as high as five feet, with flowers two inches in diameter; its stamens are grouped in five clusters. This plant

INDIAN PIPE
(Monotropa Uniflora)

is said to grow from Quebec to the Saskatchewan River.

All sorts of superstitions used to be connected with St. John's Eve, and many of these came to be associated with this flower, which was said to be powerful to preserve eye-sight, cure disease, and even dispel evil spirits, in Britain, Germany and other European countries.

Next, let us look at the jewel-weed, or wild balsam, a pretty, graceful plant, growing by streams, marshes and other moist places. The folk-names "touch-me-not" and "snap-weed" have been given to it, because of its seed-pods bursting suddenly when touched, and flinging the seeds to a distance of several feet. It grows from two to six feet high in different places, the branching stems are smooth and juicy, with alternate thin, pale, oval leaves coarsely toothed. The flowers are hung from slender stalks and are loosely clustered, or growing from the axes of the leaves Calyx and corolla are colored alike and it is difficult to distinguish them. Of the six pieces, the largest extends back into a deep sac, ending in a spur, and the two inner ones "unequally two-lobed." There are five stamens, which are short and joined over the one pistil. One variety is called the pale jewel-weed (impatiens pallida); it has pale yellow flowers, spotted a little with reddish brown; the other kind, the spotted jewel-weed (impatiens fulva) is deep orange with brown spots. This plant, strange to say, belongs to the geranium family. Later in the summer it bears flowers which are closed, and not at all conspicuous; these "cleistogamous" flowers are fertilized in the bud, and are thus independent of insects.

Among the showy flowers this month, we must not forget the handsome "black-eyed Susan" which is so bright and attractive from July to September, very satisfactory from an artistic point of view, as it, like the marguerite, lends itself so readily to decorative purposes. Farmers, I fear, do not admire them much when they appear in the fields, for, among the grain the "Susans" are only weeds and the farmer could very well dispense with their bold beauty. Susan has a queer botanical title—it is Rudbeckia hirta, and of course we really could not use such a mouthful as an everyday name, so some simpler one had to be given her, but why "Susan" I cannot tell. One would think "Becky" was more like her own. However, Susan it is, and now we would not know the plant by any other name.

It is called a composite flower, because the heads are composed of two sorts of flowers, known as "ray" and "disc" flowers, and each head is surrounded by an involucre, giving it the effect of a single blossom. The ray flowers are the yellow strap-shaped ones which are arranged all round the edge of the centre cone on which the tiny tubular-shaped disc flowers are set close together. The stout, hairy stem is from one to two feet high; the leaves are rough and hairy, the upper ones narrow, and set close to the stalk —the lower ones broader with short leaf-stalks.

Another variety is R. laciniata. This grows from two to seven feet high in different localities, with smooth, branching stem, and leaves of which the lower ones are divided into lobed leaflets, the upper three to five parted. The flower heads are large and showy, the yellow drooping rays being from one to two inches long. The illustration shows both kinds.

Another flower that appears in August is the beautiful goldenrod, of which there are said to be eighty varieties in America, and of these, Canada can claim her full share.

In one small piece of woodland of only a few acres in extent, which lies at the south end of Lake Huron, a botanist is said to have found nearly twenty varieties. It would be impossible to do justice to the goldenrod without taking up too much space, but though we may not be able to tell all the kinds, there are a few of the most common which can easily be recognized. Although the yellow clusters vary much in size and shape, yet the flowers are very much alike. The goldenrod belongs to the composite family, and its botanical name is "Solidago," so called from its being supposed to have healing properties.

The outer, or "ray" flowers have strap-shaped corollas, and no stamens, because their chief function is to attract insects, while the inner "disc" flowers have tubular corollas, and are perfect, that is, they have all the parts. Their special duty is to produce and protect the pollen and seeds. The most common kind in Canada is "solidago Canadensis," with its long curved, one-sided plumes of flowers. Its stems are tall and hairy, with thin lance-shaped leaves which are usually toothed and pointed and the flowers are clustered along little branches near the top. On the prairies is found another kind called "S Missouriensis," with shorter clusters of flowers and thicker, stiffer leaves.

The field or grey goldenrod (S. nemoralis) is smaller, and its flowers are a deeper yellow. Its name is derived from the stems being covered with soft grey hairs, and from its leaves being also of a silvery greyish green. They are differently shaped, too, being broader at the tip than where they join the stalk. This kind likes a dry, sandy soil. "Solidago rigida" is very common from Ontario to the Rocky Mountains. Its flower heads grow in broad flat clusters and its stiff oval leaves are feather-veined, instead of having

RUDBECKIA LACINIATA (upper)
BLACK-EYED SUSAN (lower)
(Rudbeckia Hirta)

JEWEL WEED OR WILD BALSAM
(Impatiens Fulva)

[illegible] leaves running the length of the leaf, like some of the other kinds.

The late goldenrod (S. serotina) extends all across the continent, and is very like the "S. Canadensis" only the leaves are thinner and smooth. There is also the bog goldenrod (S. uliginosa) which grows in swamps, and has a round stem with a thick spike of flowers at the top.

"S. bicolor" or silver-rod, is found in dry fields and woods from the Atlantic to the Saskatchewan River. The lower leaves of this kind are broad and oval and covered with hairs; the little clusters of cream-white flowers grow in the axils of the small upper leaves. Still another kind is the broad-leaved goldenrod (S. latifolia). Its flowers also are clustered in the axils of the upper leaves, but they are bright yellow, and the leaves are broad and sharply toothed. It is said to be common in woods and banks east of the Georgian Bay.

Many other flowers may be found during this month, some very unattractive at first sight, and others quite pretty, but we cannot name them all.

I want to call attention to a great favorite of mine, the dear, dainty harebell, which often begins to flower (at least in Western Ontario) before the end of June, and keeps on, and on, in spite of heat, drought, storms and even frost—for, last summer, while living on the shore of Lake Huron, we were never without a group of these delicate, lovely bells until we left in October. The Latin name is "Campanula rotundifolia," and the plant has come to us, like so many other good things, from the old country, being loved all the better for it, by those familiar with the English harebell or the "bluebells of Scotland." The stem is slender and branching, and grows from six inches to three feet high. Near the base are rounded leaves which very soon wither, but higher up the leaves are long and narrow, like grass. The flowers are blue or mauve, varying a little in color according to soil and age. They nod gracefully on their slight stalks, keeping their heads down to protect the pollen from dew and rain. The calyx is green with five long lobes which curve back a little from the blue, bell-shaped corolla, which is also divided into five distinct lobes or points. Each flower has five stamens and one pistil with three stigmas.

The pretty harebell has made its home in every part of Canada and blooms so freely and grows so bravely that it earns our gratitude as well as our admiration, for it grows along the railway tracks, through the woods, and on the bank of the lake close to the edge, where the fierce gales blow so strongly that one would hardly believe such a fragile-looking plant could live, much less flourish and bloom profusely. Yet there the harebells are to be found, and the storms only make them bend gracefully and ring all their bells in a merry chime, if only we had ears to hear them.

There are, it is said, several native species, one of which, "Campanula aparinoides," or marsh bell-flower, grows abundantly from Nova Scotia to the Northwest. It has a weak, slender, rough stem, and bears small, pale-blue or white flowers, which droop while in bud, but later stand erect.

Another "Campanula uniflora" or the Arctic harebell, is found in the far north stunted and sturdy, growing only from one to six inches high and bearing blue flowers which stand erect.

One more plant I want to notice this time, and it is neither yellow nor blue, but a ghostly mysterious white. This is the Indian Pipe, or "Monotropa uniflora," a plant called a saphrophyte, because it feeds on decaying vegetable or animal matter. This does not sound nice, but there is nothing to shock anyone in the sight of a group of these exquisite little pipes coming up so purely white, out of dark leaf mould. The whole plant is white and has the look of glistening marble rather than wax. The stalk is fleshy, from three to six inches high with bracts like scales all up its length, in place of leaves. There is one flower at the end of each stalk, composed of a calyx of two to four bract-like scales, and a corolla of four or five petals. There are eight or ten stamens with yellow anthers, and one pistil with a disc-like stigma. When the flower begins to fade, it slowly turns from purest white to dead black, and also holds up its head, so that it loses its pipe-like look. Still, "Indian Pipe" seems much prettier and more suitable than the other folk-names, "ghost-flower" and "corpse-plant."

Last year I picked one, and pinned it up on a white wall, and the pipe not only turned black but dried quite stiff, so that it looked as if etched in ink.

HAREBELL
(Campanula Rotundifolia)

A Banisher of the Blues

WE of the East know that the West is no place for pessimists, and that optimism simply flourishes all the way from Winnipeg to the Coast. If we were not made aware of this by the abounding cheerfulness of the western papers we would become informed of this possession of the land's share of the Dominion's good spirits by the books which are written by the women of the Occidental provinces. Mrs. McClung gave us a delightfully buoyant book in "Sowing Seeds in Danny," Mrs. Balmer Watt ("Peggy" of the Edmonton *Saturday News*) told brave tales in her "A Woman in the West," while Miss Agnes Deans Cameron went into the Peace River country and brought back lectures which sparkle with good times and the best of fellowship.

Now, it is from Vancouver that we get a message of cheer and comfort in "Opinions of Mary," by Alice Ashworth Townley, from whose work we quote a chapter in this issue of the HOME JOURNAL. The remaining twenty-seven chapters of this book are quite as refreshing as the sentiments of Mary on the momentous subject of marriage. Mary is no saint, no dealer in merely amiable dialogue or uplifting monologue. She says things which many of us merely think, and says them so well that we feel like asking her "to drop in any time." Mary discusses a "vast range" of subjects, from gardens to suffrage—from beets to ballots—and she manages to extract juice from the former and amusement from the latter.

As we are now enjoying the weather which makes the grass-hopper a burden and iced drinks the only desirable diet, Mary's views on "Summer," expressed during the torrid splendors of a ninety-in-the-shade afternoon are worth hearing, especially when she turns to the joys of camping.

"Beds that nearly break your back, mosquitos and bugs and beetles, snakes under the floor of your tent, and spiders roosting above you. You take only heavy clothes and it's ripping hot, or you only have light things and it turns cold enough to freeze you. Your face gets sunburnt till you could cry with the pain, and you've forgotten vaseline and haven't a dab of powder amongst you. It's always coming your turn to cook—and the little beast of a stove generally smokes—and the water has to be carried a quarter of a mile. If you leave the flap of your tent open at night, moths and mosquito-hawks as big as bats come buzzing about you like bees in a hive—and the tent always blows down when a good rain-storm comes."

"Sometimes such things do happen," I admitted, "but think of the fun you have."

"What fun? You go berry-picking and get lost, and fall off logs, and get scratched and tear your clothes, and step in a wasps' nest and are nearly stung to death, and come back without any berries—or you get up a fishing party who have no success. If you go out sailing with anyone a squall comes up and you can hardly get in. And if you happen to sit out in the moonlight half an hour with any man you really like, the chaperon is after you. There is no fun in camping. A good sleigh-ride with tin horns and a dance at the other end of it is preferable."

Mrs. Townley, who was formerly Alice Ashworth, was born in the city of Quebec, but the family removed to Ontario while she was a child. She lived in Toronto until her marriage five years ago. Since then she has lived in Vancouver, British Columbia. It is reassuring to be informed that she has quiet tastes, with no special fads or fancies. She has found her way into both newspapers and magazines, her freshness and originality making her a welcome contributor. Her stories for children have been so successful, that "Just a Little Girl" has been authorized and is in use as a supplemental reader in the public schools. Most of her work is marked by a cheery brightness. She says, smiling: "It seems to me that the most ordinary persons can find for themselves plenty to weep over. What they want others to do for them is to give them something to make them laugh, to amuse and cheer them."

The recent fiction of cheerfulness probably began with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and has kept up a liberal supply ever since. Mrs. Wiggs, herself, was a rather tiresome old person before the close of the narrative, a curious blending of untidiness and vivacity. "Mary" of the present volume is to be preferred to the loquacious Mrs. Wiggs. In all books of this order, the writer must be on her guard against an excess of buoyancy which will make her chronicles too monotonously optimistic. Mrs. Townley has avoided successfully the dangers of the saccharine school of fiction. She says:

"The evolution of the Sunday School picnic within the last fifteen or twenty years has been wonderful. Whether or not the present scale upon which it is planned gives any more real pleasure to those participating than the annual 'treat' held in some conveniently adjacent grove used to do is a question. To my mind, too much is attempted. The pleasure seekers start too early, and stay too late, and go too far. I have in my mind a trip undertaken a few seasons ago by a very large school that was a 'won't go home till morning' affair. A storm arose on the homeward journey and a boatload of seasick young people drifted about on Lake Ontario, 'till daylight did appear,' while the wharves were filled with agonized parents. If the trip is arranged to give gratification to those children into whose lives little pleasure enters, a simple outing will be enjoyed. As for those more fortunate ones whose parents can afford to take them here and there, it really does not matter if the programme fails to come up to their critical and pampered taste." (Toronto: William Briggs.)

MRS. C. R. TOWNLEY
Author of "Opinions of Mary."

"EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST"

By AGNES NORTON

IT is a familiar jibe that no untravelled Englishman has any idea of the size and extent of Canada. There are few of us who have not told with glee of some ill-informed Briton who has blandly inquired after friends in Winnipeg or Vancouver from some Montreal or Toronto acquaintance; but when we come to consider the

OLD TOWN CLOCK ON CITADEL HILL, HALIFAX

matter coolly it may be found that our own geographical knowledge has its weak spots. Are those of us who have not crossed the ocean quite sure of the location of Liverpool, York, Oxford, and Winchester—"no mean cities"? And as to our brother colonies—tell me quickly, how far is Melbourne from Sydney? What is the capital of New Zealand? Is Calcutta a seaport? Ah, I thought so! And are we all perfectly sure of our facts as to the country we live in? It is a long way from "The Sea," by which we mean the Atlantic, to "The Coast," which is our way of referring to the Pacific, and it may well be that some section of the distance is quite unknown to us.

The Nova Scotian, who is even yet rather inclined to speak of the two thousand miles to the west of him as "Canada," is surprised and hurt when he realizes the strange inability of the rest of the Dominion to recognize the vast distinction between the various units which form the Maritime Provinces.

Let us consider the case of a person born and bred in the east. We will suppose his travels to have been limited to the group of provinces by the sea, with an occasional trip to that Mecca of Nova Scotians—Boston. Western Canada for him is peopled with human beings who speak with a strong American accent, and have leanings towards annexation. His first trip among them astonishes him in various ways. Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg separate themselves from the close grouping they had occupied in his thoughts and disclose themselves as widely differing in their characteristics as in the miles that divide them. He may still discern in the inhabitants that reproduction of an American type in dress, voice and bearing, but their loyalty to the Empire is of a more decisive and outspoken kind than his own. Strangest of all to him is the pathetic ignorance of that all-important locality from which he comes. Is he a Haligonian? Then how can he bear to hear his beloved city by the sea referred to vaguely as "down there"? Is he from St. John? With what wrath does he realize the inextricable confusion which reigns in the minds of his new friends as to the situations and even the separate identities of the winter port of Canada and the capital of Newfoundland. "Do you know So-and-So? He lives in Prince Edward Island—or is it Cape Breton. You come from down there." Until finally the bewildered newcomer vows that never again will he scoff at the unenlightened Briton who with far more excuse is uncertain as to the relative situations of Quebec and Chicago.

It may, therefore, not be amiss to consider for a few moments some social aspects of that pleasant old city—Halifax; old as we count age in Canada where towns spring up in a month and fifty years is a respectable antiquity.

The period when the writer knew Halifax best was before the Boer War when British regulars formed the garrison and the stately warships still made their annual appearance—heralding summer. "When my ship comes in" was no idle phrase to the Halifax girl of those days.

It was an interesting social life, quite unlike that of other Canadian towns since the regiments left Montreal and Quebec many years ago. In the winter the great gathering place was the rink, where on two afternoons a week the excellent regimental band played a programme of dance music for the benefit of the social elect who displayed no small skill in the graceful swing of the waltz or the dashing evolutions of the lancers.

HALIFAX AND GEORGE'S ISLAND FROM ST. MATTHEW'S SPIRE

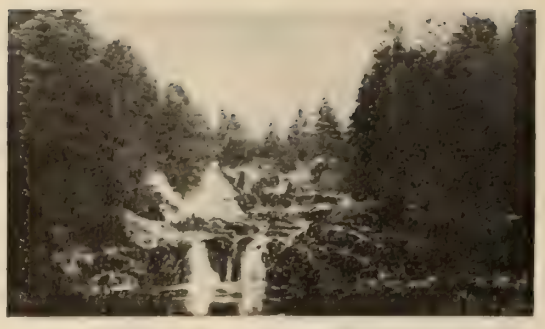
The younger girls, performing demurely by themselves in the corners, gazed with distant reverence on "the officers" and longed for the day when they, too, could enter the charmed circle graced by those bright beings. What matter though their glory was obscured by tweed suits and cloth caps? What matter though "their faltering feet with difficulty bore them on their course"? The majesty of their rank and profession shone through all disguises, and blest indeed was the damsel on whom their notice lighted. As for their skating, well we knew that the indomitable Britons would stagger, reel and fall with undaunted cheerfulness until the elusive

Continued on page 25

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX
The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia lives here, and this solid old home has witnessed many brilliant scenes.

PRINCE'S LODGE
Duke of Kent, King Edward's grandfather once lived on this estate.

Regatta Day in St. John's Newfoundland



KILLARNEY FALLS, WATERFORD RIVER

A Graphic Description of a Great Day in the Capital of the Ancient Colony, When Everyone is Happy

By GRACE E. DENISON
("LADY GAY")

THEY are a hearty, whole-souled people in the far Island to the east of Canada's last limit, and if, when they work they work, equally, when they play they play. No half-holiday satisfies their annual cry, but from pearly dawn to starry midnight they take their pleasure on the first Wednesday in August. Many fall by the way, and pass peaceful hours snoozing in some shady fence corner, or behind some friendly boulder; no officious gendarme disturbs their repose; if a man chooses to become "bilin' full, ye know," at nine o'clock in the morning and dead to the world at ten, it's his own affair, and no one disputes his conception of the most satisfactory way to spend a holiday. It's the great, long, glorious Regatta Day!

For weeks beforehand, every quadruped that calls itself a horse and every conglomeration of timber nails and tarred rope that can float has been engaged by the coteries who pass the holiday far from the *hoi polloi* surging round "Long Pond," an exquisite bit of water just without the city. The trains, packed with fishermen, picnic parties, excited small fry and indifferent parents have tooted off betimes to Topsail Beach or some other tempting locality; it seems, standing amid the swarms of excursionists on the railway platform, that there will be few left to celebrate the day in St. John's, but after the trains leave there remains a moiety of merry people who begin the day by "seeing off" the excursionists, and return to their homes to make ready for the various joys of a civic and sporting celebration. Everything is shut up tight. You cannot buy a postage stamp or a soda-lemonade, or send a telegram or even get a doctor, unless you run him down on the slopes of the natural amphitheatre enclosing Long Pond. Now and then a motor dashed out into the country, laden, brimming with sonsy mother and beautiful children, or a bevy of men bound for a rip-roaring time, or a party of pretty girls off to the seashore for bathing and "twosing" later on. It seems as if everyone under a hundred years had breakfasted on pure oxygen, and was full to the muzzle of vitality and anticipation. Out on the left shore of Long Pond, is a scene of frantic activity. Hammering and shouting and squealing of exuberant small boys and no less vociferous female urchins, as booths spring up magically, and bunting suddenly festoons itself about them, and barrels are set up and boards fastened on them table-wise, and pails of lemonade and whole breastworks of buns and cakes and cookies rear themselves thereon, and the small children feel for the coppers stowed away in the weird recesses of their garments, and lick their chops in delightsome greediness. And as the day wears on, the terraced open hillside on the left becomes a garden of many hues, as the swarms of folk from the country, the little group from Logy Bay, where there is surf that one goes miles to see, the big party from Torbay, the beautiful pastoral countryside, the long distance comers from Portugal Cove, the miners from Bell Island, the religionists from Petty Harbor, that fascinating little shore nook beyond the great Power Works, where all on one side of the Gut are good Catholics and on the other good Protestants.

From all the picturesque coves and small bays and harbors and inland places, they come, primed with interest and pride in some group of stalwarts at the oar, who are to presently struggle for the annual victory on the placid waters of Long Pond. There isn't a cloud in the sky, the fresh breeze creeps round the headland and fans the sunburned cheeks of the shore girls with their curly hair and rollicking laughter or that demureness which is even more fetching when one finds it in shyly-veiled eyes of Heaven's azure, such as one discovers in this dear "land of the ocean." Groups of dashing, slappy-breeched Jacky Tars from a man-o'-war that slipped into port late last evening, herded like school-boys by a leather-faced petty officer with a brisk hectoring air, peep at the town girls and the shy shore-maidens with inviting smiles. In the gloaming to-night, some lucky late-leave tars will be seen strolling hand in hand with those mischievous maidens as they severally are strolling now, hand in hand, with each other. But there's a long cry and much doing between now and twilight! A bustle of preparation at the wharf on the right side of Long Pond, a toot of a motor full of "quality" arriving in its neighborhood, a fluttering up of a striking ensign, a red lion on a cream ground, and the Regatta is "On," and the restless throng on the far side settle down in companies upon the green surf and prepare to cheer their friends to victory. All sorts of races, all sorts of rowing, so long as it makes the boats leap to the mighty pull of giants who make light of their tremendous strength. The four crews who man the four racing shells, the Red Lion, the Blue Peter, Togo and The Doctor (don't ask me why these names, no one cares to find out, and if one did, others are too busy to tell) settle in their places for the banner event of the day, and "pouff" from the starter's pistol, and they are off! From the first stroke spasmodic yells from the supporters of each, and hurried remarks *sotto voce* stir the air about the "stranger" who only observes. "Aw man, get down to it," "The Red Lion is grand," "Nay, but see Blue Peter passing him. Mooroop," "Come on Doctor, don't be lingering to pray," "It's Togo's ahead, come on, Togo, bend to it, byes" and so on in a constant hurricane as the four boats dash ripping through the lake, leaving great weals of water and waves that kiss the reeds about the banks and set them bowing and curtseying. The Red Lion, with its handsome flag dipping in the water wins that glorious race, and cheers and shrieks, beside which a western hurrah sounds like a kindergarten class, rend the clear air and are tossed back and forth by the echoing hills.

So the hours go, till a restless old party on the right side lawn to which we have in due time been piloted, loth to leave the *hoi polloi* remarks to a priest stretched full length on the sod, "Do you think Torbay men will win the next race?" "Here's prayin' they do," laughed the priest easily. "We've a fine set of boys this August; all of 'em married since last regatta day, and the wives are down on the wharf to meet 'em as they come in. Faith, they had better be in first, don't you think, now?" Visions of the brides, the stalwart men of Torbay, and the unthinkable chance of their not winning flashed before me. "Is Father Clark here?" I asked, feeling more at home now, for the splendid priest who rules the faithful in the identical fashion of Father O'Flynn, of Donegal, is one of my chief adorations in an island full of things to be thankful for. "Is he here? Why where would he be?" replied the young priest, and I sat rebuked. But the men of Torbay, mighty oarsmen, have pulled across to the start, the men of Logy Bay, brawny and confident, have followed; the men of Portugal Cove are sending their heavy boat along like a feather, other crews of lesser fame are also ranging in line. The far terraces are fringed now with shore folk, vibrating with excited interest, even the Jacky Tars from the man-o'-war have scrambled to a vantage point and comment approvingly on the mighty shoulders, the firm knot-

THE FISHING FLEET MOVING OUT, ST. JOHN'S HARBOR

Continued on page 25

WANTED: A BEAUTY COMBINE

SECOND ARTICLE

How to Keep Rockwood a "Town Beautiful"

By MARY LESLIE

Photographs by Thomas McCarter.

PINNACLE ROCK, FROM A DISTANCE

ROCKWOOD does not at present realize or grasp the idea of its possibilities, and may be compared to that unhappy Irish gentleman who is said to have turned his back upon himself. If a learned savant came, or a troop of artists from "foreign lands and climes remote," they would see with joy and surprise sights and scenes which many of the inhabitants of Rockwood see not at all, or regard with indifference. They would rejoice in the naturally pure bracing air of the place, and wonder why this fine fresh air was allowed to be polluted by the unburied carcasses of animals; and why there was not an organization to exterminate the poison ivy along the river. As they explored, their admiration, their wonder, would grow and increase, and also their disgust.

One would think that the whole management

THE DEVIL'S WELL

of the express and railroad accommodation—the word accommodation is a misnomer—was planned for the purpose of discouraging visitors from coming to Rockwood; checking curiosity as to its natural attractions, and keeping respectable strangers away. I once overheard an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature asking a friend at the Guelph station if he had ever seen Rockwood. "Such a strange and beautiful place; lovely spot indeed!"

The person addressed eyed him askance and answered with prompt disdain: "Seen it? Yes, I have; twice; one of the worst stations on the line; a truly beastly place; a hog train standing in front of the passenger station; cattle rustling and struggling all across the road. The second time I was landed at night in a drizzling rain; bundled out into mud ankle deep; no lights. It was very cold; the hog train was there, as it had been a month before; hogs all screaming in chorus; one light in the station; scarcely any fire; dirty room, reeking with bad tobacco smoke. Beauty! Bah! All gammon; you can't impose upon me!"

There is no omnibus from either hotel; no express waggon to carry luggage. Every inhabitant of Rockwood ought to plead for better accommodation and a decent station, well ventilated, warm, clean, well lighted within and without on dark nights; a fire late into the night and early in the morning in the winter. There should not only be a general waiting room, but a ladies' room also. One general room, draughty and cold on winter days, where men are allowed to smoke like steam funnels, is for any poor woman coming from the country after a long drive and waiting the tardy arrival of the train, a dreary beginning of a long journey.

Rockwood is a great place for shipping cattle, sheep and pigs, and must bring a good revenue to the company. For this reason there should be roomy stock yards provided, not so near the street as to give annoyance to passengers and passers-by. There should be a wide platform on both sides of the station and outside seats for the summer.

But Rockwood should not leave all to the railroad and do nothing for itself in the matter of reform and improvement. The citizens should lend a helping hand, and show their appreciation of the beautiful spot in which God has placed them. They should not play the question like the temperance people as if it was our lot to live hundreds of years, as did Methuselah. If such was our case we might dawdle on and talk for a century; mend our morals, correct our opinions, carry out our plans in the next century; change them for a new idea in the third, and so on till our long day ended. But our time is short. We, in our brief life, are expected to leave the world better not worse than we found it. We are like ephemera, feeble folk all, though loath to allow it, unwilling to acknowledge it; men as well as women. We cannot do much, I admit, but we can do something for the benefit of posterity; a little to help things on in the corner of the world where we lodge; a place which will soon "know us no more."

Without dictating or laying down hard and fast rules, I will offer a few suggestions. Now is the time—before all the charm of Rockwood has departed—to buy the old Strange Farm from Mr. McNab, at least the wilderness, rocky, unarable part of it, to be a possession, outlet and joy to the people forever. There should be an opening from the railway station, that the waiting traveller, or drummer, detained for a few hours, might refresh himself by a walk and catch a glimpse of the beauties of nature as he passed.

It has been asserted and seldom contradicted that he who supplies work for a number of people does good in his generation and deserves a monument. There is a moiety of justice in this partial truth, but the question is—and a vital one—what kind of work. The army, for instance, in all nations, and at all times supplies constant work for thousands, but the good accomplished by such work is doubtful indeed. The glamour and glory of it hides its horrors—in the words of Kipling—"the shambles where we die." Without disputing the general worth of lime kilns and woollen factories, as supplying labor for the public, I would say that like the army when they destroy the wonderful works of God, which it is impossible to replace, they are an unmitigated evil; they are matter in the wrong place.

What wonders of nature and art have been swept from the earth by war; for steady, wholesale, terrible destruction an earthquake is as nothing to war. Surely it is a sane and right thought that curious and beautiful corners of the globe, which show by their very existence the mighty mind of the Creator behind the universe, should be kept intact for posterity. We have no more right to take the possessions of those who come after us than we have to rob our contemporaries for private gain. The wonders of the world are "other men's goods" as well as ours, and to destroy them for business purposes, in other words to make money of them, is to defraud our neighbors and generations yet to come. Electric power and the knowledge of it may be good, but Niagara in all its glory and majesty is better. Who could replace a noble tree, the growth of centuries, cut down but too frequently in pure wantonness, or as the Americans say, "cussedness"?

There are charming building sites in Rockwood; there are disreputable old disused dwellings in which lurk great possibilities. Many a ramshackle, tumbledown old house has extensive and noble views from its broken windows. In building, the situation should be studied from all points before laying the foundation stone, that outwardly it might add beauty to the town, and inwardly give satisfaction and comfort to the inhabitants. I have seen houses where the morning sun never penetrated to the living room, which if they could have been screwed round and turned hindside before, would have made noble residences instead of dull, gloomy, depressing places to dwell in. We need not economize sunshine; it is God's free gift to us all, and let us not so far despise "the wisdom of our ancestors" as to build a house without at least one fireplace for the autumn and spring when the furnace and self-feeder are out and the kitchen fire is the only one. For brightness, cheerfulness, homelike comfort, there is nothing to compare to the open fireplace; the foggy British Isles in the gloomiest weather have their bright hearths, but a Canadian farm or village house between the seasons is a dreary place to visit.

To every new house built there should be a well if there is no spring on the lot. It is surprising how many houses are rented here without drinking water. The renters are forced to go to the hotels for water, or to the school house, or the pump given by the late Mr. Strange for the people—where there is also a trough for the horses—or to depend upon the good nature of their neighbors.

The rooms most in use should have the best outlook, the most beautiful views. If that is not possible the morning sun should shine into them. An enterprising and tasteful builder could do wonders with some of the old buildings here with little alteration. Grey's old mill (a fine ruin, destroyed by fire) would make a splendid sum-

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IRVINE RIVER, WITH GREY'S MILL IN DISTANCE

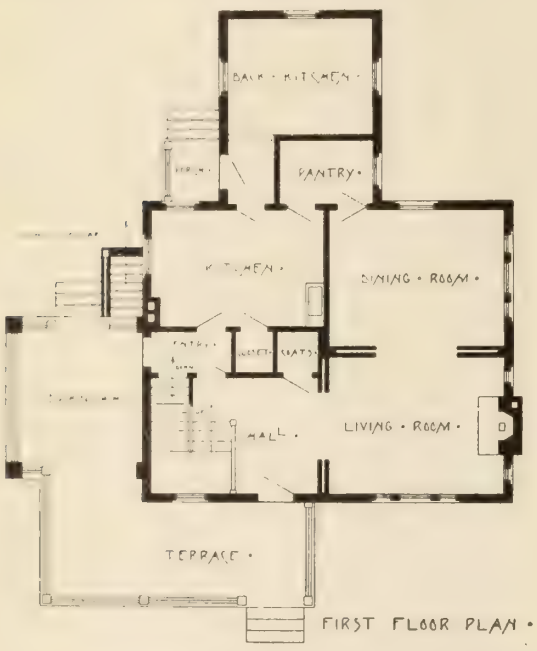
DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY HOME

Plans and Illustration for a Simple and Pleasing Structure

By COLLIER STEVENSON

By an inadvertent confusion of cuts, the illustrations published with this article in the June issue were not those required.

SOME months ago, a little treatise on "What a Farm Home Should Be," appeared in a well-known magazine, and led to careful study of the farm houses to which we had access. Some of these houses were large, others small, but in none was it evident that careful thought had been given to the interior planning or to the exterior design. Apparently not the slightest attempt had been made to save the busy housewife's time and steps. There were, even in the smaller houses, "parlors" which were shrouded in chill and gloom until "company" should arrive, while the family were without a cosy place to rest or read unless they sought the kitchen. These defects can be so easily avoided by a little forethought that one wonders why they should exist at all in a home of the Twentieth Century.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN ·

The average farm home should be well-arranged, thoroughly comfortable, moderate in price and of pleasing exterior. In the house illustrated an endeavor has been made to provide for all these requirements.

Cement blocks have been used in its construction, covered with rough-cast plaster of an old ivory tone. The roof is stained a warm brown, blending well with the mellow tint of the plaster. A touch of stronger color is added by the red bricks used in window arches and underpinning, while all the exterior woodwork, with the exception of the ivory-white window sash, repeats the brown of the roof.

A roomy verandah—supported by brick pillars—has been placed at the side of the house, where it may be reached conveniently from either the service portion or the living room, the front entrance being sheltered by an extension of the main roof to form a hood over it.

From this doorway a hall fourteen and a half feet by ten feet is entered. One stairway only is utilized, as it can readily be reached from the kitchen without passing through any other part of the house. Opposite the front door is a commodious coat-closet—a convenience which obviates the necessity for that utilitarian but almost invariably ugly piece of furniture—a hall rack.

At the right, connected by sliding doors, is the living room, a thoroughly livable room fifteen feet by twelve feet, which has one wall centred by a fire place, flanked on each side by a high mullioned window. At the front, a triple window gives a cheerful outlook towards the high-road. With the features already mentioned, the walls tinted a soft pumpkin-yellow and the woodwork stained a dark brown, an admirable ensemble is made. With the addition of a few pieces of furniture, designed on sturdy lines, cheerful chintz or cretonne hangings at the windows, several good pictures on the walls and a few plants, a delightful living room is assured.

The dining-room, of the same dimensions and also lighted from two sides, opens from the living-room, and has no other entrance, except from the serving pantry. In view of their close proximity, it has been thought well to continue in this room the same color scheme as in the living-room, thus making the rooms appear larger and insuring pleasant vistas from each.

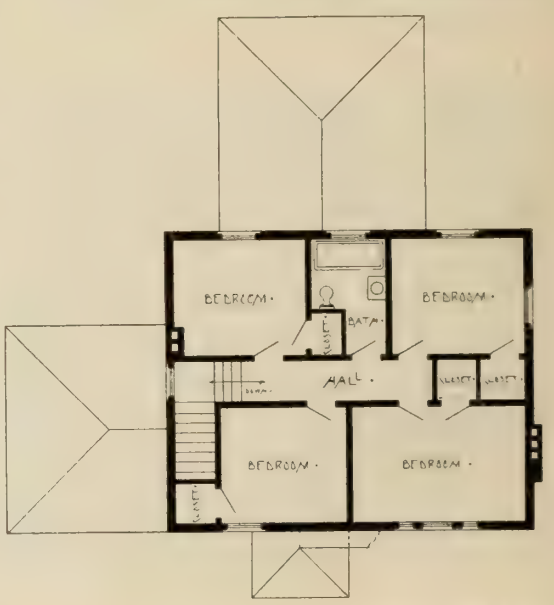
The kitchen occupies the balance of the space in the main part of the ground floor, it being fifteen feet in length by ten feet in width. The light enters the kitchen from two sides, and the range may be placed to receive full benefit of this. A closet is provided for the storing of pots and pans, which so frequently make an otherwise sightly kitchen the reserve, and in the pantry there are built-in cupboards for china stores. The stairs to the cellar, under the main stairs, are conveniently close to the kitchen and to the side entrance. A feature, which the housewife at least will appreciate, is the placing of a pantry between the kitchen and the dining-room and an entry between the kitchen and the main hall, making it impossible for culinary smells to permeate through the house.

At the rear of the house is a back kitchen—a room which is almost indispensable in a farm house, but which should invariably show the same exterior construction, if one wishes to preserve an entirely harmonious effect.

On the second floor there are four bedrooms, each with abundance of light and closet space—two very essential factors in making a successful bedroom. The owner's room is fifteen feet long by ten feet wide, and has a triple window similar to those used in the living and dining rooms. All the woodwork on this floor is finished in white enamel.

A bathroom is also provided for. Space should always be left for this in building a farm house, as, with many improvements constantly being made in country house water supply, it is no longer a luxury but a necessity. In the present instance, economy in plumbing has been considered by the bathroom being placed directly over the kitchen sink. From the upper hall a hatchway leads to the attic, and it will be noted that not an inch has been lost in needless hall space.

Did you ever stop to think how window-blinds



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

affect the appearance of a house? Apparently there are all too many who do not appreciate how their selection will either make or mar the color scheme. For the window in the house under consideration, the blinds chosen repeat the clear ivory color of the walls, thus completing a color scheme at once harmonious and satisfying.

The average cost of a house of this type is three thousand five hundred dollars, the price varying, naturally, in different localities.

The Canadian Girl Through English Spectacles

By ALAN LETHBRIDGE

THERE used to be a popular song in England apostrophising the English girl as the incarnation of all the virtues rolled into one; she was compared in turn to the French demoiselle, the German fraulein, and the Spanish senorita, always, needless to say, to her advantage. That her own countrymen really possess such an exalted view of her charms is open to doubt, that they find their affinities in other countries is at any rate certain, and particularly does this appear to be the case in Canada, judging by the increasing number of Anglo-Canadian marriages. Criticism of Canadian institutions, cities, climate, and even character, by visitors is common enough, but the Canadian girl appears to have been overlooked, and though comparisons may be odious, a brief sketch of how she strikes the average Englishman and why the latter likes her may not be devoid of interest.

The fundamental difference between the Canadian girl and her English sister may apparently be summed up in the general statement that while matrimony with the English girl is the be-all and end-all of her existence, it occupies a secondary position in the life of the Canadian girl; in other words unless she meets a man she really cares for, she is perfectly happy in a state of spinsterhood and would not for a moment barter her freedom for the extremely questionable benefits derived from the prefix "Mrs."

In England from earliest childhood, mothers that is to say mothers of the fashionable type, bring up their daughters with the belief that not to be married is a positive disgrace, only equalled by marrying a man without money. They are trained for the end in view with as much care and forethought as might be expended on a Derby favorite; any contaminating influences in the shape of good-looking penniless cousins or girls who have ideas or ideals of their own are

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

A FANCY

"I do not dread an altered heart,
Or that long line of land or sea
Should separate my love from me.
I dread that drifting slow apart,
All unresisted, unrestrained,
Which comes to some when they have gained
The dear desire of their soul."

* * *

AS WE TRAVEL.

JUST before the palatial C. P. R. steamer left the twin cities at the head of the lakes, a carriage drove on to the dock, and one glance sufficed to tell us it was a June wedding, with all the attachments of white beribboned horses and whip, flowers, gay attendants, rice, and all the rest of it. We, on deck, leaned over the rail and studied the bright active scene below, the sweet, winsome, young bride, and her ardent lover-like husband, the merry group of maidens with their jolly young escorts, the handsome only brother, and dignified father, and lastly the motherly face with love and solicitude in every line, as she saw her daughter's future transferred to other hands than hers. Some words said to me once by a mother of several daughters came to me as I analyzed her features: "A wedding, to me, is as sad as a funeral," and while the farewells were said, the repartee exchanged, the happy couple getting aboard, the hoarse whistle announcing the departure, the slow, steady turning of the huge leviathian of the great lakes, the waving of handkerchiefs, the widening distance, the departing carriages, we still stood buried in thought, and memory carried us back, away back over the years that intervened since we boarded the train amid the good wishes of our friends. As we recalled many of the events of those twenty odd years, our hearts went out with a great longing to the newly-wedded pair, for we know there must be clouds and sunshine, bitter and sweet, joy intermingled with sorrow, and we wondered could they bear and forbear, would they be more and more to each other as the years rolled on, or would they make shipwreck of their little craft, tossed on matrimonial seas, and drift, yes, drift away, far away?

* * *

I WAS awakened from my reverie by the "first call to dinner," and I found myself seated *vis-a-vis* with a little grey-haired woman, plainly dressed, who made intelligent inquiries of the great C. P. R. route across our continent in perfect English, but with a slightly foreign accent. Each meal on board strengthened our familiarity, and I discovered that this plain woman whose appearance created no impression as she travelled, was a professor of German in a ladies' college in a large American city. We met on deck, and sat conversing for two hours one evening, and she held me spellbound. She spoke of travel in distant lands that made me envious; of books she had read with great profound titles that I had never heard of; she touched on religion, education, politics, economics, in slow measured sentences, showing a breadth of knowledge that staggered me. She was a general encyclopedia of information, and she impressed her personality upon me in a way it would be impossible to forget. As a rule, I enjoy supporting my end of a conversation, but in this case I considered it discreet to play the part of a good listener. Somehow my accumulated knowledge of years seemed so meagre compared to hers, that I simply sat at the feet of this philosopher whom I have met, parted from, and never expect to see again, but I feel honored by the intercourse of one whom I first supposed to be a little German *frau* going to visit her *kinder*. How little we know of each other!

* * *

AS we sat in the parlor car at Owen Sound, some people passed through evidently looking for unoccupied seats. I touched a sweet mild-looking little woman on the arm, and pointed to a vacant chair, when suddenly an ill-natured commanding voice was heard to say, "Come on here, what are you standing around there for keeping me waiting?" That was all I heard, but no doubt it was not all he said, for he was still growling as he passed my window. They both looked so young, scarcely thirty, and she must have been his wife, for no man would dare to address any one else in such a tone, and inadvertently my soul exclaimed, "How long, Lord, how long?" How long since she took this man for her wedded husband, and he promised to love and cherish her; how long since he adopted that brutal manner of addressing her; and, oh, how long must she endure it? Naturally good-looking, but with a temper over which he has no control, how long can she bear with that man? Is her heart broken already, or will he see his fault in time to make amends? Her sad subdued face as she followed meekly to brave the storm of his uncalled for displeasure haunts me still. In striking contrast this to the tender attentions bestowed on our little steamer bride. Ah, the honeymoon, that should last forever, was over here!

I am sure it was not over in the case of an aged couple who were assisted to board the train as we sped towards Toronto. The old gentleman was ninety, and his partner in life in the eighties, so I was told by a person who knew them. A

THE FIRST TECHNICAL SCHOOL
Photograph by J. W. Marsh, Springville

great bearded man of forty, a leading physician in a large Canadian city, kissed them both fondly, and hung lovingly over the seat where sat the little mother, until the train started, and a stalwart grandson stood bodyguard for the journey. I thought, as the kindly old man looked into the eyes of his aged bride, love has stood the test here, it has weathered the storms, and they are drifting happily together down the stream of time, this looks to me like an ideal marriage. Their faces were seamed with wrinkles, no doubt they had fought many battles, but together; their crosses must have been many, and here and there the milestones were marked with sorrow and bereavement; but they had braved the worst while they had each other, their union was a blessed one, and in death they cannot be long divided.

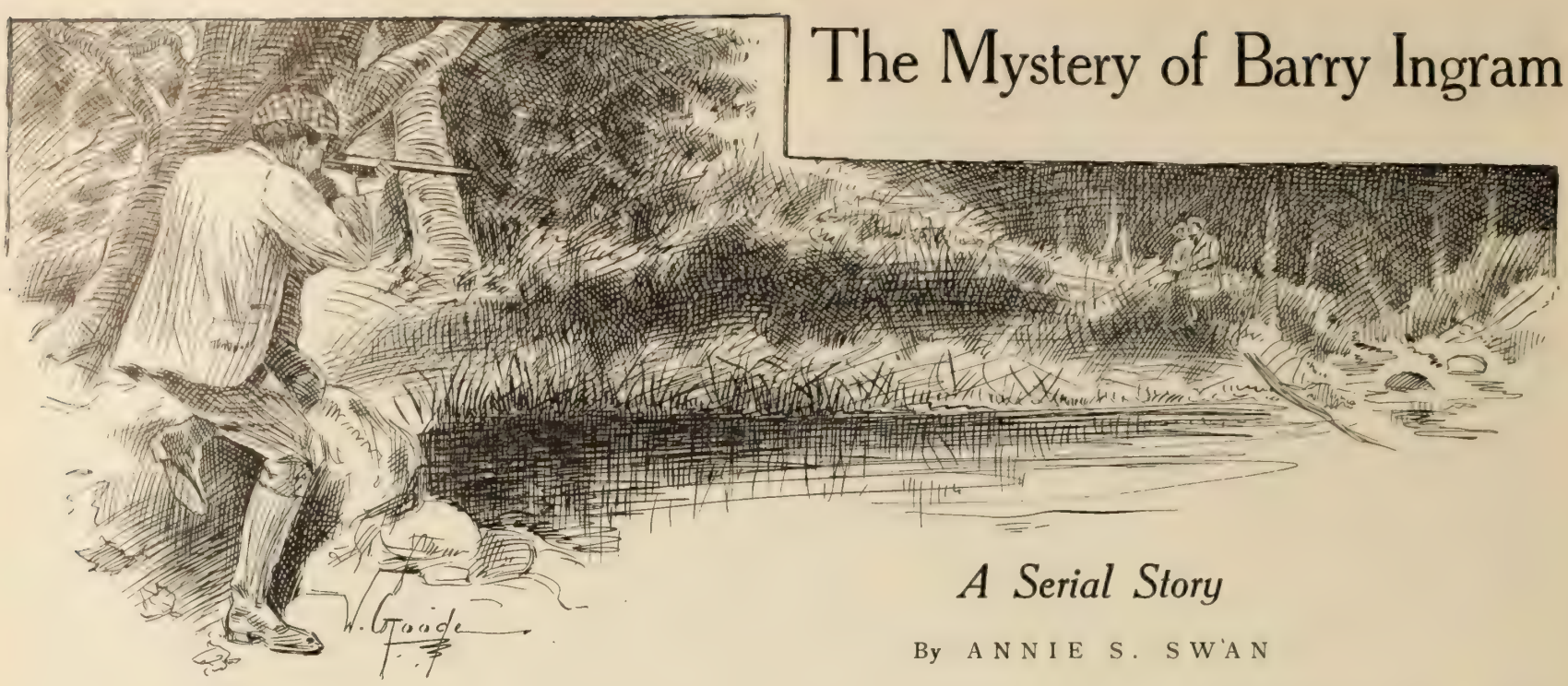
* * *

TAKING advantage of a few hours wait in Toronto, we took the street car for a look around. Now, I have usually found the street car conductors of that fair city very kind and obliging, but there are a few boors among them that need weeding out. We made a very civil inquiry as to a transfer, when a most uncivil rebuff was given in these words, "It's up to you to say where you want to go." Strangers should meet with a certain amount of courtesy in order to give a city a good name.

When we resumed our journey I was attracted by the conduct of a beautiful little girl with golden curls. I would rather tell this story of rudeness and ill-behavior on a small boy, for I dearly love little girls, but I must record facts. I really think I am safe in saying that that child did not sit quietly in her seat for more than one minute at a time, and how sorry I felt for her poor tired mother! Sorry that she who was responsible for that child's conduct had not done her duty better in training her, so that instead of being a trial to her, and a nuisance to every one with whom she came in contact, she would have been an obedient, pleasing, little girl, whom every one could love. Just a few lessons given in fond mother love, and the firmness that accompanies it, for the wise mother understands that the two must go hand in hand, that her *yes* and *no* mean exactly that, and the habit is formed of complying gracefully to the opinion of parent or guardian. This little miss wanted the window up, then down, she wanted to sit on her mother's knee, then to lie down on the seat, she begged for everything that came along, oranges, candy, apples, then to wash her hands. She wriggled and squirmed, and then a dive into the lunch basket, followed by a drink, and when her mother's face warned her that patience was almost at its limit, she would precipitate herself upon her neck, dishevelling hair and collar, and sending hat awry, bestowing an embrace of smothering affection—pretended, to be sure—intended to smooth ruffled feelings; and the mother submitted simply because she could do nothing else. The child managed her, made a dupe of her, and those of us who can distinguish qualities in little folk understand that this specimen abounds where parents neglect the first principles, and the all-important mission of their calling—the exaction from babyhood of prompt and perfect obedience. I know of one woman in that train who hankered for the privilege of just once sitting her down *hard*, and looking with grave, stern eyes into the unrestrained wilful face.

* * *

THE last stretch of my journey was across country in a stage coach. "Yo, ho! All aboard!" shouted the lusty driver in the hall of the village inn, where the cumbersome 'bus had deposited us an hour before. It was raining, oh, how it poured, and the wind blew a gale, and, alas! that very morning I had packed my raincoat, the first and only occasion it had been needed on my journey. And I had donned a linen suit as the proper thing for that hot, dusty stage drive of twenty miles. It was turning cold, and how glad we all were to greet a fire in the box stove, for it was like Longfellow's rainy day, "cold, and dark, and dreary." The good landlady, with whom I was acquainted, a whole-souled Irish woman (and who so "ginerous" as the Irish) came forward with her husband's overcoat, saying I could return it by stage next day. Sorry a picture I presented, but glad was I to accept, and we clambered in, ten of us, one a lad, into three seats, and all canopied and curtained in until it was dark and eerie, with the pattering of that merciless rain outside. I ran my cold hands and arms away up into the spacious sleeves of that blessed overcoat, and away we rattled over the hills and dales, yo, ho! We dashed across bridges, and bumped over boulders, we told stories, and discussed the latest murders, and tried to be cheerful, and all the while a horror was on my soul. What with the birds on my hat battering and breaking their poor wings against the roof and walls of that stage coach, and the rain getting in around my feet, and the fact staring me in the face that I had to alight on a handsome residential street in a large town, and walk up to the door with that man's coat, and bedrabbled white skirt beneath it, and a hat that then and there finished its career, is it any wonder that I felt grimly silent at times? When, like Tom Pinch in his famous ride to London on the stage, I "got down quite stunned and giddy," and the warm welcome accorded me helped me to excuse the spontaneous merriment at my sorry plight, I promised myself no repetition of such an experience on a stage coach, yo, ho!



The Mystery of Barry Ingram

A Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS

Thomas Ingram of Tyrie Castle is urged by Carita his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter.

EVELYN'S mouth curled upwards a little and she somewhat impatiently shook her head. It was a very pretty mouth, belonging to a pretty woman, and there was an air of breeding about Evelyn Forbes which was at once the despair and envy of half her acquaintances. It came from the mother's side. Mrs. Forbes belonged to an old Highland family, and had married beneath her. Ewan Forbes had been a lad in her own village of Crianbhan, but belonged to working folks. A lad of parts, the village schoolmaster had pushed him for all he was worth, got him sent to Glasgow University, and afterwards embarked on a commercial career in which he had been extraordinarily successful. He was now one of Glasgow's merchant princes, a bank director, and the chairman of innumerable companies, and was generally reputed to be a very rich man. He had been able to render some valuable financial service to the Malcolms of Inverewe, one of the lairds in his own glen, and had not been chary about claiming his reward. Ewan Forbes' wife had been bought and sold just as truly as if she had been put up to auction in a public saleroom. She had consented to the sacrifice because otherwise it meant the passing of the Malcolms from Inverewe for ever, and that her proud, passionate spirit could not brook. But it had been a strange marriage, in which there had been very little happiness. One child only had been born to the somewhat ill-assorted pair, and she was the centre and light of life to Eugenie Forbes.

Evelyn was a strange mixture, having a touch of her father's shrewder nature mingling with all the passion of the South, a nature scarcely built for happiness or for the sober delights of everyday life.

"Mother, I positively hate Mrs. Ingram. She's a cat!"

"Barry's mother?" observed Mrs. Forbes, with a slight uplifting of her brows.

"I don't mind about her being Barry's mother; she isn't good or kind. I'm sure if he had a better mother Barry would be a different man."

"He has neglected you of late, Evelyn, and perhaps it would be as well not to make ourselves too conspicuous at Cardyke."

"Mother, what do *you* think about Barry?" she asked, with downcast eyes and flaming cheek. "You don't dislike him, surely—nobody could?"

"He has a way with him, child, I admit; but there is no stability. Ah! if only Stephen had had his looks there would have been a man now by whose side a queen could have walked and been content!"

Evelyn's mouth softened.

"Yes, Stephen is a dear; but probably had he had Barry's looks he would not have been like that. Well, shall we go to Cardyke or shall we not?"

"Your father will be home to lunch presently. We can ask him. He might even drive out with us. He is always friendly to the Ingrams."

"Here is the brougham. Shall I let him in?"

"As you like."

Evelyn ran out. She and her father were very good friends, though there was nothing ideal in the relationship except on Ewan Forbes' side.

Disappointed in his wife, who had been little more than a wife in name to him, he had poured such heart treasures as he possessed upon their child. Nothing was too good for Evelyn.

"You are earlier than usual, father. Lunch won't be ready till two o'clock."

"I'm in no hurry."

She helped him off with his coat, and now that the little flush of the greeting had died away from his face, she saw that he was paler than usual and that he seemed tired, as if suffering from strain.

"You are horribly tired, father!" she cried, solicitously. "You stop far too long down in that horrible city and work much too hard. I shall never rest till I get you away on a yachting trip for months and months; you know you promised that one day we should go."

"Yes; well, one day perhaps we shall," he answered, without meeting her gaze. "I'm going upstairs to change my coat. Ask your mother to come up, will you? I want to speak to her."

He escaped from her quick, affectionate glance and ascended the wide staircase to his dressing-room on the first floor. He was standing there when his wife entered, a little surprised at the unusual summons.

"What is it, Ewan? Are you not quite well?"

"Yes, I'm quite well."

He stepped back and carefully shut the door.

"I just wanted to ask you a question, Eugenie, about a matter that has been causing me a good deal of thought lately. Do you think this affair between Barry Ingram and Evelyn is ever likely to come off?"

She elevated her level brows with all the surprise she felt.

"I really can't tell, Ewan; he comes and goes. It is the way of men. It is impossible to push these matters. *Bien,* one ought to have too much pride."

"Well, it's got to be pushed, Eugenie. I want it to be pushed. It is necessary. Ask him to dinner; make him free of the house; give them every chance."

"Why? I will not have Evelyn disposed of as I was," she made answer calmly. "We have only one child; she shall be happy, Ewan," she added, with a sudden passion.

"Oh, she'll be happy enough. She's head over ears in love with Barry Ingram, the good-looking scamp! You'll do this at once, Eugenie; it is necessary."

"May I know why it is necessary?"

"Well, Evelyn must make a good marriage."

"She will; but is there any haste about it, Ewan, the child is only twenty-two?"

"The sooner the better in these times, when everything is unstable," he answered.

Eugenie Forbes had never taken the smallest interest in her husband's business affairs, and knew absolutely nothing about his financial undertakings or his standing in the world of commerce or of men.

"What do you mean by that, Ewan? Has anything gone wrong with your business?"

"Not yet; but, as I say, times are precarious. I should like to know that Evelyn was well settled."

He spoke with a certain evasiveness, not looking her full in the face.

"Won't you tell me what is behind all this, Ewan? Last time we talked about Barry Ingram and the slackness of his attention to Evelyn lately you were quite furious."

"I'm furious yet, my dear; but I've got to stifle it. I can't tell you much, chiefly because I don't know enough myself, but there's a financial crisis ahead, and unless something tolerably big and unexpected happens to shove the tide another way—well, we may go to the wall."

She stared at him in helpless bewilderment approaching to dismay.

"You mean financial ruin for you, Ewan? I thought you had placed yourself far beyond any contingency of that kind long ago."

He shook his head.

"Nobody can ever get outside or beyond that contingency in these days, Eugenie."

A faint prevision of coming disaster crept over Eugenie Forbes, filling her with a sick dismay.

"What you are talking of may happen any day, then, Ewan? I'm forced to gather that from what you say. Wouldn't it be better for us to take some measures to prevent it, or to retrench—go into a smaller house, get ready for it, if we can't avert it."

He smiled as a person of superior knowledge and experience might smile at the impossible suggestion of a child.

"That would only hasten disaster, Eugenie, by arousing suspicion. I haven't said it is inevitable, I only say it might happen; and I have only told you because I want you to do what you can in the direction of Tyrie. Have you been out there lately?"

"Not quite lately; but, curiously enough, Evelyn and I were only talking about it before you came in, and wondering whether we might go this afternoon."

"Why, yes, we can. I'll order the carriage up. We can all go. It's Saturday, and we should probably find the family at home. Thank you, Eugenie. At least, you never overwhelm a man with reproaches or, what is worse, discomfit him with tears."

Her smile was faintly bitter as she turned away.

CHAPTER III.

THE COTTAGE IN THE CLEARING.

The gamekeeper's house at Cardyke stood in a little clearing among the trees in a somewhat lonely part of the Cardyke woods. It was inhabited by Joseph Simons, head keeper to Mrs. Dundas of Cardyke, and his daughter Nancy. Simons was immensely proud of his pretty daughter, and jealous of her, too. He watched over her so closely that she had no liberty except what she could steal. But love laughs at locksmiths, and the very thing Josh Simons feared had happened—Nancy had found a lover above her in station.

Josh had heard the rumors. He happened to be in Glasgow on a certain Saturday morning on some business for his mistress, and a chance remark made to him at the gunshop had brought him home brooding.

"I heard something in Gleskie I didna like," he broke out suddenly.

"That might very weel be," she answered tranquilly, though her heart secretly beat a little

faster; "it's a very ill place. I wadna bide in Glasgow, faither, if I was paid for it."

"Folks hae to bide where Providence ca's them," he answered absently. "It was in the gunshop, Nance; the young man, he's frae Paisley, and kens a' the folk roond aboot here, he asked me if it was true ye were to be Mrs. Barry Ingram, and whether Madam had gien her consent."

Nancy laughed loud and long, so spontaneously and heartily indeed, that it relieved her father's heart more than a string of protestations could have done.

"Ye should hae telt him to gang back to Paisley, to finish his education. It's what he needs; and if that's a' he kens aboot the gentry his braggin's no worth much. What do *you* think aboot Madam Ingram giein' her consent, eh?"

The question was so mirthfully put, with such an entire innocence of look and tone, that Simons was doubly reassured, and even permitted himself a faint responsive smile.

"I was as mad as a hatter, Nance, and telt him to mind his ain business; but a' the same, I didna like it. A straw shows hoo the wind blaws, and if it's traivelled to Gleskie that you and young Ingram hae been seen thegither there must be some truth in't."

"We've passed the time o' day, jist as I hae wi' Maister Stephen, an'—an' ithers I couldna name," she answered demurely.

"Is that a', Nance?"

He leaned forward with his deep anxiety writ large all over his weather-beaten face.

"That's a'," she answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah, well, I'm glad. There's nae dependence to be placed on Barry Ingram, Nance. He's the kind that gies the time o' day to every woman he sees, gentle or simple, an' his wife will no hae her sorrow to seek. But it's nae business o' oors, lass, mind that, though they say he's to marry Miss Forbes, frae Gleskie, terrible rich folk, an' Hieland on the mither's side."

"Very likely," said Nance quietly, as she rose to her feet.

"Nance," he said wistfully, "it wad make me very happy if ye wad mak it up wi' Alan Hastie. He's a fine, true, honest chap. An' he could come in here wi' us, and we wad be as happy as the day's long. He's terrible set on ye, lassie. He canna work nor eat hardly for thinkin' aboot ye."

"He's a stupid fule," she answered lightly. "Ye can tell him, if ye like, that a lassie's never won that way. The chap that walks by on the ither side wi' never a blink in the bygaun is the chap that gets there first. Alan makes himsel' ower cheap."

"He canna help it, puir chield, he's that fond o' ye."

"I'm no wantin' to marry."

Simons shook his head a trifle ruefully. He had done his best, but Nancy alas! was not one to be tied hard and fast.

She stood at the door to wave him good-bye as he went awav later, and he turned to wave to her, conscious of a most unusual yearning over her.

About a quarter of a mile from the house Simons encountered the man of whom they had been speaking—Alan Hastie, the under keeper, a tall, slim, good-looking youth in shooting garb, with a strong face and a pair of piercing black eyes. The two were comrades in the best sense, and stood still with the best of will to have a word. Simons first told him what had transpired at Glasgow, what he had been doing at the gunshop, and the business he now had with their mistress; then before they parted he dropped a hint.

"Nance's hersel' hame, Alan. Ye micht dae waur than drap in. A bird in the hand, ye ken; but she's a cutty. Ay, though she's my ain she's the kind that plays the very deil wi' a man, be he auld or young."

Alan Hastie laughed consciously, and shouldering his gun made straight for the cottage in the clearing.

When Nancy saw Alan through the window her face darkened, and if she could, she would have locked and barred the door. As it was, she only held the door open a little way, and showed a very ungracious face at the narrow opening.

"Father's no in. He's away to Pitairn to see the mistress, and I'm busy."

"Open the door, Nancy," he pleaded. "I jist want to ask ye wan thing."

"It'll be wan too many," she answered, but drew the door back slowly. She was a born coquette, and Alan Hastie looked well in his shooting garb, with the gun over his shoulder, and the pleading look in his eyes.

"You're a perfect nuisance. I tell ye I'm busy; I've never halted since half past five, I'm needin' peace now."

"Let me sit beside ye a wee while, Nancy; I'll no torment ye?"

"Weel, five minutes, then; I'll time ye by the kitchen clock," she said with a smile; "though we'll baith be wasting time."

"D'ye think sae, Nancy?"

The young man set his gun in the corner of the passage, and stepped into the bright little kitchen, looking round him with a half sigh.

"I think I'll get the place at Captain Gordon's, Nancy," he began eagerly; "I saw him yesterday, and he as guid as promised it. It'll be twenty-seven shillings a week an' the hoose; but he'll only tak a married man."

"Weel, ye'll hae to get a wife, Alan, there's plenty aboot, I hear," she said nonchalantly.

"Ay, plenty, but only wan that I want. That's you, Nancy. If I get the place, will ye marry me at Mairtinmas?"

"In five weeks? No, that I will not," she answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Well, at New Year, then? I believe the Captain wad wait till then. He's a reasonable man, and he laughed when he asked, 'Could I find a wife in the time?'"

"There'll be nae trouble aboot the wife, Alan. Jist walk through Cardyke and lift your little finger, and there'll be half a dizzen after the job."

"I will hae ye yet, Nancy. Ye were quite willin' until—until a year or so ago. Something has changed ye."

"I'm no seekin' to be married; I've telt my faither that. Besides, how could I leave him, puir man?"

"There was an air of breeding about Evelyn Forbes."

"He would get somebody to do for him, Nancy, and he's mair than willin'. He has telt me that; in fact, I came here the day because he gied me the hint."

It was a wholly injudicious speech, most damaging to his cause. Up flamed the hot anger in the girl's eyes, and she pointed to the door.

"Oh, he sent ye here, did he? Well, he micht hae spared his pains. Ye can go back the way ye came, Alan, and tell my faither, if ye like, though I'll no be slow to tell him mysel', that I'm no bag o' stuff to be made ower like that."

Suddenly she looked up, and all the anger died out of her eyes, while her face wore its sweetest look.

"Alan, you would be far better wi' anither lassie—wi' Mary Pollock, or Katie Laws. They wad baith make a better wife than me. I'm no to be relied on. I'm aye thinkin' on gettin' richt away frae Cardyke. If my faither didna need me, or was to marry again, I wad never stop here. I'm much obliged to you, but I'm sure I'm no the wife for you."

He rose to his feet, a somewhat sullen gleam gathering in his eyes. "There's something at the bottom o' this, Nancy, and very weel I ken what it is. I saw you and young Ingram in the Kennel woods last Sunday, an' it's no the first time. He's a scamp, Nancy, and an affair o' that kind has but wan ending for the lassie."

"I'm no seekin' advice, thenk ye, Alan Hastie," she said pertly; "clear oot, now, an' let me get through wi' my work. You're no mindin' yours, either. Mistress Dundas doesna pay you to spend your time here."

Hastie grasped his gun and stumbled from the house, his rage and chagrin almost victorious over him. She saw him go, without pity or without remorse. It was strange that a creature so soft, so pink and white, should have so little heart. She went singing to her work after the door was shut, taking no more thought of the man whose heart she had broken than of the fly she crushed with her apron on the clean windowpane.

CHAPTER IV.

NANCY'S LAST TRYST.

When the door was finally closed on Alan Hastie, and he had disappeared among the trees, Nancy Simons wasted no more time. She whisked round the little kitchen, putting every trace of the meal away, and banked up the fire, with many a glance at the honest face of the kitchen clock in between.

Having made everything trig and taut, and set the kettle on the hob, she slipped the bolts in both the doors of the cottage, and went up to her little room to dress.

"Now I hope I'm in luck the day, and that I dinna come across Alan in the woods," she muttered to herself as she set out, keeping her face towards Tyrie Loch. "It's a pity faither didna tak him to Pitairn wi' him."

She did not meet a single person, and certainly she had no idea that she had been seen, or that someone crept after her, his heart filled with black rage and jealousy.

As she neared the little open dell she gave a low whistle, which was immediately answered. Then she sprang forward, her color sweetly heightened, her eyes full of a shy, tender light.

Her lover stood under the trees, and came forward, raising his cap with an eagerness there was no mistaking. Handsome Barry Ingram had never looked handsomer than he did at that moment; and Nancy Simons felt proud of her gentleman lover; her heart swelling with joy to think that out of the whole world of women he should have stooped to her.

"Why so late, sweetheart?" he asked fondly; "I began to think you weren't coming after all."

"I came just as quick as ever I could," she answered shyly. "I've had a hard afternoon; what wi' faither and—and the other chap."

"Hastie, you mean?" said Barry, and his brow darkened. His pride could not brook a rival in an underling, and he thought it tremendous presumption in Alan Hastie to aspire to a girl on whom he had cast his eyes. With the probable end of the episode Barry did not at present trouble himself. It was not his first love affair, nor did he imagine it would be his last.

"Don't get angry wi' poor Alan, Barry," said Nancy softly; "he's very miserable, puir chap. I never saw a man leave wi' sic an expression on his face."

"Like his cheek," said Barry crossly. "Well, and what about your father? Has somebody been gossiping to him, too?"

"Yes, he was at Glasgow the day, and somebody even spoke to him about you and me in a shop. Wasn't that awfu'?"

Nancy did her best to drop her broad Scottish accent while talking to her lover; but it was always an effort, and she often forgot herself.

"What shop was it, do you know?"

"Yes; the gunsmith's in Sauchiehall Street; there's a chap frae Paisley there, that seems to ken everything."

"I know him, the impudent beggar; I'll put a spoke in his wheel one of these days. Tell me what he said?"

"Oh, faither didn't tell me that; he only said the folk were speakin' aboot you an' me! I kent that already, of course; but I dinna care."

"Faither was very angry when he came hame," she went on when he did not immediately answer; "an' he said it wad be far better for me to marry Alan."

"Well, Nancy, perhaps it would," was the unexpected answer.

"Do you think that, too?" she asked wonderingly, and trying to draw herself a little away.

"For your sake, I do. Nancy, I'm afraid, my dear, we can't go on like this."

(To be continued)

ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

GEORGE.A.PUTNAM, SUPERINTENDENT

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

North Wentworth

THE annual convention of the Women's Institutes of North Wentworth was held in the Township Hall, Waterdown, on Wednesday, June 16th last, morning and evening, two hundred delegates being in attendance. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, bunting and flowers, Mrs. Cornell, Rocton, district president, occupied the chair. The meeting was opened by singing "The Maple Leaf," after which Mrs. Cornell in a short speech expressed the pleasure it gave her to see such a large number of delegates present. She spoke of how to interest young girls in Institute work. Being a member of the Institute, she claimed, would be of vast assistance in home work. She advocated taking up the subjects of "Home Life," and "The School." She deplored the habit so prevalent amongst members of leaving everything to be decided by the president—matters that could easily be settled amongst themselves.

A paper prepared by Mrs. W. G. Drummond and read by Miss Cummings of Milgrove on "Beautifying the Home," showed signs of careful preparation on the part of the writer and contained many useful hints as to the cheapest way this can be accomplished. She denounced the practice of purchasing expensive articles of furniture and advocated the buying of cheaper household furnishing. The children, she stated, should be made fair sharers in the beauties of the home.

Mrs. J. E. McDonough, District Secretary, then read her annual report, which was a very gratifying one and showed a substantial increase in membership and also in amount of funds collected. The Institutes are at the present time in a flourishing condition.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Putnam of Toronto, who was billed for an address, Mr. Farmer, an assistant, was substituted and ably addressed the meeting on "Institute Work." He was glad to be present on such an occasion to address this large and representative audience composed of delegates from the various Institutes. He spoke of the unselfish interest that is being taken by women in home work. Women's Institute mothers, he declared, were for home and country. He also touched on various other subjects of interest to our country, viz.: Science, Invention and Commerce. The true greatness of national life, he claimed, lies in the home. A nation will be great in proportion to the full development of its resources. He spoke of the untiring, unselfish labor given by our mothers and said that a haphazard drifting along will not produce the same results. Mothers have a great ambition for their boys and girls. There is no one so deeply interested in their welfare as mothers. Life lies before the young. The world is advancing rapidly and Institutes afford an easy avenue for mothers and sisters to acquire knowledge that would be of benefit to husbands, brothers and sisters. In concluding he assured his hearers that the opportunity afforded him of addressing this meeting was an exceptional pleasure to him.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Hamilton delivered an able address on "The Sanitarium for Consumptives," and gave a synopsis of what is being done, not only in her home city, but also in Toronto, Gravenhurst and other places towards conquering the white plague. She explained thoroughly the working of Hamilton Sanitarium and spoke of the kindness of Mr. Grafton of Dundas and other friends in furnishing funds to build and equip additional buildings for Hamilton sanitarium, making it one of the most thoroughly up to date on the continent. She also quoted figures to show the large number of patients received at the institution last month, which was over one hundred. She announced that a free dispensary had been opened in the city where the afflicted could be examined by one of the sanitarium staff and receive free treatment.

Miss McMurchie of Harriston, provincial demonstrator, gave a demonstration on "Table Setting and Serving of Meals." Her address was interesting and instructive and contained many useful hints to the heads of homes and others as to the proper manner of setting table and also showed the proper way to place knives, forks and spoons on the table. The serving, she stated, should always be done from the left side. She also gave some useful hints as to the kind and quality of linen to be used for tablecloths, and also in the selection of dishes. Tray cloths and centre pieces should be of white linen. She also advocated the assigning to children the duties of serving meals and the setting of the table. This would relieve parents. True simplicity and beauty in the home are only obtained when sound advice is listened to as to the selection of linen, dishes and other household needs.

Mrs. J. V. McGregor, on behalf of Waterdown Institute, read an address of welcome to the visiting delegates. Mrs. McDonough replied on behalf of the visitors, thanking them for their kindly address of welcome. Mrs. W. A. Ryckman, President of Waterdown Women's Institute, moved a vote of thanks to all who had kindly

A STRING OF SPECKLED TROUT FROM PITCH CREEK

Photograph by Miss Alice Leslie, Hymers

taken part in the programme. This was heartily endorsed by all present.

The evening session was held at eight o'clock in the Township Hall, the meeting being an open one and the hall was filled to the doors. Dr. J. V. McGregor occupied the chair and in his opening address spoke of the good work that is being done by Institutes throughout the country by fostering a spirit of love for home and country amongst the members. The various subjects discussed at the meetings were of vital importance to the home and were interesting and instructive. He introduced the following excellent programme:—

Address by Mrs. Beckwith, Waterdown, on "Heredity and Environment"; Address by Mrs. McMurchie on "Literature in the Home"; a paper by Miss Lindsay, read by Mrs. McDonough, on "Physical Culture"; address by Mr. Farmer, Toronto, on "Institute Work"; address by Mrs. J. C. Madden on "The British Flag and Patriotism." There followed a musical programme, concluding with the National Anthem.

The following district officers were elected for ensuing year:—President, Mrs. W. A. Ryckman, Waterdown; First Vice-President, Mrs. Denham, Rocton; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Thompson, West Flamboro; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. McDonough, Westover.

A cordial invitation was extended by Milgrove Institute to hold the next annual convention there. The invitation was accepted by the convention.

How to Stencil

By DOROTHY FRASER

STENCILING is one of the few fads that is not at all expensive; that is, if one makes one's own designs. To some this may seem impossible, but with a very slight knowledge of the principles of design it is quite easy.

Having chosen a pattern the would-be stenciler must convert it into a design suitable for stenciling. The parts of the design that are to be colored on the material must be cut out, while the remaining parts, called ties, form the stencil itself. The ties, or connections, must be so planned that, when the stencil is cut, only the proper parts will drop out. It is only necessary to draw one complete "repeat" of the pattern.

When the design is planned correctly, transfer it with carbon paper to a piece of tag manilla, which may be bought at any printing office. It is wiser to transfer to the stencil several "repeats" of the pattern. Having first darkened those parts that are to be colored on the fabric, place the manilla paper on a soft drawing-board and with a sharp-pointed knife slowly and carefully cut out these darkened spots. After the cutting is finished wax the stencil thoroughly with a hot iron and ordinary candle wax.

Under the material on the drawing-board, place a thick piece of blotting paper to absorb all extra moisture from the dye. Be careful to lay the stencil straight on the goods and fasten the corners securely with thumb tacks.

Either dyes or tube oil paints may be used. The first come already prepared, in bottles, but the oil paint must be thinned to the consistency of cream, with gasoline or benzine, before using. Before thinning the paint, it is wiser to heat it slightly on blotting-paper so as to absorb the oil. The regular stencil brushes, which are a necessity, may be obtained from any good art store.

Dip the brush lightly into the color and press it nearly dry against blotting paper. One can scarcely use too little color, for a very little too much will invariably run and spoil the design. Holding the stencil close to the goods with the left hand, apply the color to the fabric through the holes in the stencil with firm quick taps. Keep in mind that the fabric must be stained; then you will rub the color in, not paint it on. This is very important. When one section of the design is finished, lift the stencil and lay it down further along the goods, being careful to join the two sections correctly.

When the stenciling is finished, a hard pressing with a hot iron under several thicknesses of damp cloth will add to the appearance of the work, and help to fix the color.

As stenciling on scrim, swiss, or unbleached muslin is both quickly and easily done, it is well to begin on these materials. Most leathers, canvas, denim, crash, and pongee stencil satisfactorily; while all linens, muslins and chambrays may be depended on to give good results.

Chiffon and china silk may be stenciled if a little gum arabic is used with the paint and the material stretched firmly over blotting paper. Following these directions, there is no reason why any woman, possessing good taste in design and color, should not be successful in this most fascinating department of Arts and Crafts.

Continued on page 32

WOMAN IN TENNYSON'S POETRY

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE centenary of Tennyson's birth will be observed in August wherever the English-speaking races are to be found. Other poets of the Nineteenth Century may have surpassed "our English Alfred" in qualities which make for dazzling imagery and psychic revelation, but there is no other English poet of his age who is so near to his own people as the man who wore the Queen's laurels for almost half a century. Tennyson was surely born in a golden age and given a poetic heritage.

No aspect of his work is nobler than that which regards womanhood. If a man's civilization is indicated by his attitude towards the sex which makes the home, then Alfred Tennyson held the rarest ideals of his age. Byron represented woman as a creature, half tiger, half spaniel. He seemed to regard her as either victim or oppressor. Burns, while revealing a nobler self in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," too frequently failed in appreciating the finer and purer qualities of womanhood. Into Wordsworth's poetry woman seldom intrudes, save as a part of that Nature "which never did betray the heart that loved her."

Tennyson, from the Claribel of his first song to Edith Montfort of "The Tourney," is the poet of the fairest and most appealing womanhood. Even his false Amy and frail Guinevere are saved from coarse scorn. The boy who grew up in Somersby Rectory was blessed with the guidance and inspiration of a mother whose simplicity was supreme wisdom. In "Isabel," one of his early poems, is found a description of this ideal woman with "eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright." In these days of feverish and cheap fiction, exploiting the ways and works of the neurotic woman, it is comforting to read such lines as these:

"The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride:
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

In "The Princess" Tennyson dealt most fully with what is called "the woman question." This poem, called by the writer himself a "medley," is not such as would appeal to the modern demander of the suffrage. Here we have revolting womanhood in the half-barbaric princess, who will have none of the love or homage of the prince to whom she was betrothed in childhood, establishing a university from which man was to be utterly excluded. The prince, as we were sure from the first, breaks through the barriers and finally convinces the erring princess that love is the solution of most questions and that "the woman's cause is man's."

Frankly, the Princess Ida is not a lovable woman, either as a preacher of ultra-independence or a sentimental trained nurse looking after the wounded hero, and the reader is disposed to doubt their ultimate happiness. If the story of this poem is somewhat grotesque and the characters unreal and antipathetic, the work itself is so beautifully wrought that we must be glad that woman's increasing share in public matters turned the Tennysonian genius to this subject. The lyrics scattered through the poem are immortal snatches of song, giving in melody the maternal idea which is to save and cherish the "crowning race of humankind."

Again the poet's thoughts turn to his mother of those far-off rectory days and, in justification of his ideal of woman, he exclaims:

"Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
. . . . . Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

TENNYSON'S MEMORIAL, BEACON HILL, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT

Such a tribute has not often been offered by a poet to the woman whose gentle personality has influenced all his thought of her sex. It is no wonder that Tennyson's attitude towards woman, however ridiculed by those who consider the domestic virtues old-fashioned, appeal to the tenderness and reverence which abound beneath the selfishness and cynicism of human nature and made his "Enoch Arden," "Day Dream," and "The Lord of Burleigh" familiar in every household.

Those who would represent Tennyson the poet of an easy optimism, indifferent to the terrible forms of suffering which the deepest emotion may entail, have surely read only a part of his work. Is there in the range of English poetry a more awful poem than "Rizpah," with the forlorn, impassioned cry of the mother, whose boy was hanged, echoing upon the night wind? Tennyson was too much the artist to harp upon the horrible, until sense of its ghastliness was dulled. But he leaves us that masterpiece of woe as a proof that his was no easily-bought faith, that he had come through great tribulation to " the sunnier side of doubt."

In his own exquisite love story we have a poem as gentle as the flowers in his island garden. It must be admitted that a poet is brought face to face with bitter realities when he considers the prosaic responsibilities of everyday house-keeping. Tennyson's love for Emily Sellwood was so unselfish that he shrank from inflicting the hardships of poverty upon one who seemed little fitted to endure them. Their marriage in 1850, when the poet was forty-one and his bride thirty-seven years of age, may not seem romantic to the readers of the "marshmallow school of fiction"; but the account of that quiet wedding in the little English church seems like a bit of the truest plighting between those who verily practised plain living and high thinking. The poet's wife had the same exquisite gentleness which Tennyson had found so restful in his mother's character. Their home life was that of peace and seclusion, "a world of care shut out, a world of love shut in," which, in spite of the vagaries of the "smart set," remains the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon. The fame which finally became the poet's offered by wards never seem to have altered the simplicity of the beautiful home at

SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE, WHERE TENNYSON WAS BORN, AUGUST 6th, 1809

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CABBAGES AND KINGS

By CANADIENNE

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."

TORONTO, during the month of August, is a city of tourists and summer excursionists. Most of its prominent citizens are away across the Atlantic, up in Muskoka and Georgian Bay, or across the border in the Adirondacks. Those who cannot afford to go abroad or afar, remain in Toronto and make the most of Niagara and Centre Island. It is by no means a misfortune to be in Toronto during the month of August. Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa surpass the Capital of Ontario as winter cities; Victoria, British Columbia, is a dream of an English springtime; but during August, September and October, Toronto is a city where life is much more than endurable.

The last week of summer's third month sees the return of brown and belated citizens who tell fish stories by the yard or ton and deplore the necessity of a return to civilization. There is one event, however, which gladdens the departing days of the Toronto summertime—the "Exhibition." In our childhood days it was a tame and provincial affair, which, nevertheless, appeared to our youthful gaze a wonderful and dazzling sight, with its peanuts and purple balloons, to say nothing of pumpkins and pop-corn. It has bloomed into a Canadian National Exhibition, which regards Toronto merely as a part of its stupendous whole and which seeks to attract the competition of the best workers and artists in the Dominion. It goes abroad for pictures and brings the work of Phillip, Leighton, Alma-Tadema and others to the walls of a Canadian art-building, and thousands of visitors who never catch a glimpse of European shores are gladdened and enlightened by the sight of these treasures. Dr. Orr goes up and down and across in the Continent of Europe, gathering whatever loans he may, in the name of scientific workmanship for the extension and elevation of what has become truly a National Exhibition.

THOSE wise and far-seeing citizens who direct this great annual exhibition have shown consummate sagacity in securing for the opening ceremonies a really, truly Celebrity, who has done things or said things in the manner of a Master. Sometimes a common or garden provincial premier does duty for the occasion, or a mere lieutenant-governor; but, as a rule, the Exhibition Directors seize upon a distinguished visitor from the British Isles or the countries of the older civilizations and request that he should press the magic button in full view of fifty thousand or so prosperous and perspiring Canadians. In one golden summer, long ago, they actually secured His Excellency, Li Hung Chiang, who turned the light of his Celestial countenance upon us and said that we, also, are a great people. Last year, Lord Roberts was promised as the chief attraction on opening day and profuse was the rejoicing. All the world loves a fighter, whatever we may say about peace, and "Bobs" of Kandahar, the little red-faced Irishman who spent forty-one years in India in the service of the Empire, would have heard the cheers of his life in Toronto. But fate, or rather the thermometer, willed it otherwise. The weather which made Quebec an oven of affliction during Tercentenary week and turned Montreal into a fiery furnace was too much for "Bobs," who had been able to put up with the torrid extremities of India's coral strand. That worthy warrior turned his back on Our Lady of the Melted Snows and sent a telegram to Toronto expressing his regrets. From the deck of a departing steamer he vowed, while the Gulf breezes cooled his heated brow, that Canada should see him no more, unless he came to unlock the doors of an ice palace in January. Toronto went into mourning for twenty-four hours, the Army and Navy veterans drooped and the Exhibition Directors went out with a lantern in search of another Celebrity

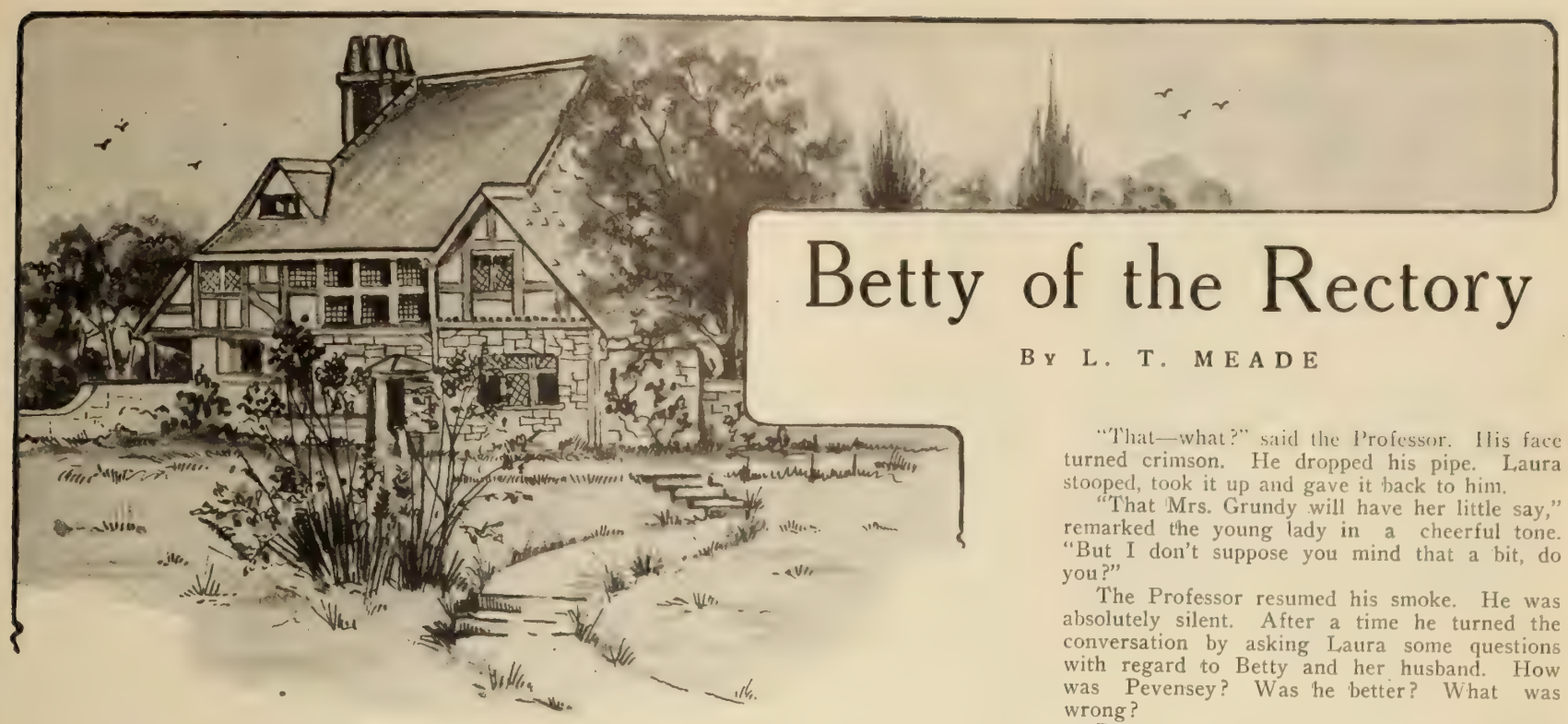
THIS year the glad news has been announced that Lord Charles Beresford is coming to open the Canadian National Exhibition and incidentally to go out to see how Winnipeg is growing and farther West to find out how the Rockies are coming on." "It will be a great day for the Irish," says one ardent Toronto man who was born in the Emerald Isle. The Beresfords are a Hibernian family, with residences in England, Scotland and Ireland. The members of that distinguished family have a wholesome fashion of devoting themselves to whatever career takes their fancy. The late Lord William Beresford, who died some years ago, was a sportsman well known. Lord Marcus Beresford is one of the most accomplished horsemen in the British Isles, while Lord Charles is an admiral of high degree.

Lord Charles Beresford was born in Ireland in 1846 and is, therefore, well over the three score years boundary. He was a cadet on the *Britannia* when he was only thirteen years of age and since those days of early seamanship has proved his valor in many an engagement and has won the nation's public thanks in more than one expedition. He has also been Member of Parliament, his political convictions leaning to the Conservative side. His most famous naval achievement was the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, on which thrilling occasion he was in command of the *Condor*. He is not "spoiling for a fight" by any means and has devoted time to the writing of a book on China, which he visited eleven years ago, on a special mission for the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain. "Condor Charlie," as he was nicknamed after the Alexandria affair, was also thanked by the French Government for going to the rescue of a French vessel in distress, and is the possessor of three medals for saving life. He has brilliant qualities as leader and executive officer, while his gallantry and genial charm have made him the ideal of a popular Admiral. The National Exhibition has a Celebrity, indeed, this time.

NOW that the Quinquennial Congress is over, there are comments from all quarters on the deliberations and discussions of the noble army of delegates. While much good was reported and many worthy causes were represented, it is to be regretted that, during the latter part of the Congress there was a tendency to make violent remarks on questions which are none the better for an airing. In the social and moral reform sections, if the newspaper reports are correct, there was a lack of desirable reserve which hardly made for dignity. In fact, the reader of the columns reporting these sections came to the conclusion that unmentionable subjects should not be mentioned and undiscussable subjects should not be discussed. There is a certain kind of woman who appears to gloat over ghastly tales, and this variety of "reformer" was very much in her element, and was consequently a deadly blight on the proceedings.

If the newspaper men of Toronto were not telling awful fibs, there was one strenuous woman who went so far as to say that she thanked Fate for not having given her a daughter. Had the daughter been a sufferer to the same extent as the speaker, the latter would have shot the man on sight. A thrill passed through the audience as these revealing words were uttered. If any woman arose and made such a public utterance, she made a consummate fool of herself by so doing. Personal woes and grievances are not for public exploitation, and the woman who gives the world to understand that she has been brutally treated by the man who fondly vowed to cherish her, is lowering herself to a painful degree. The women who have suffered most have recognized that silence is the only decorous course of procedure and have refrained from telling the sad story of their wrongs. In fact, no woman who had touched real tragedy and had a soul to realize its force could have been guilty of such absurd hysteria. If a man had arisen in a Congress to intimate that he had been hardly used by a woman in whom he had trusted, what would his fellow men have said? They would probably have groaned or hissed. The cry-baby is a repulsive creature, even when of the female sex. The woman who announces herself as a victim of man's brutality and courts public sympathy ought to be repressed by more discreet delegates. It is a great pity that a few freaks should make any session hideous.

The delegates from Germany and Scandinavia appear to have made the best impression. Mrs. Edwin Gray was unamiable, not to say dictatorial, but her pretty gowns were admired by those over whom she did not attempt to preside. Lady Aberdeen was her usual smiling self and had her own way most of the time. If she would not giggle so frequently, her effectiveness as a presiding officer would be enhanced. The afternoon concerts in Convocation Hall were an admirable feature and the programmes were well arranged. Altogether, there was not a more successful convener than Mrs. George Dickson, who managed the literature section with tact and ability. Miss Agnes Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer were the two Canadians from New York who beguiled the weary hours of one summer afternoon with gentle remonstrance with editor and public, on the subject of the press and the readers thereof.



Betty of the Rectory

By L. T. MEADE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Geoffrey Pevensey, before marrying Betty Ross, has been informed of a distressing family secret, which his bride refuses to hear. They live happily for some time at Hillside Rectory, Dartminster, but, on a visit to Lady Pevensey and her daugher. Laura, Geoffrey becomes deeply depressed and visits Sir Preston Dykes, the great specialist. Betty is told finally by her husband that insanity afflicts the male members of his mother's family, the ailment being preceded by overwhelming fear.

Betty becomes acquainted with Miss Spring, a spinster who has formed an attachment for an unresponsive professor, and both Miss Spring and Professor Power are invited to visit Dartminster. During Betty's absence to attend a sick little sister, Geoffrey yeilds to temptation and takes a heavy dose of a dangerous opiate and, on her return, his wife is alarmed.

Geoffrey recovers and the professor, Miss Hughes, his secretary, and Miss Spring visit the rectory. There occurs an accident at the factory which alarms Betty, and the visitors leave suddenly.

LAURA generally succeeded with what she did because she was never the least afraid either of herself or of what she was about to say. She was frank, outspoken, and infinitely courageous. In consequence of these attributes everyone liked the high-spirited girl. There was not a scrap of affectation about her. Men were at ease in her presence, for she was absolutely free from self-consciousness. Women liked her because she was never jealous of them. Only a few, her mother amongst them, considered Laura a little too mannish; but Laura had not the least idea of departing from her own standard of what she considered right and agreeable for anyone living. When Professor Spring called at her request she accordingly asked him to smoke.

"Oh, not in your drawing-room, my dear Miss Laura," was his remark.

"Yes, if I give you leave," was her reply. "Mums is better, but won't be down for a day or two. Long before she can manage to come downstairs again the little perfume of your fragrant tobacco will have departed. So light a pipe, dear Professor—or have a cigar, just as you please."

The Professor hated cigars, and loved his pipe. He never went anywhere without his pipe, and accordingly, ere long, he felt very nearly as blissful in Lady Pevensey's most elegant drawing-room as he had felt when Miss Spring was wafting him back to the "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doone." Laura watched him for a minute or two, then she said: ,

"You did not smoke, did you, when you were at Miss Spring's to-day?"

He started, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"Why, certainly not!" he answered. "I should not dream of smoking in the presence of a lady, unless, like yourself, my dear Miss Laura, she gave me leave."

"I mean to have a cigarette with you," said Laura.

She took a little box from the mantelpiece, proceeded to light one, and smoked daintily. After another pause, she said:

"I happen to know that Miss Spring detests the smell of tobacco."

"Ah!" said the Professor. He made no further response of any kind, and Laura sat still, enjoying her own little whiff of the fragrant weed. After a time she said:

"I presume you smoke a good deal at home, and that you never consider dear, kind Miss Hughes."

"I!" said the Professor, starting. "But I consider her invariably. She is an excellent creature."

"But you smoke in her presence, don't you?"

"Yes—yes: she—she likes it."

"How lucky for you!" said Laura. "Some ladies can't bear it."

"To tell the truth," said the Professor, moving restlessly in his chair, "I have never consulted her. I have smoked for years when she was by, and she has not complained."

"I am sure she likes it," said Laura, with emphasis. "She is the sort of woman who would. I think I will send her by you a little box of cigarettes. I have some of a very mild sort."

"I don't think she would care for them," said the Professor. "I really feel as if I ought not to finish this pipe, my dear young lady."

"You will be a great goose if you don't, Professor, for I adore the smell, and the nice, cloudy sort of glamour which tobacco smoke makes in a room. The fact is, I am a very mannish girl, and mother doesn't at all appreciate me for it."

"You are a remarkably nice girl," said the Professor. Then he got very red, for it was not his way to pay compliments.

"What a charming woman Miss Spring is!" said Laura, after a pause.

The Professor looked at her with a puzzled expression between his eyes.

"Miss—Spring—*charming?*" he said.

"Yes, don't you find Caroline Spring charming? I should have thought there was no doubt whatever with regard to your view on the matter."

"I like her music very much," said the Professor.

"But she—the lady herself," continued Laura; "you cannot dissociate her from her music, can you?"

"The fact is—I do," said the Professor. "Miss Spring, without her violin, is—"

"What?" asked Laura.

"A lady, my dear Miss Laura, of—well—of —of *uncertain age.*"

Laura laughed.

"And when she plays those ravishing airs?"

"I forget all about her; I only listen to the music."

"That's rather hard on her," said Laura.

"Hard on her! She likes to play for me. I must give her the credit of being exceedingly good-natured."

Laura rose from her seat.

"You are a very blind old man, Professor Power," she said. "Now, why don't you, when you want music, go to Queen's Hall, or some other place where you will hear the finest music in the world?"

"But that's just what I don't want. I hate the finest music in the world. I want the simple lovely airs that Miss Spring renders so divinely."

"All right," said Laura. "You are quite right: she does play beautifully. Nevertheless, please remember that without her music she is a lady—of uncertain age: and—dear Professor —you can't go to see her every day, for you know that people—will—"

"That—what?" said the Professor. His face turned crimson. He dropped his pipe. Laura stooped, took it up and gave it back to him.

"That Mrs. Grundy will have her little say," remarked the young lady in a cheerful tone. "But I don't suppose you mind that a bit, do you?"

The Professor resumed his smoke. He was absolutely silent. After a time he turned the conversation by asking Laura some questions with regard to Betty and her husband. How was Pevensey? Was he better? What was wrong?

But Laura refused to tell him that anything was wrong.

"Things will be right very soon," she answered, and her young face grew grave as she uttered the words.

By-and-by Professor Power got up and made his adieu. He went back to his house in Keppel Street, and, truth to tell, did not go to bed until a late hour that night. On the contrary, he paced up and down his study, deep in meditation.

Mrs. Grundy would have her say! A lady of uncertain age! He must not go to see her every day. People would—would talk, talk—talk—about him!

Before he retired for the night, he wrote a brief letter to Miss Spring.

"Dear Madam,—I thank you for the pleasure I have enjoyed in listening to your divine music, but find it impossible owing to stress of work, to come to see you again."

He thought for a little time of adding the words "for the present," but finally left them out. He signed the letter, "Yours sincerely, James Power."

The next morning, when Miss Hughes arrived on the scene, he said to her, in a casual manner:

"By the way, I have not all these years once asked you if you objected to my constant habit of smoking."

"I love you to smoke," said Miss Hughes.

"Then that is all right. I happened to dine yesterday with young Laura Pevensey. What a fine girl she is; but a little advanced—don't you think?—in her views. She absolutely smoked a tiny cigarette herself, and sent a packet to you through me. There it is."

"Oh, I have a horror of women smoking," said Miss Hughes. "It was very kind of Miss Pevensey, of course, but—"

"By the way, Miss Hughes, you can leave the cigarettes unsmoked. I agree with you; I prefer the lady who does not smoke, but who likes her male companions to indulge in the luxury. I mean to be very busy for some little time, and shall require your services till a later hour for the next week. We will make some difference in the pay, my good soul. Now, not a word. How admirably you suit me, Miss Hughes!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DISTRACTED MOTHER.

Lady Pevensey was quite aware that Laura wanted to say something to her. She was very much afraid of her daughter at these times. There were often moments when grim Fear knocked at the heart of this worldly-minded woman. She could manage most people, but she had never yet been quite able to manage the bright, independent, gay young daughter who was so unlike herself in character.

On the morning after the day when Laura had, as she hoped, arranged matters satisfactorily with Professor Power, she entered her mother's bedroom, desired the maid to go away, and faced her parent.

"I have been down at the Rectory. You know that, don't you?"

"Why, of course, Laura. How can you doubt it? You came back and found your poor old mother ill."

"Yes; but you are quite well enough to hear me now. Geoff is in a most unsatisfactory state. The promise which I made to you I don't intend to keep any longer."

"Laura, you would not make a promise and break it?"

"Under the circumstances—yes," said Laura, in her defiant voice. "You had no right ever to ask me to keep the secret which I obtained from you by a mere accident. Geoffrey shall see the photograph, and read the letter, before many hours are over. Oh, yes, mother, you can bear it: don't tell me that you can't. The thing is killing Geoff, but it shall never kill me. Geoff will be all right when his mind is relieved of an intolerable load. I mean to set his mind at rest, and I am going out now in my motor to wire for them both to come to stay with us for a couple of nights. I will send such a message that Betty will get her husband to come; so prepare for a scene, my dearest mother. You will have a little bit of unpleasantness to go through, but you will be much happier when it is over."

"Laura! Laura!" called out her distracted mother; "you will not play me false? You know quite, quite well that you would never have got that secret but through an accident."

"I keep my word," said Laura. "If you had not done what I know you did before Geoffrey's marriage I should never have troubled about it—there seemed no necessity. But as you acted in the way you did, there is nothing for it now but to tell Geoff and Betty the simple truth. There, mother, I have made up my mind. I will save Geoffrey, come what may."

Laura left the room. Lady Pevensey lay back on her pillows. Her heart was beating fast. What was she to do with such a terrible, such a tempestuous, such a determined daughter?

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

"Geoff," said Betty, early in the afternoon of that same day, "here's a telegram from Laura."

The Rev. Geoffrey Pevensey was in his study. He had fought so far with grim temptation, and had not failed, but each moment the power to abstain from the one thing which gave his tortured mind relief seemed to grow weaker and weaker. The very fact of being more or less occupied with the poor and sugering added to his own mental distress. But for Betty, who walked with him, talked to him, read with him, was always bright, and always apparently happy, he must have succumbed long since.

Now she came briskly forward.

This is from Laura," she said. "Read it."

The message was short. It ran as follows:

"Please come to town by next train. Have something very important to tell you both.—LAURA PEVENSEY."

"We can't possibly go, Betty," said the Rector.

"But why not?" said Betty.

Pevensey mentioned several important engagements which he had for that evening.

"We must think first of my duty here," he said. "It seems no time since I was in town. Whatever happens, I hope I shall never neglect my parish."

"Nevertheless," said Betty, speaking in her quick, earnest way, "I think this telegram ought to be attended to. Laura is the last person to wire for nothing at all. She wants us; and we ought to go."

"Well, darling," said her husband, "you can go."

"No, Geoffrey," she replied. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "I will not leave you alone: you must come with me."

"But there's the choir practice, and the new organist is the reverse of satisfactory, and Mr. Jesson, our fresh curate, is to preach for the first time at evening service. I promised to be present in order to introduce him afterwards to some of the sidesmen. It is very inconvenient. Another day will do. After all, dear, I know Laura better than you do."

"I do wish you would come; I can easily look up a train," she urged. "We can just hear whatever Laura wants to say and return to-morrow morning."

The Rector looked disturbed. He did not want to disappoint his wife, but he wondered why she was so anxious that he should go to London. Just at that moment, while they were debating over the reply to the telegram, there come again the swift and familiar telegraphic knock at the Rectory front door, and Helen entered, bearing two more brown missives on a salver.

"It never rains but it pours," said Betty.

The Rector desired the last telegraph messenger to wait. Helen left the room, and he tore open the brown envelopes. One was from M'Dermot.

"Your sister has met with an accident. Come to London by next train."

The second telegram was from Lady Pevensey.

"Awful trouble. Laura very ill. Come immediately, both of you."

Pevensey looked at Betty. Her face had grown white. She was clinging to the rail of a chair. Now she sank into a seat .

"I have had dreadful dreams of late about Laura," she said. "Oh, Geoffrey, dear, we must give up everything and go."

"Of course we will go," said the Rector. "This alters matters. Get the time-table, Betty. We'll take the first possible train to London."

While Betty was searching for the time-table, the Rector himself answered the two telegrams. He assured M'Dermot, and his mother, that they would be at Lady Pevensey's house that evening. Betty called out the times of the trains.

"If we start in an hour from now we can get to London by ten o'clock to-night," she said.

The messages were despatched, and the Rector went off to make what arrangements he could with regard to his clerical duties. It seemed to him as he walked through the dismal streets of Dartsminster that a change, unexpected, impossible to define, was about to take place, and that the hand of his gay, brilliant young sister was to achieve it. Temptation seemed far off and remote. A new sense of manliness was already inspiring him. He could not help thinking: "Oh, if I could get rid of that intolerable fear, that maddening curse, and devote myself with all my best energies to the work of this great parish." He was not really nervous about Laura, but he now wanted indescribably to be with her.

When he came back to Betty he looked more like himself than she had seen him for a long tim.

"The accident cannot be much," he said, as they were being whirled to town.

Betty said nothing. She did not agree with Geoffrey. M'Dermot would not have wired without due cause. Lady Pevensey's telegram might doubtless be an exaggerated statement, but the surgeon's view of the illness was fraught, to Betty's sensitive heart, with disaster.

"Dear Laura," she kept saying constantly to herself.

It so happened that there had been a long delay in the delivery of the first telegram, consequently all three had reached the Rectory practically at the same time. But neither Pevensey nor his wife knew anything about that.

When, between ten and eleven that night, they arrived at Lady Pevensey's house in Mayfair, the poor lady, who had come downstairs and forgotten her influenza, met them.

"Ah, here you are!" she said, and she took the hand, first of her son, then of her daughter-in-law. "Come in! come in! I knew of course you would come. This is too awful. When I last saw Laura she was well and strong as I have seldom seen her; very obstinate too—but that she always was. O, how mysterious are the dealings of Providence!"

Lady Pevensey's dress was in great disorder. Her hair, generally so beautifully arranged, was untidy. Her face was flushed. Pevensey, who in moments of trouble was always at his best, took his mother's hand and led her into the drawing-room.

"Betty and I have come," he said. "You don't look well yourself."

"Well," said poor Lady Pevensey, bursting into tears, "I have been at death's door: but what can one do when one's own child—one's very *own* child—is—is—dying?"

"Dying, mother!—what can you mean?" said Pevensey.

Betty's face turned very white.

"How can I bear it!" said the poor woman. "I am nearly distracted. Laura would go out in her motor, and of course the horrid thing skidded. The accident took place close to St. George's Hospital, and she was carried there at once. Mr. M'Dermot has been here—you know he is on the staff at St. George's—and told me that she is dreadfully injured. She came to herself almost directly, however, and said that on no account was she to be brought home. She is the very queerest girl. It seems so strange to me that a child of mine should be ill and in hospital."

"But it is the very best place for her," said Pevensey. "Tell me all you can about her quickly, mother. Betty will look after you; but I must go to Laura at once."

"That queer Mr. M'Dermot thinks badly of her," said Lady Pevensey; "not that he has said it in so many words, but I am convinced that he does think very badly of her. I have the very strangest thing of all to tell you now. She has been asking over and over to see you, Geoff, and she also inquired for Betty, but she won't see me—she won't see her own mother. Ill as I was, I went in my brougham to the hospital, but the only reply I got was that the doctors have strictly forbidden her to be excited. You will go to her, late as it is, Geoff. I don't know whether you will be allowed to see her, but if you are admitted, speak to her of her conduct. It is so unnatural of her not to wish to have her own mother with her when she is so alarmingly, so dangerously ill."

"Of course I will do my best, mother," said Pevensey. "Can you get a hansom called for me? It is late, and I ought not to delay."

Betty looked at her husband in wonder. He had looked so ill and worn during the journey, but now his dejection had vanished. There was the most terrible news, and yet that very news had roused him, had caused him to cast off the mantle of intense depression which had rendered his life such a burden. He was once more the stalwart young Briton, the brave, noble, sympathizing priest who had won her young affections. His eyes were bright and steady. In his thought about Laura he had forgotten himself. Betty felt at that moment that she almost blessed Laura for having an accident.

"Had I not better go with you, Geoffrey," she said.

"No, no, my dear! you must remain with me," said Lady Pevensey. "I am weak and ill, and I have been alone all day, and I simply cannot bear things any longer. Geoffrey will go, and if he can he will see the poor child. I suppose he will be allowed to, as she has been calling for him from the first.

As Lady Pevensey spoke, she opened the door of Laura's boudoir. It was not furnished in the young-lady style. It was bare of all attempt at ornamentation, and contained cricket bats, tennis rackets, hockey sticks, and other indications of manly sport.

"You know Laura's character," began Lady Pevensey. "She would have a motor car. How the accident occurred I cannot possibly tell, but it seems that when the car skidded it came in collision with a huge dray, and one of the wheels went over the poor child's body. They say that her spine is injured."

"What?" cried Pevensey.

"They say it is paralysed, and Mr. M'Dermot quite hinted that there was danger." Lady Pevensey's voice shook. "I don't believe it," she continued. "No one as bright and full of life as Laura always is could be in danger. She has just got a bad shock and will get over it in a few days. Besides, the nurse says she is quite cool and collected. Since the first minute or two she has been conscious. That shows that her brain is not affected. Poor child, she was always different from others, and she shows her queerness now in refusing to see me, her mother. But go to her, Geoffrey. You must not mind any odd things she says. You ought not to allow her to speak much; but just persuade her to see me. Tell her, if you like, that I have something important to say to her."

"You understand of course, what this means?" said Geoffrey.

"Oh, now you're beginning to look solemn; you want to frighten me out of my wits," said Lady Pevensey.

"No, I do not," replied her son, sternly; "but you must know the truth. If Laura's spine is paralysed there is no hope of her life. To conceal the truth would be wrong, mother, and I, for one, cannot do it."

Just for an instant his flashing dark eyes met those of Betty.

"I will go to Laura at once," he continued, "and come back and tell you what M'Dermot thinks and what the opinion of the other doctors is. Betty, dear, you had better stay with mother."

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East is East and West is West

Continued from page 11

art was mastered. By the end of their first Canadian winter there were few indeed who were not ready to instruct the native-born in the intricacies of "rocket" or "grape-vine."

If life was pleasant to the young and gay in winter, it became doubly so in the summer when the warships—tiny torpedo boats, dashing cruisers or stately battleships—lay majestically at rest in the great harbor. Then the social gatherings were enlivened by the gay spirits of the younger naval officers—happy to be on shore again, and the mingling of uniforms at those official dances which did not permit of "multi" was brilliant indeed. The trim blue mess jacket, surmounted by a bronzed, clean-shaven, naval face proved a serious rival to its scarlet counterpart and now the social education of the debutante was complete. It was a fine art indeed to distinguish between the different ranks; to realize when gracefully to wave aside the youthful middy as altogether beneath one's dignity, and lift longing eyes to the lofty plane where the great ones dwelt apart—the captains, and dazzling and captivating flag lieutenant, the admiral himself!

The middy—what a combination of extreme youthfulness and self-possessed maturity he was! A rosy-cheeked boy of fourteen or fifteen who is still at his schooi-books, and yet who is capable of deftly handling and directing a boat-load of strapping sailors twice or three times his size and age is bound to develop rather contradictory attributes. To the very young girl he was a fascinating creature, a man of the world, the complete officer and gentleman. Her older sister was apt to regard him as a pert young nuisance. "Prince or no prince," one was heard to exclaim on the appearance of a very youthful scion of royalty with the fleet, "prince or no prince, I will *not* dance with a middy." On the other hand, one serene young gentleman of perhaps sixteen years was heard at the same ball referring in these terms to the admiral's wife: "I don't care if Lady —— *is* offended, I shall not ask her to dance again. She *hops!*"

A dance on a warship—what joy was that! All was thrillingly interesting from the moment when the boats with their natty blue-jackets at the oars and a smart young officer at the tiller swung alongside the wharf and received their eager and laughing passengers to the last note of the National Anthem from the ship's band. There was a fascinating air of novelty about it all; the idea of going to a dance in a boat instead of a cab; the dark, rushing water; the rhythmical beat and throb of the oars. "In bow—weigh enough"—and the boat scraped gently against the great dark mass that loomed overhead. Up the ladder, and there all was bright enough—the white, shining floor, the vast spread of canvas that so tightly screened in the decks, lights and flowers everywhere, and the whole mysterious war engine flung open for one's inspection.

Frequently a foreign ship would appear in port, and there was added to these other joys the mild excitement of attempting to converse in French or German, while the initiated noted the subtle differences in men and ships; all of course to the disparagement of any rivals of the Real Thing—the British Navy.

Things are different now in many ways; the ships make few appearances, the Canadian regular has replaced his British brother and in many aspects Halifax is becoming more like the typical Canadian town. A new business activity seems to have arisen of late, fine bank buildings are rising rapidly and the voice of the contractor is heard in the land, but there is one distinctive feature of life in the old days which still survives, and that is the love of outdoor life. Old and young, gentle and simple rejoice in the keen, cool sea air. Picnics are not relegated to the Sunday School—they may be met with in many forms, from the large yacht or the steam launch carrying a goodly and distinguished company to some congenial spot in one of the charming coves which intersect the sweep of rocky coast, to the more humble rowboat which serves but to accommodate the family and the tea-basket. A favorite spot for picnics in the old days was that picturesque arm of the sea between which and the harbor Halifax lies.

It is now no longer the wild and lonely place one knew fifteen years ago; the few fine old houses on the town side are rapidly being turned into hotels or boating clubs, while the green slopes of the far side are thickly dotted with unlovely summer cottages. The Arm has been discovered.

Halifax was a most "sporting" town as the writer remembers it; games were in full force in summer and in most cases the social element crept in. Tennis and cricket matches, yacht races and regattas—all were the excuse for a pleasant tea party in the open air, but when the autumn came and the really serious game of the year began, things changed. With what ardor did we troop to the football field (ladies were admitted free of charge) and stand on the damp grass, scorning the more comfortable but remoter shelter of the grand stand, that we might the better behold and cheer the doughty deeds of our favorites. The Athletic Club and the University (bitterest of friendly foes), the Army and the Navy all contributed teams. Elderly ladies vied with the youngest of their sons in enthusiasm and the final game which decided the championship was played amid a scene of frantic excitement which needs the presence of several hundred strong-lunged undergraduates to be reproduced in more sophisticated surroundings.

SAILING IN THE AUGUST DAYS

Even though the old social order (never over friendly to the stranger) has changed, this old-world city is still worth a visit to those who love the sea and the pine woods. The days of the old West India trade have long departed and modern commerce has not yet completely caught the province in its mad rush, but there are other claims on one's interest in a strongly fortified city always ready for the possible foe. Has not Rudyard Kipling immortalized Halifax in his "Song of the English"? What though the jealous citizen of St. John in the age-long rivalry as to climatic conditions may refer jeeringly to the fact that out of a verse of four lines three make mention of the fog? The Haligonian calmly waves this aside as an ebullition of impotent jealousy and continues to murmur lovingly:

"Into the mist my guardian prows put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie.
The Warden of the Honor of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I!"

FALLS OF SALMONIER, NEWFOUNDLAND, A GREAT RESORT FOR FISHERMEN

Regatta Day at St. John's

Continued from page 12

ted arms, and the youthful confident faces of the rowers as the glide by. One's heart is with the men of Torbay, the bridegroom crew, and with the four fine young wives who cluster on the wharf with folded arms and tense faces. When this race begins, silence settles on the multitude. There is no hilarious whooping, no facetious remark. This race is not among crews gotten together under the flags of rival storekeepers; this is a matter of the very heart and pride of the country, the sons of its nestling ports, the essence of Newfoundland! They plough evenly through the water, rousing its quiet surface in mighty furrows. No need for a piping landsman to squeal a command to bend to it. Everyone is in it for his complete worth from the first time the blades cleave the water! And oh! Torbay isn't first, some upstart crew from along shore that no one cares about but a few men and women who watch it breathlessly, is leading. A bride of Torbay, fair-haired, bare-headed, turns eyes swimming in tears to her sister brides; they do not see her, if they did, they'd give her a ding of the tongue that would bring her color back. They watch the boats in rapt attention, past the turn with Torbay third! The tears roll down the pale girl's cheeks, her lips move and her fingers seek a little cross that hangs about her neck. One of the brides drags her eyes from the boats to glance at her and quickly passes an arm about her, and nudges the next bride. They close about her, but they watch the boats, and suddenly, along the far hillside there comes a murmur, a call, a terrible roar of excitement and joy and the hills take it up and one hears only one word, "Torbay! Torbay!" for like a mighty Leviathan the Torbay boat has plunged ahead, stroke by stroke she is gaining, the men of Logy Bay and of some cove that nobody cares about, but that little dancing frantic group who are screaming their futile encouragements, are second and third. At—h—h! The pistol cracks, it's over, and the best men have won! Then, to see the brides of Torbay on the very edge of the wharf, their red cheeks and flashing eyes, and stirring uncovered heads, their outstretched arms and laughing lips, and the way they gathered their bridegrooms in and hugged them and the shouts and cheers and wild delight, and the glowing smile on the face of the good priest and his sporting remark: "Well, that was a fine race!" and oh, dear, how can one ever bear to miss Regatta Day in St. John's, Newfoundland.

* * *

Canadians who can take a maritime holiday have become decidedly fond of a trip to the eastern island, whose sturdy folk are so sympathetically depicted in the above description of the joys of Regatta Day. Whether the political constitution of Newfoundland will ever change to that of a province in the Dominion of Canada is a question which does not vex the soul of the tourist—who is too happy in this paradise of streams and the pools beloved of the angler, to ponder the subject of Newfoundland's political future. Norman Duncan has done more, perhaps, in "The Way of the Sea" and "Dr. Luke" than any other Canadian writer of fiction to familiarize the readers of this continent with scenes of Newfoundland life. J. G.

Wanted: A Beauty Combine

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[illegible] the buildings belonging to Mr. Wood [no longer a resident] formerly used for a stocking factory, would make another; delightful [illegible] green grass and running [illegible] in close. Flowers and climbs could soon be added to their attractions. The old tannery—now the property of Mr. Taylor—could be made a [illegible] a dream of loveliness in spite of its present abominable surroundings. With little difficulty water could be turned on in the [illegible] again; water lilies could be grown in the old [illegible] pits, cardinal flowers in the drain [illegible] to the stream; the tenderest and earliest of spring blossoms would grow in the sheltered dell at the back of the house; the views from the blurred and filthy windows are superb and extensive. If let on building leases—life leases—all the places I have mentioned might return to the owners, or the heirs of the present proprietors, beautiful and valuable property, which are now wasted material and unsightly objects, growing more worthless every year.

If only some enterprising committee would buy out Mr. Harvey's long lease and erect a handsome, commodious building for a music hall and assembly rooms on the great excavation he has made, where once the finest rock in Rockwood stood, and save the caves and Devil's Well and Fairy Dell thereby; if only the temperance folk who talk and talk of an evil which nobody disputes, were in dead earnest and would act; if only they could see both sides of the question and were therefore willing to pay a fair price to the tavern keepers for shutting up, selling their property and decamping. If they would renovate, improve and adorn those buildings for temperance hotels, and study the art—here unknown—of making really good tea, coffee and cocoa, they would make a mighty stride towards advancing the prosperity of the place.

If only some benevolent creature would give a good microscope to the public school and another to the library. (I should think Mr. Hill the millionaire, might do as much for the town where he was born and bred, though he does call himself an American citizen.) Sir John Lubbock has said truly that "the little faults of life, and some of the greater sins, are the result of dullness. Education should be so arranged as to make dullness impossible, and make life interesting and happy."

Missionaries have been sent from Rockwood to teach the heathen. Why not have a home missionary, whose business it should be to devote at least half a day every week to interesting and helping the children, especially the boys (for the girls seem to have more resources within themselves); the boys who stone robins, rob birds' nests and hen roosts, pilfer their neighbor's gardens and smoke cigarettes, should have nobler ideals and ambitions placed within their reach. They are quick and clever enough to enjoy the wonders of the microscope, to learn the use of a kodak; to find fun in a long ramble with older folks in woods and fields; eat lunch under a tree, pick berries and sing songs and hymns as they returned home in the evening. Poor boys, wicked because dull, with no healthy scope for their energy.

If only the Women's Auxiliary of St. John's Church made up their minds to beautify and improve that bonnie mound upon which it stands, their unappreciated property; if they would buy or beg a root or two of Boston ivy for the building, have the churchyard levelled, purchase a lawn mower to help keep it in good order, have the tombstones straightened, the old railings removed; get trailing white roses for the banks, hand rails for the church steps; two handsome lamps for the front gate, and one for the porch, and erect a parish house in the corner of the lot for school feasts and church meetings, they would do well, and this, if they only could be brought to think so, is within their power.

Some objecters may say: "Where is the money to come from for all these projects? You are dreaming aloud, talking nonsense."

To these I reply: Did you ever know a lack of money for war, for gambling, for races, for betting, for tobacco, for chewing gum, for billiards, for the game of bridge? It is always forthcoming. Why should it be impossible to raise it for better purposes? Let us not imitate the short-sightedness and stupidity of Saint Philip, when he said that "two hundred pennyworth of bread would not be sufficient" to feed the multitude, forgetting "the Lord and Giver of life" and all good things, who was at his elbow, it may be, looking into his very face. If we are out for good, the Lord is with us, as surely as He is against us if we are up for evil. Begin a good work, and you will find the lion in the path chained and many a helping hand held out. With energy and unity Rockwood might indeed be the Town Beautiful; with lawlessness, vandalism, and persistent slipshod indifference, villages with far fewer natural advantages will pass us on the way.

The good of a town is a subject which should interest every man, woman and child living in it; the good of Rockwood ought to interest every lover of the beautiful. I have spoken.

THE PICTURESQUE RURAL ROAD TO HARRIS MILL

A Canadian Girl Through English Spectacles

Continued from page 14

carefully guarded against, and when the time comes for the debutante to make her bow and emerge into the full blaze of the London season, she is as finished a product of commercialism as the world can produce. With exceptions, and they are rare, from henceforth her aim in life is to catch what to her seems the biggest fish, money being the *"sine qua non,"* with social position if possible. The latter is, however, by no means essential, as a good bank balance covers more sins nowadays than any number of quarterings to one's escutcheon. The result of this system is manifested in the enormous and increasing number of couples who have to find relief in the Divorce Court—and yet the girl who wants to marry where her heart directs is still looked on as little short of a lunatic.

Now in Canada the Englishman breathes purer air. He is at once struck by the freedom of choice allowed the girl and the length of engagements supports the supposition that the man is given a chance to prove himself and make a home for his mate, and, be it added, he seldom fails. As a result, unhappy marriages are the exception and not the rule and the girl wife intuitively understands that she can be a help to her husband or even to her fiancee, that her influence can appreciably mould his future for the benefit of their joint interest, and that the part in life she has to play is an active one and not the passive role assigned to the English wife, who in many cases degenerates into a mere plaything.

Naturally, the aspiring Canadian father and mother is not unknown, who would barter away their daughter's happiness if they could for the sake of imaginary social advancement, but the constitution of family life appears such, that the girl invariably resists against such pressure and her strong resentment generally carries the day. The Canadian girl is "par excellence" a companion and a comrade, while the fact that a leisured class is practically unknown in the Dominion and that all heads of families, no matter how successful they may have been in business, continue to play an active part in the concerns with which they are connected, familiarizes her with business conditions renders her level-headed, and imbues her with a solid spirit of working common sense. Naturally she lacks some of the *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* that one associates with the product of the London drawing-room, but her adaptability is such that she quickly acquires these characteristics should occasion necessitate, and withal by her manifest sincerity disarms adverse criticism and equally avoids the pitfalls of gaucherie.

Learning to do without is an exercise she habitually practises, consequently she is unable to understand the peculiar frame of mind which argues that since it is impossible to outshine one's neighbor in splendor and lavishness of entertainment, it is better not to entertain at all, or else necessary to spend far more than one's means justify. In other words she is undoubtedly a better poor man's wife than the English girl.

There are still rural nooks in the Old Country where life rolls along in the same way that it has for the last hundred years, where amid the quiet of the woods and the meadows sincerity of heart and singleness of purpose still find place, and where the welcoming bells of the village church send a message to bride and groom of love and happiness and home. But amidst the noise and bustle of modern society life in England there is no time and no thought for such things, marriage merely means the cementing of a social position that other wise was in jeopardy or the alliance of two parties by reason of advisability or necessity; the result is already becoming apparent in the rapid decay of home life, which is undeniably responsible for a great proportion of the present domestic difficulties that menace English families. The daughter of a nation in turn becomes the mother of its sons and for that cause, if for no other, Canada can regard her future destiny with complacency.

A Suffragette Utopia

THERE is a small village in Wales which is the Utopia of the suffragettes and which figures largely in their arguments at the present time. It is Llangwm, a little oyster town on an estuary of the great harbor of Milford Haven.

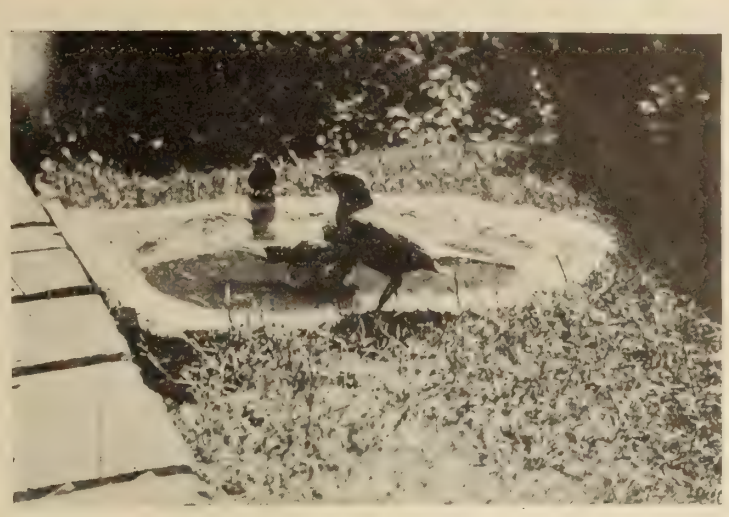
When you speak of Llangwm you mean the Llangwm woman. It is she who goes out oyster fishing. It is she who, quaintly dressed in short homespun skirt, felt hat, and red shawl and with a donkey pannier, goes about the countryside selling fish and oysters, and it is she who holds the purse and dresses the family.

She holds her superior position by physical force. She is a match for a college oarsman in points, a waterman in strength, and any fisherman around the coasts of four nations in undauntedness in a high sea or in net handling. Mentally she is up to the times.

In politics these women are Liberals. Their lives are severe and Spartan. Their religion is of the same breed as Cromwell's Ironsides.

The Llangwm man is somewhere in the background. He is a domestic animal. He has not even a claim to his own name. He is "Mary Palmer's man" or "Bessie Llewellin's son." There is no exasperatingly offhand talk of the "missus" or the "wife," as among the Englishmen of the same position in life. The lot of Llangwm men is not altogether happy, though he is a well domesticated animal.

FOR THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS



A Bath for Birds*

Being the Account of a Unique Benefaction

By KATHERINE HALE

IT is only a pocket handkerchief of a garden, set in an unpretentious side street of Toronto: area usually relegated by householders to lines of flapping linen, and the ancient honorable ash barrel. And when my hostess asked if I had seen the "Birds' Bath" in her garden, I pictured a generous tin tub on a chair.

We had been talking nature talk, and wondering how much is done—and left undone—by Societies for the promulgation of love for animals; and I knew that the tin tub of my little hostess would be a large one.

"One can't do very much for the birds," she said, " in comparison for all they do for us, still we have taken a little trouble, in a way which our friends think is unique, to give them their morning plunge."

We went through a tiny kitchen and out into a garden. A garden in truth, my dears, albeit there are no lawns, or terraces, or fountains, or tennis courts, or any proper approach of avenue and shady walk. A tiny home of vines and flowers, this little place holds that hint of "sanctuary" without which no verdant appendage is ever really a garden. Here is a vine-hung trellis and flowers in their season—it was hyacinth time when I saw it—and, withal, a sense of escape from the world outside.

And just beside the little centre path is the "Birds' Bath." Talk about sunken gardens, and artificial lakes! I defy your most expensive landscape-gardener to contrive anything half so happy and appealing.

We saw an oval cement basin, large enough to appear quite lake-like to a private party of, say, three robins; small enough to seem well gardened by the tall upstanding blades of summer grass. Sunk in the green of the tiny spot one could easily come to a sense of bird perspective, and imagine the supreme joy of an early dip in this clear brown pool; the thrilling mirth of it, if you are a robin, and can sing back the rapture of cold water and green grass and hyacinthian hues, and the comfortable perking assurance, if you are just a common street sparrow and quite accustomed to garbage barrels, that, somehow, a bit of heaven has dropped down into a little friendly garden —all for you.

"You should see how they love it!" said an eager hostess. "It's been here long enough for them to know about it now, and they tell all their friends, so we really have hosts of robins all summer—and sparrows, of course—and often other rarer kinds of birds drop down too and have a bath. When robins take a dip there is usually a glorious splash in the centre, which amuses the sparrows immensely, for they often stand around the edge as near as they can when the robins are in."

"But please tell me how you ever made it?"

"You can see that the material is just Portland cement and sand. But we only used earth out of the garden, not having pure sand, so that the winter frosts usually make a little repairing necessary in the spring; but as the cement may be purchased by the single pound, this is not a matter of much consequence. Then we will fill it with fresh water, of course, and this must be renewed once a week, and the bath swept out with a broom. But that is very little trouble, and one pail of water is enough. If the birds have as much joy out of it as we do, we are well repaid."

Yes, surely one is well repaid for being "good" to birds.

As I looked down into that little pool, made out of the divine thought of humans for the "little brown brothers," words of Emily Dickenson's came back to me:—

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain,
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

*This article appears by the kind permission of Mr. H. S. Saunders, 21 Harbord Street, Toronto, who is the maker and owner of this Birds' Bath. He does not claim originality, as his brother, Mr. Saunders, of London, Ont., has had one in his garden for years. Mr. Saunders will be glad to show the Birds' Bath to any who may be desirous of making one in their own garden.

The Shadow Hour

By VIRNA SHEARD

Just when the day turns into night, before we have our tea,
All in a bunch we sit and talk, Jacky and Bob and me,
And the nursery is as quiet as ever it can be.

The fire sometimes burns up high, and then it burns down low,
Across the floor soft shadows flit, like dancers to and fro,
Or else they stand as still as still and watch you—in a row.

Then all the toys and chairs and things melt out of sight or change;
Our old grey flannel camel grows so big and wild and strange,
The shade of him upon the wall is like a mountain range.

And Polly in his new brass cage, so shiny and so grand,
Talks to himself some language we cannot understand,
Bob says he must have learned it in a very foreign land.

Mazeppa—she's a rocking horse, and such a tame old dear—
At twilight gets quite frisky, for her eyes turn red and queer,
And she seems as though she wanted to prance about and rear.

Then Bob tells goblin stories in a shivery, creepy tone—
The wind goes past the windows with a sort of awful groan,
Till I wonder how I'll ever go off to bed—alone.

Queer sounds come from the cupboard—Bob says "they're only mice,
He wouldn't be as 'fraid as me no, not for any price——"
But I know he don't enjoy them or think they're very nice;

For he always starts to whistle—and Jack holds tight to me—
And then—— Oh, then our mother comes, and nurse brings in the tea,
The lamps are lit, and everything is jolly, don't you see.

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

PRETTY SUMMER FROCKS.

THE late summer will see a great many attractive frocks but none that are prettier than the two illustrated. The sailor, or middy, model worn by the older girl is one of the most fashionable that the season has brought forth. It is smart and practical and youthful and it can be utilized for a great many different materials. White serge with trimming of blue makes the dress illustrated, but linèn, poplin, and all materials of the sort are quite as appropriate. The blouse can be worn loose or tucked into a belt as liked. The shield is separate and can be worn or omitted as occasion requires, and the skirt can be either plaited or gathered.

For the twelve year size will be required 6¼ yards of material 27, 5 yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 2¼ yards of banding. The pattern 6374 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

The little child's frock is made in the favorite bishop style with the yoke that can be cut as illustrated or high, and finished with the standing collar and with either short or long sleeves. White lawn with embroidery worked onto the material of the yoke makes this dress, but the same model can be utilized for the more sturdy chambrays and ginghams, for the Dresden dimity that is such a favorite, and, indeed, for all childish materials.

For the four year size will be required 3¼ yards of material 24, 2 yards 32 or 44 inches wide. The pattern 6367 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

* * *

SUMMER SUITS.

SELDOM have the fashions for summer been prettier than they are this year, says the *Girl's Realm*. The new materials, as well as the new millinery, gave plenty of opportunities for wearing dainty and charming things, including numbers of prettily patterned floral muslins and delaines; cool linens in very delicate colorings; and the most picturesque of rose-wreathed hats, tied under the chin with soft satin ribbons.

The vogue for white frocks of every sort and kind shows no sign of abatement, a fact which should be of special interest to girls to whom white dresses are always infinitely more becoming than any frocks in colors can ever be. Fine white serges for the cooler days, with white embroidered muslins and lace-trimmed lawns for smart occasions, will hold their own triumphantly again this season, although, of course, in the case of those who live in big cities and are compelled to study economy, the constant wearing of white is an extravagance which should not be encouraged.

Numbers of very becoming colors, however, offer themselves as substitutes for these dainty white frocks, while for really hard wear, even during the summer months, there is nothing better than our old friend, navy-blue serge. Coats and skirts in this time-honored and always becoming fabric can be worn even in the warmest weather with batiste or zephyr blouses, while for the holidays the navy serge "jumper" suits are the most desirable of all costumes for girls of almost any age, as they can be so easily slipped on and worn with widely different kinds of blouses, according to the occasion for which they are required.

Pattern No. 6374 Pattern No. 6367

Blouse Pattern No. 6369
Skirt Pattern No. 6290

* * *

A FASHIONABLE FOULARD.

FOULARDS are being made in very simple style this season, and this one is useful and practical at the same time that it is smart. The slightly high waisted skirt does away with the necessity for a belt. The blouse is closed at the front and can be worn either with or without a chemisette, also it allows a choice of three-quarter or long sleeves. In this case the Dutch collar is of embroidered muslin, but one of the ready-made ones of laces would be handsome, or collar and cuffs could be embroidered by hand if preferred. For immediate wear nothing better than the foulard could be suggested, but the same model can be counted upon as correct for the coming season, when it will be appropriate for cashmere and similar light weight wools.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7⅛ yards 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 44 for walking length; 7¾ yards 24, 6⅞ yards 32 or 44 for round length when material has figure or nap; 5½ yards 44 for round, 5 yards for walking length when material has neither figure nor nap; width of skirt at lower edge, 4½ yards.

The blouse pattern 6369 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6290 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

* * *

THE FAVORITE MESSALINE.

MESSALINE is being extensively used for the dressy gowns of the summer, and this one is graceful and attractive yet simple. It includes the new skirt that gives the panel effect, combined with an exceptionally pretty blouse. In this case the two are joined to make a semi-princesse gown, but they can be finished separately if preferred. The blouse is tucked becomingly and the skirt, with its fitted portions, means grace as well as comfort. For immediate wear messaline, foulard, pongee and the like are favorite materials, but for the incoming season the model will be available for cashmere and all materials of a similar sort, while again the skirt can be made from heavier material and the blouse from lighter.

For the medium size will be required for the blouse 4½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8 yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 15 yards of banding for trimming the entire gown.

The blouse pattern 6375 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

FASHIONABLE MUSLIN GOWNS.

MUSLIN is always a dainty and lovely material and this season pale colors as well as white are having great vogue. In the illustrations

Blouse Pattern No. 6375
Skirt Pattern No. 6362

are two gowns, one made of plain pink muslin trimmed with embroidery and lace, the other made of embroidered white batiste with chemisette of tucking and banding of lace.

The gown to the left combines a pretty blouse with the favorite flounce skirt, and the two are joined in semi-princesse style. They are separate garments, however, and can be finished separate whenever preferred. The blouse includes the new sleeves that are tucked at the wrists and slightly full at the shoulders, and the model will be found appropriate for all materials that can be made in lingerie style, the thin messalines, crepe de chine and the like of the incoming season as well as the materials of the present.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4½ yards of material 24, 2¼ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with ⅞ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, 1½ yards of wide 6½ yards of narrow banding; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, 5¼ yards 32 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide with 7⅜ yards of wide, 14¾ yards of narrow banding. The blouse pattern 6382 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5957 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is in true princesse style tucked over the hips to give a girdle effect and finished with a gathered flounce that is cut in points at its upper edge. The lines all tend to give a slender, graceful effect, and the gown is altogether an exceptionally desirable one.

For the medium size will be required 14 yards of material 21 or 24, 8½ yards 32 or 7½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of tucking, 21 yards of insertion, 3½ yards of edging. The pattern 6377 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

SMART SUMMER COSTUMES

THE costumes of the late summer are exceedingly smart, showing equal favor for the princesse and the one worn with a transparent coat. Here are two, both of which can be utilized for any seasonable material.

The gown to the left shows ramie linen with trimming of soutache braid, and is chic in the extreme. There is the elongated hip line at the sides that is so well liked just now, and there are the unbroken panels at the front and back which give an effect of slenderness. The closing is made invisibly at the back, and the same dress will be just as smart for the autumn as for the summer, when it will be made from cashmere or from satin cloth and from all similar materials.

For the medium size will be required 10 yards of material 24, 7 yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide, 5 yards 52. The pattern 6379 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the embroidery patterns, 411, 381 and 419 are cut in one size only.

The second gown combines a skirt of white lawn with blouse that is made of embroidered flouncing and tucking and coat of all-over embroidery. The coat is of the loose fitting, sleeveless, transparent sort that is so popular just now, and the skirt shows the very latest model, with the full length front panel and side portions, to which a plaited flounce is attached. The flounce is straight and consequently the skirt is peculiarly well adapted to bordered materials and to flouncing, although it can be utilized for all sorts, as trimming can be arranged over its edges. The whole costume illustrated is dainty and summer-like in the extreme as well as fashionable, but it could be varied in many ways. The coat could be of lace or of soutached net or of any similar material, and a little later the design can be utilized for veiling, cashmere or some similar materials.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 5¼ yards of flouncing 15 inches wide with 1¼ yards of tucking, or 2⅞ yards of plain material 24, 1⅞ yards 32 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of tucking for the chemisette; for the skirt 8 yards 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 44; for the coat 4¾ yards 18 with 9 yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6336 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6381 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and the skirt pattern 6380 is cut in three sizes, small, medium, and large.

Pattern No. 6379

Blouse Pattern No. 6336
Skirt Pattern No. 6381
Skirt Pattern No. 6380

Blouse Pattern No. 6382
Skirt Pattern No. 5957

Pattern No. 6377

* * *

WHEN MAKING A SKIRT.

Take the measurement around the smallest part of the waist and the largest part of the hips. Choose a pattern in which both hip and waist measurements are correct, if possible, or take one which is slightly too large. Never, on any account, use a pattern in which the measurements are too small.

Lay the pattern on an old, well-fitting skirt, and calculate from its difference to the skirt how much lengthening or shortening will be needed. Cut the pattern in two at about the line of the knees, and either remove the required number of inches, or insert a strip of paper of the desired width, pasting or pinning the halves of the pattern on to it. If you are in haste, you may lengthen a plain skirt by adding a piece on at the bottom; but no frilled or flounced skirt can be lengthened in this way. A skirt must never be shortened from the bottom, or the full hem will be taken away, and the part remaining will look poor and skimpy.

Be careful not to drag the material when pinning the pattern on to it. Leave good turnings, allowing for the fact that material is likely to fray out a little at the edge as you sew it.

After you have cut out the material put into each gore any pleats, tucks, etc., that may be marked on the pattern, tacking them lightly or securing them with pins. If lines of braiding or stitching are marked on the pattern, draw them on the material with dressmakers' chalk.

Pin the gores evenly together at the waist-line; pin them again at the hips, and again at the foot. Tack them about three-quarters of an inch from the edge of the material. Join the back seam to the point where the placket opening is marked; and if the skirt is an unlined one tack a piece of strong tape into the seam, to prevent the material from being pulled out of shape.

If you find too much fullness in any part, open the seams and remove it. Be careful not to draw the skirt too tightly about your hips, or it will form unbecoming crinkles when you sit down.

Stitch the seams; overcast, and arm seam accordingly. Compare the ing an iron on your skirt. The more you press it (from the wrong side), the better it will look.

THE OPINIONS OF MARY

MARY AND MARRIAGE

By ALICE ASHWORTH TOWNLEY

(This chapter is reproduced by permission of William Briggs, Publisher, from that delightful book, "The Opinions of Mary.")

MARY was giving me her latest views regarding matrimony yesterday. It's a theme she rather likes to dwell upon occasionally, and one that is always interesting to me, for Mary rarely repeats herself. An opinion held by her to-day is apt to be so changed by circumstances or feelings, or some incomprehensible rearrangement of her thoughts, that when she brings it out the day after to-morrow it is a perfect stranger to you and you have the novelty of meeting a new acquaintance. Not a week ago she admitted to me, after spending a day with young Mrs. Coings, that after all she believed it was "rather nice to be married and have a pretty home and a darling little baby and some man to love you that thought you were just about perfect." She said that although people said and wrote such dreadful things nowadays, she felt sure there were plenty good and true men in the world—like Edward Coings, for instance—though, of course, he was not quite to her taste, though he made Eva a good husband; and if somebody she loved awfully well asked her to marry him, she thought perhaps she would, and risk it.

"You know it's an ignoble fate, after all, to be an old maid. People always think you never had a chance to get married, and even some careworn woman with nine children and a drunken husband will say of you, with condescending pity, 'Ah, poor thing! she's an old maid.'"

I agreed with her that the position of being an "unappropriated blessing" certainly had its disadvantages.

"Yes," went on the convert, "it's all very well while you're young and pretty and get all the attention you wish; but by and by, no doubt, when you get tired of going here and there, and you see all the other girls married, it must give one a doleful sort of feeling, don't you think?" and an expression that augured well for the hopes of the ornament of one of the branches of a certain bank dawned in Mary's pensive eyes. And this was only three days ago, remember.

Yesterday she came to inform me that her opinions regarding the wedded state had undergone an entire change.

She said that in her mind marriage was "nothing but slavery," and assured me that no possible consideration could ever induce her to enter its despicable bonds. Men were "mean, detestable tyrants," and so on. I won't go over it all, Mary gets rather carried away by her subject sometimes. Suffice it that I gathered that the hopes of the ornament of that certain bank might be doomed to disappointment should the views of her upon whom they were fixed not alter considerably. I felt sorry for the ornament; he's a youth I take an interest in.

"And what may be the reason for this change of front, this tirade against miserable, monstrous, contemptible man to which you are treating me?" inquired I, presently.

"I stayed to dinner at Mrs. Smith's last night," responded my friend, with gloomy terseness.

"Oh," said I, vaguely, not quite seeing the point of her reply, and then—a bit irritated by her continued silence—"they must have given you something uncommonly bad for dinner!"

"Thank goodness, I don't care what I have to eat—and the meal was good enough—though Mr. Smith found all sorts of fault with things. He's a perfect crank, that man; dictatorial, domineering, grumpy. We are all very intimate, you know, so he didn't trouble to put on his best company manners for my benefit. When he came in he scolded because the house was too warm—said it was 'funny how all women liked to cook themselves.' When she opened a window, complained that the draught was 'enough to blow the hair off one's head.' Made an awful row because some paper he thought he had left in a certain place wasn't there—said she 'must have let the children tear it up'—and afterwards found it in another pocket. She brought his slippers and ran around at his call like a little dog, and he took it all as a matter of course. But it was at dinner that he really outshone himself. The soup was cold and the joint overdone. 'Why did she always have potatoes cooked the one way?' and 'What kind of sauce was that on the cauliflower?' (The sauce was rather lumpy, but what about it?) It was 'strange she couldn't remember that he didn't like lemon flavoring in a pudding,' and 'if that was the best coffee the cook could make she ought to be given her walking-ticket.' It sounded so small to hear a great man making such a fuss over his food!"

I had to admit that Mr. Smith's conversational efforts, as reported by Mary, were not very edifying. "Perhaps the dinner *was* bad," I suggested. "I've some sympathy with a man at the mercy of a conscienceless cook."

"Not a bit of it! Things were very fair; but men are such greedy animals—always thinking about what they'd like to eat or drink; and they are cross and selfish, and I don't want to have anything to do with them; and an old maid has a snap compared with the lot of the ordinary married woman."

And not giving me time to bring forward anything in reply—which, having the happiness of the ornament at heart, I might have essayed—she was gone.

Mary has a little way of doing that. If she makes any rash statements which she sees you about to disprove, or suddenly finds herself on untenable ground, what does she do? Stay and let you show her where she is wrong? Not she! Off she is, like a flash. That's one trait I don't altogether like in Mary.

Whether it is better to marry or to remain single is a matter I have no desire to discuss. I don't say I have no views on the subject—but if I have they are not for publication. So many people eagerly air their various experiences, so much valuable advice is graciously given, such quantities of excellent argument pro and con, such exhaustive dissertations are brought to bear upon this ever-timely topic, that the world can well get on without further light on the subject. The more so as not one creature in a hundred avails himself of the riches of all this fund of wisdom and advice, but, barren of all but his own inclination, makes his choice as it may seem good to him.

It is more on the subject of dinner—dinner as an ever-present danger in the household, the rock upon which countless numbers of matrimonial barques are wrecked, the trapdoor of happiness, the bell that wakes one from one's dreams, the man at the door with a bill, the thief in the night, the snake in the grass, the big drum in domestic discord—that I have a few words to say.

Mary was to a certain extent correct when she stigmatized man as a greedy creature, concerned about what he shall eat—he may not be unduly concerned, but to the best of men dinner is a matter of vital importance. There is also something in what she said about women not caring what is set before them.

It is generally conceded that the matter of dining is of much less moment to the gentler sex than it is to the lords of creation. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and it may be that constant association with things eatable in their crude and unfinished state, knowledge of the necessary preliminaries, a weary disgust for the never-ending round of preparation, robs one of that fine respect and admiration for a culinary success that is displayed by the man to whom it is introduced in its finished perfection.

Does the humorist laugh over the effort of his own brain? It is the public to whom it is dished that thoroughly enjoy his *bon-mot*. He may know it is good and take a certain pride in his production, but where is the delicate flavor, the pungency, that charms those to whom it is served? He is so tired combining his materials—cutting, paring, weighing, spicing, boiling it down and beating it into shape, as it were, that he has no relish for it and would just as soon read anything else. Who would write jokes for his own delectation? Is it strange that woman would just as soon sit down to bread and jam and a cup of tea as cook for herself—or even order an elaborate spread?

But let her not fancy that such fare will fill her husband's soul with contentment. Be wise, wife of his bosom! He may love you devotedly, but be careful what you feed him on.

Think of our first parents. What made trouble in the garden of Eden? Something Eve gave Adam to eat. And down through the ages the wrongdoing of the first woman has followed her daughters through countless generations, and to-day the latest man complains of his wife bitterly, as did the first, that she gives him to eat of the things that he shouldn't taste.

If man selected his wife for the excellence of her domestic virtues and her certified ability to construct good cakes and pies, instead of choosing her for the shape of her nose or the fascinating dimple in her cheek, things might gradually improve for him, and dinner presently attain that dignity and prominence in the mind feminine that it is so well worthy of holding.

The wise mother of to-day who has her daughter's happiness in mind, certainly tries to teach her a smattering of domestic economy, that she may be able to, in some degree, hold things together in a house of her own. At the same time, that is not allowed to interfere with more important matters, it is only a side issue. The wise mother realizes that if her daughter doesn't take plenty of time to curl her hair, and learn to dance gracefully, and play golf and tennis, and generally make herself fascinating and agreeable, there is very little prospect of her ever having a home of her own to preside over, a husband to do justice to—except it may be some practical-minded widower with ten children who wants an inexpensive housekeeper. This being the case, what wonder so many lives are wrecked on "the reef of woman's woe"—dinner?

If woman would only appreciate the sacredness of her obligations in this matter, and realize that her husband's stomach will be hers to cherish long after his heart may have strayed from her keeping, the importance of it might be borne in upon her—

"Oh! love for a year, a week, a day,
But the dinner, the dinner comes every day."

And all this wandering dissertation just because Mary found exception to Mr. Smith's remarks about what was set before him. It's ridiculous! As for Mary, she will have to go to cooking-school and learn to object to lumpy sauce, or she won't prove worthy the love of that bank *attache*.

Sweden's Two Women of Genius

SWEDEN has produced two women of genius in our day—Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlof. The first is a sociologist, the second an artist. The one lives in Berlin, preaching a subversive gospel that the world is not as yet prepared to accept; the other has remained in her native land, beloved and honored by all. A few weeks ago, the fiftieth birthday of Selma Lagerlof was celebrated throughout Sweden, and even in neighboring lands. The schools held festivals in her honor; her poems and stories were recited at clubs and societies; telegrams of congratulation and appreciation from all kinds and classes of people.

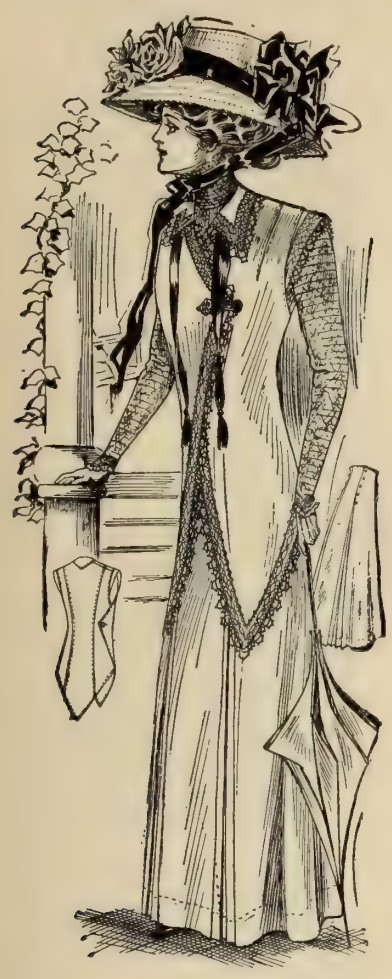
Unlike that other great Swedish writer, the dramatist, August Strindberg, Selma Lagerlof is naive and optimistic. The spirit of a Swedish Peter Pan breathes in her—the intense love of the mystical Swedish nature for weird forests in which sprites and fairies and imps have lingered since the days when the gods walked upon earth. Where Strindberg uncovers and delineates the worm-eaten, the morbid and the evil in humanity, she searches for the higher and redeeming motives. Her art is saturated with romance, and her philosophy, if it could be summed up in a single sentence, would be: *Man needs an illusion to be able to live. — Current Literature.*

DAINTY GOWNS FOR GIRLS

For directions regarding patterns see page 28

SEASONABLE LINEN SUIT.

SUCH a linen suit as this one is among the most useful that a woman's wardrobe can contain. It is simple, yet smart, it can be utilized both in the morning and the afternoon and it is altogether attractive. In this case it is white with trimming



Coat Pattern No. 6371
Skirt Pattern No. 6322

of Cluny lace; but colored linens are very smart, buff is peculiarly beautiful and much liked and there are darker shades that are somewhat more durable if a more practical costume is wanted. For the trimming lace, either in matching color or in white, and embroidery are equally correct, while braiding with soutache and with bias folds of the material is smart and much liked. The coat is an exceedingly practical and desirable one for washable materials, for the fronts are buttoned onto the side-fronts and it consequently can be opened out flat when necessary. The skirt, too, is a pretty and simple one with plaited panels at each side of the front and the back gores. If linen is not liked the suit can be utilized for pongee or for any seasonable material.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 4¼ yards of material 24, 3½ yards 27 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 5½ yards of banding and 5½ yards of lace; for the skirt 9½ yards 24 or 27, 5¾ yards 44 inches wide. The coat pattern is 6371, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, and the skirt, 6322, sizes 22 to 30 inches, waist.

* * *

A SMART LINEN FROCK.

LINEN is to be even more fashionable this season than it has been in the past and for the very good reason that it is shown in an additional number of colors. Such a frock as this one can be made from one of the dark and useful shades, such as catawba or wood brown, or it could be made from white or one of the lovely rose colors and in any one will be found charmingly girlish and attractive. The shirt waist is a simple one with one plait over each shoulder and the skirt is seven gored with plaited panels at the side seams, which feature makes one of the very latest decrees of fashion. If a still more mannish effect is wanted the patch pocket can be arranged on the left front of the blouse and any separate collar that may be liked can be worn with it, either one of the high turned-over sort, such as illustrated, or one of the pretty new Dutch collars that are so youthful and so pretty as well as comfortable. In addition to linen the dress can be utilized for almost any seasonable material while also it may be well to suggest that the skirt makes an excellent one for separate wear made from linen, pique, repp and the like or from serge or other light weight wool stuffs, while the blouse can be made of thinner and lighter material of any preferred sort. White

Blouse Pattern No. 6215
Skirt Pattern No. 6328

wool skirts are greatly liked and are extremely practical but shepherd's check and dark colors also will be worn and are somewhat more durable.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the shirt waist 3½ yards of material 24, 2⅝ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7¼ yards 24, 5⅝ yards 32 or 3⅝ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern is number 6215 and the seven-gored skirt, 6328.

* * *

A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK.

LITTLE frocks such as this one that are made in bishop style are always becoming to the little folk and are really ideal for warm weather wear. Embroidered batiste with yoke of plain material embroidered makes the one illustrated, but all the dainty summer materials are appropriate, the Dresden dimity that is so much used, the cross-barred lawns and the like and even the more sturdy chambrays and ginghams if the dress is designed for playtime wear. There is a round yoke, which can be finished either in Dutch style, as illustrated, or high with a standing collar as liked, and the dress is gathered and joined to it. The sleeves are puffed whether they are short or long, and are gathered into straight bands. As illustrated, the frock is a pretty one for afternoon wear.

For the four year size will be required 3¼ yards of material 24, 2 yards 32 or 44 inches wide with ¼ yard 32 inches wide for the yoke and sleeve-bands. The pattern is 6367, sizes two, four, and six years.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE LINEN FROCK.

WHITE linen with threads of rose color and bands and collar matching the last are the materials that make this very charming and serviceable little frock. The material is durable and will withstand any number of launderings and the color combination is one of the most fashionable as well as the prettiest possible. The straight plaited skirt is always a desirable one for washable materials and the simple blouse is joined to it, the two being closed at the left of the front, and the front closing is in itself a feature. The dress can be slipped on and of with the greatest ease and no outside help is required, such conditions meaning comfort and satisfaction to both

Pattern No. 6367

mother and child. If the long sleeves are not liked shorter ones can be substituted. Linen in the various colors and weaves is much used for dresses of the sort but galatea also is a favorite and the model suits the favorite lawns and muslins of the sort quite as well as it does the heavier ones, consequently the model can be made available in a great many different ways. Cross-barred white muslin with trimming of embroidered bands would be daintily charming and distinctly different in effect from the dress illustrated yet the model is equally appropriate for both.

For the twelve year size will be required 7½ yards of material 24, 5¾ yards 32 or 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 for trimming. The frock pattern is number 6331.

* * *

A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK.

EMBROIDERED flouncing is being extensively used just now for the daintier frocks worn by

Pattern No. 6331

little girls and this one is charming and attractive in the extreme. The straight skirt requires only to be gathered at the upper edge and the narrower edging after an exceedingly simple manner, yet the whole effect is a really elaborate one and the dress is adapted to dancing parties and occasions of a similar sort. The square Dutch neck is a favorite of the season and is always pretty, but should the yoke be preferred it can be added, making the dress high at the neck. Also the usefulness of the models is not to be confined to flouncing, for plain material can be trimmed to suit the fancy of the skirt could be finished with a hem only if

Pattern No. 6307

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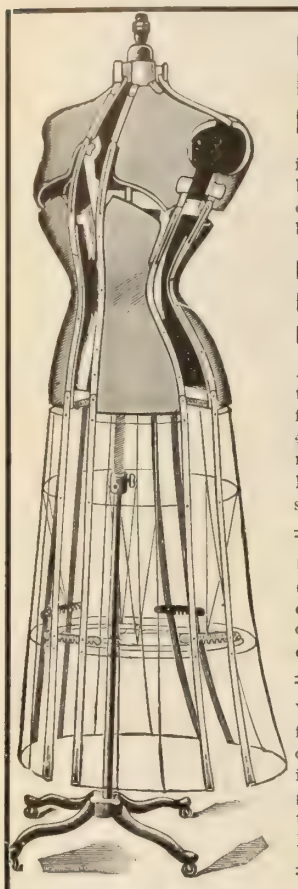

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a simpler frock is needed. Whether the flouncing, plain material or the pretty dimity, that is so much liked, is utilized, the dress is always an attractive and charming one that is perfectly simple of construction and eminently childish in effect.

For the ten year size will be required 2½ yards of flouncing 20 inches wide with 1⅝ yards 9 inches wide, 1¼ yards of plain material 36, 2⅞ yards of narrower edging; or, 5 yards of plain material 24, 4 yards 32, 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern of this pretty frock is number 6307.

* * *

A USEFUL MIDSUMMER GOWN.

THE gown that is made of plain washable material and embroidered with a simple but effective design is an exceedingly practical as well as smart one. It can be utilized both for afternoon and morning occasions, it is practically new after each laundering, and it is altogether charming and attractive. This one is in the beautiful buff color with the embroidery of white and chemisette of tucked white muslin. It could be made from a darker, more serviceable color, however, if liked, or it could be made from white or pale blue or rose color and the embroidery can be either white or matching color, while for the chemisette any of the thinner muslins would be appropriate. The three-quarter sleeves are being much used just now and are exceedingly comfortable on a warm day, but long ones could be substituted if better liked. The pretty skirt is novel and graceful and the gown is altogether an unusually desirable one. Linens of medium weight and also the thinner batistes, lawns and the like, in fact all materials that can be tucked successfully are appropriate. The blouse has the merit of closing at the front and is especially well adapted to the use of embroidery.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette: for the skirt 7⅛ yards 24, 6¾ yards 32 or 5 yards

Blouse Pattern No. 6140
Skirt Pattern No. 6366

44 inches wide if material has neither up nor down; 6¼ yards 44 inches wide if material must be cut one way. The pattern of the blouse is 6369, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, of the skirt 6290, sizes 22 to 32 inches, waist, and the embroidery, 417.

* * *

A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK.

YOUNG girls' frocks are exceptionally charming this season, and muslins made in semi-princesse style are dainty in the extreme. Here

Blouse Pattern No. 6369
Skirt Pattern No. 6290
Embroidered Pattern No. 417

is one that can be treated in that way or with blouse and skirt made separately, as liked. In this case the material is embroidered batiste trimmed with lace banding, but there are a great many lovely muslins that are available, flowered ones as well as plain, and there are many thin silks and a great many silk and cotton mixtures that are treated in lingerie style. The straight gathered flounce is joined to a five gored skirt and the blouse is eminently simple, so that the entire dress can be laundered with ease. The square Dutch neck and the three-quarter sleeves are charming for a warm day; but the blouse could be made high, and either with the tucks extended to the neck edge or with the chemisette of contrasting material while the sleeves can be made long by the addition of cuffs. Nothing prettier than the dress illustrated could easily be found, however, for it is girlish and simple yet essentially smart.

For the sixteen year size will be required for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 21 or 24, 2½ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅞ yards of banding; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, 4½ yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 16 yards of insertion. The blouse pattern is 6140 and the skirt, 6366.

THE WRONG ONE.—A young man had been calling now and then on a young lady when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were.

He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs:

"Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."

THE GIRLS' CLUB

A Maiden in Calico

By INNIS G. OSBORNE

Over the fence where the sweet fern grew,
Just to be dried for an acorn pipe;
Only a step from the mulberry tree,
Burdened with berries luscious and ripe,
I buried my treasure—two coppers new—
Stealthily, fearing the world might know.
And she was my sentinel tried and true,
Sweet little maiden in calico.

Laughing, she begged in my treasure box
Room that her trinkets she might hide,
Under the cover of fresh-cut sod,
Where my two coppers lay side by side.
And when I demanded a kiss as pay
For the use of my secret vaults below,
She paid me my price with a rosy cheek—
Sweet little maiden in calico.

Many a treasure I've seen since then,
Many a maiden with laughing eye,
But not one has sought out my treasure box
Where the secrets of love in its keeping lie.
And at night when I sit in my cosy chair,
Watching the sprites in the fire's glow,
The prettiest fancy the flames give forth
Is a sweet little maiden in calico.

—*Bohemian Magazine.*

IT was the fashion for some years, for girls to spend hours in the ardent sunshine of midsummer day, with little protection for hair or skin. But the results of this carelessness have become so apparent that the girl of the year, 1909, is going to Muskoka, Murray Bay or Prince Edward Island, well provided with almond cream and voluminous veils. So many girls are interested in missing none of the outdoor fun and yet preserving the skin from unpleasant burning that the following hints may be useful.

"In sunny weather it is fatal to plunge the face into cold water to 'cool' it after exposure to the sun. The sudden change from heat to cold is likely to cause an unbecoming hot flush, due to the inflammation of the skin.

"The proper procedure is, after coming indoors, to rub in a little cucumber cream, and then wipe the face gently with a soft handkerchief.

"A layer of cream is left on the face, which cools and refreshes it, and after fifteen or twenty minutes the face may be safely washed with tepid water, or the cream may be left on and the skin lightly powdered."

In our grandmothers' days, the parasol, the poke-bonnet, and the white veil protected the feminine countenance from the over-friendly attentions of Old Sol. We have tried the experiment of canoeing during the fierce, brief days of our Canadian summer, wearing on the head a light yachting cap or tam-o' shanter and we have realized painfully that a burnt child dreads the August sun. Don't overdo the rejoicing in the sunlight, or there will be much tribulation over scars that all the cold cream and rice powder in the world will neither hide nor remove.

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, who has probably had more to do with the education of girls than any other woman on this continent,

DOWN ON THE BEACH

recently protested against the class of summer reading with which most of us beguile the warm and idle afternoons. Worse than a waste of time, says this lady, to read the average summer novel. But what are we to do? The girl who has been at school all year is tired of algebra and physiology and is anxious for a thorough rest from anything which "taxes" the brain. July and August are hardly months for what one would call heavy reading. A girl reader of the *Home Journal* referred to this subject the other day, making the admission:

"Really, I read the greatest quantity of trash two summers ago. There wasn't a sensible book in the pile I took away. I got thoroughly sick of Howard Chandler Christy young men and Harrison Fisher girls, and last year I started out with the idea of studying botany in a practical way when we were up north in the woods. I made a collection of wild flowers and learned a good deal about the trees and it was ever so much more satisfactory than another course of cheap novels."

A hammock is hardly the place for anything more exacting than a story—and a light, airy one, at that. But, after all, the girl who came back from a glorious six weeks' holiday with a portfolio of wild flowers and an increased friendship with the woods was much better off than she who had found most of her diversion in "summer reading."

THERE is one accomplishment which every girl should possess, and yet, it is to be feared, most Canadian girls are quite ignorant of this especial department of knowledge and skill—the art of swimming. There is an army of girls who venture out in canoes and rowboats, and of this army, only a very small number have any ability to rescue themselves in case of an accident. From June to September we read every day of fatalities which might so easily have been avoided that one can only regret the carelessness which leads women and girls to neglect learning this most exhilarating art. In Canadian cities, there may now be found swimming tanks where girls may be instructed in what may prove a life-saving accomplishment. Toronto has lately acquired such an equipment in connection with the Guild and it is being appreciated by increasing numbers.

Nearly every healthy girl is fond of the water and we Canadians have such abundant opportunity for becoming expert with paddle or oars that it is a pity not to be at home on lake or river. Mothers are proverbially nervous about canoes, but there is, really, no cause for dreading the most graceful craft afloat, if one observes ordinary precautions. The girl who thinks it smart to rock the boat or to move about in a canoe is one to be shunned severely. In fact, such carelessness is a good deal worse than foolish and usually meets with swift and watery punishment, the only pity being that innocent people are dragged down with the offender. We are reading of such accidents every day, and it is to be hoped that some of the tragedies may lead those of us who are fond of aquatic sports to learn how to keep afloat in case of the canoe proving too frail for the squall.

THE photograph competition announced in our July number will be extended in time limit to October 1st. A prize of three dollars is offered for the best photograph of a girl's room and the competitors may address the *Home Journal*, 59-61 John Street, Toronto. Either country or city homes will afford many pretty rooms, suitable for the photographer's skill. Already several photographs have been submitted, but the holiday season is not favorable to such experiments and the limit for the competition is therefore extended.

THAT beautiful home, originally known as "Reynolds' Folly," and for many years familiar to the Premier Province citizens as "Ontario Ladies' College," is one of the most attractive spots along the lake whose name it bears. The girl who never knows the joys of boarding-

HAPPY FISHER MAIDENS
(Photograph by Mrs. Bowman, Conestogo)

school life misses one of girlhood's legitimate experiences. Co-education is a poor apology for the freedom and comradeship which girls know in a college of "their very own." The physical culture which is so important a feature of a girl's training cannot be obtained properly in either Collegiate Institute or co-educational college. But at the Whitby "castle," with its wide lawns and bright gymnasium, a girl may easily acquire a strength and vigor which the ordinary school can hardly afford.

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.—Let our enemies speak evil of us; it is their proper function. It is worse when friends speak well of us foolishly.

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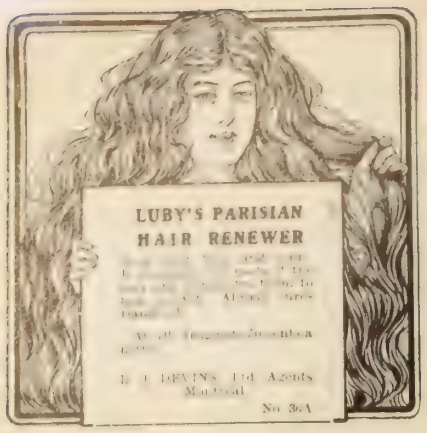

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Preserves alike the daintiest kid and the roughest leather.
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Betty of the Rectory

Continued from page 21

Pevensey could not account for his own sensations. Perhaps, next to his wife, he loved Laura better than anyone in the world. She had been his friend, his best friend, all his life. He remembered their childhood together, their happy times.

He was taken at once to the private ward where Laura was lying. It was a cheerful room, well furnished, and with a bright fire in the grate.

"Oh, there you are, you old darling!" she said. "I was just longing for you; come and sit by me, won't you? Nurse, this is my brother; I should like to be alone with him for a little."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the nurse, withdrawing at once, and closing the door of the ward behind her.

"Sit down by me, Geoff," she said.

"Why don't you speak?" she said, her gay, brave eyes smiling at him.

"My dearest Laura," he said then. "My dear, dearest sister, this is quite too terrible. But, my dear, you don't look ill, you look well—very well."

She gave a radiant smile.

"I have no pain," she said; "I feel nothing whatever of discomfort, except that I cannot move, but I am paralyzed from below the waist. My back is, I believe, broken. There's no hope for me. I got Mr. McDermot to tell me. I said I wished for the truth. He replied that I might linger for a day or two, but the paralysis was complete, and—rather high up."

It was wonderful to hear Laura talk on in her bright voice, with a gay, half-mocking accent, and yet know that she was really dying. Geoffrey Pevensey, as a priest of the Church of England, had stood by many death-beds, but he had never seen anyone die as his own gay young sister Laura was dying. He felt the queerest mingling of intense, passionate regret, and yet of relief. Laura was never wrong about herself. Why should she be wrong now? Was not the best possible thing happening to her when she was about to go away in her youth and strength without pain and without a struggle?

Geoffrey suddenly sank on his knees. He hid his dark head against his sister's shoulder.

"Oh, Laura!" he said, a sob in his throat. "The old days—the children's life—the little joys! The old, old nursery! Oh, my little Laura—if I only might go with you!"

"You will follow me, dearest, when your work is done," she answered, still in that bright, triumphant voice. "Now go, darling. Go back to Betty."

Pevensey left the hospital and went home. He found his mother and Betty together in the drawing-room. Betty's face was pale, and, notwithstanding her brave spirit, her eyes had a tired expression.

"Well," said Lady Pevensey, "and did you see her? I hope the poor darling has repented of her strange prejudice against seeing me."

"She wishes to see you to-morrow night, mother, in company with Betty and myself."

"Not until then?" said the mother. "Why this delay?"

"It is her wish. She owned to being a little tired."

Geoffrey Pevensey went up to his mother, and laid his strong hand on her shoulder.

"Mother!" he said, "poor mother! You must bear it; you must learn to. Laura was indeed never like other girls, and she is dying—yes, dying—and as unlike them in the hour of death as in life. There is not the slightest hope of her recovery."

Geoffrey led Betty upstairs. They entered their bedroom, which poor Laura had taken such pains to render bright and attractive for them.

Betty covered her face, and trembled from head to foot. Geoffrey went downstairs to his mother.

CHAPTER XXV.

SET FREE.

The next day Geoffrey sat alone with Lady Pevensey. All his depression with regard to himself had completely vanished. He was so absorbed in others that his own life story, his own temptations, his own ultimate fate, were forgotten as though they had never been.

Lady Pevensey was in a queer and nervous state.

"I don't believe it!" she kept saying, "and what is more, I won't believe it. No girl—no girl on earth could look well and yet be about to die. You saw her again this morning, and you say she has color in her cheeks?"

"I am not naturally an affectionate woman," continued Lady Pevensey. "I have the character of being cold by nature, and perhaps I am; but I love Laura—I have always loved her. I—I have been proud of you, Geoffrey; anyone would be, for you are so handsome, and have such splendid gifts; but it was to Laura that I gave my love."

"Show it to her when you go to see her to-night," said the young man.

About five o'clock in the afternoon there came a message from the hospital which evidently distressed Lady Pevensey much. It was a letter written by one of the nurses, and contained a brief message from Laura: "Bring the photograph and letter with you when you come."

Lady Pevensey went to her davenport, wrote a word or two, fastened the note into an envelope, and desired the messenger to take it back to the hospital.

As evening approached Lady Pevensey became more and more nervous.

At a quarter to eight the little party entered Lady Pevensey's carriage and were driven to St. George's Hospital. Pevensey had brought with him all needful preparations for that sacred service which Laura desired. The nurse met them in the corridor.

"I am glad you have come, sir," she said, just glancing at Betty and then at Lady Pevensey. "Miss Pevensey is sinking fast, and the doctors do not think she can last many hours. But she is in no pain, and is anxiously expecting you. She wants you, please, sir, to ask the good lady, her mother, to come to her first."

"Oh—I—I can't," said Lady Pevensey, shrinking close to Pevensey.

Lady Pevensey made a great effort to enter the sick-room alone. The door was closed behind her. Laura greeted her with that bright, frank smile which was all her own.

"You see, mumsie," she said, "it is no use, and now you will *have* to set him free."

"I—Laura—I—cannot!"

"Did you bring the photograph and letter, mother?"

"Yes, I have them."

"You will put the envelope on the bed, won't you? just lay it near me—by my pillow."

Lady Pevensey obeyed.

Lady Pevensey bent down and kissed the girl. That kiss was a promise. A minute later she went blindly out of the room.

When Pevensey entered, accompanied by Betty, he saw at once that Laura was almost past words. Her interview with her mother had deprived her of her small remaining strength. He asked Betty to call the nurse, and then immediately administered those sacred rites of the Last Supper of our Lord. It was just when Laura was breathing almost her last breath that her eyes turned imploringly upon Betty, and those same eyes caused Betty to glance at the little packet lying on her pillow. When Betty saw the packet, Laura said:

"Take it; open it—when you go home." Betty took it, and Laura smiled.

. . . . . .

Laura Pevensey was dead. They called it death, although Pevensey was inclined to use another word with regard to it. "She died as she lived," he said to his wife, as they were driving home.

Lady Pevensey had got back some time before. They both forgot the little packet which Betty held in her hand. When they got to the house Betty went straight to her own room, and Pevensey tapped at his mother's door. There was no reply. He tried to turn the handle, but the door was locked. He then went back to his wife.

Betty was standing by the fire, the most amazed expression on her face. She had opened the envelope, and from within had dropped a photograph and a closely-written letter. The photograph was of a dark-eyed handsome girl who could not have been twenty years of age. On the back of the photograph was written, in a handwriting which Betty had never seen before:

"My dear wife, Gwendolyn, and mother of my son, Geoffrey, passed from this life to a better—February 18th, 18——, aged nineteen years."

"*Geoffrey!*" said his wife.

Geoffrey stared at the letter. His feelings were almost unfathomable. After a time Betty said:

"There is a mystery which we have got to learn. Perhaps it is contained in this letter. Come, Geoff, let us read it. Oh, what a marvellous, extraordinary day this is!"

With their heads close together, the husband and wife read the letter, which was addressed to Lady Pevensey by Pevensey's father:

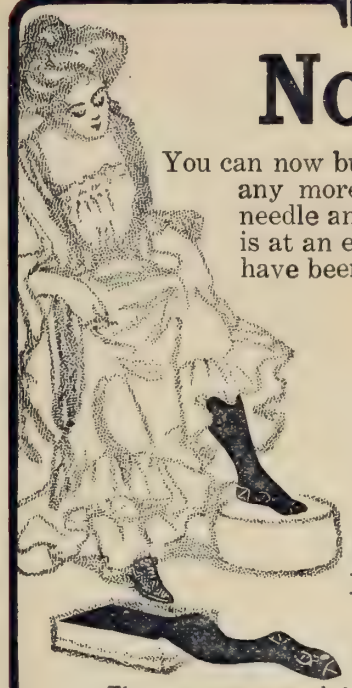
"My Dear Wife,—I die far from you" (the letter was dated from Calcutta), "and I wish you to give this letter to Geoffrey when he comes of age. The sad circumstances of his own mother's death can then be revealed to him. I have yielded to your wish and concealed the fact that I was ever the husband of Gwendolyn Moss. She was the simple daughter of a simple farmer—a good, honest Scotchman, healthy in mind and body. But, considering all things, I wish my little Geoffrey to learn his true parentage when he comes of age. I know that, by so doing, I cut him off from inheriting his share of your large fortune, but on the whole I think that the knowledge of truth is better for him than the possession of gold. I send you with this letter the last photograph I ever had taken of Gwendolyn. Do not be jealous of her, dear. She was beautiful, bright and good. Your pride of birth and your dislike to her relations cannot alter the fact that in every respect she herself was a perfect lady, wonderful for her years. She died at the birth of our boy; and my sorrow for him is that he never knew, and never can know, a real mother's love.

"You will bring Geoffrey up as I directed that he should be brought up, and will do your very best for my sweet little daughter, Laura. You will not be angry, dear, if I tell you now, as a dying man, the very truth—that I loved Gwendolyn as I never loved any other woman. I hope to meet her in that place to which I am going so soon. Nevertheless, dear, my feelings for you are those of deep affection and absolute trust. — Your faithful and affectionate husband,

"Geoffrey Pevensey."

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey!" cried Betty. "There is no dreadful curse hanging over your head, and you have nothing to fear. Oh, Geoffrey!"

"She said this morning when I saw her," remarked the Rector, after a long pause, "that by her death she would set me free. But what an ex-



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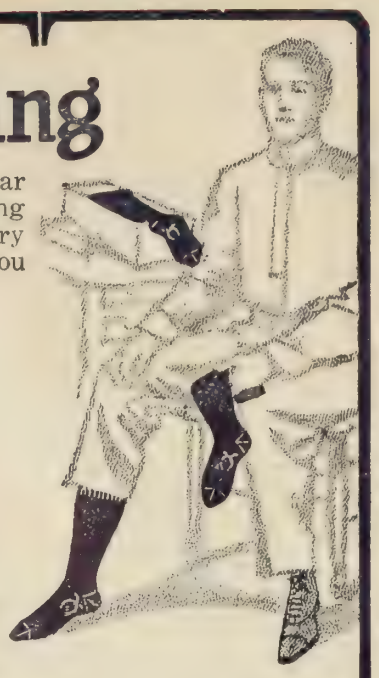

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Our Fall Fashion Number

¶ The September Number will be enlarged and will contain articles and illustrations describing the newest ideas in ladies' costumes, hats, shoes, gloves, etc., for Fall wear. In many ways it will surpass any of our previous issues. The cover will be printed in colors from an excellent drawing made by Canada's popular illustrator, W. Goode. The short stories will be bright and entertaining and a large instalment of the new serial, "The Mystery of Barry Ingram," will be enjoyed by those who read the opening chapters in our July number. We want the assistance of every one of our readers to help us build the circulation of the HOME JOURNAL up to 50,000 by January 1st, 1910. Write at once for our special plan. It is so easy that you will not mind helping to build up a magazine for Canadian women.

The Home Journal *59-61 John Street Toronto - Canada*

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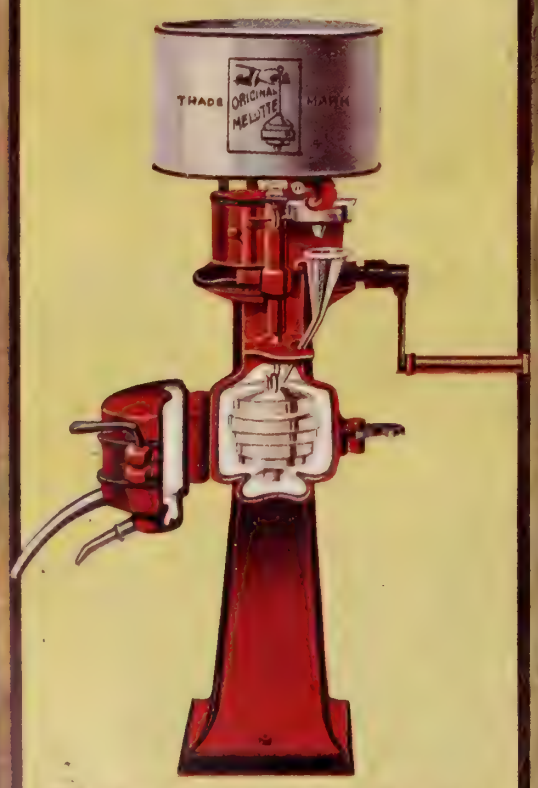

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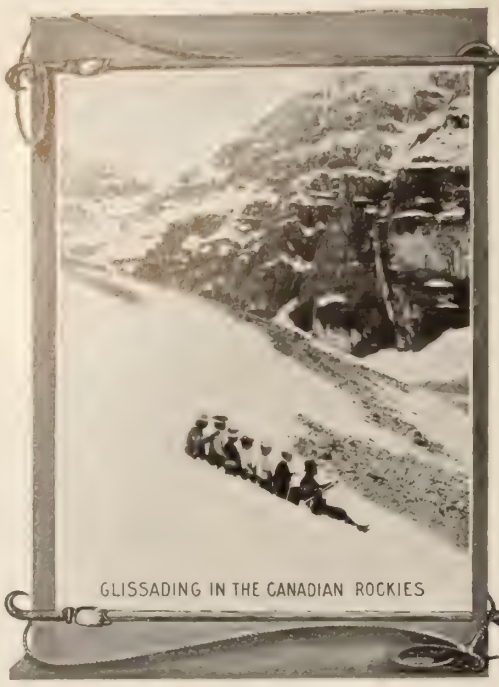
THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

JAMES ACTON, Managing Editor JEAN GRAHAM, Editor
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



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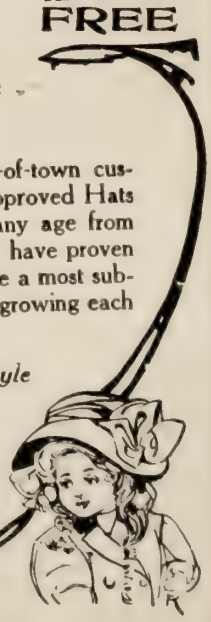

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T. M. WATSON, Principal

EDITOR'S CHAT

In This Issue of the Home Journal, special attention is given to the fashions of early autumn, for with the passing of summer, woman's fancy lightly turns from linen gowns and lingerie blouses to plans for a cloth coat suit and anxious speculations concerning the new millinery.

Fiction is Still of the hammock variety, for, by the time this number reaches our readers, the story which breathes the jollity and freshness of out-of-doors will yet be welcome. Hence, "On the Veranda" and "The Curate's First Call" should be entertaining bits of narrative. Next month we shall publish "The Silver Match Box," a story by Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson, who is always a popular contributor.

From the West we are always receiving good things. No article which we have published has met with more favorable comment than the sketch by Mrs. McClung of Manitou, Manitoba, when the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" gave a most refreshing account of her early struggles and aspirations. Miss Nan Moulton, a Winnipeg journalist who could not be dull if she tried, has written for this number an article, "The Transvaal Farm School," and those who read her "With Poplar Rods at the Assiniboine," in the June Home Journal will need no urging to turn to another contribution from this writer. Helen Guthrie is another Manitoba author whose "My Lady Spinach" in this issue is the most "mouth-watering" description of preparing that delectable vegetable for "home consumption."

An Article of undoubted interest in our October number will be "Choral Music in Canada," by Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, who is qualified superlatively to write on this subject. Dr. Vogt is one of our busiest citizens but we hope to secure a second contribution from him during the year.

The Attention of our girl readers is called to our new department, "The Girl's Club," in which correspondents are always welcome. The photograph competition, announced in an earlier number will not close until the middle of November and we hope to receive a large number of photographs of "a girl's own room" before that time.

Among the Interesting features of our October number will be an article, "The Peasant Women of Europe," by Mr. Frank Yeigh, whose lectures and articles on his varied tours are always graphic and entertaining.

CANADA'S HOME — THE HOME JOURNAL — LEADING MAGAZINE
PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

Volume VI. Number 4 10 Cents per Copy $1.00 per Year

NOTICE—Subscribers in sending in change of address should give the old as well as the new address. Please notify promptly if your Journal does not reach you.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1909

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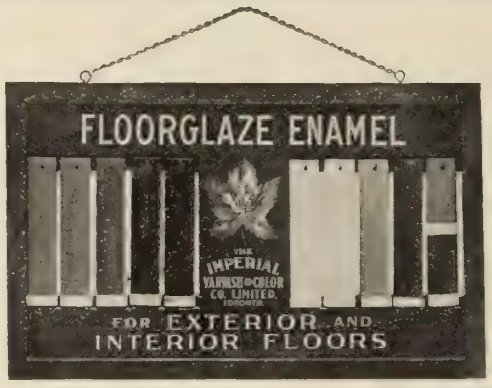

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THE HOME JOURNAL

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Published on the 25th of each month preceding date of issue by

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA - - - - - - - JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor.

AT THE MEETING of the Dominion Educational Association held at Vancouver, B. C., recently, Prof. Robertson, of Macdonald College, is credited with saying that no people on the face of the globe claiming to be intelligent spent a smaller proportion of their income upon schools than Canadians. The entire amount of our outlay for last year was $12,000,000, and when the liberality of some of the larger centres is accounted for the general attitude, especially that of rural districts, towards the common school, as expressed in their cost of maintenance, is discouraging. There is no work in the community to be compared with that which is accomplished by the common school. There is no person to whom society is under as great obligation as the common school teacher, and yet the man who labors on our streets is paid better wages. Our ideals in this respect are certainly capable of improvement.

OUR SCHOOLS

ONE OF CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVES to the Imperial Defence Conference is credited with saying before his departure for London that he and his colleague would attend no social functions. Evidently he considered the subject a "sober" one and determined to preserve a clear head. He is reported, however, as stating in one of his speeches at the Conference that Canada would spend her "last dollar" in imperial defence. Post prandial oratory is not thus responsible for all the wild statements that public as well as private individuals make. No one questions the necessity for a quiet thoughtful discussion of our relation with other members of the Empire to the question of mutual protection, but cheap talk like that of this Canadian representative does not accomplish anything. No one better than British statesmen knows the difference between wind and common sense.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE

AN ENGLISHMAN in the West in writing to friends on the question of imperial defence says that Canada needs box cars more than "Dreadnoughts." This is a terse if crude way of putting a thought that must constantly occur to anyone who knows conditions in this country. We are at a stage of development where we need money more for brick and mortar than for the maintenance of armies and navies. In a month or two the cry for money and other facilities for moving our crops will be so insistent that our financiers and transportation companies will be at their wit's end. It is idle to characterize this attitude as selfish and mercenary. Canada will be found as ready to spend money and men in defence of the Empire as any member of it but we can be pardoned for not taking seriously the efforts of jingoes to rush us into extravagances we can neither afford nor think are necessary.

DREADNOUGHTS OR BOX CARS

IN AN ADDRESS delivered by Dr. Chas. W. Elliot, formerly president of Harvard University, he prophesies the advent of a new religion, which he outlines as follows: "It will not be bound by dogma or creed," he said. "Its workings will be simple, but its field of action limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of co-operative goodwill. It will attack all forms of evil. There will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature. Prevention will be the watchword, and a skilled surgeon one of its members. There will be no personification of natural objects; there will be no deification of remarkable human beings. The new religion will not teach that character can be changed quickly. It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but joy and life. God will be so imminent that no intermediary will be needed. Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. The new religion will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation." From this outline the new religion looks enough like that of St. Paul, St. John, Wesley, Spurgeon, and other exponents of Christian evangel to be identical. It is the "old time" religion of Christ with the narrowness and sordidness of human interpretation and application removed.

A NEW RELIGION

FOR HOME AND COUNTRY.

Ruler of Kings, by whose prevailing word
Nations abide, and not by reeking sword,
To Thee our cry ascending,
In confidence we wait,
The prayer still heavenward sending,
"Save us, oh God, from hate!"
Thou God of Might, bid clamor cease;
On Home and Country send Thy perfect peace.

Maple and fir fling fitful shadows wide
O'er summer's rill or winter's silent tide,
O'er pregnant plain and barren wild,
In white or emerald sheen,
The sun e'er smiles in favor mild
On a land that knows no peon;
Thou God of Right, scatter the night;
On Home and Country shed Truth's holy light.

From where Atlantic's loud and clam'rous roar
Beats fierce but futile on our rockbound shore,
To mild Pacific's sunny slopes,
And Yukon's golden sands;
From where Niagara wildly gropes,
To MacKenzie's silent lands,
Thou God above, like heavenly dove,
O'er Home and Country spread thy wings of Love.

Air "O Canada" *J. A.*

IT SEEMS FROM the government statistics that Canada is drinking less spirits and more beer. This fact is being variously used by both sides of the liquor question. On the one hand there must be a curtailment in the general use by Canadians of intoxicating liquors following the tendency of late to reduce the number of drinking places, and place greater restrictions upon the sale of intoxicants. On the other, we have been receiving a large influx of population of that class that would naturally warrant the expectation of an increase in beer drinking. From Europe as well as from England we have been receiving accessions of those who are accustomed to drink beer as we take water. Should our population continue to expand from this source we must expect development of the trade in light wines and beers. Meanwhile the campaign of education and restriction should be continued.

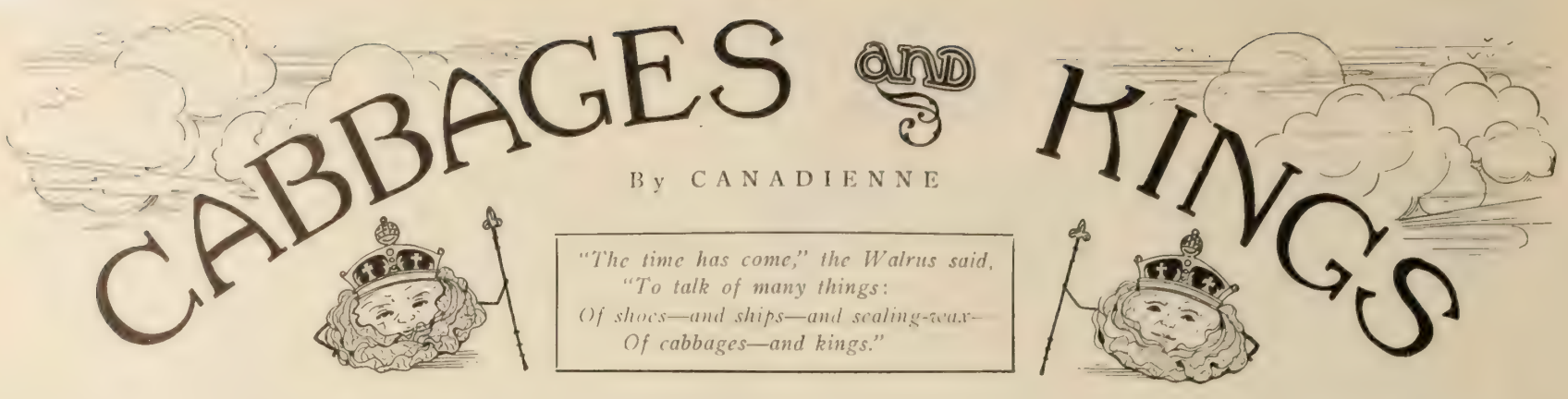
MORE BEER

THE HORSE has the advantage of its master as also the dog on the street in drinking from a running stream that is much freer from pollution than the common drinking cup that hangs by its rusty chain at the street fountain. A specialist who has been experimenting with the public drinking cup claims that it is responsible for nearly half a million deaths on this continent annually. He claims to have found an average of over one hundred thousand bacteria per square inch on a number of cups examined by microscope. Amongst these were colonies of pathogenic germs such as virulent diphtheria, fever, tuberculosis and similar deadly bacilli. There is a good deal of effort no doubt, as in all such reports, to establish a case, but there is no doubt that the common drinking cup is a great disseminator of disease. As a menace to public health it should be abolished and either the thirsty should be compelled to carry individual cups or should drink from a flowing stream, as is now being done in many of the public schools where the drinking cup has been discarded.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS

IN RESPONSE to repeated requests for an ode for use at Institutes, Clubs or other gatherings, set to the air "O Canada," we venture this one on this page. We have sought not only to embody the spirit of "Home and Country" in this hymn, but to give it that breadth of bearing that will make it suitable for general use for all sections of our great country. The members of Women's Institutes have shown a commendable desire to have a composition representative of the truest progress of the nation.

AN ODE BY REQUEST



By CANADIENNE

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."

THE Canadians who have been on a coaching trip through Southern England, or on a motor tour through France, or who have been undergoing a gentle broil in Naples or Milan, are returning from Europe with volumes of views and much information concerning "the way they do things over there." Every year, the Atlantic seems to shrink by a few miles, and now that a monoplane has found its way across the English Channel, there is hope that we shall be flying from Halifax to Liverpool before the year 1920.

The touring Britisher is coming to Canada yearly, with an eye to the scenery and the sport. During the last three years it has become fashionable for the Englishwoman of journalistic tendencies to travel through the Dominion with a view to copy, writing long and curious letters to papers at "home," concerning the people and customs of this big and very young country. Last year an unusually complacent and patronizing lady from the British Isles undertook to descend upon us. She gave a cursory glance at our art, skimmed what we are pleased to call our literature, and proceeded to write articles and deliver lectures on Canadian poets and painters. She had the calm assurance of her race and sex to the nth power and was perfectly capable of telling us all about Ourselves. She did not make herself greatly beloved but she no doubt received handsome cheques for her strangely-assorted facts about Canada. She came once more this year and made her way to the University entrance during the sessions of the Quinquennial Congress in Toronto. But those who had met her aforetime saw her coming, and fled without parley, leaving the young and uninstructed to the mercy of her probing interrogations and scathing comments. Next thing we know she will be bringing out a bright-blue book: "News about the Natives or Doings in the Dominion."

But there are Britons *and* Britons and some of our visitors from the land of our forefathers are such as make glad the heart. A delightful member of this kindly fellowship was Miss Marris, secretary of the Empire Movement to which the Earl of Meath has given so much attention. Miss Marris was not a British delegate to the famous Council, but she accompanied the Quinquennial crowd which went across the continent to Vancouver, and back to Toronto by way of the Northern States. Miss Marris gave a most entertaining account of the journey, speaking with great interest of the many English settlers in the West who discovered a friend from "just a few miles from where I was born" in the passing tourist. At a small station in the Rocky Mountains, where there seemed only a few shanties there was found a little cottage with bright red flowers "a-growing and a-blowing" in the garden, and the mistress of this mountain home proved to be a native of the very town to which the English traveller was returning. "Such a home place is the Empire, after all," was the remark of another delegate who discovered a trio of acquaintances on the streets of Victoria.

Most surprising of all, however, was the account of the way in which the ninety women who composed the touring party managed to live and move and go to dinners and receptions, "for twenty-three days on a suit case." Trunks had been left in Toronto and the superfluities were reduced to a minimum. In fact, each woman had only two "extra" gowns in that suit case and these proved all that the various occasions demanded. The guests were taken down coal mines, up elevators, through factories, across prairies, were met by the mayor and the whole perspiring council, were received by the premier and all members of the cabinet who had not taken to the woods and the streams, and, altogether, had the maddest, merriest time of their lives—all on two gowns apiece and a suit case. The most beautiful feature of it all, said the secretary of the Empire Movement, was that no one lost her temper for even the fraction of a moment. The lesson of all that trip seemed to be: If ninety women can travel for twenty three days on a suit case apiece and look fresh and be sweet-tempered at an infinite variety of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, receptions and garden-parties, what is the use of taking so much thought for the number of gowns which we may stow away in the wardrobe? She that increaseth gowns increaseth sorrow and much millinery is a weariness of the flesh

* * *

WE Canadians ought to know more about our fellow-Britishers in Australasia. During this last spring and summer, several detachments of visitors from the country where they have "April Autumns" have made a tour of Canada, with the happiest results to both hosts and guests. The Australians understand colonial conditions, the problems and trials of a new country, very much better than our kinsfolk from the British Isles ever can grasp them. They are, as a rule, cheery whole-souled visitors, interested in everything and not given to telling us that they do this sort of thing better in Australia. The party of Australian publishers visiting Canada last May were especially pleasing and pleased. The story is told that Mr. George Ham met them in British Columbia for the purpose of escorting them across the continent.

"Call me George," said Ham the Well-Beloved, "everyone calls me George." The ladies of the party were somewhat startled by this unconventional request but were quite unable to resist the *bonhomie* of the "requester" and, to their own astonishment, were calling him "George" before the party reached Winnipeg.

On their arrival in Toronto, one of the ladies, speaking with enthusiasm of Mr. Ham and the C. P. R., asked ingenuously: "Do many Canadian gentlemen ask to be called by their first names? Of course, it seemed all right with Mr. Ham, because—well, he's so different." The Toronto man who was interrogated gravely assured her that it is not the custom and that Mr. Ham has prerogatives and privileges which even royalty does not know.

Among our summer visitors from Great Britain's Pacific possessions was Miss Lyttleton of Canterbury, New Zealand. Miss Lyttleton is known to readers of modern fiction as G. B. Lancaster, the author of "Tracks We Tread," "The Altar Stairs" and "A Spur to Smite." For years no one dreamed that "G. B. Lancaster" was a woman, for it was assuredly no afternoon-tea literature which was coming from this New Zealand author's pen. Vigorous, tense and drenched with color, were the sketches and stories produced by this unknown writer, who was compared to Kipling and Stevenson for the vividness of tropic portraiture. Fights of the fiercest order are no uncommon occurrence in her stories and they are related without a trace of feminine shrinking from gore, although the narrator has the true artist's aversion to overdoing the hideous and leaves the reader's imagination to supply the most gruesome details.

To read these stories of the South Seas is to be whisked off, faster than any aeroplane can carry you, to scenes that grip the lover of color and the dreamer of dreams, for in these islands meet the strangest contrasts—Father Damien and the most degraded beach-comber clasping hands in these uttermost parts of the earth. In "The Altar Stairs" we have the Damien type in Strickland, the young missionary of the finest breed, who, indeed, has forsaken all to serve the highest needs of humanity.

Miss Lyttleton had the good fortune (from the "copy" standpoint) to be in a railway accident in the Rocky Mountains and sent a stirring account of the scene to the New York *Evening Post.* In Toronto she spent several weeks, and expressed the pleasure she had found in becoming acquainted with the Dominion. Miss Lyttleton has a dignified and gentle personality, with a reserve quite at variance with the ordinary conception of the writer of brave tales. To meet her is to have a quickened interest in her stories of those wonderful islands in the violet seas. Miss Lyttleton is the opposite of what the "artistic temperament" is supposed to be and can by no means be induced to talk of her own literary achievements.

SHUFFLEBOARD ON THE LINER

* * *

THE season approaches when the country friends who have given their summer visitors the best of cream and courtesy are venturing to spend a few days in the city, to see the Exhibition or to do a little fall shopping. Nothing can be too good for the friends who give so generously of their best entertainment in our out-of-doors months. Even if the newspaper humorist spends his spare moments in depicting the forlorn plight of the city householder who is obliged to take to the shed or the roof in order that Uncle John or Cousin Carrie should be comfortable, the situation is one of good cheer and ought to afford happy memories. Toronto is unique in the swift return of courtesies offered by the opening of the National Exhibition. However, this year Montreal is to make September glorious with a true home-comers' festival, and "Back to Montreal" is the popular cry. No city on the continent is more regal in its autumn splendor than this metropolis which is set on a hill. River and mountain form a fair setting for Canada's greatest city.

KINDERS AT ROOI KOP
School tent to the left and "sleep" tent to the right

THE "SPRUIT," WITH ETHELIND UNDER THE WILLOW
Kaffir doing primitive washing

A TRANSVAAL FARM SCHOOL

A Sketch of South African School Life

By NAN MOULTON

THERE were kopjes beneath us and kopjes before us and kopjes round about us and the most prominent kopje of all loomed up red-brown because of a certain gold-bearing mass of rock upon it, and so the Dutch farmer called it Rooi kop, which means Red Hill, and all his farm he called Rooi kop also.

Down in the valley was so pretty a farm with a tiny spruit (which means stream) running through it. There were tiny fish in the stream where it flowed away from the farm, and, through the long, drowsy afternoons, Tommy Coutts and Piet Joubert used to dangle their bare brown feet happily over a rock, just like laddies in America, and catch the tiny fish with a bait of locust. And, as they fished, they talked of affairs in their old world of farm or their new world of school or their recent world of war, for they both had learned its meaning of horror and been baptized into its baptism of bitterness.

There are no fences on Boer farms, you know. A hedge of peach-trees separated the mealie patch (*you* call it Indian corn in America) from the farmer's greatly valued tobacco crop that grew tall and green and fragrant. Beautiful white-stemmed eucalyptus trees, giving forth balm and dropping pretty blue-grey seeds for the Kaffirs' neck-laces, stood sentinel around the vegetable field. And among the Groente (which is the Taal or Cape Dutch for "vegetables") the Boer vrow (woman) in her kapje and the Boer maisies (girls) in their lesser kapjes, and the Boer jongs (boys) in their old felts (they seem never to wear straws) hoed and weeded and watered. In the orchard were pear-trees and apple-trees, golden pomegranates, purple figs, yellowing nectarines, laden walnut-trees, and one huge mulberry-tree with broad, green leaves and scarlet-black, thimble-shaped berries with a refreshing tang.

The farm-house had been destroyed during the War and the Boer and his vrow and his tall unfriendly son and all the little Jouberts and their cousins lived in two rather forlorn-looking tents beside the oleander trees that were all that remained of the vrow's former garden of flowers, unless one excepts a bit of pink verbena that wandered away over the grass.

There was a staid mother spring-bok (a kind of deer) cropping the herbage around the tents, and she had so pretty a baby bok with soft brown stripes and wide, beautiful eyes and bits of horns; but the baby bok was fastened to a tree because he wanted to kick up his naughty heels and run away; and little Johannes used to play with him, or tease him if the elders were not looking, for if little spring-boks are naughty—sometimes—much more are little boys thoughtless—often.

But what a long beginning I'm making! And I haven't told you about the old dog that looked like a sheep, nor about the black horse "Swartje" nor about the fat, spotted pony "Forsey," that Piet had ridden when the "Khakis" (English soldiers) chased him, nor about the funny Kaffirs in the kraal beyond the mulberry tree. But I meant really to tell you about the Dutch Kinderen (children) and the school.

The school-house was a marquee, a kind of big tent. It wasn't quite a new marquee either, for there were two extra holes in the top not included in the original ventilation arrangements; and we further found, from names written above the scarlet binding on the frill that army officers, one of them a V. C., had once lived in our marquee, and we rather liked that little touch of history. The benches and the little blackboard and easel had been brought out by eight mules, and dragged wearily over thirty miles of rock and kopje and spruit and veldt and had even encamped one night under the moon when we all lost our way on the veldt. The floor was only grass swept clean each night by our interested picannin. We had a few Dutch and English readers, a few slates and pens and pencils, some kindergarten paper and some plasticine. For two days the children from the farm below watched with shy, curious eyes the new order of things—the two teachers, the marquees, the S. A. C. men pegging the tents. (S. A. C. means South African Constabulary.) Then,

MULES AND TREK-WAGGON
Ready for the transfer of school effects to Rooi kop

on the appointed day, in the morning sunshine, they straggled up the hill to school, just eight of them, very eager and excited, with shining eyes and freshly-brushed hair, and just a touch bashful at first, but this soon wore off, for Boer Kinders are refreshingly un-self-conscious.

And these are the eight as we saw them then and came to know them afterwards. The wee-est one was Baby Lenie. She smiled at us both in a satisfied way and settled herself into a seat, giving Johannes a quite unnecessary push as she did so and then laughing amusedly at his unconcealed resentment. She was a scrap of a baby with two bits of pigtails tied with colored string, very much energy which one could never properly direct, decidedly original views of her own on work and duty, a calico pinny of which she chewed a corner whenever she felt thoughtful, and a special little imp of her very own who entered into her when her hair stuck out in wilful wisps in front, and whose periodic possession of her meant periodic tribulation for Johannes. On the whole she wasn't a winsome baby, quite, but she was amusing and stimulating.

Johannes came next in size and was distinguished by a lisp and a wriggle. When one had seen Baby Lenie in the presence of Johannes for a season, one wondered if the solution of the wriggle were not at hand. His funny little lisp always ascended into a comical closing squeak and I found myself awaiting with great glee the rare utterances of Johannes. We were sorry as the days went by to find in him a rather ugly stubbornness. Nor love nor firmness nor patience nor persuasion nor authority nor bribes at all moved him. We grew very apprehensive of these moods of his and tenderly cherished his known wishes, but one never knew what morning face he might bring to school nor any reason for half his sulks. The little man was not always well, we found, so, more often than not, we sent him off to gather bloemjes (pronounced "bloomkys"; it means "posies"), or to play with the baby bok, who seemed to understand the dark days in Johannes' soul.

In spite of Lenie's worryings, she and Johannes loved each other devotedly and utterly refused to sit apart. This is one morning out of many: After a brief lesson with the ball-frame, I give them slates, pencils and sponges and tell them to make teacher some pretty figures. "Skryf mooi" (write nicely), I adjure them as I turn to the next class. "Yeth, Teat-thya!" lisps Johannes, and Lenie floods her slate and herself with water in her energetic efforts to "mak schoen" (make clean). For a brief space of time there is silence, save for the scratching of two busy penciles, then a wail from Lenie, "Ek wan nie, Teacha, ek kan nie skryf ni." (I can't, teacher, I can't write.) This wail I disregard and the two pencils scratch on again till the air is smitten by a shrill, wrathful cry from Johannes: "Teat-thya, Lenie mak dood mij skryf." (Lenie makes dead my writing.) That depraved baby had taken her wet sponge and rubbed out the little laddie's well-loved, hardly-made figures. I look reproaches at Lenie, who has the grace to hang her sinful head, but she raises it again suddenly and defends herself with tooth and nail and copper toes against Johannes' swift vengeance. I hasten to separate the tangle at some personal risk and administer solace to Johannes while trying to make his little Dutch mind understand that retribution is not his. As for Lenie, oh, she's incorrigible. I just start her folding kindergarten paper to make a hat or a boat—it's the only thing that absorbs her for any appreciable moment of time.

ARUM LILIES AT ROOI KOP
Teachers' marquees up the hill

OUR "WASH-LADY" IN HER GLADDEST BEADS
Joubert's tents in the distance

THE WORK OF WAR
One of the ruined farm-houses

Margrita is third. The name of Margrita's father is Jacobus Francois and all of the grace implied in the Hugenot Francois has descended into Margrita. She was so pretty and clever and sweet, with large, soft, grey-black eyes, soft black hair, a winsome demureness, and the charmingest manner in all the world. Always was she a joy unto us. Her serenity was clouded sometimes by the feuds between Lenie and Johannes, at which times she'd come to our aid with a distressed little command in Dutch, when our English was helpless, and her "Peace!" however expressed, always stilled the discord into temporary calm.

Piet was quick and bright and possessed a wonderful knowledge of snakes and birds and flowers, but his instincts were commercial. When he came into the dorp (village or town) in the trap with us, he had always a poor prisoner crow whom he meant to sell. Once we found him with the darlingest red-breasted bird shut up in a horrid box. He meant to take it in to the market and sell it, he said. None of our coaxing for its release moved him at all. Finally, Ethel bought it and freed it, and, thereafter, no day passed but Piet sauntered, with exaggerated unconcern, near to our tents, in hand or pocket or box some prisoner from the free, wild veldt, and Ethel distressfully paid him sixpences until I used authority, took the law of liberty into my own hands once or twice, and so cured him for a season. He was keen-faced and freckled, rather attractive in his better moods and ambitious always. Have you heard the Boers called "slim"? It means not quite honest nor open nor generous. Well, Piet was "slim." In games of ball when it was his throw in "catch who catch can," he always ran a little and threw the ball for himself. In "rounders," which is very like baseball, he'd cut corners to the bases. And when a boy doesn't "play the game," well, we'd rather not talk about him. But his ancestry was in him and the years of cruel war and the Boer precepts which are not as ours.

The four Jouberts done with, we come next to the Britzes. There's one nice habit among the Boers, they are very kind to orphans. Any relation of the Boer farmer who is poor or widowed or distressed in body or estate may come and live on a corner of the Boer's farm, or may even be taken into his house. The mother of the Britzes had died and the father was a prisoner-of-war in Ceylon, so, until such a time as he took the oath of allegiance to the new English king, Uncle Jacobus Joubert (Oom Goos more usually; Oom means Uncle and Goos is short for Jacobus) looked after the children as though they were his own. Sannie Britz was as round as a Christmas pudding and as full of fun as a sunbeam is of sparkle. She often laughed aloud in school, suddenly, irresistibly, infectiously, until children and teachers laughed with her in complete abandon, never learning why, for Sannie herself didn't know why, she just bubbled over. Long recorded physical drill as a huge joke and only when her sense of humor expressed itself by pulling Sannie's apron-tail during the marching exercises have I seen Sannie tearful or crumpled.

Mamie Britz was sweetly composed and calmly womanly with pretty manners learned at Leydenburg, where she had gone to school before the War. During the sewing lesson one morning she was telling me of the clothes she had made for her doll, who, she gravely informed me, had been married just the week before we came to the farm. I extended belated congratulations and invited the wedding-party to tea and cake in the afternoon. There was the bride, demure, but radiant in the regulation white satin, orange-blossoms and veil with an extensive trousseau in an accompanying box; there was the groom in the man's solemn black with a festive pink tie, stiff legs, a hump, and an offensive air of reserve, and there was the dainty maid of honor in white muslin and a fixed smile.

Marta van Niekerk was a niece of the vrow of Oom Goos. Her own mother had died a very long time ago, and, when her father married again her "Tante" (aunt) had taken Marta away, for in Boer land a stepmother is regarded with the most unreasonable dislike by the female relatives of the truly mother.

Girls grow into womanhood sooner in this land of recent warfare than in our own, and Marta, just fourteen, was reserved, impenetrable and apart. She worked well in school, sometimes smiled, and was her Tante's right-hand during her hours out of school.

Tommy Coutts is the last. I'm not going to tell you *much* about Tommy Coutts this time, for there is so much about him, he's to have a story all to himself one day. He also was an orphan but he was only working for Oom Goos, not adopted like the rest, and Piet and the vrow were not always kind to him. He had had a very chequered young life of service, had been servant to the officer and assistant to the driver, had seen battle from the inside, had learned much that was undesirable and much that was attractive. Tommy knew English and was always a very present help in times of translation. He was also a very perfect knight with a charm of manner and a thoughtfulness of deferential service that won our women's hearts from the beginning. We were always amused at the man-of-the-world air with which he talked to us, but we always felt a little ache in our throats at the unchildish, self-contained expression of his great, beautiful eyes.

For the greater part the school-work of these Dutch children was much as your own. Physical drill they adored. Sewing the girls did beautifully. Reading, of course, was difficult; not expression, for they mimic like the veriest parrots, but the queer pronunciations of innocent-looking English words. The Boer brain works very slowly along the line of mathematics. Their strong points are writing, drawing, modelling, anything of reproductive work. Their Madagascar oxen with the little wobbley hump between their shoulders, their leaves and fruit, their snakes, were perfect almost.

They did not play very heartily. Dutch children in Africa are not energetic, you know, and their repertoire of games was limited to those ring-around-and-sing-a-bit-ditty things. But they grew to love rounders and twos-and-threes and all kinds of ball games and became much more lithe and active as the weeks went by.

We had a play-day when we were breaking up for the Christmas holiday and we gave the Kinderen picture-books with "Red Riding Hood," "The Babes in the Wood," "Baron Munchausen" and other old favorites printed in Dutch. The babies gurgled happily, hugged one another rapturously over the "mooi boekjes" (pretty little books) and lisped many "baing dankes" (thank you very much); the girls thanked us prettily, Tommy in knightly fashion, and only Piet looked unhappy because his book-covers weren't quite as bright as the book-covers of Tommy Coutts.

Then we thought we'd have just a jolly old scramble for the candies. The Kinders stood about with fun and expectancy dancing over their faces. The first handful, pink and white and red and brown, showered down onto the grass, and a tangle of boys and girls descended after them, when lo! there stood Piet aloof, haughty, fierce almost. "I will *not* take them so," he flashed; "I am not a *dog*." We have to be so careful of the feelings of all these Boer people because they are very sore and resentful over the War and we mustn't hurt them any more. We *couldn't* make Piet understand so we had just to give up our over-sea ways and distribute sweets more decorously.

Now, this school of only eight children was costing the Government a very great deal of money, for there were the three marquees, the kitchen of corrugated iron, the furniture, dishes, linen and the salaries of the two teachers. There were no more children to come for there were no more farms and no more people for miles around—just one fair-lashed baby of the Swede shopkeeper in the little mud hut three miles over the kopjes. So, after a few months the district headmaster came out to see Uncle Jacobus and tell him the school must close. "I expect the old chap'll cut up rough," he gloomed back at us as he paused at the tent-door preparatory to breaking the news to Oom Goos. But when he showed the old Boer that each child was costing the Government at the rate of forty-three pounds a year, the old man could only gasp "Alamachtig!" and when the Head proceeded further to state that the school must close until more farmers came back to their farms and there could be an attendance of at least thirty children, the old man saw, but saw through tears, for "di skoel" and "di twee goed skoel-missis-es" were more unto him than fine gold.

And so we said good-bye to the lilies and the Kaffirs and the blue-gums and the spring-boks and the quiet vrow and the quaint Kinderen and old Oom Goos. We left them the school-books to work at until a new school-morn dawned over Rooi kop, and they thanked us shyly for what we had tried to do, and, as we looked back from the kopje before we turned down to the road that twisted for twenty-six miles into Middleburg we saw a solemn little row watching us out of sight.

At the end of their letters, the Dutch children say: "I close with my pen but not with my heart." I must close now with my pen, but if you like my story, I'll look into my heart one day for the tale of our second farm school.

Very Much Too Clean

African Natives Lavish in the Use of Soap

MISS MARY KINGSLEY, says the *Youth's Companion*, who made many journeys into the wilds of Africa, used to relate how once, finding it necessary to cleanse a much soiled and stained blouse, she carried it, with a cake of soap, to a neighboring spring, where an interesting group of native women watched her wash it.

The next morning when it came time to break camp Miss Kingsley missed her soap—a precious commodity in the wilderness. Suspicion soon pointed to a certain woman, who, on being accused, confessed boldly that she had taken it and cast it into the spring that its extraordinary powers of renewing old garments might be permanently imparted to the waters. She was deeply mortified to learn that her effort had been in vain.

The Rev. Peter McQueen of Charlestown, Mass., tells a kindred story. His soap, however, was not lost, although misused.

"I told our native servants to be sure to lay in a supply of clean water when we crossed the Taru desert, a scorched belt of sand stretching some seventy-six miles," he relates. "Tidings had reached us that an English explorer who had attempted to cross that desert shortly before us had perished from thirst, so we wanted to be careful.

"You can imagine my surprise when, upon taking my first draft of water, I discovered that it tasted strongly of soap. All the casks were similarly tainted, and we rounded up the natives and held a hasty court martial.

"It was a tough predicament, but I couldn't refrain from smiling within when the leader of them meekly confessed that as the master had instructed him to lay in a supply of clean water he had seen to it that bars of soap were added, for soap, he said, was used to clean things."

They did not perish of thirst, but after sixteen days of drinking soapsuds, which agreed with neither palate nor stomach, no native of that particular gang was again likely to try to purify water with soap.

FOR THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Nature History Rhymes—The Monarch Butterfly

By E. M. GARDNER

There grew, in a certain orchard—
  'Twas many years ago—
A patch of juicy milk-weed,
  The plant you surely know.

It grows all over Canada,
  But chiefly where the land
Is dry and open, and the soil
  Is mostly made of sand;

Its flowers—a pinky tassel—
  In July may be seen,

Caterpillar and Chrysalis of the Monarch Butterfly

And later curious pods appear
  The broad, green leaves between.

These pods contain the funny seeds,
  Shaped like a silver fish,
Which, when they're ripe, burst forth
    in fluff,
  Dainty as one could wish.

When playing with these "fishes"
  On one late August day,
We found our milk-weeds sadly spoiled,
  Which filled us with dismay.

And lo! young caterpillars small
  By hundreds crawled about,
All ringed with gold and black were
    they,
  "Happy as lords," no doubt.

Wherever had they come from?
  The wisest of us all
Said: "They have hatched from eggs,
    laid by
A butterfly, last fall.

"All winter, and through springtime,
  Hidden from human sight,
They safe were stowed, and out they've
    come
  Just when the time was right."

And so they fed and flourished,
  And daily larger grew
Till full two inches long they were,
  And then, of course, we knew

That soon a change was coming;
  No longer would they be
As caterpillars crawling 'round,
  And so we watched, to see.

A fine, big, lazy fellow
  Crawled out beneath a leaf,
And hung himself, head downwards;
  Next, he seemed to take a reef

'n his long body, for behold
  It shorter, dumpier grew;
But here we had to say "goodnight,"
  Because of heavy dew.

Next morning off we started,
  But nearly did we fail
To recognize our milk-weed friend—
  He'd neither head nor tail!

And there a dainty chrysalis
  Of loveliest, palest green,
With dots of gold around about,
  Was all that could be seen!

'Twas on the eleventh morning
  Since he had ceased to be
A caterpillar, that our eyes
  This wondrous sight did see.

A little click, and lo! the skin
  From end to end was slit,
And out there came a curious thing
  Which firmly clung to it;

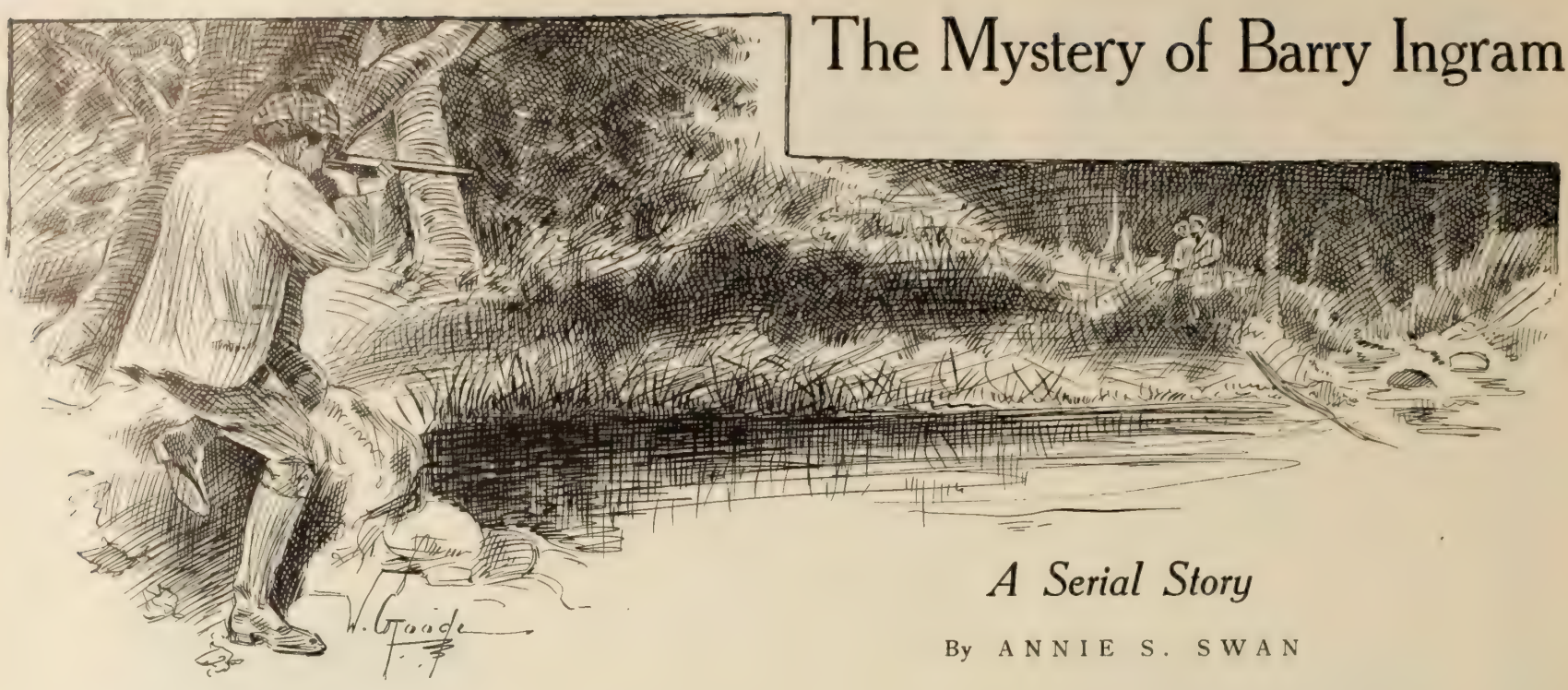
Monarch Butterfly and Empty Chrysalis on Milk-weed Pod

A body, black and spotted,
  With wings of bronzy red
Which grew like magic, as he gently
  Fanned them o'er his head.

And bye and bye, when ready,
  He soared into the sky—
This was the evolution
  Of a "monarch" butterfly.

"ALL IN THE BLUE UNCLOUDED WEATHER"

NOTHING DOING



The Mystery of Barry Ingram

A Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Thomas Ingram of Tyrie Castle is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter.

THE eagerness of the meeting over, he remembered the resolutions with which he had set out to keep what he promised should be the last tryst. He drew himself a little away, and looked down into her eyes.

"Look here, Nancy, you believe I do care for you, don't you?"

"You've often said you do," she answered bravely.

"Well, I do; but I wish I had never seen your bonnie face, and that's the truth," he said.

"What makes you say that?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, you see, it's a little difficult to explain, we can't all do as we like in this world. Unfortunately there are always other people trying to put spokes in our wheel, and who try to order our lives for us."

"Like faither does to me—wantin' me to marry Alan Hastie."

"Precisely."

"They're wantin' you to do the same—I mean, to marry somebody else," she said with a nod. "I ken the fellow in the shop telt faither that, too; she's a lady living in Glasgow, and very rich."

"It's astonishing how things get talked about, isn't it? Mostly common talk is lies, but this happens to be true. The governor got on to me to-day about it. He says I'm wasting. I think he's got an inkling of our little trysts, maybe—who knows—he got his information from our Paisley friend. Anyhow, he gave me to understand this very day that if I didn't turn over a new leaf and fall in with the family programme it would be the worse for me. Then when I got home my mother got on the same track, and she was even more plain spoken; she said that unless I dropped all this nonsense—meaning you, darling—she wouldn't do any more for me."

Nancy, secure in his love, believing the protestations he had so often made, that he would never give her up, merely laughed and nestled her pretty head on his breast.

"And you just laughed in your sleeve, and came richt oot to meet me. Serve them richt! They have nae business to interfere wi' us, Barry, nane at all. Surely folk has a right to be happy in their own way in this world."

"They have the right, but they don't always get it," he answered. "And I doubt—I doubt, that unless I'm to go to the wall altogether, and shift for myself, I'll need to fall in, as I said, with the family plan."

"You must have kent all along that it was impossible, if it's that now," she said in a low voice, quite steady, and a little hard.

"I never thought at all," answered Barry; which, indeed, was true enough. "If I had, my dear, I would have acted differently. I fell in love with your pretty face the moment I saw it that day I was shooting over Carsland. But we needn't grudge that, Nancy; neither of us is the worse for it, and we've a store of sweet memories, which will help us when times go a little hard with us."

"When you are married to the rich Glasgow lady, like, and she keeps the rein tight," she said, with a slow, bitter smile.

"I doubt it will have to come to that, Nancy, so you see, dear, perhaps the best thing you can do will be to fall in with the family plan, too—your own family plan, I mean, and marry Alan Hastie. The idea of it makes me shiver, and I hate the fellow twenty times for it, but we're not masters of our own fate here, dear, but have to do as circumstance wills, and that's a fact."

Nancy withdrew herself a little from his arm and looked at him with an expression on her face he had never seen there before. It revealed a depth of comprehension and of feeling he had not credited her with. For to him she had been little more than the sport of an idle hour; a pretty creature to wander side by side with in the sun.

"If I were a man, I wad be ashamed to be like that," she said, clenching her hand by her side; "and I wad never be like it. I wad be strong. Naebody should master me or order my life; I wad be strong."

"Nancy, you little vixen, you look lovely; and when I look at you I can't give you up!"

I'm not askin' you to gie me up, and maybe—maybe," she added slowly, "I'll no gie you up."

"You will be my own dear, sensible girl, Nancy," he said soothingly. "I've been at great pains to explain everything to you, just because I felt so sorry for both you and myself. But it's plain we can't go on like this."

"But you promised to marry me, Barry, and I have the letter at hame under lock and key."

"What letter? I never wrote any such letter," he said in alarm.

"Oh, yes, you did, that time after I said I wasna comin' back because faither was so angry; you wrote and said that if I wad come it wad be a' richt, and that we had only to keep quiet for a little while, and then the way wad be clear, and you wad mak me your wife. I've often read it; I have it every word by heart!"

"Oh, but, dear, you could never hold me to that; I meant it at the time, of course, and I only wish I could mean it yet. But then I had no idea how strongly they felt about things at home, nor how they were going to badger me. I tell you I've had a pretty miserable time of it lately with one thing and another," said Barry, and pulled his moustache dolefully to try to win a little cheap sympathy.

Nancy shivered a little, all the dream-world in which she had lived all these months toppling in ruins at her feet.

"So it's good-bye, Barry," she said in a low voice.

"I fear so, sweetheart—for the meantime, at least."

"Not for the meantime; if it's good-bye, then it *is* good-bye," she said almost in a whisper. "And you'll marry the rich Glasgow lady, and forget all about me, and I'll never see you again."

All the hardness died suddenly out of her face and voice, and with a sudden abandon she clung to him in a very passion and tempest of tears.

Barry was not slow in seeking to comfort her. He gathered her close in his arms and bent his head to speak the words which now had little meaning for her. At that moment there was a hurried movement in the thick undergrowth behind them, and some shots in quick succession rang out upon the silent air. They seemed to be blindly aimed, but they did not miss a mark, if not the mark intended.

Nancy's sobbing abruptly ceased, and Barry Ingram, himself uninjured, felt the lissom figure inert and heavy in his arms.

Poor Nancy Simons had kept her last tryst.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLAYERS

Evelyn was the only cheerful member of the party driving out to Cardyke that autumn Saturday afternoon.

Ewan Forbes sat well back in the carriage looking straight before him, saying little, but his eyes were often fixed with an inscrutable yearning on the sweet face of his daughter opposite to him.

His wife partly understood his thoughts, and had more sympathy with him than she would have had had he not told her of the troubles that might come. She knew enough of his nature after all these years of wedlock to grasp the fact that he was not a man likely to exaggerate or minimize calamity, still less likely to imagine it where it did not exist. Once under the covering rug she gave his knee a little pat, a wifely touch so rare in their relations that he turned to her with a swift glance of questioning surprise. Then his fingers closed over hers with a force which hurt.

All unconscious of these hidden undercurrents, Evelyn chattered on, happy in the prospect of seeing Barry Ingram again, and at his own home. The home where a man lives is always of deep interest to the woman who loves him.

"It's a fine place this, Eugenie," observed Forbes as he sat up, looking about him with a sudden interest. "And Ingram has been very judicious with the tree-felling. He has cut down just enough and not too much. Look at that view to the left of the loch. The Cardyke woods make a fine background. It must have been sore on Fincastle letting this place go."

"He has recovered from it by now, I should say," answered Eugenie. "He was a very young man when the property changed hands, and I've heard that he was well advised to it."

"He hadn't any choice, my dear," observed Forbes drily. "The place was mortgaged to the hilt and himself in the money-lender's clutches."

"But, dad, I thought Lord Fincastle was a nice man," observed Evelyn. "He seems like that when you talk to him."

"He's all right, I believe. If he ever had any wild oats to sow they're got rid of respectably long ago. And the mortgages were never of his making."

"I'm glad to hear that. I like him, dad, and I do hope he is going to marry Christabel. Don't you think they would make a splendid pair?"

"Christabel and Fincastle!" repeated Forbes in tones of surprise. "Do you hear that, Eugenie? What do you think of Christabel becoming Lady Fincastle?"

"It would not please Madam," replied Eugenie without a moment's hesitation.

"I should imagine not. The titled tit-bit is reserved for one of her own brood, which I wouldn't have as a gift. Empty-headed cats! Too much like their mother to be any good to a decent man. Well, here we are. One feels the splendor and the dignity of it coming only occasionally like this. I can't remember when Tyrie impressed me more."

"It is two years since you were here—at Angela's coming-out ball," Evelyn reminded him as the horses were drawn up rather sharply at the portico of the door.

Their own footman was in attendance, and passed them on to the care of one of the servants of the house, who ushered them immediately upstairs. There were several persons in the drawing-room; madam, from her usual couch, extended a languid hand in greeting, Ingram himself standing by the fireplace, looking as if he had had an irritating discussion, and the two girls—Angela, who had come out, a long, tall, willowy creature, dressed in a picturesque fashion which her father specially abhorred. She had a pretty enough face, though it was a little sallow, whilst quantities of fluffy hair dressed with Greek bands completed the picture. Her sister, a short, broad creature, in schoolgirl skirts and a very thick pigtail, had no pretensions to beauty. and was her mother's despair, but she had a great deal of character, and of his second family was undoubtedly Ingram's favorite. Evelyn Forbes entering the room immediately struck a note of distinction. She was very quietly dressed in a coat and skirt of homespun, beautifully made and which set off her lissom figure to perfection. A velvet hat of a contrasting color gave warmth to the clear paleness of her face, and her eyes, very bright and clear, gave life to her expression, apt to be dull in repose.

Mrs. Forbes, always graceful, with the air of the true aristocrat, glided to the side of their hostess's couch to make her greetings.

"So charmed to see you. I was only saying to my husband to-day how long it is since you have been here," murmured madam carressingly. "So sorry not to be able to rise. This has been one of my bad days, and I really ought to be in my room now; but when one's husband is only at home one afternoon in the week it is right to make an effort."

"It is very fortunate for us that you are able to be down," answered Mrs. Forbes politely, but not warmly. She did not like Madam Ingram, and felt assured in the innermost recesses of her being that the woman was heartless and even unprincipled. She could not have told how or why she arrived at such a conclusion, since their acquaintance had never reached beyond the bounds of conventionality; it was an intuition rather than a certainty, but it colored and influenced her manner. In the Tyrie drawing-room Eugenie Forbes was never quite herself.

"Come here, you naughty man, and abase yourself," Madam cried to Ewan Forbes. "Do you know that you have not been in this house for two years?"

"I am flattered that you should remember how long it is, Madam," observed Forbes a little awkwardly, as he came from Ingram's side to receive his rebuke. "We are busy folks in Glasgow, and have to leave the embroideries of life to our women folks."

"Ah! tell me another one, Mr. Forbes. Well, and to what are we indebted for this pleasure and honor?"

"To the qualms of an uneasy conscience, beyond a doubt," replied Forbes politely. "I am looking at that big lass over there. Can that be my little Maisie?"

"Don't; we have dropped that silly, unmusical name," said Madam reprovingly. "Her name is Carita Marjorie, Mr. Forbes, an absurd combination of my husband's making; but to me she will always be Caro."

"Then you don't like our old Scottish names, Madam?"

"I never like or dislike; it is wise to steer the middle course. But some of them have a barbaric sound. Christabel, for instance—what a mouthful!"

"By-the-by, where is Christabel? I have not seen her for a long time. I hope she is at home to-day?" observed Forbes interestedly.

"If your visit is for her, I dare say she can be found, but Christabel does not affect our company very much."

"I dare say she is with Stephen in the grounds," said Ingram, who was always conscious of his wife's remarks, seeming to divine them even by intuition at remote parts of the room. "I dare say they will be in together presently for tea."

"Doubtful, mon amie, Christabel and Stephen are not sociable. How well your Evelyn is looking, Mr. Forbes! She is really a fine creature. What height your Scottish women have, and when they are graceful, like Evelyn, they are our despair."

The words pleased Ewan Forbes well.

"I am glad you approve of her, Madam," he said, his voice and manner visibly softening.

"I approve! Who would not? Come here, Mr. Forbes, and bend lower. Nothing would please me better than if we could arrange the alliance we all desire so much. I have been talking to Barry to-day, and, believe me, your visit is most opportune. These young people need a lot of handling. But it is worth it, is it not. Left to themselves, they would certainly make havoc of everything."

"Barry is at home then, Madam?"

"Why, yes; he has not long left me. I will send presently to see whether he can be found. It makes it so much easier that Evelyn should be looking like a queen. Why, who is this? Ah! only Stephen. He does not often honor us with his company at tea."

Stephen returning from the boat-house at his leisure, had recognized the horses and made his way instantly to the drawing-room. It may be said at once that Stephen Ingram loved Evelyn Forbes with that quiet, strong, tenacious love

"He bent his head to speak the words which now had little meaning for her."

which knows no hope and is afraid of no sacrifice. To guard her interests, to know her well and happy, was all he expected or asked from fate. No hint of the inner depths, however, were suffered to appear on his tranquil face as he made his way across the room to greet the visitors, all of whom received him with marked affection and respect. When the greetings were made Evelyn beckoned him to sit by her, and smiled upon him with that look of confidence and affection usually bestowed upon an elder brother in whom a perfect trust is reposed.

Stephen did not shrink from that attitude on Evelyn's part; it was the role he wished to fill towards her, since he knew that she loved his half-brother and that when all obstacles were removed a marriage between them would take place. His indignation with Barry, however, for his inconstancy to this peerless creature was sometimes the strongest passion of his life, and threatened to break the bonds.

"And how is the oracle to-day?" asked Evelyn playfully. "We have not met for such a long time! You have forgotten the very existence of the Forbeses."

"Not quite, Evelyn. It is you who have been cold and neglectful of Tyrie," answered Stephen with his quiet and pleasant smile.

At the moment his step-mother called to him across the room.

"Where have you been, Stephen, and have you seen anything of Barry or of Christabel?"

"I have seen nothing of Barry, Madam. Christabel is on the island, and will not, I think, be in very soon. I left her there."

"She might have taken me," pouted Caro, who came, as usual, to Stephen's side. Caro, though only fifteen, was a power hardly yet reckoned with in the Tyrie household. Her passion for justice had often tempted her to speak up to her mother when the family jars occurred, and though she was always promptly silenced, she was as ready on the next occasion to speak her mind. Threats of a strict German boarding-school had not yet been carried into effect, chiefly because her father refused to listen.

"What is she doing on the island all alone, Stephen?" asked Evelyn.

"Belle is like that; she often wants to go wandering alone," said the child persistently.

"She is in that mood this afternoon, Caro. I went over to fetch her, but she sent me back and said she would come when she was ready."

"I know mother was at her again at lunch time; it was horrible, and I never saw Belle so angry nor heard her speak up so sharply. It is bad for her, though; she went out of the room looking quite white and desperate."

Stephen put up a deprecating hand near the child's mouth.

"What did we agree the other day, Caro?—that it is speech that complicates life, and that silence is mostly golden."

"Oh, but one must speak sometimes or—or burst," replied Caro, with one of her frequent lapses into the extreme, against which her mother waged constant war.

"Ring the bell, Tom," said Madam languidly to her husband. "We want tea up, and someone sent to look for Barry. He is very tiresome to disappear like this just when we particularly want him."

The servant appeared immediately, and the double order was given. But the minutes passed without bringing Barry, whose presence was so eagerly desired by nearly all those in the room.

Presently, however, another visitor was announced, whose name sent a flutter through the whole room and caused Madam to rise from her couch to frame and deliver a fitting welcome.

Lord Fincastle!

"Do look at mamma, Evy," whispered Caro the incorrigible. "She is always like that when Lord Fincastle comes. He isn't much to look at, but I like him; he's awfully jolly when you get to know him and have him by himself. Mamma wants him to marry Angela—and do look at her face now—but he won't. Oh! I know something!"

Evelyn put her small hand very firmly over the child's mouth.

"If you don't be quiet, Caro, something will happen to you. Stephen, why don't you keep her in better order?"

At the same time she watched the little comedy in the near distance with deep inward amusement. Evelyn did not personally admire the former owner of Tyrie; to her he seemed a very ordinary individual, a plain, middle-aged, uninteresting person, with a keen, good face, the strength of which was fully shown because it was clean shaven. Not very tall, he had a well knit figure and carried his head with the erect air of a man assured of his position and not at all afraid to look the whole world in the face.

Lord Fincastle, indeed, on attaining his majority, had astonished and somewhat dismayed his trustees by deciding to sell Tyrie, which had been a millstone about the neck of his race for so long.

Fincastle now owned a small property, though one of surpassing beauty, on the middle reaches of the Clyde, and a tract of unproductive land in Ireland that, as a source of income, hardly counted.

He came sometimes, but not often, to Tyrie; in the course of the past six months perhaps oftener, and Madam's hopes had begun to soar. Angela's pretty face flushed deeply, and she kept back rather shyly until her mother beckoned her to her side.

"I happened to be in the neighborhood, and must apologise for my riding garb, Mrs. Ingram," he said easily. "I am afraid I intrude somewhat inauspiciously on a family party—do I?"

"Not at all, not at all; only some friends calling from Glasgow; the fine afternoon tempted them," Madam answered effusively. "Mr. and Mrs. Ewan Forbes—I think you have met before."

"Oh, yes, certainly; Mrs. Forbes and I are old friends, aren't we?" he said with a pleasant smile.

(To be continued)

AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

BLUE MONDAY.

"As Tommy Snooke and Betsy Brooke
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Betsy Brooke to Tommy Snooke,
'To-morrow will be Monday.'"

POOR Betsy, all togged out in her best finery, and enjoying her Sunday afternoon off, had happened to glance where her eye fell upon a clothes line or reel, and immediately, like a flash, Monday's wash suggested itself, and with an inward sigh she said: "To-morrow will be Monday." Perhaps she was expected to rise at four o'clock, in order to get an early start, and astonish the tardy neighbors, for some women delight in their Monday morning eye-opener, at the expense of health, comfort, and peace to the whole household. I remember once a woman expressing herself to me in this wise: "I'll have my washing all out of the way by Monday noon or break my neck." Well, I am glad I am not constituted that way, for, it seems to me, it is so important to adjust the rooms before starting in at the washing. The single occasion on which I broke that rule, our furnace pipes took fire, and it was with a shamed face I led the man from the street upstairs where the offending pipes were, into the littered room that only ten minutes' work would have made presentable. A maid once protested because she had to hang out some clothes, the last of a very large wash, at four in the afternoon. "I hate to go out with them, it is so late," she said. She never forgot the *solid* manner in which she was informed that this was entirely our own business, and if we chose to hang out our clothes at midnight it was still our own affair. Isn't it absurd when you think of it, wondering what your neighbors will think. As if the majority of them care to *think* about *your* work, and as for the meddling sort, it is not worth while caring what they think, so "gang yer ain gait."

Not long since I was inveigled into reading all about the merits of a certain brand of soap, by a deceptive advertisement starting off with: "Just as Tuesday has superseded Monday as a national wash-day, so," etc. But it has not done so, for listen to this: the Commercial Travellers' Association of Ontario petitioned the government to make Monday Canadian Thanksgiving Day, so that when they were at home over Sunday, they could spend the holiday with their families, and not have to go back over a three days' route to get home. Will you believe that the women—not the wives of those travellers, I hope—rebelled at this innovation, the disturbing of their wash-day once in a year, and out flew the washings all over the town; Thanksgiving or no, that wash could not wait!

Marian Harland in her book, "House and Home," devotes a chapter entitled "Why Monday?" to pointing out the disadvantages of washing on Monday, advising the setting-in-order of the whole house, and gathering together from bedrooms and closets the articles to be washed; the changing of beds, for if this is done on Saturday, the lounging about on Sunday disarranges and soils them more than all the rest of the week; then the preparation of easy meals for the busy day, having the dessert ready, and cold meats, or "short order" as the hotels call the quickly cooked kinds; and altogether she puts up a sensible and eloquent appeal. And yet, withal, Monday holds sway in the feminine mind as the proper day to dispense with the family wash, no doubt from the belief in the adage that

"They who wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry."

Let me tell you right here that Tuesday is my wash-day, and the resolution that it should be was made long years ago, when the tousled head of my curly haired sister would be thrust into my door, breaking rudely on my dreams with "Have you anything for the wash? Mrs. Skillix has the first boiler ready." She invariably heard before the day was over my strongly uttered determination that if *ever* I was married, and had a house of my own, there would be no such sudden jump from the peace and sublimity of the Sabbath, to the rub-a-dub-dub of the wash-tub. Yes, I've kept my word.

* * *

NOT that I dislike washing. I love it. I have always contended that my intense liking for washing clothes arose from one of two sources. Either I had a most plebeian taste, or it had descended as a family trait from some of my forbears, generations back. At all events, it is my favorite kind of housework, and wash-morning beholds me very much alive, and like the war-horse for battle, scenting soap-suds and prancing through the morning work to get into the thick of it. Even with the faithful washwoman, one must have a hand in it, for oh, the joy of sousing the nice white clothes up and down in a tub of clear water, then the delicate task of bluing them, and starching, and best of all the hanging out! It takes an artist's eye to decorate a clothes-line. It is said that a ship at sea in full sail is one of the most beautiful sights in nature. Well, a line of snow-white clothes, with green grass beneath, swayed by a gentle breeze in the sunshine—ah, 'tis a goodly sight to me! There are no "Blue Mondays" in our house. But how my pen does run away with me, to be sure, for I started out on this subject with the simple intention of telling the readers of the HOME JOURNAL how I was shown an easy way of accomplishing this really hard labor of washing, and have launched out into very lengthy preliminaries. Now for the recipe for my washing compound.

Heat a generous gallon, or nearly five quarts of clear, soft water to boiling point, then add, in small quantities, one can of Gillett's lye, stirring all the time with a stick long enough to allow you to stand well back from the stove, thus keeping the steam from your face and hands. An old pair of gloves can protect the latter. Remove from the stove and set aside to cool. Then add the following ingredients: one-half ounce salts of tartar, one-half ounce muriate of ammonia, one ounce sulphate of soda. When this is dissolved, put into air-tight sealers ready for use. When you want to wash, cut up a cake of soap about four inches square and dissolve. This part can be done the previous evening to facilitate matters next morning. Put it in the boiler with a large teacupful of the liquid compound, and fill the boiler three-quarters full of water. Put the clothes in the cold water, sorting the finer pieces for first boiler as usual. When this is done, strike the match to your laundry stove and go away to the morning work. Return every fifteen minutes, turning them over, and in an hour, with a regular fire, they will have come to a boil, and ready to be lifted into a tub of clear luke-warm water, soft, if available. Now, the house being all tidied while the clothes have cleansed themselves, matters can move rapidly.

Give the clothes a good trouncing, turning them over and over, putting back into the boiler some of the soapy water, and add more fresh to the tub. The second lot of clothes can now go into the boiler, but not *dry*, as did the first, as the water is now almost at boiling heat, so dip them in water first, wetting them thoroughly. In cases where there is a very large wash, and perhaps a third boiler full, a little more of the compound might be added.

Returning to the first tubful; rub lightly on a board to take the soap out, drop them into clear rinsing water, and then blue. They will rival the snow in whiteness. The other lots can follow suit, passing through the same waters, and finally the prints can lie in the first tub while you dispense with the last of the whites. It is astonishing how the dirt is drawn from them. Wring them out, and take fresh water drawn from the boiler, and cooled from the rinsing tub, rub them out, and presto! without injuring the palest shades, they emerge clear and spotless, after also passing through the rinse and blue waters. Flannelettes can be treated the same way, and cotton underwear for boys or men that become very much soiled at the wrist can be dropped into the boiler with advantage. Flannels, however, must not be treated to a dip in the boiler, but can be washed after the same fashion as the flannelettes.

Here are a few pointers to remember. Do not be afraid that this compound will eat or rot your linen or cotton, as many preparations do. It will not injure the most delicate fabric. I have used it for years, and the woman from whom I obtained the recipe had used it many years before I knew it, and is, without any exception, the most thorough housekeeper I know. It certainly saves labor, and is a *good* thing, so I pass it on. And now give it a trial these hot summer days when so much white is worn. The boiling water that is left over is excellent for cleaning painted woodwork, or for scrubbing, and, if not required for that, use it for flushing the sink and other pipes, pouring it slowly and at boiling point into the drains.

THE BABIES' PARTY—THEY ARE SEVEN
Photograph by Ria Davis, Staffa

* * *

THE SUMMER GUEST.

AND now I am playing the role of summer visitor, with my brain full of rules of what to, and what not to do. Do not lay the curling tongs on the immaculate dresser cover, nor flounce down on the spotless bedspread for a siesta, nor yet keep breakfast waiting for you till almost noon. Do not sit around expecting to be entertained and waited upon, and many more "don'ts" that sensible people should not require for their guidance. The Golden Rule should be all sufficient, and a woman who has been favored with an invitation to spend some time in another woman's house should aim to make herself agreeable to what she believes that household enjoys, and adapt herself to her surroundings, and so ingratiate herself into the hearts about her, that her coming forever after will be hailed with delight. From some types of summer visitors, I pray earnestly, "Good Lord, deliver me." They are a bundle of confusion from the time they land in on you on their own invitation, and allow you to pay cab-fare and trunk cartage, until they depart leaving you the same privilege repeated. They keep your house in a turmoil during their sojourn with you, their belongings scattered in every room, and not hesitating to propose entertainment for their own benefit.

I remember when I was a young girl at home, how the excitement of meeting trains and boats and seeing the house fill up with "our sisters, and our cousins, and our aunts," had quite a different effect upon my elder sister, who always played the part of housekeeper, or mother's right hand. While she extended a warm welcome, her enthusiasm waned, or seemed lost sight of in the extra duties all this company imposed. Since I have been "behind the scenes" myself, I understand what it all meant, to plan and arrange for meals, to order from butcher and baker, grocer and fruiterer, to neglect nothing that the good housewife delights to cater to her guests, to be here, there, and all over, packing the dainty basket of luncheon for the outing—yes, I believe

Continued on page 26

Silver Plate of Beauty and Enduring Quality

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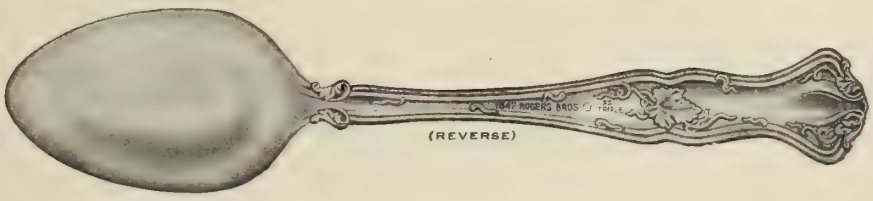

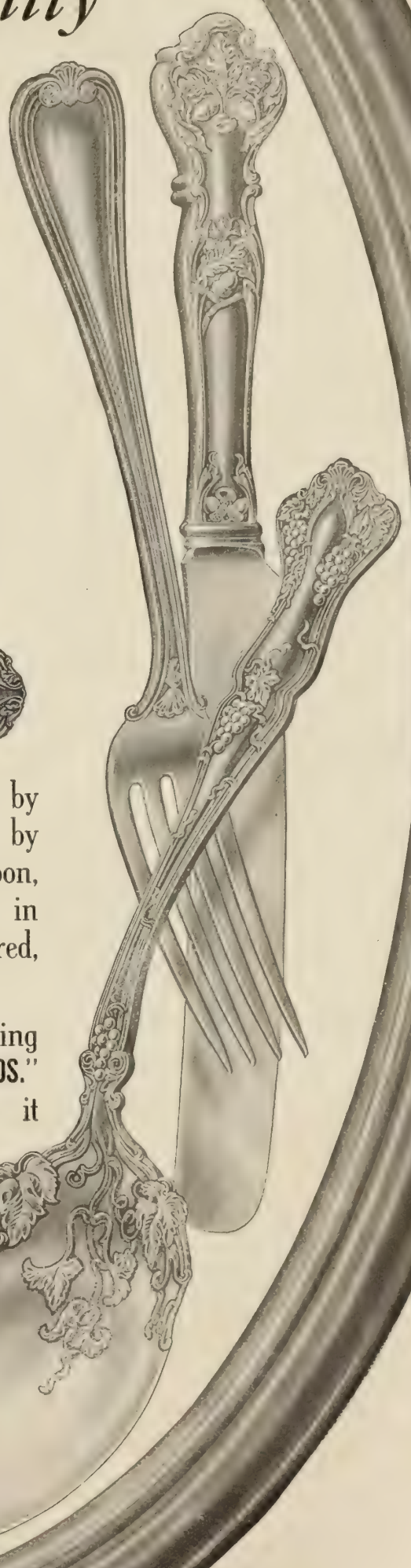

Whether the style be simple, as exemplified by the Priscilla fork, or more ornate, as suggested by the Charter Oak Knife and Vintage Berry Spoon, shown herewith, it may be readily procured in "1847 ROGERS BROS." ware. Wide varieties are offered, assuring utmost satisfaction.

It is well to bear in mind when choosing silverware that the trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." not only assures highest quality, but that it guarantees it.

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is made from the FINEST SEVILLE ORANGES and granulated sugar by expert marmalade makers and is guaranteed absolutely pure.

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FROCKS FRILLS & FURBELOWS

SKIRTS, according to all authorities on the subject, are growing wider, yet manifest no tendency to become flaring or voluminous. The extremely narrow skirt is no longer the vogue, but the lines are still straight, with a close plaiting about one-third the length of the skirt. The latter feature may develop later into the old-fashioned

kilted skirt. Plaitings pressed very flat and attached to alternate gores make a favorite treatment. In fact it is likely to be a plaited season. Plaitings of the flat style arranged at front and back often are seen, plaitings at the sides only to be noted, and skirts made with very deep yokes, to which flat plaited and tucked portions are attached, are among the later outputs, and there are even skirts of very thin material which are gathered and attached to yokes or to deep fitted body portions on the cuirasse order, but however the skirt is treated, however the result is obtained, it is smooth and tight over the hips; wide enough for comfort at the lower edge yet straight of line, giving the slender effect that remains essential to correct style. Where the material is thin it may be tucked or even gathered, but if it is in the least heavy it must be pressed perfectly flat in order to produce the effect desired. Entire plaited skirts are somewhat seen, too, in the latest tailored designs, and both box and side pleats extending to the belt are being put out, but here again the plaits are of moderate depth and great care is exercised in the pressing so that the general effect is a straight and narrow one even though greater comfort, greater freedom and greater grace are assured.

Princesse costumes continue all their vogue, and those women who chose wisely in the earlier part of the season need have no fears. The latest are made with panels at front and back and side portions, to which plaited flounces are attached, but there are countless variations of this idea, and any costume which is not exaggeratedly narrow, which allows grace of movement, remains correct in spite of the demand for greater width at the lower edge of the skirt, for inset plaitings or flounces or for relief in some such form.

* * *

BEADS of all colors continue to be used lavishly in decoration of small articles. The latest designs in bead bags are extremely dainty and attractive, showing artistic skill and ingenuity in the flowers and sprays, so realistically wrought in all shades and tints. Belts and fancy collars continue to show this style of adornment, while the fancy slippers to be worn next winter will be bead-trimmed. Suede slippers are expensive, but easily cleaned, and the newest samples are showing either wide satin ties or a bead-brightened bow of dull silk. As a New York authority says: "The most fashionable evening slippers are embroidered, beaded, or spangled, while some are trimmed with jeweled and metal ornaments. A beautiful shoe, recently seen, was made of metal cloth in gold. White and colored satin slippers, to match the gowns, are also favorites of the season. Cuban heels are popular for day wear, but Louis heels are "the thing" for evening wear. Only the very broad ribbons are worn with ties, this being the latest fashion decree in shoeland."

LAST year the demand of those who would have "the very latest" was all for the satin-finished goods. Cloth, silk and even cotton materials must have the soft, shimmering effect or they were displayed in vain. Glisten and gleam were the watchwords of the fashionable dame and even the overplump woman attempted to keep up with the style, though her innermost consciousness may have told her that she looked a fright. But Paris has changed all that, as Paris has a way of doing, and you must now possess a dull-finish crepe effect evening gown if you wish to wear what fashion decrees. In serges and homespuns the dull effect is desired and the smartest tailor-made costumes will show this in a crepe-surfaced fabric. Bedford cord is prophesied to be popular in the late autumn and striped material is still to be worn, though not so much the vogue as it was in the spring. Diagonals are also among the autumn probabilities and the heavier styles are being sent across the sea for wear during October and November.

* * *

THE coats of the new suits are cut closer to the figure below the waist than they have been for the last two years. There is evident the same determined effort to reduce the lines of the figure, the back is flat and narrow, while the skirt of the coat is almost as close-fitting as the dress over which it is worn. The Eton coat has disappeared for the time and only the long and severe lines are shown.

The sleeve, which has known many fluctuations during the last two years, is comparatively small and undecorated for the autumn styles. The strictly tailor-made is yet in fashion, but one sees also the leg-o'-mutton and the sleeve with a flaring cuff. The "moyen age" sleeve in its utmost severity has been highly popular, but will be modified in autumn costumes to give softer and more graceful effect. In the blouses or fancy waists, for afternoon or evening wear, there is a decided tendency towards

the trimmed and fuller styles. In one of the designs shown here, the sleeves are tucked from the elbow in an under-sleeve design, while broad trimming of beading style is shown on shoulder, elbow-drape and as a cuff finish. The second is less elaborate with a three-buttoned, wide cuff effect, having three pleated ruffles extending to the wrist. Such a style is eminently dainty and *chic* for a somewhat elaborate waist. Tucks are seen on many of the new designs, especially those about three inches in extent set on the inner part of the sleeve.

* * *

QUEEN ALEXANDRA is said to have set a pretty dress fashion at a recent society function in London. Instead of wearing the conventional coat or scarf, hanging in straight lines, she had a very wide scarf arranged round her shoulders, giving the old-fashioned dolman effect. The style is a most artistic and graceful one, and there is every possibility that the idea will be generally adopted. The Queen's scarf was made of lilac chiffon with a deep hem-stitched border, but a variety of dainty designs besides this can be adopted. A well-known London milliner said:

"The prettiest scarf is undoubtedly made of chiffon, and we may be thankful that the Queen has brought in such a pretty fashion. The new scarf is much wider than the old one we have been wearing, and falls at the back from the neck well below the waist line, being gathered in like a fichu in front with a flower or buckle. Stencilled patterns of all kinds of blossoms will be seen on these scarfs, and the most delicate blending of colors will be in vogue. For instance, a flame-colored scarf will be hand-painted or stencilled with the William Allen Richardson rose. A pale blue scarf can have no prettier ornamentation than pink almond blossom, while a pale green scarf must be decked with lilies of the valley. Nankin blue scarfs can be stencilled with art green poppies. Tiny ruffles of lace can also be used instead of stencilling to border the new scarf. They are very becoming, especially if the old lace color, or, better still, real old lace is used. Embroidered scarfs will also be seen, and will be the most expensive. We have a lovely green chiffon one on order now in a delicate shade of eau-de-nil, hand-embroidered with large purple emperor butterflies. The embroidered or hand-painted pattern must always be along the border of the dolman scarf."

Smashed into 147 Pieces

At the Carlton Hotel Hotel, London, England, two valuable four-foot Chinese vases guarded the approach to the staircase in the Palm Court.

They were admired and commented on for their exquisite beauty by visitors from far and wide.

One of these vases was knocked from its pedestal and broken into 147 pieces. It was a fit subject for the rubbish heap, and would have found its way there but for

Cæmentium

CÆMENTIUM, the liquid porcelain cement was used and proved all that was ever claimed of it. The vase is in use to-day and has not the *least* appearance of having ever been broken. (See the lower picture.)

CÆMENTIUM is not a sticky glue—it is a liquid cement which will not stick to the fingers.

CÆMENTIUM adheres to any material and sets like stone—the join is stronger than elsewhere. Hot or cold water has no effect whatever on a Cæmentium joint.

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CÆMENTIUM'S many points of superiority make it the choice of the housewife. Anything from the most delicate chinaware to the broken kitchen kettle can be made new again by Cæmentium.

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¶ The latest designs in Ladies' and Misses' Costumes, Dresses, Mantles, Waists, Skirts, etc., are shown in this new Fashion Guide for Fall and Winter 1909 and 1910.

¶ We want to send a copy of this catalogue to every lady in Canada. Write for yours TO-DAY and send us the names or your friends and we shall forward copies to them also. If you wish for samples of a made-to-order Suit, Dress, Skirt, etc., state what colors you prefer, and we shall send you, free and post-paid, a large assortment.

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average woman of to-day has fussed, fixed and cooked so much that when her guests arrive they find her thoroughly cooked herself, but lacking the flavor and spice of her viands—she is decidedly flat as an entertainer. No matter how interesting the conversation, she cannot centre her thoughts on it. They are either in the kitchen or dining-room wondering whether the table is arranged just as nicely as it might be or imagining the potatoes are getting too brown to have that delicate shade which is so essential to the perfect potato puff, or perhaps she is worrying for fear her cream or lemon pie may happen to be a little too soft, or the jelly a little too firm and the coffee not just the flavor to suit everyone present.

By the time tea is ready, you find your hostess with flushed face, aching head and shaking hand. Why? Well, it is because she was so thoroughly tired out in the preparing of all this spread that her nerves became unsteady. If she had provided a plain lunch and taken a rest instead of that extra labor, she would have enjoyed her friends' visit and would have been able to make it so pleasant for them that they would carry away memories of a really enjoyable evening spent at her home.

Now as regards the waste in our housekeeping. The dressing of our families and the providing of their food are perhaps the two sources in which most of us would be found guilty. Could we not economize a great deal along these two lines and be benefited by it? Is it necessary to have a new bonnet and frock for every change of season? Dame Fashion is a good example not to follow too closely. A very good rule is, do not try to be the first to adopt a fashion nor yet the last to cling to it.

In the furnishing of our dining-rooms, sitting-rooms and parlors, do we not overcrowd, while the kitchen has barely the necessary cooking utensils when it should be the best-furnished room in the house. There is more time and labor expended in that room than any other and anything that will add to its comfort or lighten the labor should not be classed as waste. We know that in numbers there is strength and could we not as Institute women study this waste in its many forms and by eliminating it from our homes confer a lasting benefit on humanity?

* * *

Some Summer Meetings

THE Singhampton Branch held their July meeting at "Maplehurst," the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Bristow, with the timely subject, "Canning and Preserving," thoroughly dealt with by Mrs. A McGirr. One of the best features in a discussion following such a paper, is the exchange of recipes, which is freely carried on. An instructive "question drawer" was conducted by Mrs. James Smith. The subject, "Care and Culture of Small Fruits," was ably dealt with by Mrs. George Bristow, who pointed out the merits of the different varieties experimented with at the experimental farms at Ottawa and Guelph. After the meeting, all were conducted through the garden, which was a model of neatness. Row upon row of nicely-kept fruits of all kinds was exhibited, as Mrs. Bristow explained the best method of propagation, pruning, mulching and training of each variety. Seven new members were enrolled, making a goodly list for this successful Institute.

Miss Effie V. Taylor reports interesting work done by the Solina Branch. The latest meeting, held on August 12th at the home of Mrs. Thomas Baker, took the form of a picnic. The subject of discussion, "Is Worry Worse than Work?" was taken by all members, and as most human beings, even in our favored Canada, have had experience of both worry and work, there was an opportunity for everyone to be heard. "Canning and Pickling" gave scope for a variety of methods and recipes, and "Home-made Candy" proved a topic of universal interest.

Instead of holding the regular meeting in July, the Hanover Branch arranged with Miss Jessie Ross, Teacher of Domestic Science, Alma College, St. Thomas, to give a series of ten demonstrations in cooking. These meetings were very successful, between thirty and forty members being present every afternoon. A large number of married women were present, and some idea of the enthusiasm attending these meetings may be formed from the circumstance that for two weeks some of the best housekeepers in Hanover found it worth while to be present at every lesson. Several of these have had the opportunity of seeing other demonstrations and all agreed that those given by Miss Ross surpassed them all. Already the members of the Institute are being asked to arrange for another series for next summer. Should this be carried out, there is no doubt that a larger number will avail themselves of the chance of learning more of the principles of scientific cooking, especially if Hanover should be fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Ross.

* * *

Some Features of Farmers' Institute Work at Industrial Exhibition

AGRICULTURE being one of the important industries of Canada, it naturally plays an important part in Canada's great Exhibition, and seeing that the Farmers' Institute has been instrumental in the growing success of Canadian agriculture, it is only just that its work should be well represented in the agricultural section of the Exhibition. The writer wishes to draw to the attention of the readers of the HOME JOURNAL some of the important features of the Farmers' Institute programme during the forthcoming Exhibition, to be held in Toronto, August 28th to September 13th inclusive.

It is desirable that the farmers and their wives and daughters should attend all sessions in connection with the butter making competition, as it is expected that lectures will be given along the line of dairy work. It is the intention to make these lectures as instructive as possible, and many valuable hints will be given to those interested in the dairy industry. These lectures will, of course, be given in the dairy building, the convenience of which is well known. Built in the form of an amphitheatre with the seats raised in tiers, every person has an equal advantage in seeing all the demonstrations and hearing the lectures. The capacity of the hall is such that a large number of people can be accommodated, and we hope that there will be a large attendance at every session.

Butter-Making Competition

THE necessity for placing an uniform article before the public was never as great as it is at the present time. Commercial institutions feel the necessity of demanding an article of known uniform quality, realizing that their success depends upon their reputation which, in turn, is governed by the uniformity of the products which they wish to sell. Not only do the gigantic trusts feel the importance of this, but smaller organizations, especially those of an agricultural aspect, are beginning to understand its value. To accomplish this successfully, the Farmers' Institute has made arrangements with the Exhibition management that they should offer prizes in a butter-making competition which is annually held in the Dairy Building, the purpose being to encourage butter-making, and tend to establish uniformity and a high quality in butter. Every reader who makes butter should read carefully through the rules which we give below and make up her or his mind to enter the competition. Applications for entrance may be sent to Dr. J. O. Orr, Manager, City Hall, Toronto.

The following competitions will take place in the Amphitheatre of the Dairy Building.

CLASS 275.

Sec. 1. Open to farmers' wives or daughters, or female help residing on the farm in Canada or the United States, operators of any Factory or Creamery, excluded—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
$30	$25	$20	$15	$10	$5

Sec. 2. Open to students or ex-students, male or female, of any Dairy, School or Agricultural College, or makers in any established Creamery or Butter Factory in the Dominion of Canada or the United States, or First Prize winners of previous years in Sections 1 and 3—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
$30	$25	$20	$15	$10	$5

Sec. 3. Free for all, on Saturday, September 4th. Open to any farmer, farmer's wife, son or daughter, or hired help on the farm who have never attended any institute, domestic science, or dairy school. The results to be announced at the close of the competition—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
$25	$20	$15	$10	...	...

RULES.—1. Sweet cream will be supplied free of charge, and the butter will become the property of the Association. The amount of cream to be supplied competitors will be decided by the Judges.

2. Competitors will be supplied with churns, butter workers, pails, salt, etc., and will be required each day to leave everything clean and in working order before leaving the Dairy. If any competitors wish to provide utensils for their own use they may do so.

3. Competitors will be required to be dressed in washable material and wear a white apron; make four batches of butter, and must furnish their own printers for pound squares, set for 16½ oz., and also their own thermometers.

4. The dates and hours for the competition will be as follows:

Section 1. Thursday and Friday, September 2nd and 3rd respectively, from 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Section 2 will be divided in two relays so that competitors will only be required to be on hand for two days, September 7th to 10th respectively, from 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Competitors are requested to state on entry form the days they prefer to compete.

The Dairy Demonstration

IT is also proposed to have experienced dairymen give practical demonstrations in the different branches of dairy work. Many valuable pointers will be obtained which will be of inestimable value to the farmer and his wife. It is to be hoped that a hearty discussion will follow, so that special emphasis may be laid upon the more important features of the work. Two instructors have been provided—one to demonstrate milk testing; the other, cooling and aeration of milk, etc. They will gladly answer all questions pertaining to their work. In order to show the magnitude of the dairy industry in the Province of Ontario, a map, indicating the location and distribution of all the cheese factories and creameries in the Province, will be placed in the amphitheatre of the Dairy Building. The primary object is to show, in as concise a form as possible, to the farmer the great importance of dairying as a factor in agriculture. It is to be hoped that by this all farmers in districts which have not realized the possibilities of the dairy cow as a paying feature on the farm will endeavor to stimulate an interest in those about them, thereby increasing the supply of Canadian dairy products in the markets of the world.

There will be a commodious tent near the judging ring which the Institute intends for the convenience of the agricultural visitors. In this tent will be provided chairs for any person desiring a rest, where they may interview Institute workers about any feature of the work.

Institute Club Conference

WE wish especially to call the visitors' attention to the Farmers' Institute Club conference to be held in the Institute tent at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, September 8th. It is quite likely that the meeting will adjourn to the Dairy amphitheatre about four o'clock, although we are not certain as to this until the day of the meeting. In any case, the session from two to four will be held in the tent as above indicated, and we expect a large number of those who are interested in Farmers' Institute work to be in attendance. The main topics will be the establishment and work of Farmers' Clubs, and we shall be pleased to have different farmers state something as to the work along this line in their own localities. It is the intention of the Department to encourage the holding of short courses in seed and stock judging, or other lines of work which are of particular interest in the various localities, a feature which we shall be glad to discuss at the time of the conference.

From correspondence recently received from a number of Farmers' Institute superintendents in the United States, we are pleased to note the marked increase in the tendency to give encouragement to the formation of Farmers' Clubs. There is no one feature of Institute work that has made greater progress, and Mr. Putnam, Superintendent of Institutes for Ontario, who will have returned from a convention of Institute workers at Portland, Oregon, by the time of the conference referred to above, will have gathered considerable information on this subject which will be placed before the farmers at the Club conference.

The above are only a few of the more important features on our programme during the Exhibition. No doubt there will be many points which various individuals would like to discuss with us for their own satisfaction, and we sincerely hope that everybody with a difficulty, which we may be able to help clear up, will pay us a visit, as we want everybody interested in the farm to feel that the Farmers' Institute is for the farmer's benefit, and we hope that all meetings and competitions will be well attended, and a variety of valuable information gleaned therefrom.

* * *

Notes from the Superintendent's Office

THE annual reports of the Women's Institutes for 1908-9, which have been received by this Department, give evidence of an increasing interest in Institute work throughout the Province. No less than 77 new branches have been organized during the year, and a number of the branches already established, which had not been very active have been reorganized and, with a better conception of the work of the Institute, which they now have, give promise of development.

And not only is there a larger number of members for the year mentioned—the membership has considerably over 13,000—but the various branches have shown decided enterprise in the management of their finances. In order to add to their receipts, a goodly number of the Institutes have held entertainments of various sorts, including booths at their county fairs and fairs of the agricultural societies. One district in the northern part of the province was very successful in this way, raising among the several branches of the district over two hundred dollars. About half of this was raised by one of the branches and a greater portion of the amount was given toward the building of an agricultural hall. Not a few of the Institutes have used funds raised in a special way for charitable purposes, and others have used these special funds for the purpose of supplementing their Institute libraries.

It will be of special interest to the Institutes to learn of the practical work of the Lion's Head branch (North Bruce). This branch has been instrumental in installing gasoline lights in the village, and has also

Continued on page 37

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Frocks for Small Girls

For directions regarding patterns see page 28

A COMFORTABLE SUMMER FROCK.

THE summer frock that is made with an open neck and short sleeves is a real boon. This one can be worn just as illustrated or over a guimpe as the day requires, and it is adapted to every seasonable material. In the picture a pretty cotton material, blue in color, is trimmed with white banding and with piping of blue and white stripes, but lawns and batistes, chambrays and ginghams are all appropriate and the washable pongees are made into exceedingly attractive dresses of the sort. Sleeves and blouse are cut in one and the skirt is straight, laid in backward turning plaits, so that laundering is an easy matter and making involves no difficulties and no great expenditure of time. The oddly shaped belt is a feature and the trimming bands are exceptionally smart and attractive. Any contrasting material can be used for them, or if the dress were made of plain white or plain color, these bands and belt could be of the same material embroidered or braided with soutache.

For the ten year size will be required 4⅝ yards of material 24, 3⅞ yards 32 or 3⅛ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide for belt and bands. The pattern, 6368, is in sizes from six to twelve years.

* * *

A CHARMING LITTLE FROCK

HERE is a frock that is so simple that the veriest amateur will find it easy to make. The little straight skirt is simply hemmed and tucked at its lower edge and gathered at the upper, the long waisted blouse is tucked to form a yoke and the two are joined by a belt. There are pretty puffed sleeves that are gathered into bands and which are charming for warm summer days, and the neck is finished with just a little frill of the material. Altogether, the frock is as pretty and as dainty as could be asked. This one is made of white lawn but the pretty Dresden dimities are much liked for children's dresses this summer and are always dainty. Fancy muslins are many and are lovely, and for real hard wear, chambray and gingham are charming made after the same model. Should the short sleeves not be liked long plain ones can be substituted and the collar can be used as a neck finish.

Pattern No. 6364

For the four year size will be required 3⅜ yards of material 24, 2⅞ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern, 6364, is in sizes for two, four and six years.

Pattern No. 6368

Around the Hearth

Continued from page 14

I understand how one's zeal waxed cold while one stewed and baked, and boiled and fried on hot summer days, and the happy guests kept themselves cool under the cherry trees, not even offering to iron their own muslin gowns and shirt-waists. Well, I would ask them to, that's all, if it devolved upon *me,* and should my servants perform that service, I would expect the guests to reward them when leaving in some little gift of money or other token of gratitude. Yes, that is what persons of refinement will do; they have been saved the labor, and the one who saved them should be remembered. Visitors in a home should not forget that they can, in a delicate way, repay their hostess for her entertainment, by bearing in mind that the help in the house often resents the extras of company, and a little kindly notice and unobtrusive assistance on the part of guests will aid in keeping things running smoothly. I shall never forget my astonishment on one occasion, when an old servant in the family of a relative I was visiting, burst into tears when I slipped a quarter into her hand with a kindly good-bye. I had noticed how slow she was; so managed to do her upstair work for her each day, and on Sunday afternoon—her only day out to visit her brother—I suggested that we could visit as we washed the huge pile of dishes that would have kept her for two hours at least. So she was allowed to go. That was all, but the touch of thoughtfulness for her, had been appreciated, and I am sure it hurts none of us to be kind, nor deteriorates from our dignity as guests in a home, to observe the law of kindness towards any one under the same roof, let their position be ever so humble.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

The Lily-Pond

By VIRNA SHEARD

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.

Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.

When the grey of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink.

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless small things, the slow, and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be.
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.

—*Canadian Magazine.*

Do Girls Gush?

HE is a young philosopher aged eighteen and he knows very much more now than he will ten years from the year, 1909. He laid down the law emphatically the other day on the subject of girls, flourishing a vigorous sunburnt hand to enforce his views.

"Girls," he said forcefully, "make me sick."

"Yes?" I murmured interrogatively.

"Listen to the way they talk! There isn't any sense to it. Julia Carruthers calls Daisy Carmichael a 'perfect dear' to her face and then turns around and says, 'Isn't it a pity that Daisy has such queer-shaped ears and of course all the Carmichaels have such fiery red hair.' You won't catch men talking like that. Girls just gush the whole time and don't mean a word of it. Why can't they stop saying 'perfectly dear' and 'simply cute' and all that sort of thing?"

"And why do boys talk about a crackerjack and say 'beat it' when they mean leave town? You hear more silly talk from men at a baseball match than you do from women at an afternoon tea."

"That's only slang," said the philosopher grandly.

"There's no more sense in it than in a girl's gush."

"Of course, a fellow wouldn't expect a woman to understand," remarked the eighteen-year-old, with an air of amazing condescension.

Was the philosopher right? Do girls and women waste many words when a few would mean infinitely more? Are we given to such exaggeration that our words have lost force and significance? We declare that we are "perfectly dead" when we mean that we are merely tired, we assert that we are "simply furious" when we are only annoyed, and, altogether, we are much addicted to the vice of "amplification." So perhaps the following dialogue may not be altogether out of place.

"WHY, Laura, of *all* beings!" came in ecstatic tones from the girl with the pony-skin coat. "The idea of our meeting! Isn't it the *weirdest* luck!"

"Perfectly *marvellous!*" assented the girl with the fur turban. "Wherever have you been?"

"Matinee. Saw Faversham in 'The World and His Wife.' You've been so *fortunate,* of course. Isn't he the *grandest* thing?"

"*The grandest ever.* I'm *crazy* about him, aren't you?"

"*Absolutely.* I thought I should *never* get over that third act. Wasn't it just *perfect?*"

"*Grandly perfect,* my dear. Think of her *really* and *truly* falling in love with him *after all.* It was *sweetly* entrancing. Weren't you *agitated?*"

"*Agitated* to a *degree,* my love. I thought I should *fall* out of my *seat.*"

"And *oh,* that gown of Julie Opp's in the first act! Wasn't it above all words?"

"Oh, didn't you *l-o-v-e* it?"

"Perfectly *wild* about it!"

"And then that *brother* of Julian's. Wasn't he *low* and *detestable?*"

"Thoroughly *abhorrent! Thoroughly!*"

"Well, good-by, dear. I'm *so* glad you liked the play."

"*Liked* it? Why, I was *mad* about it." — Elgin Burroughes, in *Lippincott's.*

A Lily Luncheon

ONE of the girl readers of the HOME JOURNAL sends an account of a "lily luncheon" which must have formed an attractive August entertainment. There were just eight of them at this affair—two of them married "girls," in whose honor the luncheon was given. The young hostess determined to have "the very coolest meal you can imagine." So the colors chosen were green and white and then it occurred to the enterprising girl that a low bowl filled with pond lilies would be the prettiest centrepiece one could have. The polished table gleamed beneath its white-and-green adornment with a dusky brilliance which made an effective background, and the d'oylies were white with a tiny fern tracery. The bouillon, salad and ices carried out the color scheme picturesquely and the latter in small cases, encircled by lily leaves of white tissue paper, were declared "too pretty to eat." The guests departed, each one inspired with a desire to give a lily luncheon on some dreamy August day, when nothing seems so cooling and restful as the white, waxy petals above the broad, glistening leaves.

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SMART AUTUMN SUITS.

THE autumn is to see a variety of materials but among them none will be more fashionable than the rough weaved sorts. The two costumes illustrated show one hop sacking, the other diagonal.

The suit to the left is made with one of the new single breasted coats and skirt which is box plaited below a deep yoke. The coat can be made in the length illustrated or shorter and with cutaway fronts as liked. The skirt allows a choice of slightly raised or natural waist line and includes a full length panel at the back.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 6¼ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8¾ yards 27 or 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide. The coat pattern 6389 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6391 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The girl's suit made of diagonal shows one of the latest coats that can be worn either with or without the belt and a skirt which is made with the deep yoke which distinguishes the season. In this case, however, there is a panel at the front as well as at the back and the plaited flounce is arranged at the side only. The coat gives exceptionally becoming lines and is exceedingly smart as well as simple.

For the sixteen year size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 44, 2⅜ yards 52 inches wide for the coat; 7 yards 27, 4½ yards 44, 3¼ yards 52 inches wide for the skirt, with 1 yard 27, ¾ yard 44, ½ yard 52 inches for bands. The coat pattern 6399 and the skirt pattern 6400 are both cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

WITH THE FAVORITE SAILOR BLOUSE.

THE sailor blouse that can be worn either loose or gathered at the waist line is a favorite one for all outdoor sports and for the college girls' wear. This model shows all the latest features and can be worn with a skirt to match as illustrated or over an odd one as liked. For immediate wear, linen, English drill and materials of the sort are favorites, but serge is much used for gowns of this sort and serge made as illustrated is practical and chic in one. The skirt is seven-gored and can be finished at the waist line with a belt or at belt width above as shown in the small sketch.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3⅜ yards of material 27, 2½ yards 32 or 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27 or 32, 3½ yards 44 for serge or other material without figure or nap.

The blouse pattern 6396 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6272 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Coat Pattern No. 6389
Skirt Pattern No. 6391

Coat Pattern No. 6399
Skirt Pattern No. 6400

Blouse Pattern No. 6396
Skirt Pattern No. 6272

* * *

A SIMPLE, USEFUL GOWN.

THE useful gown is one that is always needed at the beginning of every season and this one made of shepherd's check serves a great many uses. It combines one of the newest shirtwaists with a slightly high-waisted, gored skirt and is as smart as it is practical. Either the Dutch collar or the stock can be used and either full or plain sleeves, and the full sleeves can be cut off in three-quarter length if preferred. If the entire costume is not wanted the skirt will be found an excellent one for wool material with the waist made from linen, madras, silk or other waisting.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 4¼ yards of material 24, 2⅞ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7¾ yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide if material without figure or nap is used; 9½ yards 24, 5½ yards 44 inches wide for material with figure or nap.

The waist pattern 6398 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6387 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

* * *

BLOUSE HINTS.

When cutting a blouse tie a tape round your waist, and measure from the tape to your armhole. Compare this measurement with the pattern, and lengthen or decrease the under-arm seam accordingly. Compare the collar pattern with a collar which you have already in wear. If you are short-waisted, cut off an inch or two at the bottom edge of the full front, for it would be a waste of material to put so much fullness under your skirt, where it would only get in the way, and give you a bulky appearance about the hips.

When making a blouse, tack the garment up on the wrong side, with the seams turned outwards. Try it on.

If it is too loose over the bust, tighten the under-arm seams.

If it is too large in the armholes, take up the fullness at the top by taking in the shoulder-seams.

If wrinkles appear below the armholes, snip the material under the arm at the bottom of the armhole, and take up the shoulder-seam till the material lies flat.

If the sleeve is too long, shorten it by making a pleat across the pattern at the elbow. If the sleeve is too short, cut the pattern at the elbow, and lay the two pieces on the material allowing the extra length between them.

* * *

SMART GOWNS FOR INDOOR WEAR.

BETWEEN-SEASONS and early autumn is apt to bring a demand for graceful, attractive indoor gowns adapted to various uses. Here are two, one simple, suited to afternoons at home or the college girl's general use, the other adapted to informal dinners and occasions of the sort.

The gown to the right will be found appropriate for cashmere, voile and all materials of a similar sort,

Waist Pattern No. 6398
Skirt Pattern No. 6387

DAINTY EMBROIDERY

By courtesy of Smith Publishing Company, St. Johns, Que.

MANY a gown may be made quite elaborate by adding embroidered pieces to the waist. Design No. 9288 is a pretty model for a dress of this character, in which the one-piece effect is carried out by the apparent connection of the embroidered bib front with the skirt panel. The two embroidered pieces are attached to the top of the bib and meet in the back forming a V. The neck, front and back are filled with lace, and the sleeves are of the same material as the dress. Made of linen this design would be handsome done in a combination of French and Eyelet embroidery, the petals solid satin stitch, the centres French knots, and the leaves eyelets, or it would be very stunning made of raspberry linen embroidered with silk to correspond. It is furnished stamped on soisette in pink, blue, or ecru to be embroidered in silk to correspond, one shade used throughout, and also on white linen. When worked on soisette the embroidery should be solid throughout, and the edges of all the pieces done in buttonhole stitch. The belt fastens in back, and may be attached to the dress. Eighteen skeins Roman floss are allowed for working No. 9288 in solid embroidery on soisette. On the ecru material one can use Ecru 2122, which closely matches in color, or Brown 2124. Pink 2500 and Blue 2593 can be used on corresponding shades. Fifteen skeins D. M. C. cotton, No. 25, at 3 cents a skein, are required for the design on linen.

Batiste is a wonderfully soft and pretty material and combines well with lace inserts, as in design No. 9348. On this waist the embroidery consists of a simple design down the front as well as on collar and sleeves, arranged with lace insertion so as to give the appearance of lace medallions. The embroidery is done in color as on so many of the handsome waists this season, two shades of green or blue being very effective. The embroidery throughout is done in satin stitch, well padded, the points or edges on the lace worked in buttonhole stitch. The lightest shade is used for the flower petals and the buttonholed edge, and the dark for the dots and stems. The lace is applied to the right side of the material and carefully basted down along the outlines. Then the padding stitches are laid on for the points, the lace trimmed close, and the buttonhole stitches worked, the purl arranged to cover the cut edges of the lace. When all is complete, the material underneath the lace is carefully cut away. One needs a lace insertion quite two inches wide, and the German valenciennes is quite as pretty as any with this material. Roman floss in shades of green 2622 and 2623 combine prettily on this design. Eight skeins of the lightest shade and 3 of the dark are allowed for working.

DOGWOOD FAN DESIGN
Cut stencil, No. 9346, 50c. Perforated pattern, P9346, 25c.

CHIFFON FAN
Cut Stencil, No. 9345, 70c. Perforated pattern, P9345, 35c.

For a fan design to match a pretty stencilled gown, we give two examples. One should select a plain white chiffon fan following as closely as possible the lines of the design. Pin the fan down to the table so that it cannot slip, letting the sticks extend over the edge. This will give a flat surface.

Embroidered bed linen is always an acceptable gift and any woman will be appreciative of something handsome for her guest room. An embroidered linen top sheet and pillow cases will make a gift much to be desired, or one could give the sheet or the pillow cases alone. In arranging a sheet the size is always to be considered, but for a double bed the 90 x 99 size finished is sure to be correct. This allows for an ample turnover at the top, as the embroidered sheet should be turned down well over the counterpane. Then there is the 72 x 94½ size, not so much shorter than the other, but intended for a narrower bed. This costs quite a bit less, and in many instances would answer nicely. Design No. 927 is furnished stamped on hemstitched linen sheets in both sizes and also on cotton goods, which cost very much less than the linen and give very good service. Five skeins D. M. C. cotton, No. 25, are allowed for working. If one liked, an initial or monogram could be worked just above the centre flower.

EMBROIDERED WAIST ACCESSORIES
Stamped on pink, blue or ecru soisette. No. 9288A, 60c. Silk 5c. the skein. Material to match, 30-inch. Stamped on white linen, No. 9288B, 65c. Cotton for working. Material to match 36-inch. perforated pattern, P9288.

WAIST WITH LACE INSERT AND COLORED EMBROIDERY
Stamped on mercerized batiste. No. 9348, $1.25. Silk for working, 5c. the skein. perforated pattern, P9348, 75c. A simple but effective design.

EMBROIDERED SHEET
Stamped on hemstitched linen sheet, No. 927A, 90x90; 82x94½. Stamped on hemstitched cotton sheet, No. 927B 90 x 90; 72 x 90. Perforated pattern P927

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And with *less expense* because the Patent Duplex Grate saves fuel.

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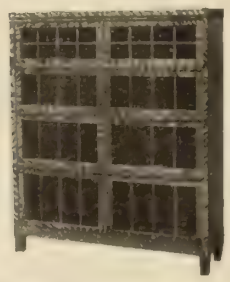

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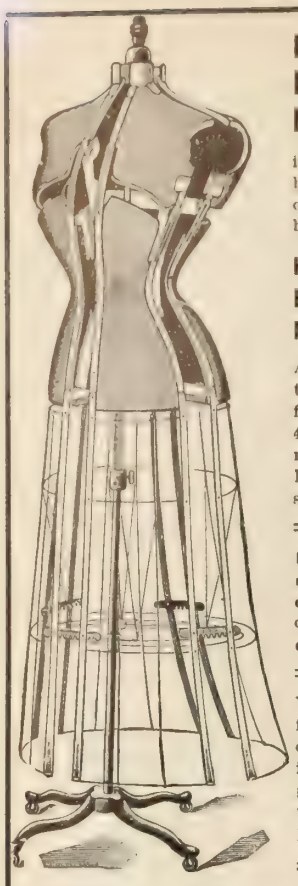

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is how one lady describes the improvement in her appearance after using Madam Fuller's Wrinkle Treatment.

¶ It smooths away the lines of care, worry, illness or advancing age, improves the complexion, restoring the softness and plump, firm, delicate texture of early youth.

¶ Its effects are simply wonderful.

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Wear for the Smallest Person

By courtesy of the Smith Publishing Company, St Johns Que.

AN altogether cunning little garment for the two-year-old is a little one-piece apron of fine checked dimity, fastening on the shoulders, so that it is not only easy to adjust, but easy to launder as well. The lower edge is finished with a ruffle put on as shown by the illustration, and a little pocket on the side is very cunning. The edge of the pocket and ruffle are finished with buttonholed scallops done in light blue or pink. Aside from being very dainty these little aprons will prove a great comfort to the mother for they will protect the little slip and besides will give a refreshing touch to a somewhat mussed gown. The apron may be finished all around with lace, and a tiny bow matching the color of the embroidery attached to the pocket. The buttonholed scallops should be made firm and substantial by being run on the edges and well padded. Eight skeins Caspian Floss Corticelli B. & A. Asiatic Dyes, Blue 2030 or Pink 2472, are allowed for working.

APRON FOR THE TWO-YEAR-OLD
Stamped on checked dimity. No. 922.

EMBROIDERED PIQUE SHOES
Stamped material. No. 92111, 20 cents.

Embroidered shoes are furnished in differing styles, the one on the order of the strap sandal, and the other a regular shoe with vamp and top. The sandals or slippers are made in two sections, top and sole, bound all around with white tape. The ankle straps are cut in one piece with the top, and the binding is finished all around with a line of Brier stitching in Twisted Embroidery Silk. The top is overhanded together at the back and then joined to the sole in the same manner. The slipper, No. 92112, has a simple daisy design done all in white. One skein each white Caspian Floss and Wash Twisted Embroidery Silk are required for working and the slippers are fastened with white ties.

The little pique shoe, No. 92111, is made in four parts, sole, vamp, and two uppers, with a simple forget-me-not design on the vamp and around the top. The flowers are worked in Satin stitch with light blue, with a French knot of orange in the centre, and the scrolls are outlined with green. One skein each Filo Selle 2019, 2030, 2621 and Wash Twist Embroidery Silk 2030 are required for working. When the embroidery is finished the different parts are cut out, the uppers bound around top, front, and back. The vamp is then stitched in place, the uppers overhanded together up the back, the shoe bound all around lower edge, and attached to the sole, which is also bound.

The sleeve bib has a Swedish design tinted in shades of pink, blue, yellow and green, and instead of being outlined the design is edged with back stitches. The girl has a pink hat outlined with green, blue waist outlined with yellow. Lines of

EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS
Stamped on white pique. No. 92112, 20 cents

green edge the pink skirt and the yellow part of the waist up to the face. Pink edges the green band on the bottom of the skirt, and the yellow diamonds are outlined with blue. The feet also are outlined with blue. The boy's hat is blue outlined with yellow; waist pink, outlined in green.

CHILD'S SLEEVE BIB IN SWEDISH DESIGN
Tinted material. No 9203, 50 cents

The Town Beautiful

A Letter to the Home Journal

By ROCKWOODITE

TWO excellently intended articles have recently appeared in your magazine, encouraging towns to make the most of their natural advantages and beauties. This is most commendable, and every effort should be made to make one's home town and home acre a place of beauty and a joy forever. The old lands are admired on account of the continued endeavors of many generations. Some most unlikely sites have been changed to charming towns in which to work and live. The greatest gain comes from the united efforts of citizens rather than from that put forth by any one individual. He may lead his fellowmen to accomplishment, but it is the comparatively small care given by the many that works transformation in the appearance of any town. *Country Life in America* is bringing before the public a glimpse of what comforts and conveniences may be had in rural communities and the HOME JOURNAL has a wide sphere of usefulness in this country. The Women's Institutes are doing much to make life more interesting and pleasurable for their members.

The object of the articles on "Wanted—A Beauty Combine," is to awaken interest where lacking or dormant. However, some of the statements made cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged by the people of Rockwood, which place has been taken as an object lesson. Some of its citizens treat the subject as a joke but many of your readers have been misinformed. The tenor of the articles is that nothing is good except virgin nature and that no improvements have been made. Many of the residents own their homes, and almost all of these take personal interest in fixing up their lots and buildings as far as possible. Some years ago a change was made with beneficial results, when the place became a Police Village.

Rockwood is pleasantly situated on the Eramosa Branch of the Speed River, and is not on the Irvine River which has beauties of its own at Elora. The stream has a fall of some seventy feet in a mile of beautiful valley, picturesque with its limestone cliffs and wooded banks. Valley Drive would be appreciated in many a city park and is a favorite with one and all. The streets and walks would do credit to many a larger town. There is a good public school where quiet discipline maintains decorum in and out of session, and a public library with magazines and books sufficient for double the population. Civic matters are carefully looked after by the Police Village Trustees, and public improvements are made as rapidly as is consistent with a moderate tax rate and freedom from debt. The duties of the village constable are light and seldom has there been occasion for a magistrate's court. So far no murder has ever been committed in the Village.

Few places of the size have more appreciative visitors than has Rockwood the Beautiful. Its citizens are happy, prosperous and generally law-abiding. The Village has a worthy name in being the early home of James J. Hill; and the site of the once excellent academy founded by the late William Wetherald, but now superseded by High Schools and Colleges. The industries are the burning of grey lime for use in building up our cities, and the manufacture of woollen goods that for their wearing qualities are noted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Here, as elsewhere, there are many things not yet supplied but, no doubt, the most desirable will, in course of time, be forthcoming. At present there is good railway accommodation affording easy access to the larger towns and cities.

In comparison with other lands our country in some respects may appear to disadvantage, but with its progressive people it will soon be famed as a land of beauty, of hospitable homes and of all that is good and pure. The way to bring this about is for each individual to become a builder and a constructor. But while thus engaged the need will ever be present that the practical side be uppermost. Visions are idle things unless accompanied by a living effort to bring to pass the vision, and no work should succeed unless it is a worthy one.

The Out-Door Life

WE'VE heard a whole lot about the Higher Life, the Inner Life and even the Better Life; but there is a new kind of life that is so close to us that we are inclined, perhaps, to overlook its importance. The Out-Doors Life is certainly getting to be almost universal, says *Everyday Life*. The screened porch and the open-air bedroom have removed household existence to what real old-fashioned folks are inclined to regard as indecent publicity. And yet we have not heard any of the life insurance companies bemoaning this fact. In fact these watchdogs of the universal death-rate are fairly hugging themselves over this change in the common habit of life. And if they're satisfied, the rest of us—with the exception of the doctors and undertakers—should have no complaint.

Beyond any doubt, the average family spends fully twice as much time in the open air as did the family of fifteen years ago. And it is equally certain that this change is a wholesome and pleasant one.

Of course the automobile has been very largely responsible for this change in the lives of well-to-do families. Living in an automobile means fresh air, and when fresh air becomes a settled habit, to come within walls and closed doors gives a sense of confinement, of gasping for larger breaths of air.

But this out-of-doors life is by no means confined to families of the "automobile class." The poverty-pinched as well as the wealthy are finding their family life in the open air. They walk and push the baby carriage, and picnic on the grass—and seem to get quite as much fun out of it as if they had a limousine over them. Walking clubs have become quite as much the fashion as auto clubs. The result of it all seems to be a crop of rosy-cheeked babies and brown-skinned children.

This, however, isn't the only result. One of the most conspicuous results of this new open-air mode of living is a tremendous boost for country life. City folks who did not know the difference, a little while ago, between a wheat field and an alfalfa field, can now talk wisely on these great crops. They have found out that the out-of-doors world is the most interesting world on earth and that the more they get of it the more they want. We do not believe that there is going to be any recoil, any come-back, from this movement, because it is natural and wholesome.

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WHAT do you think of that offer? Doesn't it sound good to you?—and doesn't it show that there must be a great difference between Quality Beds and any other? And it's on the square, too. There's no strings attached to it—no red tape—no loopholes for you to catch your foot in. We give you a guarantee that you can use the Quality Bed in your own home for 30 days, and that you can return it to us at the end of that time if you don't like it.

And we do more than that—we give you a 5-year Guarantee. If your Quality should not prove to be what you thought, you get a brand-new one, without extra cost, if we can't repair the other one.

Our handsomely illustrated free catalogue, called "Bedtime," shows the great variety of Quality Brass and Enamel Bedsteads. It tells all about the make-up of Quality Beds, and helps you to buy the best Bed made, without taking any fellow's word for it—then you won't get fooled. It gives the details of our 30 Days' Trial and our 5-year Guarantee, and tells how to get a Quality Bed through our dealer in your town.

Don't buy a Bed till you get "Bedtime,"—it's great reading, and means much to you. Will you kindly drop a card for it now—before you forget?

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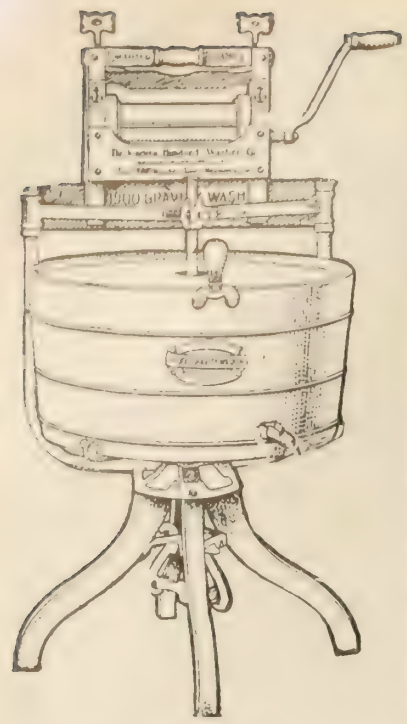

Let this Machine do your Washing Free

See the "S" shaped swing links beneath the tub.

These links do nearly all the hard work when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough hot, soapy water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning round when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for *quick* and *easy* washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub, and with it you revolve the tub one-third way round.

The machine must have a little help from you at every swing, but the motor links do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking-chair and do all that the washer requires of YOU. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the links cause it to move up and down as it swings—the *clothes* don't move.

But the *water moves* like a mill-race *through* the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water *through* and *through* the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, it goes out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot, soapy water runs like a torrent. This is HOW it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six *to ten minutes* by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING, without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or two large bed sheets can be washed at one time with this "1900 Gravity" Washer.

A child can do this in six to ten minutes BETTER than any able washerwoman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY: now, how do we PROVE it?

We send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer, free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

NO CASH DEPOSIT IS ASKED, NO NOTES, NO SECURITY.

You may USE the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you will wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station—that's all.

But if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as EASILY as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember, that 50 cents is part of what *the machine saves you* every week on your own or on a washwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900 Gravity" Washer will *pay for itself*, and thus *cost you nothing*.

YOU DON'T RISK A CENT FROM FIRST TO LAST, AND YOU DON'T BUY IT UNTIL YOU HAVE HAD A FULL MONTH'S TRIAL.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have the machine for a month's free trial, and let it *pay for itself?* This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write to-day, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Address me personally on this offer, viz., H. J. W. Bach, Manager, "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements are made for these districts.

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Think of the relief, from tiresome walking and drudgery in hot kitchens, afforded by Hamilton Kitchen Cabinets! Whether you do your own work or keep a maid you should have this latest, improved step-saver to make your kitchen work easier—to save half the time and effort now required.

Hamilton Kitchen Cabinets embody latest ideas and improvements of leading Domestic Science Experts. An improved compartment for everything—always within easy reach. With a Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet in your kitchen you are systematically equipped to make kitchen-drudgery a pleasure. Its beauty as a piece of furniture makes a pleasing difference in any kitchen. The many superior features of

Hamilton Kitchen Cabinets

retain freshness of food—save so much time, walking, worry and drudgery that it really pays for itself in a short time—you appreciate it the day you get it.

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That's reasonable for you. It gives you a chance to try it before you go to any expense. Our booklet tells all about construction—convenience—usefulness and beauty of Hamilton Kitchen Cabinets, how to get one for cash or on easy payment plan and use it while paying.

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SHORT-CUTS IN THE HOUSEKEEPING

NOT long ago, a woman in a Canadian household took occasion, as she "darned" with neatness and despatch, to quote the well-worn couplet:—

"A man's work's done at set of sun,
But a woman's work is never done."

Her husband, who was complacently smoking while she repaired the heels of the household, said quietly: "That's partly the woman's fault."

"I don't see how you make that out, Robert?" said his wife in surprise.

"Haven't you done a good deal today that you didn't really need to do? Haven't you taken a good many extra steps? Most women ought to use their brains to save their feet."

"I'd like to see you get three children off to school. It's easy enough to talk about unnecessary steps—but just wait until you have to look after a house."

"I am looking after one," said Robert lazily. "That suggests to me that the electric light bill ought to be paid to-morrow. Remind me at breakfast, Mary."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Raymond went down to the kitchen, "just to press out a few little things." As she was standing, leaning wearily over the ironing-table, her husband's words occurred to her and she said to herself: "Well, I may as well sit down to this." So she seated herself and proceeded more briskly to transform damp collars and cuffs into immaculate stiffness and whiteness.

Mary Raymond's mother had been a woman who was almost convinced that it was a sin to sit down, and who would have regarded it as weakness amounting to crime to take an afternoon nap. Consequently, at the age of forty-five, the o'er-busy housewife had departed this life, leaving the memory of endless baking, scouring, ironing and sweeping, but no memories of smiles and tenderness, such as are cherished when the "best-kept" house is forgotten. Her daughters had not followed in her footsteps with any degree of exactness, but occasionally they reverted to her stern ideal of being eternally occupied and astir, and then the family peace suffered. Fortunately, Mr. Raymond objected to strenuous methods and refused to allow his wife to take a superfluity of thought for the morrow.

Men have frequently been heard remarking that women do not take sufficiently into account the ways in which they might save strength and nervous energy. For instance, in the matter of standing, or going up and down stairs, there is hardly a housewife who could not economize in effort if she were to take bodily exertion into consideration. There is no virtue in over-activity. In fact, it is a waste of precious forces, and the woman who does not seek to save her own vitality is an extravagant housewife, no matter how she may "scrimp" in sugar and butter.

The sweeper has made a great difference in the exertion which woman puts forth to keep the floors clean. The new fashion of having "round corners," which is followed in many of the new hospitals ought to be introduced in our homes as well, for everyone knows what a terror the "corner" is to the woman who desires a well swept home, and what a happy hunting-ground it may become for our arch-enemies, the germs. It may be remarked just here that a cheap sweeper is the poorest apology for economy. Get a good one, if you have to go without an extra blouse to do it. Even the best of sweepers cannot accomplish all the cleaning, but the broom has ceased to be an everyday necessity.

Blessed be rugs! The old days of heavy carpets, the cleaning of which was a heart-rending affair, have departed—let us hope, forever. The carpet gathered—and gathered dust during three-hundred-and-sixty-five days of the year, and, when the spring house-cleaning came, it was a weighty matter to lift and a weary matter to beat. We are learning that cleanliness is not a matter of noise and flying clouds of germs. The light rugs and painted or polished floors are a vast improvement on the old condition, even if the latter require daily or bi-weekly attention. The up-to-date mop-wringer is what every "house-mother" has good reason to arise and call blessed. It should be adjustable to any pail and its construction allows for the use of extremely hot water. In the best variety, the water is squeezed from the mop by means of a lever, the whole operation of floor-cleaning becoming very simple.

The large number of rural telephones installed during the past few years not only affords a protection for the women and home but they help to make the life of the women on the farm more pleasant and in no small way lighten their work. There are at present over three hundred rural telephone companies and associations doing business in Ontario, using over twenty thousand telephones. The value of their entire equipment will be over one-half million dollars. The number of uses women on farms can make of telephones should make one of the strongest advocates for their general introduction. Calls for a doctor, assistance in cases of fire or protection from tramps are only a few of the urgent uses for a telephone. One must also recognize the convenience it is to be able to converse with neighbors or friends at a distance. Telephones in the rural homes are more urgently needed by women than votes.

THE "SO-COSEY" SLIPPER

The matter of personal comfort has much to do with the satisfactory disposal of kitchen work. Before beginning extensive cooking operations, have the sleeves well tucked up, the hair tightly coiled, and—be sure to wear a short skirt, for there is nothing so trying to the temper as one which "flops about" and gets in the way when one is in a hurry to reach the oven. Shoes are another detail which may retard progress. Heavy walking-shoes should be reserved for out-doors. For the house, something neat but decidedly comfortable in the way of footwear should be donned—such as the "so-cosey" which is pictured on this page. The kitchen should always be supplied with paper, string, pins and scissors. A little forethought about these trifles will save many a trip upstairs to study or library.

Notes from Superintendent's Office

Continued from page 25

induced the Council to co-operate with them in keeping the grass on the streets clipped. A great many Institutes are using their influence in this way towards beautifying villages and country places and are encouraging trustees and teachers to devote a little money and time to placing the surroundings of the school in a more sanitary and attractive condition.

A timely subject for the hot summer months is that of the fireless cooker, and this was taken up in an interesting way at a July meeting of the Wellesley branch. After the reading of a paper on this subject, a home-made fireless cooker was presented. As an experiment, bean soup with beef and rice had been cooked in this cooker and were pronounced by those present at the meeting as successfully boiled. Those who had been rather sceptical of the merits of the fireless cooker could not but be convinced of its worth.

Organization was effected during the past year in one or two ridings where there had been no Institutes before, and it is very encouraging to the Department to learn of the appreciation of the Institute in these ridings. From one of them came, the other day, a letter from the secretary, stating that the members were finding so much profit from the meetings that they had decided to meet every two weeks instead of once a month.

The annual report for 1909, which is being prepared for the printer, promises to be of exceptional value to Institute members. In addition to the report of the last convention, which will contain a good deal of information which applies to the various departments of the home, a number of our experienced lecturers have contributed articles which cannot help but be appreciated by our Institutes. We hope to have this report issued early in the fall.

Plans are already being made for the annual winter series of Farmers' Institute meetings, and it is altogether likely that a lady lecturer will be sent to a good many of the places at which meetings will be held. The Women's Institute will be corresponded with regarding this matter.

* * *

From Maple Branch

MRS. GEORGE COOK read an interesting paper, "Why I should be a member of the Women's Institute," at a recent meeting of the Maple Branch. In the course of her article, the writer said:—

"It is really wonderful how quickly the Institute has grown, and with what sympathy it has been accepted. The organization took place in 1897, only twelve years ago with a membership of fifty and now we have more than 11,000 members. Does not that speak for itself?

"One reason why we should attend the Women's Institute, is that new ideas and suggestions are received, and consequently there is more variety and interest in the home duties. Not many of us know so much, that we cannot learn more. Whatever plan we have followed there may be a better one, and we should be ready to accept suggestions, or to follow the example of a neighbor, if by doing so we lighten our labors, and, add to our pleasures. One of the objects of the Institute is not so much to teach members how to do this or that, as to teach them "what to do." We are led to think and ask ourselves why we do our work this way, and look for better ways for accomplishing our work, instead of doing it in a haphazard way. Then it makes a pleasure of work, that was before a drudgery. Housekeeping, like everything else, is a pleasure or a drudgery, just according to the amount of brains, and energy, we put into the work.

"The Women's Institute affords a chance of developing our capabilities, it gives the members a confidence in themselves, in taking part in the discussions so that in time we will not be afraid of the sound of our voices. And lastly, but not least, is the social side. I think some of our members are benefited as much in that as any. It is the only meeting in the community, which enables all the women to come together and to become well acquainted. To women more than men there is a danger of becoming narrow, and, we get narrow when we live only to ourselves.

"I think an afternoon spent at the Institute is more profitable than an afternoon spent in visiting. At our church gatherings we meet only those of our own denomination, but in the Institute we meet and become acquainted with others, whom it is a benefit and a profit to meet. Then by belonging to the Institute, we receive some splendid literature from the department, dealing with the different subjects that home-makers should know about.

"As members we should endeavor to increase our membership, that all may enjoy the many benefits. We should increase our membership, not so much by personal canvass as by making our meetings so interesting and helpful that the women and the girls will not want to stay away, all may and can help, it is the spirit of helpfulness coupled with willingness that is going to make our Institute a power for good."

* * *

From Centre Grey

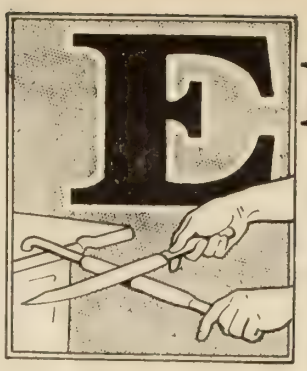
WOMEN'S INSTITUTE representatives, to the number of fifty, met at the hospitable home of Mrs. W. Buchanan, "Breezy Brae," on Tuesday, June 8th, for the purpose of holding the Centre Grey District annual meeting. Mrs. Buchanan very kindly served dinner to all those from a distance. This was much appreciated, as a great many had to drive from twelve to twenty-five miles, this farm being on the extreme eastern edge of an extensive riding. The Farmers' Institute also held their annual meeting on the same date, and at the same place. After dinner the meeting was opened by the president, Mrs. J. I. Graham, of Vandeleur. Much interest was shown, and good suggestions were given for increasing the work, and interest. Speakers were chosen to give addresses at our annual convention of "Grey Birds," which will be held in Durham later in the summer. The election of officers resulted in Mrs. Robert Best, Flesherton, president; Mrs. J. B. Egan, Dundalk, vice-president; Mrs. A. E. Myles, secretary-treasurer. After business was concluded the two Institutes united in doing justice to a bountiful basket picnic. Mrs. Buchanan, president of Ravenna Branch, gave prizes to girls under twenty years for the making of bread and cake. The district officers acted as judges. Great interest was taken in this competition.

When Nature is Head Gardener

Continued from page 35

majority as the beds in another park that have been planted in the beautiful indifferent way of nature.

The fall and winter is the time to plan improvements for the coming spring. Much of the work can be done in October and November. The early spring flowering bulbs must be planted before severe frost. If your grounds are large enough to warrant it consult some qualified landscape gardener who has made a study of such matters. If you have only a small garden think the matter out for yourself and you will have all the more pleasure in the results.



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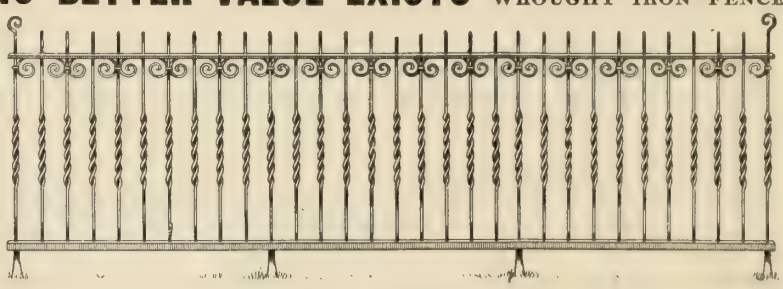

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BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

TO H. R. H. JULIANA LOU.

The little Crown Princess of Holland has been christened Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina. — *Cable despatch.*

The Holland folk are tickled much
Because they've got a Princess Dutch,
A brand-new blue-eyed baby girl
To keep their loyal hearts awhirl;
An heiress for their little throne
That they can call their very own,
Who soon will rule them as she likes
As little Princess of the Dikes,
And for her name
This very same
Is christened by her subjects true
As Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you!
A Princess fair
You truly air,
O Juliana Lou!

Some day you'll come into your place
As ruler of the Holland race,
And as a Queen, serenely calm,
You'll rule o'er giddy Amsterdam,
And Rotterdam,
And Potterdam,
And all the other dams there be
Along the beauteous damson sea;
And as you walk your regal ways
May all your sauce be Hollandaise,
And may you never use a crutch
Because somebody's beat the Dutch;
But rule serene,
A happy Queen
Your days all through—
O Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you!
A Dutch-treat fair
You truly air,
O Juliana Lou!

—*J. K. B., in Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

PROMPT SIR WILLIAM.

A GOOD many years ago a prominent railway contractor was in Sir William Van Horne's office at the C. P. R. headquarters at Montreal talking over some work that was in progress.

The contractor and Sir William, says the Montreal *Star,* had a pretty lively discussion, and the former suddenly said:

"Who is your chief engineer?"

"I am the chief engineer," said Sir William.

"Well," said the contractor, "you had better get another. You are going to have a bad accident, and the first thing you know you'll be sent to jail."

Sir William punched a bell, and Mr. P. A. Peterson responded.

"Peterson," said Sir William, "you have served us long and faithfully, and you are hereby appointed chief engineer of the C. P. R."

* * *

WILLING NORAH.

A YOUNG couple had taken a house in an exclusive neighborhood, and wished to make a good impression at the very beginning of their social career. They were handicapped, however, by the difficulty of securing good servants.

They finally secured one, Norah, a very recent arrival from Kilkenny, but the best they could find. This maid's duty was to answer the front door bell and carry the cards of any visitors to her mistress. She was rehearsed repeatedly in her role, her mistress telling her exactly what to say and how to carry her silver salver.

But, in spite of the training, Norah's mistress awaited the hour of her first dinner-party with trèpidation, and at the first sound of the door bell she could not resist the impulse to listen at the head of the stairs.

Norah rushed to the door excitedly without her salver; but as she opened it and saw visitors standing there, she recollected her instructions, and, throwing up her hands, exclaimed, in a voice of heartbroken dismay:

"B' the howly St. Patrick, Oi forgot me pan!"

* * *

LACKING INTEREST.

DURING the Quinquennial Congress of Women in the city of Toronto, Miss Agnes Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer had much to say which was worth hearing, about the press and the public. Miss Laut showed that the women who complain of the brassy tinge of the newspaper could easily bring the management to time by agreeing to boycott the firms who advertise in yellow journals. The whole discussion was decidedly interesting and tended to show that there is a dual responsibility in the matter of exploiting sensations.

A Canadian citizen, speaking in defence of the average newspaper of the Dominion, told that when he was travelling through Michigan some time ago he lent a copy of the Toronto *Globe* to a young woman sitting across the aisle in the car who appeared to wish to see a Canadian paper. About ten minutes' perusal of the Grit Bible was quite enough for the Michigan maiden, who returned the paper with the criticism:

"My, but your papers are awful slow! There's only one sooicide and a murder on the front page and there ain't a single divorce that I can see. We've got some *style* in our papers, with real noos about the Goulds and the Thaws."—*Canadian Courier.*

* * *

WHERE THE MIRACLE CAME IN.

DR. WALTER C. SMITH, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away.

"No, no," replied the lady. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on your back." — *Argonaut.*

* * *

A CITY CLERK'S GARDEN.

A CITY clerk never missed the chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression that it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all a-growing and a-blowing. On being reluctantly taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about 12 feet by 10 feet. One bold spirit ventured to remark that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man alive, look at the height of it!"—*Chicago Daily Socialist.*

* * *

TONGUE TWISTING.

A LONDON paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue twisting" sentences. The prize-winning contributions are:

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Susan shineth shoes and socks: socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled? — *Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL Hornaday of the G. A. R. was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife.

"I sat between the two and the lady said across me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?'

"'Oh, no, madam: that is a Chinese custom,' said the Japanese. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam.'" — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

* * *

HARDLY TRUTHFUL.

SAGES assembled in the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in. "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

HE—"Not going out to vote? Why not?"
SHE—"I haven't a thing to wear." — *Life.*

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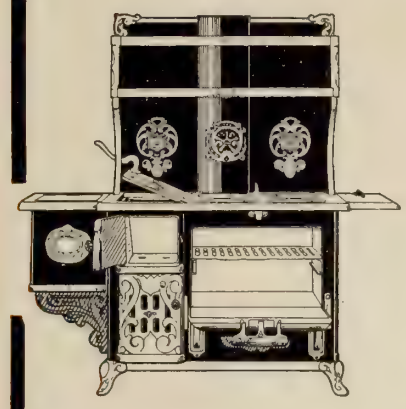

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THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

JAMES ACTON, Managing Editor JEAN GRAHAM, Editor
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

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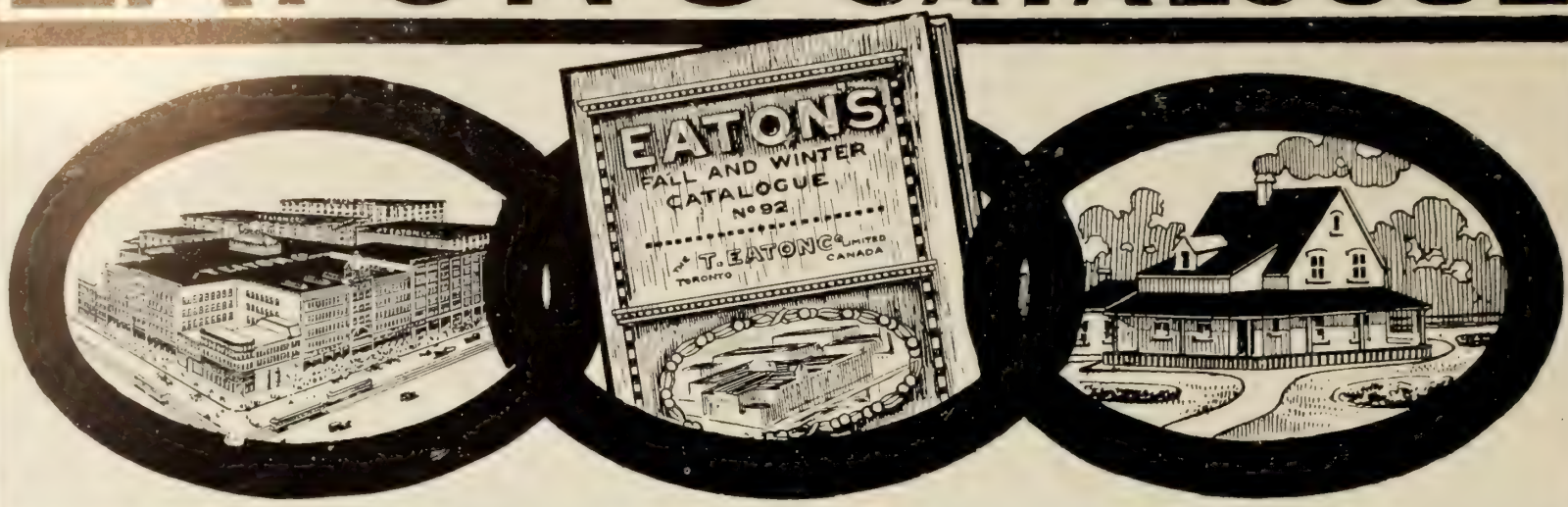

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EDITOR'S CHAT

A NEW DEPARTMENT of the HOME JOURNAL we expect to publish in the November issue, dealing with the items of especial interest to shoppers—and every woman has an instinct for shopping. The writer of this department has a long experience as a discriminating shopper and understands just what you want by an order for a lingerie blouse or a "very special" jabot. She will be pleased to receive shopping requests from out-of-town subscribers and may be relied upon to use taste and care in selecting just what you require. Many of our subscribers will be interested in shopping news and will probably find in that department suggestions which will be of immediate benefit. Advice and hints as to home decoration will be given with an expert's knowledge of such features in domestic art.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR A NAME. We need a name for our club of girl readers—an organization of girls with the energy, tact and resource that are typical of Canadian women. We offer a five-dollar prize for the best emblem for this club, and to the ten girls sending in the next best suggestions we shall mail a beautiful gold and enamel hat pin. Girls from fifteen to twenty years of age will be welcome to this contest, and only one name is to be entered by each competitor. All suggestions must be addressed to

CANADA'S HOME — THE HOME JOURNAL — LEADING MAGAZINE

PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1909

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COVER DESIGN BY ELIZABETH MACVICAR.

EDITOR'S CHAT

THE GIRLS' CLUB, 59-61, John Street, Toronto, before October 20th, 1909. Become a member of the GIRLS' CLUB. Write to the secretary asking to be enrolled in this association in fellowship with girls throughout Canada who are working to make this department of Canadian journalism a success.

OUR MARITIME PROVINCES will be well represented in the next issue. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island form a trio of Atlantic possessions of which we may well be proud. Their natural charms, their sturdy people and their varied industries are appreciated by all who have known the maritime division of the Dominion. The cover design, an exquisite depiction of Evangeline, is by Mr. William Goode, an artist who has done excellent and popular work for the HOME JOURNAL and whose pictures of winsome girlhood bear comparison, we believe, with any others of the class.

THE THANKSGIVING SEASON will be remembered in a typically humorous tale of rural life by Miss Mabel Burkholder, of Hamilton, and other contributions will keep in mind the holiday when we remember all the prosperity of the past year.

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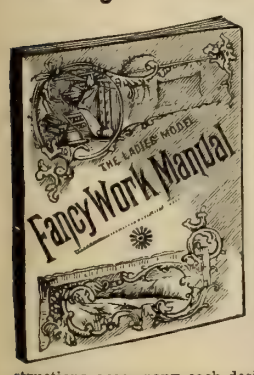

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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

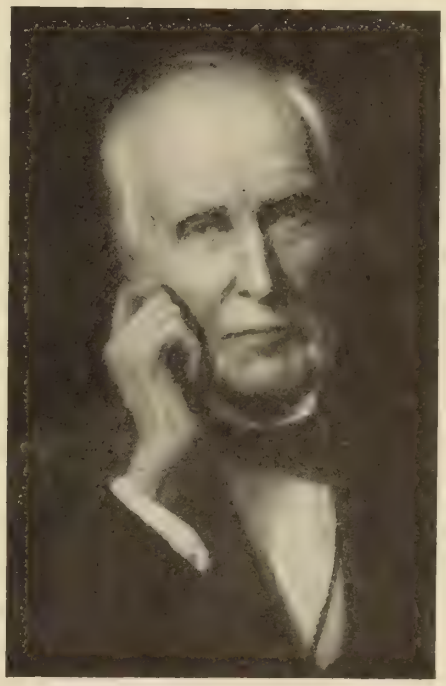
59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA - - - - - - - - - JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor.

GOLDWIN SMITH on his eighty-seventh birthday, recently, sent forth a message of peace in which he says: "If people could only see the interior of a field hospital as I have they would be more careful." An eye-witness, who describes a scene at the close of the Battle of Gettysburg, says the surgeons were at work in blood from their feet to their hair in an effort to relieve the wounded. There were heaps of amputated arms and legs thrown together like cordwood, and at one side the bodies of those who had reached the operators too late for treatment lay in ghastly confusion. This is "glorious war" of which historians write and poets sing. Is it any wonder that the hero of Gettysburg said "War is hell." There is nothing more out of keeping with the spirit of the times, not to speak of Christianity, than this blood lust.

MESSAGE OF PEACE

THE SECRET of a lot of this pole dashing frenzy is contained in the words of Peary: "I am the only white man who has ever stood at the North Pole." Some of those who have watched the course of this and other Arctic "explorers" were under the impression that they were animated, to some extent at least, by a desire to add to the sum total of knowledge of this earth and its relation to the rest of the universe. It would seem from the recent dash for the Pole that it is rather a "dash" for publicity. It has certainly afforded the world an exhibition of narrowness and bitterness that has scarcely if ever been equalled. In the meantime the interest developed, as someone has remarked, has been rather that of a common prize fight than a scientific investigation. Without relation to either of the alleged Pole discoverers the thinking public has been disgusted with the amount of common dog spirit that has been aroused by the affair.

POLE DASHING



PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

SOME TALK has been occasioned by the fact that at the banquet tendered to Lord Beresford by the Toronto Exhibition directors water was used instead of wine in drinking the toasts. It would puzzle the most enthusiastic banqueteer to fully explain just what there is in this senseless custom of drinking the "health" of potentates or other jolly-good-fellows as it might indeed to account for a number of other ceremonies that have been handed down to us by our illustrious but barbarous forebears. In this particular instance water was not only an appropriate beverage from this old sea dog's long and intimate association with it but from the fact that he has boasted that for thirty years he has marked his preference for it as a beverage. It is to the credit of our business men that the water banquet is the rule rather than the exception.

WHISKEY OR WATER

IT IS STATED that at the Fort Erie races held last summer women contributed a large share of the profits reaped from the betting. It is estimated that during the meet $21,000 was won from women who, according to one authority, astonished old-time sports by their aggressive operations. Of course Fort Erie is on the American boundary and these women were largely dwellers in Buffalo, Cleveland, New York and other similar places on the other side of the boundary, but it is none the less a fact that the gambling spirit is growing amongst our own women. It is quite common to hear women boast of their gains at the race track and at the bridge table. If our mothers and sisters are carried away with this insidious and destructive habit what hope is there for the fathers and sons?

WOMEN AND BETTING

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS have just held a most successful and enthusiastic meeting. Amongst the things decided upon was the pushing of the "Made in Canada" idea, by which we should judge it is meant by this and similar means to educate people to buy goods made in their own country. The way to get Canadians to buy goods of home manufacture is not by hanging "Made in Canada" signs on them but just to make the right goods and then to tell the people about them. The right goods are being delivered by many of our concerns but the trouble is that Canadian manufacturers are too slow to see the advantage of giving necessary publicity to their enterprise. What is needed to meet the great tide of foreign competition is a loosening up on the advertising question. There are half a million or more publications coming into this country from the United States every month. With the lavish announcements of foreign made goods the Canadian public are familiarized with their merits and buy as naturally as they read

MADE IN CANADA

ONE HAS only to pick up a daily paper to realize the havoc that is being wrought amongst our young men by the temptations to get "easy money" that are everywhere thrust in their way. Three young bank clerks, all under the age of eighteen, were reported as missing last week in a Western town. "Playing the races" is given as the cause for defalcations every day. This and pool playing are getting in their deadly work on the young men of our country. A visit to some of the pool rooms in a fair sized city or town will be a revelation to some of our business men. There will be found with the ordinary idlers a coterie of young fellows who are supposed to be about their employers' business. These institutions are more dangerous even than the bucket shops or race tracks, for operations on the latter are irregular and must be conducted with circumspection. The pool habit enjoys the reputation of harmless amusement while the feet of its victims points steadily to destruction.

THE GAMING CURSE

IT HAS, WHETHER OR NO, become a reproach for a girl not to marry. It seems to be regarded as a reflection upon her personal qualities, whereas the fact that she has not married may often be taken as a sign that she has had the good sense to steer clear of foolish entanglements. There are many "old maids" who are to be congratulated that they have escaped the marriage pitfalls that yawned at their feet in earlier life. It is a woman's own business whether she marries or not. There are men who seem to imagine that every young woman is just dying to be "asked" and are surprised when they find, as they often do, that there are many women of parts who regard a doubtful alliance with a man whom they do not know and cannot appreciate, with askance. There are thousands of unmarried girls who are so superior to most of those who have been "picked up" by nonchalant askers that one need never wonder why there are old maids.

THE UNMARRIED GIRL

NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRL

THE PEASANT WOMEN OF EUROPE

Some Picturesque Types from Old-World Lands

BY FRANK YEIGH

Photographs by the Author

NOT the least attractive feature of foreign travel is the glimpses secured of the peasant types, especially the women, who are vastly more interesting than the male sex, especially in the matter of costumes and manners.

Nor is it easy to find them in their own environments, unspoiled by contact with the outer world. Once an individual, or a people try to be what they are not, or to conform to another phase of life than their own, their naturalness diminishes in proportion. Once they seek to pose, their charm vanishes.

But this old world is still full, thanks be of her unspoiled children and they are to be found in many a foreign land and in many an out-of-the-way corner, far removed from the storm and stress of the modern rush-a-day world. They are to be found indeed in many a secluded nook or hidden harbor of the British Isles, from Cornwall to Caithness, from Bantry Bay to Belfast.

If the traveller is lucky enough to ramble through Devon and Cornwall, or the flowery Channel Isles and to haunt the ports and quays and fish markets, he will discover peasant types enough to satisfy his curiosity. Most of them will perchance be strong-armed fish-wives, who can balance a creel on their heads as handily as the energetic ladies of the Covent Garden Market in Old London carry pyramids of baskets with never a touch of the hands. Up Edinburgh way, when the fish-wives of New Haven come to town one stands a fair chance of witnessing a fisticuff encounter in which the volleys of vituperation are almost as deadly as the volleys of blows.

But one must needs cross the Channel to see the peasant in all her picturesqueness, with the touch of the foreign in speech and dress that differentiates her from her Anglo-Saxon sisters, be the language of the latter, broad Cornish or Devon, burry Lancashire or Scotch, or broguey Irish.

Many an interesting snapshot of the Eternally Feminine I have among my kodak trophies as the result of rambles in Europe, from Norway to Naples. Take Norway as a beginning, where the ladies of each picturesque valley have headgear styles of their own, where the lassie of the Hardanger fjord is easily distinguishable by the Norwegians, from a dweller in the naerodal, and where even an outsider is able to tell matron from spinster, and spinster from maid by the varying styles of bonnets or caps.

My experience goes to prove that, apart from a visit to the country parts, the best rendezvous to study the woman peasants are in the market places. So is it in Scandinavia. In the markets of Trondjhem and Bergen, of Stavanger and Christiania, the women of the coast and valleys congregate and with instincts for trading not always credited to Eve's sisters, carry on their buying and selling with an energy that demands admiration.

Or, if one ventures away from the centre of population to the attenuated farms of Norseland, he will meet with unmeasured hospitality from the good women of the land. In a farm like the Bekker farm, near Trondjhem, the maids —both house and dairy—fitted in admirably with the rural picture of a valley as fertile as an English vale. But if the way is via the stone-lined road from Gudvangen, one soon finds that the farmsteads are humbler and the conditions less favorable. Such a home was log-built, resting on flat stones at each corner and sheltered by a sod roof on which rank weeds were growing. The interior comprised but two rooms, one an earth-floored kitchen, the other living and bedroom in one, with a small loft, reached by a ladder, where some children's bunks were stowed away. Over the primitive stove the stout housewife was conducting the universal operation of doing-up jam and, judging by the smeared lips of her numerous progeny, there had been some doing down as well. On the plain deal table were piled stacks of fladbrod or flat rye bread, while from the rafters hung smoked reindeer meat. It chanced to be haying time, and when, as a once-upon-a-time farmer, I essayed to help, the assistance was cheerfully accepted by the mother and daughters. Long hurdles were used in the hay-curing process, the grass being stowed away by hand in the interstices.

Continuing the journey up the famous naerodal, or valley, and putting up at the picturesque Statheim Hotel, the score or more of serving maids treated the passing travellers to a delightful evening in the singing of their national songs and in the dancing of their national dances. Very bright and wholesome they appeared, clad in their elaborately beaded vests, and short, full skirts with their flaxen hair hanging down in braids.

Over in Holland one may meet other interesting peasant types, either in traversing the country by canal or in haunting the markets of Amsterdam or Rotterdam, and markets, not a few there are, in both cities. The Rotterdam centres of traffic were enlivened one summer day with groups of damsels from the Zealand province, and clad in their Sunday best, they assuredly were. Blue serge was the popular article of dress goods, but the stiffly-starched bonnets were as infinite in variety as were the wearers. Each lassie was further adorned with elaborate ornaments projecting from over the ears. One's curiosity had some excuse for being aroused over the unusual adornments, all the more so, when seeking for a reason, I was told that they were worn as weapons of defence —as dairymaids, to bring badly behaved milch cows to time by a prod; as sweethearts if their swains dared to steal a kiss at an inappropriate moment. Faultless and neat was the attire of these healthy, happy specimens of Dutchland as, arm in arm they revelled in the sights the shop windows had to offer.

A DUTCH MILK CART DRAWN BY DOG

Faring southward, rural France is rich in peasant types who are, after all, the mainstay of the country. Rambling through Normandy and Brittany, one happens on many a pretty peasant picture. Frequently are they to be seen in the open air, engaged in laundrying at a wayside pool. Halting at one such reservoir, which was surrounded by a baker's dozen of elderly dames busily engaged in scrubbing and gossiping, the tourist asked permission to kodak the heavy-weight of the company in the act of wheeling a barrow full of clothes. Holding up her hands in seeming protest, while her face was wrinkled into smiles, the Madame Sans Gene of the party nevertheless took good care to swing into full view, as she appears in the illustration. And when later I bargained for the wooden trowel with which she beat the clothes with masculine

PEASANT WEDDING, QUIMPERLE

strength, every blessed washerwoman dropped her task in order to join in the chaffering. But it was all a bit of fun. Laughter was on every face, and friendly good-byes followed the stray traveller who had stumbled upon their wayside laundry. Just as at Grenville, the long line of dames who occupied the river bank, entered into the spirit of nonsense as they bandied words with a line of soldiers on the opposite bank who were acting as compulsory washermen.

Away down in Lower Brittany, farther removed from the main-travelled roads, the peasant is more unsophisticated, and therefore more natural. Not only did they make the market places teem with human interest, but at the Pardons, such as at Auray, thousands foregathered for the great religious festival. There I saw more wonderful head-dresses than in the north —some built high and round, some flat and wide-spread, and some attenuated as to size. When the huge Auray Church was crowded with three thousand women, the effect when they knelt in prayer, or rose to their feet, was as if a bank of snow was moving up and down, so striking was the movement of white. Or when they clustered around the sacred fountains or climbed the Scala Sancta, they added a pleasing note to the strange scene. One group of girls, surrounding an altar stuck full of pins, were in the act of adding others. Curiosity again held sway, but the mystery was not solved till I read in Baring-Gould that the act was a reminder to Sainte Anne to make reply to their former petitions for suitable sweethearts and husbands. After the ceremony was over, I helped myself

to a handful of pins as souvenirs, but when many leagues away, conscience suddenly smote me with the offence, for how many plans of matrimony might I have interfered with.

I was lucky enough to happen upon a charming picture of rustic enjoyment in another Brit-

WAYSIDE LAUNDRY POOL, IN FRANCE

tany town—Quimperle. The sound of distant music attracted me to the market square where groups of peasants were indulging in one of the national dances of Brittany. Sixteen took part in the set dances, the clatter of the sabots on the pavement almost drowning the droning music of the binion or French bagpipe, played by a hunchback. Following the dancing, the company fell into procession, marching two and two and led by a youthful couple who were manifestly "bridey." Then it dawned upon me that it was part of a wedding celebration and thinking the chance too good to lose, the stranger marched with the crowd.

Nearing an old stone house of plebeian architecture, I was invited in and was thus given a glimpse of a typical Brittany interior, with the ceiling beams, the carved oak furniture, the quaint old china, and, spread on the table, a generous feast. A jolly time we all had, though they couldn't understand the French of the stray Canadian. After the wedding festivities were concluded, the happy couple stood in the doorway while I photographed them, the hunchback managing to get within the focus area as well.

No one who sojourns in delectable Switzerland needs to have recalled the peasant women of that little republic hidden away in the heart of the Alps. Hundreds of them find employment in the hotels and pensions, but if the tourist indulges in a tramping tour through the land, say in the Bernese Oberland, he will have his memory stored with many a striking picture of dairymaids in the farmyards, of women haymakers in the fields, of girls trooping to school. I recall one picture, a christening in the little Lutheran Church of Grindelwald. Never since babies came and christenings were the habits has a wee Swiss lassie been so swathed in spotlessly white garments. Very little liberty was afforded for any movement of limb or body, but, realizing the solemnity of the occasion—for everyone was solemn, from the long-robed priest to the long-faced mountaineer father—the little man was as good as gold. There, in the quiet of a Sabbath morning, amid God's world of hills, the wee mortal received sacrament of baptism.

AN ENGLISH FISHWIFE

Italy presents yet other types of womenkind, many different ones indeed, for those of the north are unlike their sisters of the south, who

BARGAIN DAY AT A BRITTANY FAIR

are more volatile and vivacious, and yet every Italian woman possesses the lightsome qualities that mark the Latin race. Traversing the Lombardy plains, one catches glimpses of women workers in the fields, as women guards at the railway crossings. In Venice, the sisters of the Adriatic city of the sea foregather of an evening around the fountains, there to pass a neighborly word before hurrying away with their filled jars, though on reflection, hurrying is a misplaced word. Italy is not a hurry-land, and that is perhaps why we all want to linger within its borders.

If in Rome, the aristocrat dames of Eternal City may be seen taking the air in the cool of the evening on the Capitoline Hill, as the more democratic ones surround the Trevi fountain on the Spanish steps, or saunter along the Corso and the streets and bridges that lead to the Vatican. If in Naples, the water font will present a moving panorama of humankind and of women humankind, the poorest—if not too far beyond youth—carrying themselves with matchless grace and wearing the cheerful countenance that bespeaks a merry heart.

Thus all along the highways and byways of the world, where life has teemed during long centuries, the peasant daughter of Eve has her work and place—a work that has helped to make countries and peoples, a place that has, from the beginning, been a God-appointed one.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

By JOYCE WHARNCLIFFE

IF grown folk in dealing with children would consider matters at times from the child's point of view they might meet with better success in child-training. Let us "become as little children" and think of our own youthful impressions; then we will be better able to deal with our little ones. Our mistake is that we expect the boys and girls to look at the world from our point of view, forgetting that our knowledge comes from years of experience. We expect them to conduct themselves even better than we conduct ourselves. I have been in teachers' conventions where about fifty per cent. of the teachers present were paying attention to the speaker, while the other half were chatting with their neighbors, reading books or magazines, or taking note of the prevalent fashions. Yet these same teachers in their class-rooms would punish children for idleness or inattention. I have known parents who would whip Johnnie or Mary for telling a lie or for stealing five cents; yet these same parents would tell Mrs. Jones they were delighted to see her when they hated the sight of her, and would settle with their creditors at twenty cents on the dollar. Is not the one lying and stealing the same as the other? Then let us not punish our little ones for what we do ourselves.

Many adults are guilty of making to children promises they never intend to fulfil. I had an uncle who told me when I was about eight years of age that he would buy me a ring. He even went so far as to take me into the jeweller's store and have several pretty rings tried on my finger, but he did not buy me one. What a heartache I had when we came out of the store. Better far if he had never said a word to me about a ring.

PLAYMATES ON THE PRAIRIES
In Sunny Saskatchewan

Then again, we often spoil far too soon a child's delightful lack of self-consciousness. I have seen a little boy and girl sitting together in the happiest manner, their heads bent over a picture book, until some foolish grown person entered and began to tease them about being little lovers. I have seen a flush of shame spread over their innocent little faces as they jerked away from each other. Their thoughts which had been entirely upon their picture book were now centred with mortification upon themselves.

Children often place upon our words a greater meaning than we expect. My own childish mind was haunted to a great extent by fear caused unintentionally by conversations I overheard among my elders. A great-uncle of mine underwent treatment for so-called cancer. I heard so much about the subject, and it impressed me with such a dread, that many times I secretly consulted a mirror, examining with the utmost care each tiny spot or mole upon my countenance, till at last I was firmly convinced that I had a cancer myself. One day I was taken by this uncle to the doctor's when he went to be treated for his cancer, and during all the time I was waiting in the doctor's office I kept one hand over my cheek for fear someone might see the tiny spot and turn me over to the doctor for treatment.

My parents after reading the paper would comment upon some dreadful war or flood or

Continued on page 19

CABBAGES AND KINGS

By CANADIENNE

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."

THE Canadian National Exhibition had the best of weather, the finest of crowds and a surplus to make glad the heart of Dr. Orr. Everything seemed to contribute to the success of the Fair of 1909 and the directors may sit back with a satisfied sigh. As to the Celebrity who opened the Exhibition, seldom has the greatest annual show been so fortunate as in this year of Discoveries and Dissensions. Lord Beresford proved all that we had a right to expect from his race, name and career. A sailor, with a smile made in Ireland and a frank cordiality which turned even a formal reception into an enjoyable occasion, he had a city of friends in Toronto before he went north to the mining districts of New Ontario, where he delighted in the scenes of genuine contact with the treasures of the rocks.

It was evident that the Admiral Bold was to have no hours of leisure, for garden parties, teas, receptions and dinners gave him the busiest week a Toronto visitor has known. He had decided to make no morning engagements but broke the rule in favor of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, which he addressed, with special reference to the work to be accomplished by women in social reform. The Toronto Women's Canadian Club is in the second year of its existence and shows signs of improvement. At first, it displayed a lamentable tendency to be anything but a women's club. In fact, men were called upon to introduce the various speakers and were even asked to move the vote of thanks. This course of procedure made the club look rather ridiculous, in comparison with the Women's Canadian Clubs of Montreal and Winnipeg, where Lady Drummond and Mrs. Sanford Evans make admirable and progressive presiding officers. This dependence upon masculine aid is disappearing with a rapidity to be desired. Mrs. Falconer, wife of the President of the University of Toronto, is the chief officer of the club; but at the Beresford meeting, Miss Constance Boulton, Vice-President of the Club, presided with much grace and spoke with a composure and distinctness not always characteristic of a presiding officer. Miss Boulton belongs to a historic Toronto family and is an imperialist of high traditions. She holds the office of regent in the Chamberlain Chapter, Daughters of the Empire and has been a most valuable member of that organization. Miss Boulton combines the ability to write clearly with the gift of [illegible] speech and is, therefore, an acquisition to [illegible]ership of any club.

[illegible] feature of the proceed[illegible] all in keeping with women's [illegible] Mrs. Falcon[illegible] so the papers re[illegible] reaching the Admiral to the feminine audience. Is it [illegible] for [illegible] officers and members to conduct their own meetings and not call [illegible] their brethren? Even where a man is the [illegible] neither rhyme nor reason is having a masculine addition to the programme by way of introduction or fortification. [illegible] in Canada and they are an accompaniment of civilization. The members of these clubs cannot learn too early to conduct entirely their own proceedings, as is the case in the women's clubs of Great Britain and the United States.

A man who [illegible] the earliest members of the Canadian Club in one of our cities [illegible] that it was the "luncheon idea" which made the movement a success. The sociability introduced by a luncheon or a tea, the informality of [illegible] following such an event makes the peculiar attractiveness of such an organization. So far, the Toronto Women's Canadian Club has failed to grasp the idea, and, until it holds such social ideals in connection with its addresses, the good comradeship and fine informality of the Canadian Club atmosphere will be wanting. How much longer will Toronto women allow Montreal and Winnipeg women to show them how to do things? The Chamberlain Chapter is the only organization of Toronto women, so far as I know, which has adopted the luncheon accompaniment to an address, and no one who attended them and listened to the after-coffee speeches of Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt and Mr. C. C. James could fail to be impressed with the desirability of such forms of club entertainment.

* * *

THE editor of a Toronto weekly paper made a curious comment on the Beresford visit, insinuating that it was a horrible disgrace for members of Toronto clubs or societies to drink the health of King Edward or Lord Charles Beresford in any but alcoholic form. Is that editor aware, I wonder, that the distinguished sailor is very much averse to alcoholic drinks, and is said to be an abstainer from such refreshment? In any case, most of us will fail to see that a man is doing anything ridiculous or absurd in drinking the health of the King or subject in non-alcholic form. It is the courtesy intended which makes the act graceful—it is the spirit, not the spirits, which makes the toast. Lord Charles Beresford, or any other distinguished visitor who comes to Canada is too well-bred, we should hope, to criticize the fashion in which hospitality is shown him. To those who think that intemperance is the supreme curse of Great Britain and that indulgence in this habit is one of the most soul and mind destroying sins, it is a matter for congratulation that Canadian clubs and societies are showing a desire to stand for better things and purer practices.

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

A Canadian citizen almost seventy years of age, was commenting recently on the decrease in social popularity of the use of wine and spoke of the olden days of New Year's receptions when many young men, after a few hours spent in calling, reached home in a state of intoxication, which a decent person would call disgusting. There was a time when a 'Varsity dinner or a students' banquet would have been considered tame and impossible without a profusion of wine. In these days, even the convivially-disposed are willing to have it banished for such occasions. At the risk or in hope of being called a temperance crank, I venture to say that the Canadian Clubs are taking the right and manly course in abolishing from their luncheons that which has proved the deadliest enemy to a host which cannot be numbered. It is hardly becoming an editor of a Toronto paper to sneer at this harmless hospitality.

Lord Charles Beresford was kind enough to say many pleasant things about Canada, but he seemed most impressed with the hopefulness of the Canadian countenance. Everywhere he saw smiling faces, looking, so His Lordship cheerfully remarked, "as if there were some jolly good thing coming off next week." He saw no such besotted crowds as swarm in the slums of Old Country cities. Now, there are several reasons for that hopefulness and one of them is that very temperance which the editor of the Toronto weekly appears to deplore. A woman who is by no means of the Carrie Nation class, recently returned from a trip to Great Britain, declaring: "The curse of the poor people is drink. It is simply awful to see hundreds of sodden women's faces." Miss Marie Corelli, whose fiction is sometimes hysterical, said not one word too much in "Holy Orders" in condemnation of the liquor traffic as it is carried on in Great Britain to-day. By all means, let us continue to look hopeful and to drink the health of "Condor Charlie" from a glass which is not destructive of hope.

SCENES IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

THE CAMP AT SUNDAY SERVICE

MASTER JACK BRADLEY THE CAMP MASCOT

To the courtesy of the Beach Brothers' camp in the north we are indebted for these photographs, showing some of the typical scenes in a rough but promising land. The group at Sunday service is marked by a peculiarity not often observed in a city congregation. The men are overwhelmingly in the majority and are an audience of a class accustomed to healthy outdoors life, and appreciative of straight talk. Service in the Northland is more breezy and less conventional than that in the crowded centres and is usually attended by a crowd heartily interested in the work. The other picture at the top shows the small boy regarded as the camp mascot, astride one of the white Arabians belonging to Superintendent Bradley, which took first prize at the Cobalt fair.

The recent visit of Lord Charles Beresford and members of the Ontario Cabinet to the northern regions of the province resulted in the visitors being delighted with the progress and promise of the land where Silver is King.

Our central photograph will appeal to all lovers of sport, to all familiar with the districts of big game. The baby moose looks forlorn, indeed, and probably rued the day when civilization came as far north as the Montreal River.

BABY MOOSE RUN DOWN WITH A LAUNCH ON THE MONTREAL RIVER

The lower photographs show the progress which "power" is making in the northern district where rivers and waterfalls give a profusion of opportunity to the men who recognize the possibilities of new territory. The large power plant near the Montreal River is almost complete and the superintendent of the work at Hound Chutes is Mr. T. W. Bradley, who was on the Toronto Tunnel work last year. The early work of excavation in the transportation or canal system of a new province calls for the strongest and sturdiest workmen that can be procured—and such are usually to be found somewhere in this busy Dominion. The latest machinery makes the removal of stumps and the construction of the canal banks a vastly easier task than confronted the makers of Old Ontario before this machinery was available.

STARTING EXCAVATING FOR THE POWER HOUSE AT THE BEACH BROS. PLANT, MONTREAL RIVER

CANAL MAKING—TRAVELLING DERRICK REMOVING STUMPS

WHERE THE COUNTRY IS IN THE MAKING

The Heart of a Child

Continued from page 7

accident, and I was in vague terror lest such things should come to our own home. I pictured the horrors of war in our own city, the loss of life and devastation of property. I saw in my fancy great floods sweep our home away, and night after night I peeped out of the window expecting to see our barn in flames. My childish imagination, like a lens, magnified and made a clear picture of all. I bore in my little brain the burdens of the world. If my parents had only known the agony I suffered, they might have mitigated it to a great extent.

In all human nature, both child and adult, the desire for possession seems common. Baby cries for toys. He gets them and is happy for a while, but soon he cries for more. The joy of possession has satisfied for a time, but it soon passes away and he longs for something else. In my young days I longed for a gold watch, a horse and buggy, a gold ring, a piano, and other things. I thought if I could only have them I should be perfectly happy. As time passed all of them came into my possession; they gave me happiness for a time, but now I value them only for the use they are to me. They are simply good enough in their places; they no longer represent the acme of happiness. Many of us, though we are grown folk, are still children in this respect. We have yet to learn that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Then in the child heart as well as in the adult there is a certain degree of pride, and much may be done with the child if this is fostered in the right way. A child may be led to do well by a little judicious praise. I have seen children who would put forth remarkable effort when they saw their work being appreciated. They learned quickly because they were not afraid to try. Place an older person in a similar position and his self-consciousness is so great that he is afraid to try for fear of someone laughing at him. The very pride that helps the child is in his case a hindrance. Take for example dancing, swimming, or skating. An adult wants no person to watch his attempts to learn, lest he laugh at the awkwardness. But a child is so absorbed in his efforts to learn that his mind is concentrated on the effort, and not on the exhibition he is making of himself. With a child the joy of being able to *do* is great. He exults in what he can do himself, and also in what other members of his family can do. Any one who has overheard the conversations of children will know how they boast of attainments. "My father can play a cornet," says one boy. "Pooh," says another, "that's nothing; my father can drive an engine, and that's far harder." In each case the adult is a hero to the child.

This same pride in the child may cause him agony if it is offended. During my early school days, instead of arranging my hair in the prevailing fashion for little girls, my mother always braided it in two "pig-tails." She would not even cut "bangs" for me such as other little girls had. My mortification was felt every day. I became sensitive and reserved because I felt I was not like the others. A certain hat she bought me increased this feeling because it seemed to me to be different from all the others, and I fancied the other children laughed at it. I was miserable whenever I was compelled to wear it. If my mother had only realized my feelings she might have saved me much; but to her the style of my hat or the arrangement of my hair was a small matter. To me it was of vast importance.

Much of a child's attempt to learn is regarded as naughty curiosity or a habit of asking foolish questions. Let us remember that the wisest of us has still an immense amount to learn. How much more then has a child to acquire! The world and its ways are new to him, and he wants to find out the *why* and *wherefore* of things. When about four years of age, I got up on the table one day during my mother's absence to investigate the working of the clock. I had the door open, and was busily engaged in testing the movements of the pendulum and hands, when my mother arrived on the scene and my investigations suddenly came to an end. From my point of view it was simply a desire to learn; but from hers it was pure naughtiness. In my ninth year I got my only whipping in school. A seat-mate asked me a question which I answered as a matter of course But lo! I was pounced upon by the teacher for talking during school-time. Looking at the affair from her standpoint I had been disobedient and had broken the rules by talking; but from my standpoint I could see no offence in answering a question when I was asked.

In Honor of Jeanne Mance

A Heroine of New France

THE recent unveiling in Montreal of a memorial to Jeanne Mance is a tribute which honors Canada. The following sketch from the Montreal *Standard* gives a sympathetic story of her life-work and pioneer courage in New France:—

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when this country's greatness was but in embryo, and when enthusiasm over the colonization of what was then New France was wide-spread in the Old Land, affecting both King and peasant alike, there was one—a gentlewoman, still in the springtime of life, the well-beloved and idol of her family—who was affected by the general sentiment. The mind of Jeanne Mance—for of her we speak—was filled with jubilation, and her heart throbbed at the thought of all the good to be done in the new land. Many the roseate dreams had she, but the realization was rendered possible only by the death of both her parents. Opposition arose. Friends, relatives put forth the dissuading hand, her family rebelled, the idea of a young girl crossing to what was then a virgin wilderness, a stronghold of barbarism, was unheard of—but her quiet, God-given determination overcame all obstacles. Thus she aroused curiosity. Ladies of the highest society—even the Queen herself—spoke the name of this romantic girl—and Madame de Bullion, a widow of wealth, came to her the means of accomplishing the establishment of an hospital in the new world.

Where at present stands this mighty gateway of Empire—this metropolis of a vast Domain, there once alighted a frail, gentle girl. Hers were the first white woman's feet to press the virgin sward. Alone she stood in the darkness—vainly she sought for some welcome sound, but naught broke upon the ear but the weird Indian war-cry, or mayhap the echo of an Indian drum beating wildly and mournfully on the mountain-side. Her womanly heart beat in trepidation, but her heaven-given resolve bade silent its flutterings.

STATUE OF JEANNE MANCE, WHO FOUNDED HOTEL DIEU, MONTREAL, UNVEILED IN FRONT OF THE PRESENT BUILDING, SEPTEMBER, 1900

An angel of mercy had she come, nor was there a dearth of field for her endeavors. Strife was rampant; blows were given and returned; blood flowed and danger stalked about on all sides. Never did she fail; with the wide-open arms of Christian Charity, she recognized her brother in both Red man and Colonist. Alone in the improvised hospital—a mere hut—we see her in the dreary stillness of the midnight hour, keeping alight the dying embers; making a soothing draught for parched lips, or with a tenderness more than motherly, cooling the fevered brow of some French boy or bathing the wounds of some untutored savage whose eyes in return but darted hatred and whose lips muttered in accents of rage as she bent over his couch.

For some fifteen years did she thus expend herself in the service of humanity. With no other assistance than a pious woman to second her efforts, she carried on the great work, fulfilling in person all the offices connected with the hospital. It is related, that oftentimes she would be seen in the grey dawn of an autumn morning, with her gentlewoman's hands, at the ice-bound pools, washing garments repulsively reeking with filth and contagion.

Probably on one of these errands of mercy was it that she met with an accident, the result of a fall on the ice, which deprived her of the use of her arm. Through a lengthy period of excruciating agony did she pass, only to be assured that consultation of some renowned Old World physician would be the sole hope of relief. Broken-hearted at seeing her work thus brought to an apparently tragic end, she braved the vicissitudes of an ocean voyage. There was no hope; she was maimed for life. Repressing the first movements of despair surging upon her deeply Christian heart, and buckling on her pristine courage, she again turned her face to the New World, this time accompanied by three sisters, who had volunteered to take up the work. With hearty acclaim was she received, and the wild woods rang with the sounds of rejoicing, the faces of man and woman beamed joyous welcome when the news passed around that the "Angel of the Settlement," the hallowed Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, had again taken up her station in their midst.

That is some two hundred and fifty years ago—and the same gentle, whole-souled angel of mercy is still doing her work. What matter it, if her institution has changed from a mere hut—through the various stages—till it is now the largest of its kind on the Continent of America? What matter, if, in the ceaseless roll of years, the personnel has been transformed from one solitary self-sacrificing attendant to hundreds not one whit less self-sacrificing? What matter it if, instead of the lurking form of a crouching savage, the signs of a highly-cultured civilization are seen from the windows? Jeanne Mance is as surely at the head of her well-beloved institution to-day as she was then.

Do you doubt it? Visit the hospital. It will be a revelation to any Montrealer. Whether your cicerone be the cultured, genial Sister Morrisey or the large-hearted Sister McGurty, matters not. The spirit of Jeanne Mance is all-pervading. It seems to have absorbed the very personality of her children. Through the interminable corridors—the wards—all scrupulously clean, you wend your way. Here a sister is bending over a bed of suffering—there, smoothing some fever-laden pillow; another carrying a cooling draught—in each and every one you recognize Jeanne Mance. You may probably be led to the electrical department — unequalled in America; in the venerable Sister Dupont you will again see Mademoiselle Mance. The skilful manipulation of the huge apparatus used in electro-therapeutics, which the Sister sets to work for your benefit, does not at all destroy the association. In fact, so indelibly has the spirit of the heroic 17th century maiden been stamped upon the institution, that the very air you breathe speaks of Jeanne Mance. The same motives actuate the actions of those in charge; the same tender care is afforded the stricken brother; and, over all, and superabounding all, one sees the same faith—the promptings of which brought about this result to the frail efforts of a cultured young maid, a shining example of self-annihilation in a pre-eminently luxury-loving age.

"Thy drying up of a single tear, has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

CHORAL MUSIC IN CANADA

A Consideration of Certain Distinctive Features

DR. A. S. VOGT

Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir

IN his excellent work, "How to Listen to Music," Mr. H. E. Krehbiel very appropriately says.—"No one would go far astray who should estimate the extent and sincerity of a community's musical culture by the number of its chorus singers." Judged from this standpoint alone the remarkable activity which exists in several of the cities of Ontario in choral music would indicate a standard of musical development which it would hardly be fair to expect from so young a country as Canada. That so many of our musically inclined are willing to devote their time and interests to the advancement of choral singing in this country is, however, a most gratifying and encouraging sign. Participation in the performance of a great work far outweighs the benefit to be derived from mere hearing or study of a composition. Mr. Arthur Mees, the well-known American musician and conductor, and vocal specialist, asserts that "The singer who becomes part of a grand aggregate, will find in choral activity ample opportunity not only to make use of all the technical resources which he may have acquired by years of study, but to develop them and apply them to a higher purpose than that of mere self-aggrandisement. No more effective means for the correction of vocal vices and aberrations of taste can be found than the study of dignified choral works under the guidance of a competent and exacting conductor. * * Those communities which have supported and continue to support choral societies guided by high purposes are in the possession of the most efficient agencies for the dissemination of genuine and intelligent love for music. No plea for the encouragement and promotion of choral culture can be strong enough." It was because Schumann realized the usefulness of choral societies in the musical life of the people that he advised students of music to "Sing diligently in choirs; especially in the midle voices, for this will make you musical."

The cultured critic, however, will be inclined to attach more importance to quality, as against quantity, of choral work undertaken by any given community. Just now much, then, depends upon the natural intelligence of the singers of any particular locality, or how much is to be attributed to the prevailing quality of voice in its natural state is a debatable question. It is just possible, in this connection, that what one locality may, in its serene self-assurance feel to be ideal as regards tonal problems, another locality, accustomed to different conditions and subject to different influences may deem to be quite objectionable.

Generally speaking, the prevalent quality of tone of the best Yorkshire choirs is praised by many English critics as the finest produced in the British Isles. Very few impartial critics will be inclined to differ from this view, yet it is interesting to note that when the Leeds Choir sang in Paris several years ago, there was criticism by even the best disposed French critics concerning what they termed the "woolliness" of the basses and the "throatiness" of the tenors. The tenors of the Sheffield Choir which sang in Germany two or three years ago were also criticized for lack of a characteristic tenor quality. It would appear from this that what some regard as beautifully and characteristically "mellow" and "full-throated" others, brought up in a different school feel to be lacking in clearness and brightness. To dismiss the American singing voice, as some Old Country writers occasionally do, as "harsh" and "nasal" is to indulge in altogether too sweeping a condemnation. It would be quite as unfair to designate in a general way, the Yorkshire voice as "thick" and "muddy."

The Canadian singing voice, generally speaking, is, in the opinion of the writer of this article, a happy compromise between the English and American voice. Some of the more observant of the English delegates to the recent Women's Congress held in Toronto, have, since their return home, declared that the "Canadian stands midway between the English and American in voice, manner, and ideal."

Good voices alone, however, will never constitute good choirs any more than an inferior body of musicians equipped with the best instruments can ever be expected to play up to the standard of our best orchestras. A good choirmaster may, with inferior vocal material produce excellent effects rhythmically, artistically and technically. The same conductor, however, with superior material, would naturally achieve greater things, particularly as regards tonal quality. But the history of the best English, American and German choruses proves that as regards choral achievement it is first a matter of efficient training rather than of quality of material, which, after all, despite all which has been written and is being written on the subject does not very materially differ in the more progressive musical countries of the world. Space will not permit discussing this very interesting detail in this letter, but the matter may perhaps be taken up at some later period.

Canadian choruses, if they wish to rise above the commonplace or if they wish their work to be recognized as something distinctive must, first of all, seek to elevate their performances to a level which shall command the attention, not only of the ordinary music lover, but also of the blase critic and weary professional. The latter, in most cases and with much reason, have been educated to regard the conventional slovenliness of the average chorus as something to be endured rather than to be enjoyed. A very high order of technical attainment is the first thing to be achieved after which the other details which go to make artistic results will be comparatively simple. A good quality of tone in all sections of a choir, not in one or two only, is essential if a chorus is aiming at anything above the ordinary. A sensitive conductor will also require that in all shades of expression a pure, well-balanced tone be maintained. Nothing is quite so cheap in musical performances as the amateurish habit of a certain type of director who purrs over soft passages *ad nauseam.* Such a choirmaster valiantly shrinks from exposing the real quality of his chorus by eliminating a sane expression which might make demands upon the voices of his singers in the loudest as well as the intermediate and softest strains. It is probably because the uncultivated concert-goer is so easily deceived by such minstrel effects that much trickery is practised in this connection.

On the whole I believe it will be found that Canadian choirs possess to an unusual degree the natural qualifications necessary in order to obtain the best possible results. Absolute perfection does not, nor never has, existed anywhere, but the choir which fails to set for itself a high mark is not likely to attain to a high standard of achievement.

Sheffield Plate Egg Boiler.

Old Sheffield Plate

"Queen Anne" Coffee Pot. Sheffield Plate.

By DORA RIDOUT

THE manufacture of Sheffield Plate is so nearly a lost art that it remains with the present generation to rescue it from oblivion. Since the last Sheffield, or copper rolled plate, was made in 1840, it will be seen that there must be a fair amount of it in Canada. Our grandmothers' sideboards no doubt shone with many a beautiful and useful piece which, alas, later was replaced by the more showy though shoddy electro plate. It seems likely that packed away in lumber rooms and old silver chests are articles the like of which have become very valuable in England in the last few years. For those who cannot afford, or do not care for the responsibility of real silver, and yet desire beauty, durability and delicacy of design, there remains the pleasure of collecting and preserving what remains in Canada of Sheffield plate.

Bertie Wyllie has written a delightful book on this subject. His enthusiasm for this particular fad arouses in his readers a like desire to obtain it, if not re-establish its manufacture. He tells us that in dark corners and cellars of many Sheffield factories may be found books of designs for articles useful and ornamental that were most admired during the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Not only designs, but even a few of the original dies still exist, while here and there in the numerous establishments are old workmen who have some knowledge of how it was made. These facts show that it would not be an impossibility to begin the manufacture of it again could the demand be created.

There are many stories as to the way in which it was discovered. The most probable is given by Bertie Wyllie. As far back as 1742 a certain Thomas Bolsover, a culter by trade, possessed of a mechanical turn of mind, was mending a knife one day when he made a discovery. The knife was composed partly of silver and partly of copper, and by some mechanical process, purely accidental on his part, he found that he had welded the two metals together in such a way that it left a copper surface on one side and a silver one the other. He very soon set up a factory for the manufacture of such small articles as buttons, snuff boxes, and shoe buckles.

Up to this time only solid silver and pewter had been used, so that when larger and more useful articles were made of the new plate, they must have been a very welcome innovation. From 1784-1840 pieces were made ranging from small ink bottles, to large dish covers, epergnes, candlesticks, and the dozens of plated articles found upon the lavish tables of the period.

It required careful workmen, as much of the decoration had to be handwrought, but the effect was proportionately good. On many of the oldest pieces one can almost read the character of the man who made it—by its careful or careless workmanship. The style in which it was made varied according to the dictates of fashion, and by determining the style of the article one can fairly decide upon its date. The best known styles are Queen Anne, Early Georgian, Adams (the most beautiful), Empire, and Late or Ornate.

There is no doubt but that in many of our antique shops beautiful articles may now be found at a very reasonable price, which later on will be next to unobtainable. There are sufficient reasons why Sheffield plate is more desirable than what we are now forced to use, the two principal being, that in the first place the workmanship and design are finer, and in the second place where electro-plate is guaranteed to last twenty years, Sheffield will outlive many generations. Would it not be well for us if we could return to the custom of our ancestors, and purchase our furniture and plate with the idea of handing them down to posterity? The beauty of design as well as the durability of the articles should be considered in the furnishing of our houses.

The Mystery of Barry Ingram

A Serial Story of Enthralling Interest with Scenes in Scotland

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sergeant's Note-book.

SERGEANT MACFADYEN waiting in the morning-room at Tyrie Castle did not relish the errand on which he had come. He stood fidgeting by the table with his helmet in his hand, looking the picture of discomfort.

"Good-evening again, sergeant," said Ingram. "You wished to see me?"

"Yes, Maister Ingram. Have I your permission to ask a few questions?"

"As many as you like, sergeant."

"It's aboot your son, Mr. Barry Ingram; it has been weel kent that he has been seen wi' the puir lassie that's lyin' cauld at the cottage in the clearing."

"I have heard the gossip myself, sergeant; you are quite right. Well, what next?"

"His movements for the day I must get at. Is he in the house?"

"No."

"When was he in it?"

"He came down about three o'clock from town, I believe, and saw his mother."

"What did he do after that; when did you see him last?"

"At breakfast this morning."

"I see; and he cam doon to Cardyke aboot three o'clock. Shall we say the two-forty from Glasgow?"

The sergeant had taken out his note-book.

"The two-forty from Glasgow, probably."

"Movements of Mr. Barry Ingram—that is, probable movements: Left Glasgow at two-forty, arrived at Tyrie on the back of three. Left Tyrie again. Did Mrs. Ingram happen to mention about how long he was in the house?"

"No she did not mention it, but I think we might say half an hour."

"Did anybody see him leave the house?"

"That you can only discover by questioning every individual member in it. That would be a pretty big job, sergeant; besides, it wouldn't help in the slightest. We may say that he left the house without saying where he was going; that will cover the difficulty, and be perfectly true."

"Ay, ay; so he left the house at three-thirty, or thereabouts. Where did he go next?"

"I suppose it is your business to find that out, since you appear to suspect him."

The sergeant closed his book, and rose to his feet.

"We may jalouse that he went to meet Nancy Simons at the Lover's Dell; in fact, he was seen going in that direction wi' her."

"Who by?" inquired Ingram, with a start.

"I'm not at liberty to say. Was he in the habit of carrying firearms?"

"In his pocket, do you mean? Certainly not! When he carried a gun it was for the purpose of shooting something on the wing."

"Well, if he hadna a gun when he left the castle, we may suppose that he got one somewhere on the way."

"You have settled in your own mind then, sergeant, that my son did the deed."

"The case is black against him, sir, you'll admit," said the sergeant.

"Can I do any more for you then, sergeant?"

"No, sir. I'm muckle obleeged to you, sir. And I'm very sorry for you, sir, and for the family."

In the outer hall the two men encountered no less a personage than Madam herself.

"What do you want here?" she asked menancingly.

"Hush! my dear," said Ingram quickly. "Sergeant Macfadyen is here in the prosecution of his duty."

"But what does he want? What does he think?" she cried shrilly. "Oh, I know! He suspects that he will find a murderer here in Tyrie. Isn't that it?"

"We have to seek for him high an' low, ma'am," replied the sergeant imperturbably.

He had heard many tales of Madam's high temper and overbearing ways, tales that had filtered through from the servants' hall at Tyrie Castle, and it pleased him in a sense to have these stories verified.

"She looked like a witch," he said, referring to the incident afterwards.

Outwardly, however, he gave no sign, but with a salute that might or might not have been ironical he passed through the hall to the outer darknesss.

That was a strange night at Tyrie Castle. There was an air of mystery—a brooding sense of some outward thing, some blow that might descend at any moment. The servants whispered together in odd corners, telling one another that there were policeman and spies posted all over the grounds to prevent Mr. Barry from coming home. This rumor had risen from the fact that one of the stable lads sent on an errand to the village had encountered a strange policeman near the entrance gate.

A place had been laid as usual for the second son; Mr. Ingram immediately ordered it to be cleared. He made a mighty effort to keep some conversation going throughout the meal, which passed better than any of them had expected. But Caro was the only one who really ate a hearty dinner. She, the irrepressible, did not for a moment believe that anything serious could have happened to Barry. The idea of his escapade rather pleased her than otherwise. No serious hurt or harm had ever come near the child in her life, and she certainly had not the faintest realization of the grim tragedy that had been enacted that day, nor of the blight that had fallen on the cottage in the clearing.

Evelyn wished to leave. Christabel nodded and the two girls left the room together. In the library, Christabel found Stephen.

"Christabel, I think I'll walk down as far as Simons' cottage. It would be a kindly thing to go and see how he is in his trouble," said Stephen, looking round vaguely when they found themselves alone after dinner. Such unrest was upon them all that they did not know how or where to turn. Their minds were full of one subject—the fugitive Barry fleeing from justice, his capture a mere matter of hours. Christabel looked doubtful.

"Do you think you would be welcome, Steve? Father says Simons feels very bitter, as indeed is natural if he believes—if he believes——"

"That Barry did it? I tell you Barry never did, Belle, and I shall convince Simons of it, too. I mean to be at the bottom of this, and I can't rest."

"Did you hear what Caro said at the table, Steve? There really is a passage from the island leading somewhere."

"Barry would not try that, believe me. He would make surer of his escape. He might find himself in a cul-de-sac, and trapped like a rabbit in a hole; or, what is more likely, he might be drowned in unfathomable depths. What they say about the island passage is only legend; nobody has ever proved it."

"I've often wished I could. I think I'll hunt up old Gillie one of these days, and try to persuade him to go on an exploring trip with me."

"Well, do, if it will amuse you; you wouldn't care to come with me to the keeper's house, Belle?"

She shivered a little, and shook her head.

He went out for a cap and coat, and returned to her again, to leave the house by the French window of the study, which opened on to the lawn at the back.

* * * *

Two men occupied the bothy in the Cardyke woods, Alan Hastie, the under keeper, and Jamie Barclay, a raw youth learning to be a forester.

Neither belonged to the district. Jamie's father had been a forester in his youth on the Breadalbane estate, but having married a Glasgow woman had been persuaded to come down from the north—a step he had always regretted. He had died in great poverty in one of the poorest parts of Glasgow, and on his deathbed solemnly enjoined his son to go into the country and take up his father's trade.

Jamie very often went home for the week-ends, partly because he had to hand over a portion of his weekly earnings to his mother, and partly because he had still a young brother and sister in the Briggate to whom he was devotedly attached.

Jamie returned to the bothy in the course of the afternoon, to get washed and dressed for his weekly visit to Glasgow. When he came whistling through the trees to the low doorway of the bothy he was relieved and glad to behold the smoke ascending from the chimney, indicating that his chum was already within.

He was building the fire when Jamie came through the open door and looked round in the usual casual way, merely remarking:

"Hulloa, Jamie!"

"You're there, Alan," said Jamie blithely. "What's o'clock; near fower, isn't it? But it's terrible licht this efternune. The sun's long settin'."

"It's very clear, but it's no fower yet. I want my tea, though, Jamie; somehow the day I didna tak much denner."

"Where hae ye been this efternune?"

"Naewhere; I cleaned up the hoose a bit, dandered as far as the keeper's hoose, but I met him, he had to gang ower to see the mistress, and Nancy had gane her ain roads."

He spoke these words with a perfect naturalness, which left no special impression on Jamie Barclay's mind. Afterwards, when he was, called to give a minute and circumstantial account of every moment of that afternoon he was very positive about them, and through all the cross-examination never faltered in his assertion that Alan Hastie had accounted to him for every moment of the time. The suggestion that he had anything to do with the sad death of Nancy Simons seemed to him nothing less than monstrous.

Jamie unlaced his heavy, mudstained boots and rose to carry them into the small back place where they kept the odds and ends. The floor had been scrubbed that day, for which reason Jamie had taken off his boots, sitting on a chair near the door. Alan tossed him a pair of carpet slippers from the side of the fireplace, into which Jamie thrust his feet before he carried his boots to the back place. Stooping in the act he suddenly saw an apparition outside, the unusual apparition of a policeman, no other than John Macfadyen, the sergeant from Cardyke.

Jamie was not afraid of policemen, having nothing to hide; he therefore merely straight-

In the Unspoiled North-West

Some Interesting Glimpses of a Woman's Life Where Cumberland House is "Home"

By L. M. STREET

INDIAN GUIDE

"BULDO"

THE Canadian who has spent all his life in the more settled portions of Eastern Canada, can form small idea of what it means to live in the unsettled and comparatively unknown districts of the great Northwest, practically cut off from civilization, where "society" consists of a few Indians and an occassional white man, and where living is reduced to the most primitive fashion. It has fallen to the lot of the writer, formerly a resident of Toronto, to spend a couple of years under such conditions, mostly at the Pas in Manitoba, and Cumberland House, Saskatchewan, as well as the surrounding districts, and a few of her more novel and interesting experiences have been jotted down for the benefit of her fellow-Canadians in the East, supplemented by photographs of some of the principal scenes.

Transportation in this part of the country in summer is by means of canoe, and in the winter by dog trains—the trains being drawn by "huskies" or Eskimo sledge dogs, the beasts of burden of the north. Wolves abound in these regions, and at night camps fires have always to be lighted to keep these unwelcome prowlers away. To one who is fond of canoeing the opportunities afforded are abundant, and the pastime is often exciting, not to say dangerous. One of the most interesting of these experiences which befell the writer, was the passage of the Grand Rapids, Saskatchewan, a trip seldom if ever before made by a white woman. These rapids are seven miles in length, full of rocks and very difficult to navigate, and it is only after the utmost persuasion had been exercised, that the old Indian pilot who runs the rapids, "Mosquito" by name, could be induced to make the trip with the writer as a passenger, being doubtful as to how the pale-faces would act in a canoe in such turbulent water. However, the trip was successfully made, and it took just twenty minutes to run the seven miles, which will give an idea of the tempestuous force of the current. It was a mad and glorious ride which I would not have missed for anything. Lunch on the river bank with "Mosquito" proved a fitting finale to this eventful episode.

Traveling in winter by means of the dog trains is unusually interesting to an Easterner. These trains consist of four or five dogs harnessed tandem fashion, while a "wind-splitter" runs ahead to break the trail. These dogs grow to be large and very powerful, and are capable of drawing a heavy load, all day if necessary, with halts for meals. They live almost entirely upon fish, of which they are very fond, and which have to be carried for them, on the trips. At every halt for meals, fires are lighted, and enough of the fish has to be thawed out for their consumption. When camp is made for the night and after they have been fed, the dogs select a likely-looking snowdrift and curl up comfortably for the night, their thick fur coats providing an impenetrable barrier against the frequently intense cold that prevails. The winter storms are very severe at times, and the wind blows almost continually.

Distant as these points are from the refinements of civilization, it is really surprising the degree of skill which the Indian women display in their needle work. When they choose, they can turn out remarkably fine silk embroidery on deer and moose skins, also beautiful bead work, but they are very indolent, have little desire to excel, and need constantly to be reminded that we are waiting for the work which they have promised to produce. This work is almost invariably executed in the brightest of colors chosen with regard to the most striking contrasts. The work of cleaning and preparing the hides for general purposes as well as for embroidering upon, usually falls to the lot of the squaws, as shown in the accompanying photograph.

WEIGHING HER PETS, CUMBERLAND HOUSE

It is not as lonely up here as one might imagine, for surveyors and lumbermen are occasionally encountered, and during one of the winter months six dances were given. I can imagine I see my readers smile, and doubtless they would smile more if they could see the dances. The natives do not know anything about our round dances, but they can dance the square dances, and at all these gatherings there is always one man who can play the violin sufficiently well to provide music, and another who is able to call off the figures—in English, too, strange to say. The surprising thing about these performances is that many of the men and women present do not know one word of English, but they are able to go through the figures by the sound of the voice.

Although the railways have as yet scarcely penetrated to this part of the country, and means of traveling are in more or less of a primitive state, yet there are compensating advantages, especially for those who are fond of outdoor exercise and pastimes. Early in the winter, for instance, before the ice had an opportunity to get rough or covered with snow, the surface of the River Saskatchewan presented an ideal skating place, as smooth as glass for miles, over which one could glide as if on wings to the heart's content. The summer and fall trips have also been delightful. Frequently we have taken ninety-mile journeys, camping out at night and portaging whenever necessary. The charm of these trips is almost indescribable. The air is truly grand and invigorating, and the scenery a perfect picture. Then, too, the zest which one gains for his meals on these trips and the sound, refreshing sleep at the end of the day, are something which are almost unknown to the city dweller.

Wild duck out here is as common as the sparrow in the East, and very delicious it is when prepared for supper after a day's journey in the canoe. Our Indian guide was a skilled hand at this work. His method was to prepare the duck by opening it down the back and roasting it on a forked stick over the fire—and I have never tasted anything so good in all my life! Wild geese are also prepared in the same way. Then, of course, fish is a staple article of diet on these trips, and it is always of the best and prepared in a most appetizing manner. Our food on the winter trips by dog train, was generally dried moose meat, which had to be immersed in hot fat before we could eat it.

Fur-bearing animals of all kinds are of course familiar sights, and I have seen them all. The Indians spend the most of the winters in trapping the most valuable of these animals, and a few white men are also engaged in the same occupation. The latter are usually the most successful.

A useful work may be done by white people coming in here, in endeavoring to induce the natives to abandon their habit of living in teepees and to build houses instead. Personally I have always found the Indians kind and friendly, and they can be helped in a number of ways if one is interested in them sufficiently to take the trouble. Far as this is from the centres of population, one is never quite lonely, for there is always much to see, and always something novel to one who comes from the East.

HUSKIE DOGS SWIMMING RIVER. THE CROSS SHOWS OPEN SPACE

SQUAWS CLEANING THE MEAT OFF MOOSE HIDE BEFORE CURING

IF mothers would only remember this about feeding the child who is studying hard and possibly playing harder,—the food your child eats at home is as important to his learning as the lessons given him at school. If the first isn't right the other never can be.

A regular, plentiful, frequent diet of Quaker Oats properly cooked is the best food anyone can eat; for a school boy or girl it is so important that nothing can take its place. There's never any question about children eating it; they love it.

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A Garden of Verse

The Unseen

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

She weaves a robe of morning's rose,
With star-mist veils her hair—
He knows not whence she comes, and where
She goeth no one knows!

She weaves a robe of twilight grey,
She binds her hair with pearl;
As quietly as clouds unfurl
She passes with the day.

He hears her whisper in the breeze,
The bird's soft notes are hers,
Her passing is the breath that stirs
The still grass 'neath the trees!

And, should a sudden silence fall,
His ever listening ear,
Piercing the quietude, can hear
Her silence through it all.

In this strange world where millions strive,
He struggles with the rest—
Yet by his side she moves, unguessed,
The only thing alive!

The Gardens of Shushan

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

"And the king loved Esther . . . and made her queen instead of Vashti."

Be pitiful! Her lips have touched this cool,
Clear stream that sets the long green leaves astir.
The very doves that dream beside the pool
Sang their soft notes to her.

For her these doors that claim the amorous south,
Bound in red bronze and stayed with cedar wood.
And here the bees sought honey from her mouth,
So like a flower she stood.

For her the globed pomegranates grew, and all
Sweet savory fruits rose perfect from their flower.
Here has her soul known silence and the fall
Of each enchanted hour.

Under her feet all beauty was laid low,
In her deep eyes all beauty was made clear,
When the king called her through the amber glow,
"O, Vashti, I am here!"

Still the sweet wells return to me her face,
Still her lost name on every wind is blown.
The shadows and the silence of the place
Are hers alone.

—*American Magazine.*

Life's Gifts

BY CLARA E. ANDRESS.

"I'm tired of Life," she passionately cried;
"What does it give that is good?
Toil and sadness are all that I see;
It could give so much if it would."
But Youth tripped joyously by her side,
"Why, it gives you me!" he gaily replied.

"I'm tired of Life," she grimly said,
"E'en Youth has left me now.
What can it show to offset its pain
That sears its mark on my brow?"
But Love walked quietly by her side,
"It gives you me," he gently replied.

"I'm tired of Life," she softly said—
"It has given its all to me.
But Youth departed so long ago,
And Love! What more can there be?"
But Death came tenderly to her side,
"It gives you me," he softly replied.

"Peace Wears a Green Gown"

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

I know that Peace her green gown keeps,
And she has trimmed it white and red;
I've seen the pillow where she sleeps,
With mossy hangings to her bed.

The golden gorse before her door
Hums with the sun-drenched song of bees;
She walks upon a silent floor
Under the wise and ancient trees.

White hawthorns hide her woodland way,
The giant beeches guard her place;
Yet she has welcome, night and day,
And love for those who seek her face.

I know; for once you led me where
Peace in the green gown takes her rest;
And when I crept to gaze at her
She caught me to her lovely breast.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Man of the High North

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE.

My rhymes are rough, and often in my rhyming,
I've drifted, silver-sailed, on seas of dream;
Hearing afar the bells of Elfland chiming,
Seeing the groves of Arcadie a-gleam.

I was the thrall of Beauty that rejoices
From peak snow-diademed to regal star;
Yet to mine aerie ever pierced the voices,
The pregnant voices of the Things That Are.

The Here, the Now, the vast Forlorn around us;
The gold-delirium, the ferine strife;
The lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us;
Our red rags in the patch-work quilt of Life.

The nameless men who nameless rivers travel,
And in strange valleys greet strange deaths alone;
The grim, intrepid ones who would unravel
The mysteries that shroud the Polar Zone.

These will I sing, and if one of you linger
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,
Saying: "It's human-true—it hits me right;"
Then will I count this loving toil well spent;
Then will I dream awhile—content, content.

Ballads of a Cheechako.

IN AUTUMN WOODS

By F. W. WAUGH

INCREASING interest is being taken in our native wild flowers as these become scarcer or are driven farther from the towns and cities. Many, especially of the early flowering varieties, have become almost extinct from the habit of plucking or gathering so common everywhere. This result could be very easily obviated if people could be taught to study the flowers with the camera or to cultivate them in the garden. Many varieties are well suited for this, and require very little care or attention. Occasionally people are to be found who appreciate this fact, and who have become very successful with the wild flower garden.

The flowers of the late summer or early fall are particularly abundant, as well as brilliant in coloring, the members of one family, the compositae, being especially prominent. This is the family or order to which belong such flowers as the golden-rod, the aster, the thistle, the dandelion, the daisy and the cone-flower, and such garden varieties as the dahlia and the chrysanthemum. These are hardy, vigorous growers, favoring open places, and showing great variety as well as strength of coloring.

Each locality has its characteristic floral or plant population. Take a sunny hillside next to the woods, or a sheltered clearing; here will be found golden-rods in profusion, especially Canada golden-rod (solidago Canadensis). These are also to be found in open meadows and along the road-sides. There are a number of golden-rods which are quite common, including several woodland varieties, the flower-heads of which are usually smaller and more modest in coloring. The French-Canadian name, "verge d'or," has practically the same meaning as our own. This plant occupied quite a prominent position in the domestic economy of the early settlers, and was employed as a material for dyeing yellow. This was used for rag carpets, yarns and textiles generally, and was no doubt in use among the Indians at a still earlier date. A common name

TURTLE-HEAD AND GOLDEN-RODS

for the flower in country districts is yellow-blow.

Associated with the golden-rod are found the turtle-head, Joe-Pye or trumpet weed, boneset, vervain and jewel weed or touch-me-not, especially if the location is a moist one, and sometimes also the wild bergamot and the willow-herb. The dense tangle of plants, sometimes breast high, and the intermixture of aromatic odors in such places is often suggestive of tropical vegetation. The turtle-head is quite true to its name in form and is large and of a creamy white. The Joe-Pye or trumpet weed is closely related to boneset, and receives the first name from the fact that it was used for fevers by an Indian herb doctor living in New England. Boneset, as the name suggests, had some sort of mythical connection with surgical operations, and even yet is used for a variety of ailments. Vervain is a humble relative of the verbena, and though not remarkably showy, is rather conspicuous from its sharp, slender spikes of purple flowers. Wild bergamot, sometimes called horse mint, is a member of the mint family or labiatae. This has an aromatic odor, and would assuredly be included in the primitive medicine chest. The great willow-herb, so-called from its willow-like leaves, also grows in such places, or in "brules," as the French call clearings made by the fire. For this reason, and perhaps also on account of its brilliant purple flowers, it is sometimes called "fire-weed."

A relative of the willow-herb, living in meadows and pastures, is the evening primrose, with its bright yellow flowers and its light green foliage. Here also grow the ox-eye daisy, with flowers of a dazzling white with yellow centres, also a near relative, the rudbeckia or cone-flower, which is of a bright yellow with a purplish disk or centre. In some places, very often on the hottest and sandiest hillsides, may be found the blazing star, with flowers of a rich, rose-purple color. The flowers are single or few-headed and the leaves are linear or grass-like.

From time to time, as the season advances, members of the daisy and aster family will be found springing up on every hillside and filling the copses and clearings. One of the earliest

A PATHWAY AMONG THE FERNS

ORCHIDS AND SENSITIVE FERN

HOME OF THE WATER ARUM OR MARSH CALLA

of these is the common fleabane, a rather tall plant with pale magenta or pinkish flowers and a soft-hairy stem. The daisy fleabane is more thickly flowered, with rather small, white flowers with greenish yellow centres. Presently the beautiful New England aster (aster Novae Angliae), with its great clusters of purple or magenta flowers, will be in bloom, and the latter color will quite generally displace the yellows of the golden-rod, the helianthus or sunflower, and the rudbeckia. The asters occur in considerable variety and give plenty of material for study. A woodland species which is easily identified is aster cordifolius or heart-leaved aster. The flowers in this instance have merely a purplish tinge.

A modest but attractive member of the later flowering plants is the fringed gentian, which is found in low places. There is no mistaking this plant. The flowers are of a beautiful sky-blue color and grow singly on stalks which terminate the stem or the simple branches. A marked feature of the flower is the fringed corolla. A relative of this, but rather taller, is the peculiar closed gentian, the flowers of which always appear to be not quite ready to open.

Among the dense growth which fringes the river bottoms are to be found all sorts of combinations of Joe-Pye weed, golden-rod and others, with here and there a mass of wild cucumber, covered with greenish-white flowers; or the conspicuous white clusters of the virgin's bower (clematis virginiana), with leaves of three ovate leaflets, climbing over some old trunk or tree. Here and there, also, like dashes of flame in a green background, may be found the lilium Canadense or yellow meadow lily.

Along the ponds and rivers we have the pickerel weed, with leaves and flowers growing upright from the water, easily recognized by its spear-shaped leaves and showy spikes of bright blue flowers. These are found quite late in August. Quite a persistent flowerer among the

WILD BERGAMOT OR HORSE MINT

marsh plants is the sagittaria. This has arrow-shaped leaves of varying width and size, and white flowers which grow at intervals on a long scape or stem. Here and there, also, until quite late, may be found stray flowers of the beautiful water arum or marsh calla.

Even deep down in the shady places flower life has not entirely disappeared. Here we find all sorts of seeds and berries, which provide an almost inexhaustible fund of interest. A little search will often bring to light a real live orchid of a kind called habenaria. The flowers on these are only greenish or pinkish, yet the plants are interesting from their aristocratic relationships. The Indian pipe is an odd little plant, not at all beautiful, yet one which would attract attention as it crowds its way up among the leaves and twigs. Like parasitic plants in general, it is waxy-white and has small, scale-like leaves. This would be an attraction to the aboriginal sorcerer, with whom rarity, rather than medicinal virtues, was in greater demand.

The ferns have always been prime favorites, if we may judge by the superstitious and other ideas surrounding them. Perhaps the deep, dark thickets and shady woods where the ferns live have given rise by association of ideas to these quaint and often uncanny beliefs. An old legend accounts for the fern's lack of flowers by stating

all ferns bore them until the nativity. On this occasion all the plants which were mingled with the straw in the stable put forth their leaves. The ferns alone did not, and were condemned to be flowerless forever afterwards. The names of snake-brakes, rattlesnake fern and adder's tongue, applied to ferns, indicates a connection with serpents in the popular mind, but nothing shows better how unfounded is this idea than the fact that the Wilson's thrush and brown thrasher often choose a clump of fern for a nesting place. In Europe it was formerly believed that chewing the first fronds which appeared would cure the toothache for a year.

Gerarde, the old English herbalist, says "the leaves of adder's-tongue stamped in a stone mortar and boiled in olive oyle unto the consumption of the juice, and until the herbs be dried, and parched and then strained, will yielde most excellent greene oyle or rather balsame for greene wounds, comparable to oyle of St. Johnswort, if it do not far surpasse it." A cross-section of bracken (pteris) stem presents a peculiar arrangement of the vascular tissues which is somewhat like the letter C. This was supposed to protect against witches and goblins on account of being the initial letter in the word Christ. The Scotch saw in it the imprint of the devil's hoof. In some cases this was held to be a sweetheart's initial, or in others a lucky omen. In the seventeenth century it was customary to burn the bracken when rain was needed. A very common idea in connection with ferns was that their seed would confer invisibility. An early writer remarks, "Although that all they that have written of herbes have affyrmed and holden that the brake hath nether sede nor frute, yet have I dyvers tymes proved the contrarrye. . . I have foure yeres together, one after another upon the vigill of Saynte John the Baptiste : : : soughte for this sede of brakes upon the nyghte and indeed found it earlye in the mornynge before the daye brake. The sede was small, blacke and like unto poppye . . . I gathered it after this manner. I laid shetes and mollen leaves underneath the brakes, which receyved the sede that was by shakyng and batynge broughte out of the branches and leaves. . . I went about this busyness, all figures, conjurings, saunter's charms, wychcraft, and sorceryes sett asyde, takyng wyth me two or three honest men to bere me companye." The fern seed collected in this manner and carried about the person was supposed to render one invisible. "Watching the fern," as it was called, had too much of black art about it to suit the church in those days, and in France a synod condemned all who gathered ferns or fern seed on the Eve of St. John.

It is interesting to note the controversy about the seeds or spores, which are now well known to grow in "sori" or fruit dots on the under surface of the fronds, though some ferns, such as the sensitive fern (onoclea sensibilis), and the cinnamon fern (osmunda cinnamomea) have special fronds for spore production, which look more like the flowering processes of other plants. The marginal method, as in the case of maidenhair and bracken, would probably be the most difficult to see and consequently the most mystifying. In some cases the bloom was held to be a bright blue flower which faded before daybreak. It is to be hoped that few would make the mistake of the housewife who recently wrote to an agricultural paper, enclosing the leaf of a house fern upon which she stated that she could not keep the scales from growing. She had tried both washing and scraping, but the scales would come on again. She had evidently mistaken the fruit dots for some species of scale insect.

THE SILVER MATCH-BOX

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

A SINGLE, tense word broke from Whitney's tight-set lips as he impetuously hurled from him the fragments of a scented note. The soft swish of feminine raiment caused him to face about with awkward suddenness. "Val, dear boy! What is the matter? You look ghastly." Agnes Osborne laid a light hand upon her brother's arm and her dark eyes sought his questioningly. "Is it—is it some more of the pater's doings, Val? Don't look like that, dear—you frighten me."

The shadowy, fire-lit room was hauntingly still. Far down the beach sounded the dull boom of ocean waves; a night-bird's wild, discordant cry wailed through a medley of autumnal sounds, the swirling wind, the beating of leafless vines against the casements. the low crooning of rain-washed pines. Agnes shuddered as a draught of air swept her bare shoulders and white, gleaming arms. The soft richness of her gown set off the exquisite beauty of form and feature and the ruddy gleam of shifting flames touched into glowing life the heavy necklace of amethysts that rose and fell upon her breast.

"Come over here, old fellow, and tell me all about it. The others will be home soon and I'll have to take a hand at cards." Unresisting she led him to one of the cushioned settles that flanked the wide fireplace. She motioned to a display of smoking materials upon a Benares tray.

"Cigarette or pipe? Ben says that new mixture is good—try some."

"Thanks, Agnes, I think I'll have a cigar—the last I'll smoke in this old den for many a moon. I'm going away to-night." Crossing his legs in apparent content, he sent a cloud of smoke scudding through the air. A startled look overspread his sister's delicate features as she watched his strong, handsome face, the softness of his hair, the slender, boyish hands clasped over his knee.

"Going away, Val! Where?"

"To the jumping-off place, I guess, little sister." He laughed harshly and the level brows drew together in quick, painful contraction. "I've just had a letter from Helen. I'm sorry that I didn't save it to throw you—quite a fine sample of simply, concise lying. 'Owing to force of circumstances you will put, eh?—she must needs release me from our engagement.' I thought she was a better sort, Agnes—something more like you, old girl."

"Don't, dear, please. I suppose her people have got the best of her. She's very young and she is fond of you, I know. Doubtless they've made her feel that to marry into the family of an—of an embezzler—"

"The sins of the father! Yes, that is it—the awfulness of it. Let a man suffer for his own sins, but common justice should exempt his offspring. Because our father gets caught in a shady deal—because he was discovered doing things that his associates wink at until they are found out—we—you and I, to say nothing of the kid brother—must suffer on to the bitter end."

Whitney arose and paced the room distractedly. Mrs. Osborne knew him in these moods, recognized anew the domineering pose of his fine head, the set of his jaw, the flash of his keen, deep eyes. She said nothing, but lightly tapped the glistening fender-rail with one slim foot. After a time he stood still, hands deep in his trousers pockets, his back to the flaring logs.

"It is different with you—you haven't the name; Ben has given you the protection and seclusion of his. But I go down the ages branded with his — hounded — side-tracked — snubbed—"

"No—no, Val. We all take you at your own value. We all know what you are—your friends understand—"

"Friends, Agnes—*friends!* What can one expect from friends when the girl who had promised to marry me can give a fellow the throw-down at a time like this. She knows I love her—God only knows how much—and yet—" He paused abruptly, unconsciously fingering a small silver match-box which in his agitation he had drawn from his pocket. It was an extravagant bauble, showily decorated. The letters V. W. richly etched in pearls imparted a value out of all proportion to the use of the article itself. With repeated clicks he absently opened and shut the lid until the succession of sounds drew his attention to it. With a queer smile he studied the jewelled box.

"Her first present. I suppose I should return it?"

"Poor old fellow. I am so sorry and there is nothing that I can do." Agnes crossed to him with a soft, silken rustle. "I want you to stay, Val. Ben wants you, too. Our friends are yours and here—well, people won't say things, you know."

"You're a dear, Agnes—the best woman in the world, I think. Kiss me. Don't cry, little one—it isn't worth while. I'll go to-night and in time it will all blow over. The ancient family name will die out—unless the kid marries—and perhaps in after years I'll come back to see you again—see the children."

"Tubby will be broken-hearted when he wakes to find you gone; the city will be unbearable for him when we return."

"Give him this from his Uncle Val, Agnes." His voice was husky as he thrust the match-box into her hand.

"No—distinctly, no. You must keep that always, Val, in spite of everything. I shall give him this—if I may—your tie-pin. He always loved that fox's head with its funny emerald eyes." She slipped the pin from the folds of his tie and, as her face was raised to his, he kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Good-bye, sister mine—good-bye."

. . . . . .

The midnight flyer strained, creaked, and came to a standstill at a small suburban station. The engine driver swore at the sight of a solitary figure clad in waterproof coat and carrying his own suit case, as he swung himself on to the steps of a silent sleep-bound Pullman.

. . . . . .

Three years before, Val Whitney would have thought many times before setting foot in the bar of the Golden Lion. Its name was none of the best; it existed apart from him and his kind. To-night he ambled in with the *sang-froid* of an habitue.

"Whisky—straight," he demanded brusquely, to the rattle of a coin. The bar-keeper, a puffy, booming person with bull-dog jaws, close-set ears and a mass of bristly red hair, grabbed a bottle by the neck and adroitly swung it over Whitney's glass.

"Stranger?" smiling sociably.

"Yes. Busy town? Any chance of a job?" Whitney's elbow rested on the beer-stained oil-cloth as he inclined towards his host with friendly nearness.

"What line?" He surveyed the stranger's clothes with keen calculation.

"Anything. I'm a bit down on my luck—just come in from the West. Got swamped in the Frisco fireworks."

"Don't say? Done any clerkin'? I might put you onto somethin' at the end of the week—my man's gettin' out."

Whitney shivered in spite of the burning liquor. The nauseating smell of stale beer assailed his nostrils; the click of glasses, the low hum of coarse voices, came to his ears through a hazy sense of incongruity and misplacement.

"Yer name?" queried mine host.

"Stephens—Bob Stephens," came the unabashed reply.

"Stephens—Stephens," reuttered the bar-keep, "I don't seem to recklect any o' that cognomen. Any kin livin' in these parts?"

"None," pushing his glass forward. "My gov'nor was gardener for Whitneys, but that was a good many years back."

"Don't say!" agreeably bellowed his interlocutor. "That man come a cropper all right. He cleared out three years ago—South America, they sez."

The bait had taken. Whitney shifted his position.

"The son—he went to the dogs, too, I guess. Ain't heard o' him for a good time. But the daughter, she's a real fine leddy—lives in the old place. Big bug 'mongst the town folks—high-steppin' horses, automobillys and all that sort o' thing. Real charitable sort o' person, too, Mis' Osborne."

"And the girl young Whitney was going to marry—what became of her—Miss Charlebois?"

He hated to bandy her name about in a cheap East-end saloon, but he was hungry for news after the long exile in which he had voluntarily cut himself off from the old ties.

"If I ain't mistook, she married young Denby—the brewer's son. Hi there, Jake Bartle, who'd old Charleyboy's girl marry? Ned Denby's boy?"

"Yep," grunted the worthy addressed, as he shuffled a pack of filthy cards. "They're livin' up to Judge Spring's old mansion in the park.

I reckon the hussy leads him a dance if she's anythin' like her pa."

Whitney turned angrily and then suddenly remembered his role.

"Well, I guess I'll move on. If I don't get a job in town I may see you later. Good-night and good luck to you." The glazed doors banged and he reeled into the keen December blast.

Married to Clarence Denby, his own familiar friend whom he had trusted, whose life had been interwoven with his in the closest intimacy! His cheeks blazed angrily in the darkness. The double slight conveyed in that bit of tavern gossip rankled deeply, cut into the tender places of his being. A blind, passionate desire to get even impelled his uncertain steps in the direction of the park. There stood the house, aglow with soft lights and the cosy seclusion of the early winter night. Under cover of tree and shrub he drew closer, so close that he could peer into the library, warm, cheery, homely. Long he waited but at last they entered the room, arm in arm, and the story of Enoch Arden flashed through his mind. Cold, angry and humiliated he watched them as they chatted before a ruddy fire, and then Denby arose and kissed his wife. A moment later the street door closed with a bang.

Within a short time the silent watcher saw the young wife walk quickly through the lines of naked shrubbery to the deserted street. Now was the time to pay off old scores. He sprang from the shadows and ran lightly up the stone steps. The door responded to his touch and he stood within the luxurious hall. Glancing hurriedly from room to room he passed upstairs. The door of their bed-chamber stood open. Having turned up the gas he began with nervous haste to ransack box and drawer. The dressing-table with its handsome silver accessories came first. In the top lay her jewel casket, carelessly open and filled with an array of resplendent gems One by one the pieces dropped into a pocket of his loose grey coat—a haul that meant plenty of money and—heavens!—plenty to eat. He was ravenous from want of food.

He opened the larger drawers filled with delicate, fragrant lingerie. His fingers burned with a sense of unlawful intimacy as he recklessly scattered these upon the floor. Having completed his search he turned low the lights and started from the room. At the door he stopped abruptly, fingering the jewellery in his pocket.

"I guess I haven't touched bottom after all," he whispered. "They're hers and—" Returning, he flung the collection back into the case and passed softly into a den on the right—a comfy room whose furnishings bespoke both wealth and honest comfort. On Denby's desk lay a supply of cigars. Carefully he selected one and felt in his pocket for his match-box, the one thing that he had managed to retain through his wanderings.

"Lost—damn it," he muttered ruefully, after a vain search. He found a light among the rich appointments of a smoking-table and puffed with sensuous enjoyment at his stolen weed. Then, one by one the drawers of Denby's desk flew open, and in a tin box he found a wad of crisp, fresh bills.

"He *stole* from me—I *take* from him. Fair exchange—no robbery." He laughed softly but started as the phone at his elbow rang out sharp and clear. He regarded the instrument quizzically and cautiously removed the receiver. Then his old-time appreciation of a joke impelled him to call a soft "Hello."

After a brief pause of uncertainty an answer came from the other end and Whitney recognized Denby's high, slight tones.

"Is that White 1184?"

"This is Mr. Denby's house. Any message?" Whitney smiled wanly.

"It is! Well, is Mrs. Denby in, and who in heaven's name are you?"

"Mrs. Denby is not in, and as for me—why, at present I'm the unknown quantity." Again the smile played across his thin lips.

"Can it be—" With a sudden cessation of sound the receiver at the far end was slammed upon its hook. Hurriedly Whitney left the room and in a few moments had stepped out into the night.

"You're back early, dear. Did the Council adjourn?" Helen Denby turned in surprise at her husband's early return. His face looked strangely stern and his weak, loose mouth trembled. "What is the matter—are you ill?" The

"Helen Dently turned in surprise at her husband's early return."

girl advanced and laid her hands concernedly upon his shoulders.

"Take away your hands! I wonder that you have the face to touch me. Where's Val Whitney—out with it." Denby's eyes blazed and his wife fell back a couple of paces.

"Val Whitney! How should I know? I haven't seen him for three years"

her own. "Val was with you in this house tonight. When I phoned you he answered—cheeked me from my own house—"

"It is not true—you have no right to say these things to me. I was out until a few moments ago." He eyed her with incriminating tenseness and strode from the room. In a few moments he was calling her and she dragged herself wearily upstairs.

"What does this mean?" pointing angrily to the litter of garments upon the floor. He plunged into his study and stood horrified at the open desk and general disarrangement. Investigation verified his fears and he held a hurried consultation with the chief of police.

"You'd better look after your jewellery—see if it's gone. We may catch the devil if we take things in time." Denby stood to one side, a look of crafty suspicion in his small eyes, as Helen overhauled her jewel casket.

"Anything missing?" His voice sounded far away and a cold hand seemed to lay sudden hold upon her heart-strings. She cowered over the drawer, deathly white, tongue-tied, trembling. Nestling amongst the mass of gold and gleaming stones lay a small silver match-box upon which were etched in pearls the letters V.W.

"There is nothing gone," she stammered, as she pushed the tell-tale box beneath a pile of laces. Together they returned to the study to await the arrival of the police. Placing a low wicker chair in a favorable light, Helen Denby drew her work basket towards her and with cool deliberation selected a half-finished piece of embroidery. A voice which she had long deemed still throbbed through her dazed senses and her thoughts travelled backward with winged haste to a dream of other days. Denby, in evident discomfort, lighted a cigar.

"I'm sorry I said what I did, dear—it was a bit nasty. The fellow's voice sounded uncommonly like Val Whitney's." He stooped over and would have kissed her lips but she turned one burning cheek towards him.

"He made a mighty good haul—nearly three hundred," exclaimed Denby, his mind reverting to his loss. "It's strange the fellow left no clue whatever."

"No clue whatever," echoed his wife in cold,

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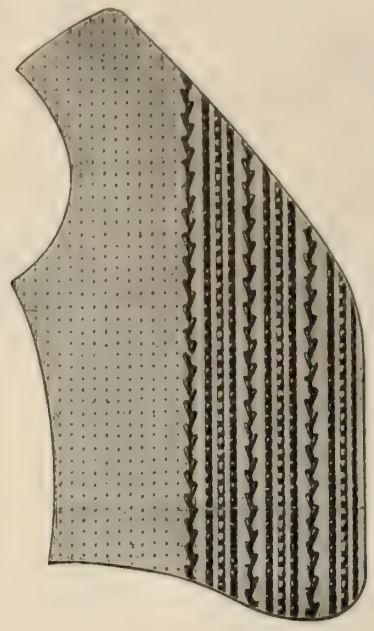
Belding's Spool Silks

Men's Silk Embroidered Waistcoats

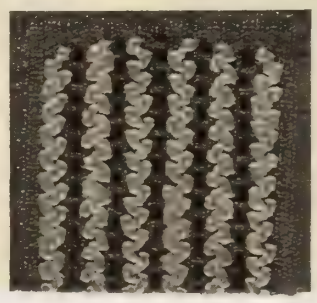
The well-dressed man to-day possesses quite a number of "handworked waistcoats," and the materials now especially



PERFORATED BROADCLOTH

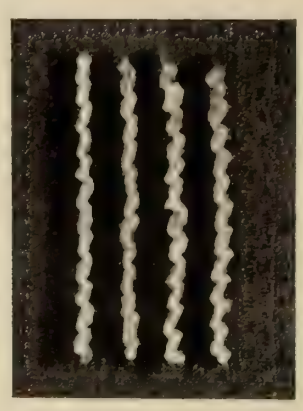
prepared for these vary in texture and weave, being suitable for the different seasons of the year.

Not long ago, crochet work and Penelope canvas were the only materials which could be used for these fancy waistcoats, until some one discovered that



old-time handsome brocaded effects once so fashionable.

One of the handsomest and most durable materials for vests is the perforated broadcloth which is fully described by the illustration. The possibilities of this material will be readily recognized by the worker, as any of the herringbone, cross stitches or combination of these with plain stripes are used. This favorite material is light weight and yet firm and durable, and comes in all the fashionable shades. These waistcoats are most effec-

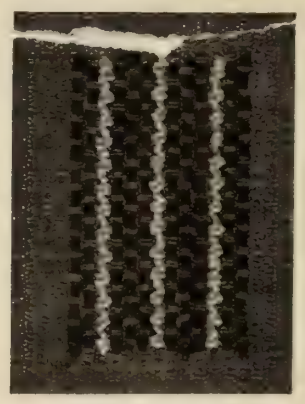


FOR HUCKABACK

tive when worked in a very heavy twisted silk in a combination of shades blending or contrasting with the foundation.

Colored linen huckaback is also suitable for embroidered vests. The darning and herringbone stitches being adapted to this material and both horizontal and diagonal effects may be used.

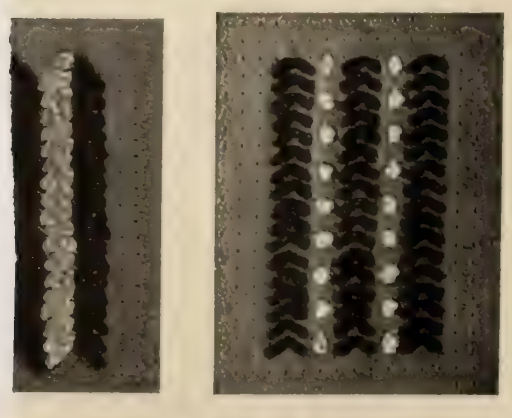
One point to be remembered in working up any waistcoat is to draft upon the material the size of the garment required. This will save time and silk, and they are to be worked well over the edges of the



FOR HUCKABACK

pattern thus drafted, which will allow for seams in making up.

If these materials cannot be supplied by your dealer address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L, Montreal.



OADCLOTH WHICH CAN BE EASILY COPIED

E JOURNAL.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

WHAT of the hats that bloom in the autumn shops? Honestly, most of them are frights which have a scarecrow effect when placed on the diminutive or plump damsel. One's head disappears into the crown in an alarming fashion, the brim droops sadly over the bridge of the nose, while the backward swoop leaves the existence of a neck in doubt. Really, nothing less tall and slender than a giraffe could wear some of the "creations" and look anything but dwarfed.

However, some of the new headgear is quite presentable and can be classed as neither peach-baskets nor flower-pots. The illustration shown here is one of the more becoming order, a French design with broad lace trimming on the brim. The French are decidedly fond of a touch of lace, and much of the autumn millinery shows this dainty adornment. For the winter, it is prophesied, that fur and velvet turbans will also be "belaced." Muffs of chiffon and fur, or lace and fur, are a curious mingling of the substantial and the airy. Silk hats are among the fashionable features, some of them weatherproof, with a sheeny finish. These are especially suitable for travelling or walking and are favorites with the out-of-doors girl. Tam-o'-Shanter crowns are seen in velvet, silk and satin and are likely to be worn until next spring. Those with a jaunty wing are most "Scotch" in effect.

A PARIS AUTUMN HAT

The new colors, as the old colors with new names, are called, are both rich and restful. The violent cerises and greens have disappeared and in their place we find dead-leaf browns, a dull olive green and that soft color between blue and violet which is named *prunelle*. It is almost what our grandmothers called maroon, but has a softer tinge, like the haze on the October hills. Among the less hideous hats are those of a bonnet style with poke effect, reminding one of the sun-bonnet worn long ago by a small girl visiting the country for one glad summer, who enjoyed nothing more than pottering about an old-fashioned garden among the pinks and the peonies.

And this reminds one of the flowers which are blooming luxuriantly on some of the autumn styles. Velvet, silk and satin are the flower fabrics which make some of these hats

1847
ROGERS BROS

THE charm and durability of "1847 ROGERS BROS." silverware has been appreciated in American homes since the original Rogers Brothers applied the electro-silver plating process to the making of spoons in the year 1847.

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The "oyster months" are full of joy for the thousands who love the savory bivalve. The safe oyster is the cooked oyster. The way to eat them is creamed and in Shredded Wheat Biscuit "baskets," made by simply crushing in the top of the Biscuit with the bowl of a spoon. Nothing so deliciously wholesome and nourishing in the oyster months as creamed oysters with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness before serving with oysters, meats, vegetables or fruits.

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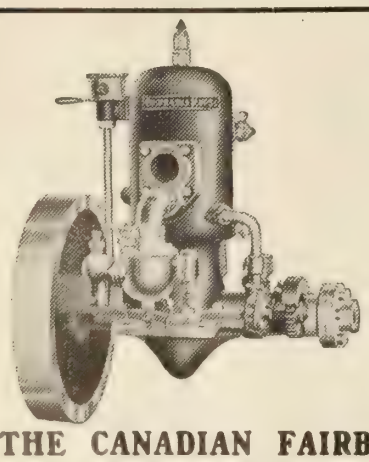

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

BY JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

A QUIET TALK.

"Man's work is from sun to sun. Woman's work is never done."

WE have all heard this old adage from our earliest recollection, and know how to apply it as a woman's weapon of defence. The other evening I was calling upon a friend, who was almost too fatigued to talk, yet she was rejoicing in the fact that she had "swept and dusted the house from top to bottom" that day, and her husband added that "she would do that work on its particular day, no matter how she felt before or after she did it."

"Now," he said, "if I do not feel like doing a certain kind of work, I leave it until I do, as yesterday, for instance, I turned out a box of hats to pick over, and mark down, but soon tossed them aside until I felt in the humor." A man's idea, truly, but hardly practicable in housekeeping, for example, meals must be prepared, no matter what amount of zeal we can muster for the work. There are so many *must-be-dones* in our daily labor, that it becomes a routine with us, often wearying and tiresome, so that we should study to apply the man's way of doing things when we possibly can to certain kinds of work.

* * *

WITH me, I know, come moods, or shall I call it mania, for sweeping and dusting, then for baking (and such luck I have when I can keep right at it when the spell is on), and again for sewing. One sits down hurriedly to mend a mitten or a stocking, and the needle goddess tempts you to mend everything in the pile, and the work is a pleasure, but the bread is waiting to be mixed, and clothes, all dampened, ready to be ironed while the bread is baking to save heat and fuel in warm weather perhaps, and, presto! the spell is broken, and the mending, which would have been a delight [illegible]

decoration; that there is a plainness and simplicity in the furnishings; that the daylight and sunlight is not excluded by several tiers of curtains and blinds; and that the heavy draperies hung for doors, and over doors are being abandoned. Houses are being finished with a view to economize a woman's work, the woodwork is designed to be seen, not covered up, rendering our homes more airy and sanitary than the old-fashioned germ-gathering hangings, lined with heavy velvet or plush, and the countless curtains cris-crossed and fantastically hung upon our windows. We can have our homes as richly furnished as our purses will allow, and restful and homelike, without making for ourselves the extra work of caring for unnecessary articles. I do not mean that we have rooms suggesting barrenness, and void of paper, carpet, or curtains, but the very best one can afford, with furniture to correspond, the bedrooms boasting the most luxurious mattress and spotless bed appointments. Have just the absolutely necessary accessories for dresser and chiffonier—which will be found quite sufficient in these times when brush and manicure sets abound everywhere, and each individual member of a family is provided with a complete set of toilet requisites. The same rule applies to drawing-room and library, which is often seen clustered with little tables and stools, jardiniere stands and cushions, until one can scarcely find room to move around, and must needs execute a pirouette in order to dodge the numerous ottomans and toy furniture Imagine the undertaking of a weekly sweep and dust day, the carrying out and in again of all this paraphernalia, the delicate handling of the hand-painted china, the intricacies of every crevice in cut glass—well, one must surely love those things to spend so much time on them. Yes, I like them all right, my tastes are

all is finished," I heard one woman say to another. "Now whatever is not done before two o'clock must wait until next day, for I *will not* work afternoons. I want to 'dress up,' and be ready to receive people, and I just cannot bear to work all day long." "I like to get 'dressed up,' too, in the afternoon," the other answered, "and more, I dearly enjoy a little siesta previous to the process. But it suits me better sometimes to stay by my job until it is finished, and so I forego the sleep and rest, and jump into a clean gown at the last minute before dinner. Now, to-day was cool, and I felt like working, so while I ironed this forenoon, I made soup-stock, boiled ham, and baked a rice pudding. Then this pail of berries arrived at noon, and while they were cooking I did some baking, and now I can take it easy for a few days." These homes were different, the first speaker had a gas range in her kitchen, which could be heated at a moment's notice, and, if interrupted in her work, could be turned off with equal ease, without waste of heat or fuel. She could bake a cake, iron a blouse, preserve a kettle of fruit at any hour that suited her convenience without the labor of starting a stove, and enduring the heat from it; while the last-mentioned person could reap the benefit of a leisure spell for her sewing and mending by "making a day of it," and so she sensibly adopted the man's rule, and worked while she was in the humor for it.

* * *

RIGHT at this point is a rock of offence, a huge boulder over which many women stumble. They do not want to be seen at their work late in the day, in fact, there are some who cannot bear to be seen doing their work at all. "What right has she to come around to my kitchen door, poking herself in where I am busy?" a woman once said to me of her friend, with whom she was very intimate. I stared, for I could not comprehend why her friend should not sit and chat to her as she washed the breakfast dishes, or pared the potatoes, for it seemed evident to my mind that in walking around the house, her visitor's intention had been not to disturb the morning routine, but how the angry little woman resented the intrusion! Different here, let me assure you. "Come on out where I am working," is the cheerful invitation, and the tongues fly while the cookies are baking, and the visitor tests the result as she sips a cup of tea off the clean corner of the kitchen table. Many a helpful idea have I picked up watching the deft, skilful hands of some housekeeper as I sat chatting as she worked. No two of us work alike, and we are never too old to learn, and in housekeeping there are always improvements on old ways. There is so much planning about it, too, which each housewife must do for herself, that it is not my intention even to throw out a suggestion beyond what has already been said. If I can succeed in impressing the importance of having the courage of your own convictions, and displaying an individuality, all your own in running your especial domestic machinery and following your own lead in all things pertaining to your own family, I will have succeeded indeed. That spells independence, which means satisfaction, and that means—well, a lot.

* * *

THE VALUE OF SILENCE.

"SILENCE is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur." Have you ever seen a strong man angry, ever seen his face pale, and a cold gleam come into his eyes, his lips compress, and his expression fairly make you shrink into yourself? Then have you watched the fierce gleam fade, the color return, the firm lines relax, and never a word spoken? Then you have seen strength in very grandeur.

Have you ever seen a calm faced woman, under an abusive tirade, close her lips in silence, not even attempting to defend herself, then have you beheld the same strength. It is the mightiest weapon one can wield when attacked by slanderous tongues. No need to parry words, the weight is all on the side of the silent. In describing the Principal of a boys' school in Ontario, my son remarked: "I have never seen him lose his temper. Under the most provoking circumstances he only bit his lip and maintained utter silence." Could any parent wish a better example for a boy? The memory of that self-possessed man, who could control his feelings was something for him to emulate all his life.

"But the tongue can no man tame," the Bible says, and our failures testify to this on every hand. If we could only keep back the cruel, stinging words that blast and blight everything in their path, making the tender hearts wince and shrivel beneath their withering scorn, what a strength would be ours! If the fathers in our land could never fail in their dignity, and show their children what a manly act it is to hold their temper in abeyance, and the mothers never let them see the angry flush of impatience and ill-nature wrinkle their brows, what a race of strong characters we would have! Let us hold ourselves well in hand, keep the mastery of ourselves, for "He that ruleth his own spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city."

Some Parisian Novelties

ALL sorts of pretty and attractive novelties are being sent us from across the sea and there come rumors of still others which we may look for a little later. The Parisienne has discovered that muffs make a picturesque effect and, consequently, muffs of chiffon with scarfs to match are being used by the fashionable women of Paris.

One of the most distinctive scarfs worn upon the stage is of black net bordered with gold bugles, and the contrast of the color over the pink gown beneath was really beautiful in the extreme. Striped nets make useful and satisfactory scarfs and are edged both with lace and with fringe, while scarfs of chiffon striped with marabout are really practical for summer evening wraps for they mean real warmth, and the marabout, as is well known, is uninjured by dampness and even by sea air.

The half low necks, both square and round, have brought about a variety of collars, and the very latest novelties sent over from Paris are extremely attractive while they are quite unlike those noted throughout the winter. Embroidered muslin and lace are the favorite materials, but a collar that is widened on one end to form a single large revere is distinctly new and a set which forms bretelles over the shoulders with straight narrower portions at front and back can be made available in a great many ways. It practically transforms the blouse and a plain one becomes really elaborate in combination therewith, while French women also find that the same set can be utilized as revers and cuffs for the coat of pongee, silk or linen.

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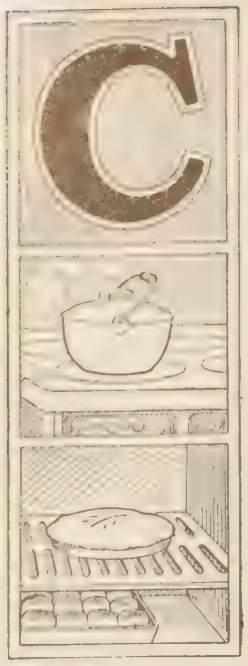

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From the Publishers

A FEW years ago there was published by William Briggs, Toronto, a volume of poetry entitled, "Songs of a Sourdough." The author, Mr. Robert Service, was unknown to fame, and the Far North had marked him for her own. The verse was new and virile—the songs of an untried land—and the people, common and uncommon, read them gladly. Poetry, as the sordid reviewer has remarked at sundry times, is not a paying product in the literary world. The "best seller" is nearly always a novel with a matinee girl type as heroine and a Gibson young man with a square jaw as hero. However, "Songs of a Sourdough" sold by the tens of thousands and "The Call of the Yukon" was heard from Baddeck to Victoria.

A second book by Mr. Service has just been published by the same Toronto firm, and the advance orders have been legion. The new volume, "Ballads of a Cheechako," is another pæan of the North in twenty-one parts. As may be conjectured, the characters described are not those familiar with conventional circles. Gum-boot Ben, Hard-Luck Henry and One-Eyed Mike are verily citizens of the far country and their vocabulary has a directness unknown to polite diplomacy. Mr. Service makes no attempt to disguise their frank speech, neither does he make boast of profanity. His work is realistic but not sordid. There is, in fact, a Puritan basis for most of his tales of this free, hard land, but the "lesson" is pervasive, not obvious. The color and the glitter of the North, a brilliance which freezes even as it dazzles, are at their brightest in "The Ballad of the Northern Lights."

"Oh, it was wild, and weird and wan,
and ever in camp o' nights
We would watch and watch the silver
dance of the mystic Northern
Lights.
And soft they danced from the Polar
sky and swept in primrose haze;
And swift they pranced with their
silver feet, and pierced with a
blinding blaze.
They danced a cotillion in the sky;
they were rose and silver shod;
It was not good for the eyes of man—
'twas a sight for the eyes of God."

As in the earlier volume, the writer is attracted to "the legions of the lost ones" and tells of their tribulations in poems which have a horror of retribution. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, in these ballads of a land where man is not slow to reap as he has sowed. "The Black Sheep" is the man who is "dropping down the ladder, rung by rung."

We can remember the days, eleven years ago, when Klondike seemed blazing in capitals on every bulletin. The clamor of those eager months is wonderfully reproduced in the first stanza of "The Trail of Ninety-Eight."

"Gold! We leaped from our benches.
Gold! We sprang from our stools.
Gold! We wheeled in the furrow
fired with the faith of fools.
Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from
the night and the cold.
Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-lure—Gold!"

The complaint has frequently been made that Canadian artists and poets are given over much to pictures and sonnets concerning October and the first wild-flowers, leaving human feeling out of the canvas or the ode. No such charge may be brought against this singer of the white world. He tells us of the mountains but does not forget the men. The reflection inevitably occurs to us that the recent alleged discoveries in the region of the North Pole will enhance the interest in these ballads of Arctic splendor But Mr. Service needs no "timely" episodes to lend a spell to his vigorous verse.

The illustrations are reproductions of Yukon scenes which have a velvety effectiveness in their dark-green coloring. Altogether, the volume is a unique addition to Canadian verse. (Toronto: William Briggs).

* * *

A NOVEL by Mr. James Lane Allen is sure to arouse interest among the readers of modern fiction. There are few novelists of the present day whose work has reached the high level of "The Choir Invisible" and "The Reign of Law." It is six years since the publication of "The Mettle of their Pasture"—a period which exonerates Mr. Allen from the desire to produce a best seller every six months. In fact, Mr. Allen has avoided carefully such machine-made stuff as Mr. Robert Chambers has lately given us, the former writer considering something more than popular clamor and the tastes of the matinee girl.

Consequently the recent appearance of "The Bride of the Mistletoe" has aroused an interest such as few books of the season have evoked. As a literary construction, it is of unusual form and shape. It is neither novel nor short story and is episodic as a narrative. Two other books, related to this, are to appear during the next year, and therefore, it would be unfair to regard "The Bride of the Mistletoe" as a complete achievement. Its story represents in time about forty hours and concerns itself with the symbolic mysteries of Yuletide festival, as revealed by a middle-aged professor of Kentucky to his wife, to whom he has dedicated his history of the Christmas tree. The latter sees through her husband's absorption in the Druid myth an indication of weariness of domestic ties, an identification with the Forest Lover. Her grief over this unexplained tragedy brings the story to a dramatic close and leaves the reader somewhat bewildered by the chaotic emotion of the disturbed household.

Mr. Allen's picturesque quality in treating of Nature in her broadest aspect is at its best in the early part of this volume. His description of Kentucky — the great Shield — is a splendidly vigorous feat of word-painting, and the mysterious, white-touched depths of the winter forest are revealed as few of nature's best lovers can depict them. In his attitude towards trees and stream the writer is a poet akin to James Russell Lowell. The two human figures are less real and enthralling. In fact, there is a "staginess" throughout their intercourse which threatens at times to become absurd. For instance, when a middle-aged husband addresses his wife as "comrade of all these years, battler with me for life's victories," the reader is tempted to smile—or yawn. Even more high-flown is the reply to his wife's question as to his interest in his work:

"As the mariner steers for the lighthouse, as the hound runs down the stag, as the soldier wakes to the bugle, as the miner digs for fortune, as the drunkard drains the cup, as the saint watches the cross, I follow my work." If much of this kind of dialogue takes place, this continent will need a new Moliere to write "Les Precieuses Ridicules" all over again.

The Shield, with its varying brilliance and gloom, will be remembered when the professor and his interrogative spouse are forgotten. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company).

GARDEN NOTES FOR AUTUMN

A HOUSEHOLD GARDEN.

MANY homes could be made bright with flowers in the winter time if one would only take the trouble to plant a few bulbs in the fall. The work and the facilities necessary are so small that almost any woman could have a succession of blooms in the home during the entire winter. The bulbs that give the greatest satisfaction when grown indoors are tulips, hyacinths and narcissus. There are a number of varieties of the above mentioned species.

To have good results in pot culture, the quality of the bulbs should be good. Purchase from a reliable dealer. Cheap mixtures or immatured roots will not give satisfactory blooms. The soil should be a rich loam, not stiff. If the pots are new they should be well soaked in water before using. Put a small piece of broken pot over the hole to prevent the roots growing out. Fill up with soil about three-quarters full. On the top of this put a little sand, then set the bulb, and fill up the soil to the top of the pot. Do not press bulb.

After potting, store in a dark cool place for about ten weeks before bringing to the light, say until the flower stalk shows signs of shooting. Examine the pots occasionally during the time that they are in the dark. If dry, water slightly. Great care should be taken in keeping the soil moist, but not too damp. If the pots are brought out too soon, the flower stalk is apt to be short and the blooms low down. After bringing the pots to the light set them in the sun and water freely.

One of the best means of ascertaining if the bulb is ready to be brought to the light is by placing the hand over the soil in the pot, turning the pot upside down and knocking the pot gently. The entire ball of earth can be removed by this method. If the roots show a sign of healthy growth the pot can be brought to the light and the bulbs will flower. By bringing in fresh pots every ten or fifteen days a succession of bloom can be maintained throughout the entire winter.

* * *

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.

THE month of October in the garden is one in which a large amount of work can be done to prepare for next season. The flower beds should be cleaned off and made ready for either bulbs or early plants next spring.

Canna roots should be dug as soon as the leaves are blackened by the frost. Do not wait until a severe frost freezes their roots. Store the roots for a week or two in a place sheltered from rain and snow. Then remove to a warm room or shelter where the temperature ranges from 40 to 50 degrees during the winter.

Dahlia roots should also be dug as soon as their tops are blackened by frost. In placing the spade in the ground to remove the tubers the spade should be placed far enough away to avoid injuring or breaking the tubers. Shake the soil from off the tubers, store them in a shed or cellar with a temperature just above freezing during the winter season. The temperature that will keep potatoes is just right for dahlias. Be sure that each clump is properly labeled as it is dug. Every person should know the names of the varieties of the plants they are growing. It is very nice to be able to tell a friend the name of the plant. This can be done only by carefully labeling everything.

Gladiolus corms should be harvested this month. They should be practically dry before storing for the winter. Pack them in sawdust or finely sifted earth and store them in a moderately dry room. Paper bags are often used for this purpose. Cuttings of geraniums, fuschias and coleus or any of the other tender plants should be taken before the frost touches the garden. They should be placed in sand and rooted, then potted in earth as quickly as they have started root growth. In the warmer parts of Canada some of the perennials are very well divided and planted this very well divided and planted this fall.

The vegetable garden should be raked clean, and any litter removed. Clean and put away the garden tools before the winter. Rake the leaves off the lawn and put them on the compost pile. Secure a store of pot soil for use this winter. It is advisable to store some in the cellar for use during the winter or early spring.

If you have prepared an earth mulch for the lawn this should be given during the latter part of October. If you have not the earth mulch, spread some well rotted manure over the lawn. Care should be taken that the manure should be well rotted which usually kills any weed seeds. If comparatively fresh manure is used the weed seeds will start growth in the lawn in the spring. As a result the lawn will look worse than had the top dressing been left off. When well rotted manure is not available some chemical fertilizer should be used.

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From Murillo

FROM an institute bearing the Spanish name of Murillo comes an account of the foundation and progress of the branch in that quarter of the Province, sent by Miss Clara F. Hahn, Secretary-Treasurer. The report reads:

"On July 19th, 1906, the Murillo Institute held its first meeting with a membership of fourteen. Mrs. Robert McKenzie acted as President till May, 1908, when Mrs. I. Ryde was elected. After five months Mrs. Ryde moved to Port Arthur and Mrs. McKenzie was again elected to the chair for the remainder of the year. After the beginning of our present year, Mrs. A. Boulter was elected President and holds that office now.

"Our membership has increased in the three years to forty-three. By giving a social and by a lunch at the fair, we have earned $193.70. During the last two years we paid out $51.75 in prizes at the Murillo Fair and also gave the Agricultural Society $103.00 for their building fund. Although most of our members live long distances apart, our regular monthly meetings are well attended and we derive a great deal of benefit from them. The Institute has proved a blessing to us, not only for the knowledge gained but for the social side. Once a month, at least, we lay aside our pressing duties for the time and become better acquainted with each other; we speak and receive a word of cheer and sympathy; we learn a better method of doing a common, everyday duty and go home feeling that the daily cares have been lightened and fresh energy and courage have been gained for the future."

* * *

A Practical Article

THE institute meetings, in their wide range of subjects, are treating of all matters interesting to women. Among these, such personal details as care of the skin and complexion are noted by all as of decided importance in connection with health and appearance. In dealing with the care of the hair, Mrs. H. C. Bailey, of the Maple Branch, West York, gives some valuable suggestions:

"The care of the hair is of the greatest importance. The condition of the hair is often an index of the state of the general health, its gloss and beauty depending, to a very great measure, upon the bodily condition of its possessor. One of the greatest personal attractions of a girl is beautiful, or more truly, beautifully-kept hair. Very interesting work has been done in counting the number of hairs on a head. One authority has averaged this number as one hundred and twenty thousand. Naturally the coarser the hair the fewer there will be to the same area. It is supposed that black hair and light brown are the coarsest; very light hair as well as chestnut is the finest. Red and dark brown come in between.

"The blanching of the hair is a natural process, and cannot be retarded. It generally begins at the temples and creeps backward to the crown. It is always much better, even if the hair turns prematurely grey, to allow it to take its own course and never to try to conceal its natural condition by dye, for many dyes are most injurious and the consequences of their use have been sometimes fatal. But in any case, with the most harmless dyes, the fact is always apparent that the color is artificial. Nature, when left to herself is most apt to follow out the laws of harmony, and she so changes the rest of the face as to harmonize it with the color of the hair. An incident is told of a lady whose hair was turning grey. She remarked to a friend that she feared that it was caused by the essence of rosemary with which her maid was accustomed to wash her hair. The friend replied: 'I fear it is much more likely to be due to the essence of time.'

"It is said that water, in which enough soap has been dissolved to make a lather, and to which have been added a few grains of potassium carbonate to the quart, will make the hair fluffy. The natural oil from the scalp is furnished by oil glands, of which there are two or more to each hair. When the scalp is in healthy condition no other dressing for the hair is necessary. Shampooing or washing the hair should be repeated as often as is necessary to keep the scalp clean. This may be once a month or twice a week. The following is a good method of washing the hair:

"First rub the tincture of green soap thoroughly into the scalp with the finger tips, being careful not to scratch the skin with the nails. Add a little water to make a good lather. White castile soap is very good to use and its lather should be applied after the green soap. If your hair is very oily, you may use a few drops of ammonia—more is apt to dry the hair, or you may add a teaspoonful of soda to the first basin of water. The rinsing should be careful and thorough. Use several waters until the last one is clear. Dry thoroughly with soft, warm towels; never use Turkish towels for this purpose as they are too rough and tend to pull out the hair. Always, if possible, dry in the sun until every vestige of moisture is gone. The sun gives the hair a sheen it obtains in no other way. After drying, the scalp should be well massaged with the finger tips until the whole head is in a glow. By this procedure the requisites of beauty and health—cleanliness and vigorous circulation—have been fulfilled. During the whole process it is well to massage the scalp. The polish of the hair is more essential to its beauty than even its texture or color. When sunshine is not available you may use fanning as a substitute. The locks should be shaken from time to time during the drying.

"The sun bath alone, without any water, may be used and will make the hair fresh and sweet. Ventilation of the hair which comes from such treatment is also good. Careful brushing does much to keep the hair in good condition. If the hair is naturally very dry it is well after the shampoo to have rubbed into the scalp a little bland or almond oil. This is not to be rubbed through the hair, but into the scalp. The essential point about the oil is that it must be sweet and not rancid, because rancid oil acts as an irritant, and even produces diseases of the scalp. This treatment will help nourish the hair and offset any possible unhappy results of the shampoo. A good hair tonic for rather dry hair is as

Resorcin 1-6 drachm.
Castor Oil 12 drachms.
Spirit of Wine 5 ounces.
Balsam of Peru 8 grains.

"This to be shaken and applied to the scalp every other day.

"A lotion for oily hair is as follows:

Witch Hazel 2 ounces.
Alcohol 2 ounces.
Distilled Water 1 ounce.
Resorcin 40 grains.

"Rub this well into the scalp at night. An egg makes an excellent shampoo, although it is said that the yolk has a tendency to darken light hair.

"A simple shampoo is made by dissolving a cake of pure castile soap in a quart of boiling water. This makes really a soap jelly, which may be used to rub into the scalp when washing the hair. If your hair is inclined to be dry avoid too frequent shampooing, you can remove the soil of an average day's exposure by wiping the hair with a towel or running a soft brush through it. Now and then you may want to use a dry shampoo. Part the hair in different places and shake into the scalp powdered orris root or plain talcum powder. If this is allowed to remain for a short time and then thoroughly shaken out of the hair, it will help to clean it by absorbing the oil. But it will not do to repeat this too often as it is not as thorough as the ordinary washing of the hair.

"As to brushes and combs and hairpins, the brush should not be too stiff, although it should have bristles of good quality. The wire hair brush must be avoided. The proper comb is coarse with smooth, round teeth, with round edges where the teeth join the back. Sharp and angular teeth break the hair and injure the scalp. Fine combs should never be used. Select your hairpins with great care and never use those that are broken or those that have roughened edges. Be careful about the use of hatpins. They often injure the scalp by scratching it or pressing into it. The brush and comb should be cleaned by shaking in hot water in which there is a little ammonia. Be most particular never to use the comb and brush belonging to anyone but yourself.

"Many causes have been suggested for dandruff, and much study has been given to this subject. A large number of cases of falling hair are caused by this trouble, which is undoubtedly due to micro-organism. We should always remember the possibility of re-infection, for this disease may be carried by hairpins, combs, brushes, hats, or sofa pillows. We should keep our heads free from hats as much as possible. The Blue Coat School boys in London, England, prove to be remarkably free from premature baldness. While attending this institution they are never allowed to wear their hats. An old-time dandruff remedy is: Bay Rum five ounces, Tincture of Cantharides one ounce, Olive Oil one ounce.

"The idea that the hair must be

THE WOOLER BRANCH OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, EAST NORTHUMBERLAND

brushed a certain number of times is a foolish one. Brushing distributes the natural oil which comes from the scalp, down over the hair, and very gentle manipulation with a few strokes of the brush is all that is necessary to accomplish this. In arranging the hair never use 'rats' or false hair of any kind because they will necessarily overheat the scalp and injure the growth of the hair. Never tangle the hair by combing it the wrong way in order to make the pompadour stand up. This is injurious, as the hair is much more apt to be broken when combed. Incessant use of the curling irons is most injurious, as it takes the life out of the hair, and splits the ends. If you roll the hair in any way do it loosely, as it is injurious to draw it too tightly from the head."

* * *

A City Woman's Impression of Women's Institutes

IT will be interesting and encouraging to the members and friends of our organizations through the province, to read the impressions of Women's Institutes as given by one who has had much to do with women's organizations in the cities. Dr. McAlpine attended, for the first time, a series of Women's Institute meetings held in June and July of this year. Her statements will be an incentive to better work on the part of those organizations which are already doing good work and will, we trust, encourage those which have not met with very great success as yet to put forth renewed efforts. Dr. McAlpine's letter follows:—

"When I set out last May to deliver some lectures to Women's Institutes, a surprise indeed awaited me; for while I had a general idea of the work of this organization, I soon found on closer association with it, that I had possessed but slight knowledge of its accomplishments and an entirely inadequate conception of its potentialities. I shall endeavor to describe here some of the features, aims and results of the work which particularly impressed me during the time I had the opportunity of observing and studying them.

"One is perhaps, most amazed on learning first of the phenomenal growth of this branch of the Department of Agriculture. That in less than a decade there should be organized throughout this province over five hundred Institutes with fourteen thousand members, *all* actively working, is most remarkable. In so many women's societies, very often the officers and leaders are the only ones actively interested—not so here. It is very soon quite evident that all the members are enthusiastic and ready to sacrifice much to make their Institute a success. Of late in many districts the young girls are taking a live interest in Institue work, becoming members and even holding offices. This surely augurs well for the future homes of Ontario. A striking feature which soon forces itself upon an outsider's notice is the excellent business training it is affording the women of the country districts. There only has to be compared a recently organized Institute with one of two or three years' standing to note the advancement made in public speaking, methods of conducting meetings, the making out of financial and other reports and so on.

"At all the meetings the greater sociability prevailed. Many are realizing that the Institute is the best means in the country now for bringing the people together no matter what may be their creed or social status. And thus by learning to know each other better and sympathizing with each other in a common aim, a more charitable spirit among the members must surely be the outcome.

"Home improvements invariably follow the establishment of an Institute in a community. In some districts the culinary art has almost reached perfection. I doubt whether anywhere in our country even in our domestic science schools, the cake and pastry cooking would excel that of the Institutes in the vicinity of Millbrook and Peterboro and other districts visited. By the free exchange of ideas, not only improved and scientific methods of cooking, but labor-saving devices, and improvements in the artistic and comfortable arrangements of the home, are eagerly adopted and utilized. This is a result which the members frequently comment upon and congratulate themselves on achieving in so short a time. While the material improvements in the home are almost exclusively considered in the first year of an Institute, I noticed that the programmes of older ones provided amply for the intellectual and aesthetic sides of life. It is also observed that, while the Institutes centre around the home, they do not confine their interests there, but are showing themselves public spirited and patriotic by being alive to affairs affecting our country so vitally, such as tuberculosis, public health, education and temperance.

"There is, I believe, no large organization of women in Canada today whose work is so far-reaching and productive of good and visible results as the Women's Institutes. With the hearty co-operation of the Government, and under the able supervision of the Superintendent, the Women's Institutes confidently look in the next few years for such improved conditions in the rural homes and life of our province, that there will cease to exist the present-day tendency for young people to leave the farm and flock to the towns and cities where life at present *seems* more attractive."

MARGARET McALPINE.

* * *

From West Toronto

THE West Toronto Branch is one of the most flourishing and progressive among the Institutes. The secretary, Miss Beatrice Howell, reports an interesting contest to take place on the last Tuesday in October, when cake, candies and salads will be the competing features. The men friends of this Institute afford an example to other Ontario citizens in the aid they have promised, the prizes being given by Mr. Charles Buchanan, manager of the Sterling Bank; Mr. W. A. McMaster, barrister and Mr. W. Shepard, a jeweller of West Toronto. Miss L. Shuttleworth is to be the judge of the cakes, candies and salads offered for a culinary test, and will have no easy task, for the housewives of West Toronto are famous for their skill.

* * *

Autumn Notes for Institutes

IT is gratifying to the Department to note the increased number of societies which are making definite plans for their meetings months in advance and furnishing each member with a copy of the programme. We trust that those societies which have not already done so, will make definite plans for meetings to be held between now and June next. Some societies which have experienced more or less difficulty in creating and maintaining an interest, have noted a vast improvement in the attendance since issuing regular programmes.

The officers should consult together and with the members as to the topics which will be most acceptable and which can be handled in a helpful and entertaining manner by members or friends of the Institutes. It is well to remember that the one who prepares a paper or address derives greater benefit therefrom than the listeners. The development of local talent is one of the most helpful features in connection with Institute work and we trust that the societies will become more and more independent as the years pass.

* * *

Winter Meetings in Conjunction with Farmers' Institutes

THE mutual advantage in holding joint meetings is being more and more appreciated by both the Farmers' and Women's Institutes. During the coming winter many of the Farmers' Institute meetings will be attended by only one man speaker, the Women's Institute securing a woman delegate to address a separate session of the Women's Institute in the afternoon and joint sessions being arranged for the evening. Such an arrangement tends to increase the interest in both organizations.

We trust that the members of the Women's Institute will lend their influence in inducing not only the farmers, but the business men of the towns and villages to attend the Institute meetings. Merchants and bankers and business men generally are alive to the fact that their prosperity depends largely upon the measure of success attending the efforts of the farmers in producing increased quantities in farm products. The Women's Institutes have done much to make more effective the Farmers' Institutes in some localities and we believe that a like influence can be exerted in all districts.

* * *

Annual Convention

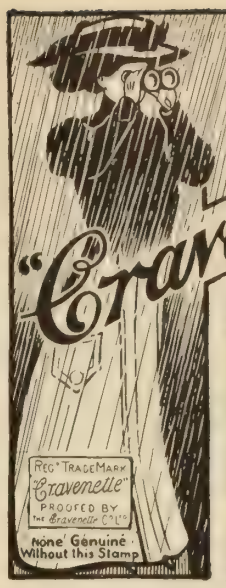
THE Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 8th and 9th, at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph. It is to be hoped that the Institutes throughout the province will be well represented as in the past. It is unwise, of course, for an organization to spend any considerable proportion of its funds in sending a delegate to the convention. We would advise that branches in different localities consult as to the sending of a delegate and arrange for such delegate to give reports to the branches which assist in bearing the expenses of the person sent. It would be well for every branch to have a delegate in attendance if the funds would allow many organization will, no doubt, be represented by persons who are prepared to pay all or a portion of their own expenses. When there are more than three or four branches in a district, it is advisable that a representative be sent by the district Institute. The officers of both district and branch Institutes will be communicated with at a later date regarding the convention. It is the intention to spend some considerable time at the next convention in discussing methods of work and an effort will be made to place the business of the Institutes upon a somewhat better basis.

* * *

Editor's Note

THE correspondence sent in from Secretaries of various branches is usually of a most satisfactory nature, but there are a few features in which improvement may be made. For instance, many of our correspondents sign the name Mary Johnson or Elizabeth Smith, without the slightest indication as to the married or celibate condition of the writer. It might be highly offensive to Mary Johnson, who is a happy bride, to receive a letter addressed "Miss," while Elizabeth Smith, who may be an independent spinster "from choice" will object to "Mrs." So, will correspondents of these columns kindly indicate by a bracketed title how they are to be addressed?

Continued on page 31



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SMART PRINCESSE GOWNS

PRINCESSE gowns that give the cuirass idea are the smartest of all things just now. Here are two that are different in detail, yet giving similar lines.

The gown to the left is closed at the left of the front and can be either in round or walking length, with the plaited flounce portions or without as liked. In the illustration it is made of satin-finished wool cashmere with chemisette of beaded net trimming of satin.

For the medium size the gown will require 11 yards 24 inches, 8 yards 32 inches or 6 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yards of satin for trimming and ½ yard 18 inches wide for chemisette. The pattern, 6413, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

The gown to the right illustrates the cuirass model and is exceedingly smart. The skirt or flounce portion can be made either tucked or gathered and in either round or walking length. Also either the fancy sleeves illustrated or the simpler ones shown in the back view can be used. Chiffon broadcloth with yoke and undersleeves of lace and trimming of liberty satin makes the gown illustrated, but all seasonable materials are appropriate. Silk serge is new and smart, although finished silk and wool materials are to have greater vogue, and the cuirass of satin with plaited portion of thiner material would be exceedingly smart as well as new.

For the medium size the gown will require 11½ yards of material 24 inches, 10½ yards 32 inches or 6¾ yards 44 inches wide, with one yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and under-sleeves. The pattern, 6425, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

* * *

FOR THE SMALL PERSON

NO style for the little tots has been as popular as the simple little Russian dress of white pique. It is now worn all winter by the best dressed children. Many of the new models fasten at the side or are trimmed to produce that effect. Among the prettiest models was a jumper dress of red cashmere fastened down the entire front with black satin buttons. The neck is cut out in scallops which are bound with black satin. The short sleeves are also trimmed with folds of the satin. It is worn over a guimpe of tucked batiste. A sash of black satin completes this stylish little frock. Another was made of black and white checked worsted. The waist was laid in box-plaits and the skirt was plaited to correspond. It was fastened down the side from shoulder to hem with black jet buttons. The round yoke of white tucked taffeta was edged with a band of red silk braided in black soutache. A similar band of red silk formed the belt, worn low down.

Little three-piece suits of serge, cheviot and fancy worsteds make very serviceable school suits for the little miss of twelve or thirteen years. They consist of a plaited skirt, waist and jacket. The waist has a yoke or guimpe of white or some contrasting material. The jackets are usually semi-fitted or on the box-order, fastening over the side.

Pattern No. 6413 Pattern No. 6425

* * *

NEW JABOTS

A SMART jabot of pale-yellow linen and a strip of Irish or filet insertion is so easily made that most girls should include one of them in her neckwear stock. Cut the linen three inches wide at the top, five inches at the bottom, and five inches long. Draw down each side and across the bottom an irregular scallop with scroll corners, and buttonhole it in mercerised cotton.

Down the middle of the linen tack a strip of insertion an inch wide, and stitch it, cutting the linen out underneath. Now fold the linen over to form an inverted boxpleat, and sew the top into a narrow band. The folded edges of the linen will be straight and parallel, and the insertion peeping out from beneath gives a dainty effect. Such a tie is equally desirable in white linen or a thin material embroidered in white.

* * *

THAT CONVENIENT POCKET

HANGING pockets are now being made to accompany the dresses in course of making for the autumn.

A piece of the material is embroidered, and is about ten inches long and five inches wide at either end, cut slightly pointed at the ends. In the centre it is narrowed to about an inch and a half. To one of the tab ends is sewn a piece of material shaped to match and about four inches deep. This is left open at the upper edge, and forms a pocket. The other tab end of the material is embroidered and buttoned over the lower tab.

These pockets are among the novelties of the season, and any dress material may be employed for them. They are so little trouble to make, and will be found a great convenience for carrying a handkerchief or small change.

* * *

CASHMERE WITH TRIMMING OF VELVET

CASHMERE promises to be extensively worn throughout the autumn and it is always an excellent material for the simpler gowns and indoor wear. This one is trimmed with pipings of velvet which are always handsome, but especially so in this case as the color is one of the beautiful new wistaries. The blouse is closed invisibly at the front and the skirt is cut just enough above the waistline to do away with the necessity of the belt. It is eight gored and the front and back crosses are arranged to form box plaits. The blouse can be made either with or without the fitted lining.

For the medium size the blouse will require 5⅝ yards of material 24 inches, 3½ yards 32 inches or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide. The skirt 9½ yards 24 inches, 7¼ yards 32 inches, or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide for cashmere or other material without up and down, but if there should be figure or nap, 12 yards 24 inches, 10½ yards 32 inches or 5 yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern, 6422, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, 6089, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE SUIT OF SERGE

SERGE is to be extensively worn this season and this costume shows a wide-wale sort that is especially well liked. It combines one of the new skirts that are plain over the hips yet full at the lower edge with an exceedingly smart but simple coat and is worn with one of the new shirt waists. The skirt is an exceptionally graceful one and the coat single-breasted in plain tailored style. The shirt-waist shows the double-breasted closing with single revers which makes the novelty of the season.

Blouse Pattern No. 6422
Skirt Pattern No. 6089

For medium size the coat will require 6¼ yards 27 inches, 5¼ yards 32 inches or three yards 44 inches wide. The skirt 9 yards 27 inches, or 32, or 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide. The shirt waist 4 yards 24 inches or 3⅛ yards 32 inches wide.

The coat pattern, 6389, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, 6414, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure. The

shirt waist pattern, 6427, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

* * *

FASHIONABLE AUTUMN COSTUMES

LONG coats make the feature of autumn and winter costumes. Here are two that are smart in the extreme and both of which are equally well suited to the separate wrap and to the entire costume. In this case the coat to the left is made of broadcloth and the one to the right of diagonal, but both are adapted to every seasonable material.

The coat to the left includes extensions on front and under-arm portions that lap over onto the side fronts to give a distinctly novel effect. The seams at the back extend to the shoulders and the collar is narrow, making a deep opening.

For the medium size the coat will require 8⅝ yards of material 27 inches, 4¾ yards 44 inches or 4 yards 52 inches wide for full length. If desired in three-quarter length, 7½ yards 27 inches, 4 yards 44 inches or 3½ yards 52 inches wide will suffice. The pattern, 6431, is cut in

Coat Pattern No. 6389
Skirt Pattern No. 6414
Waist Pattern No. 6427

sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

The coat to the right is made with side-back portions which provide curved seams but with fronts and side-fronts that are seamed to the shoulders. The collar is a novel one with the trimming portions arranged over it and it consequently allows exceptionally effective use of contrasting material. It can be made either in full or three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required 8 yards 27 inches, 4¾ yards 44 inches or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide for full length; 6⅝ yards 27 inches, 3¾ yards 44 inches or 3 yards 52 inches wide for three-quarter length, with ⅜ yard of velvet for chemisette. The pattern, 6443, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF VOILE

VOILE promises to be just as much worn throughout this coming season, as it has been during the past and it is so satisfactory that every woman will be glad of the fact. This gown shows it in one of the beautiful old-rose shades that are to be so popular throughout the autumn and winter with trimming of applied banding and wide hem of velvet. The same model could be utilized for every seasonable material, however, and crepe finished fabrics are to be much worn, silk serge is to be a favorite and a great many pongees and foulards will be worn indoors for many months to come. The blouse is a pretty and effective one that is closed at the left of the front. It can be made collarless as illustrated or with a stock, with fancy or plain sleeves. The skirt is five gored gathered and joined to the smoothly fitting yoke. It can be made in walking length if preferred and tucks can be used in place of the gathers if found better suited to the material.

Pattern No. 6431 Pattern No. 6443

For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅝ yards of material 24 inches or 32, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with 3¾ yards of banding. The skirt 6½ yards 24 or 32 inches wide or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of velvet and 7½ yards of banding.

The blouse pattern, 6441, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, 6446, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

THE NEW FLOUNCE EFFECT

THE princesse gown that is relieved of over severity by the introduction of plaited flounce portions is one of the developments of the later season. This one is chic in the extreme and will be found admirable both for the late summer gown and for the one designed for the coming season. Ramie linen with trimming of soutache makes the one illustrated but ponge is much liked and already women are ordering gowns made from thin serge, henrietta cloth, lansdowne and materials of similar weight for between-seasons wear. The gown can be made either in walking or in round length and if something plainer is wanted the flounce portions can be omitted, as indicated in the small back view. Just as illustrated the gown makes a most satisfactory one with which to finish out the season. Made from one of the new fall materials, it would be admirable for the autumn. In place of soutache applied trimming could be used or embroidery could be worked onto the material. The gown can be closed at the left of the front or the left of the back, but in either case the closing is invisible.

For the medium size will be required 11 yards of material 24, 8 yards 32 or 6 yards 44 inches wide. The gown pattern is 6413, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust, and the braiding patterns are 411, 381 and 419.

* * *

TURBANS IN BURNT-BREAD TONES

SOME of the new shapes for motor hats are modelled in turban fashion in rough straw in one of the new burnt-bread tones. The crown is large and elongated, in boat-shape, rising higher on the left than on the right side, and fitting low on the head. The brim is rolled in a rounded curve all round just to the height of the crown, and the trimming consists at the right side of three tiny roses of straw in three shades of rather bright blue. On the left and higher side there is a flat soft bow of black satin, held by a buckle of blue straw, and the whole hat is really only featherweight.

The advantage of this hat, which was, of course, completed by a motor veil, was that it had nothing on it that would not stand dust or wind, and the trimming was too flat and compact to catch the wind.

A modified edition of the behive shape made a compact motor hat. The rounded crown of burnt straw was not too high, and fitted well round the head without dropping too low over the forehead. In fact, there was a little curve or dent up at the left side of the front that added greatly to the fascination of the hat. The sole trimming on the hat was a folded band and bow of black patent leather lying closely against the hat and looking very smart against the burnt straw.

Very attractive was a little poke bonnet in soft light copper tone that fitted the head closely round the back and widened slightly along the sides. A scarf of deeper copper-brown satin was arranged round the crown, and was tied in a smart bow in front held by a copper buckle.

* * *

A SMART SCHOOL FROCK

SCHOOL frocks made in semi-princesse style are much in demand just now and this one is exceedingly smart. It is made of plaid materials with trimming of black velvet ribbon and with chemisette of tucked taffeta and the effect is a most desirable one. There are so many materials used for girls' dresses just now, however, that one can hardly go amiss. Serge and cashmere are shown in lovely colors; there are innumerable novelties, and, if the dress were wanted for afternoons in place of school, voile in one of the pretty new shades would be charming. For the chemisette, all-over lace, embroidered muslin, tucked chiffon, any of the materials of the sort can be used, and for the trimming any pretty banding that is harmonious; but for the first days of school, nothing smarter or nothing better than the dress illustrated could be suggested. The blouse and skirt portions are joined by means of a belt and the panel overlaps both, giving the princesse suggestion, while the closing is made invisibly at the left of the front.

For a girl of 16 years of age the dress will require 9 yards of material

Blouse Pattern No. 6441
Skirt Pattern No. 6446

24 inches wide, 5⅛ yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard 36 inches wide for chemisette. 13 yards of braiding. The pattern, 6429, is in sizes from fourteen to sixteen years.

PRACTICAL AUTUMN COAT

SUCH a coat as this one can be utilized for motoring, for traveling, for dusty weather and for general use, and is consequently one of the most practical that the wardrobe can be made to contain. This one is made of diagonal cloth with collar of velvet, and just such materials are to have great vogue. Smart motoring coats are made of green and blue plaided cloths, however, homespun is always excellent for coats of the sort, hop sacking is to have extended vogue throughout the autumn and for between-seasons wear, such light weight materials as cravenetted cloths, serge and the like are in every way to be commended. The double-breasted fronts are fitted by means of darts at the shoulders and the back can be made in one piece or seamed at the centre as liked. If a shorter coat is wanted it can be cut off in three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required 6⅞ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards

Gown Pattern No. 6413
Braiding Pattern Nos. 411, 381, 419
See page 20

44 or 52 inches wide for full length; 5⅛ yards 27, 3⅛ yards 44 or 52 inches wide for three-quarter length. The pattern, 6413, is in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust.

FASHION NOTES

BUTTONS, of course, everywhere! This gown without [illegible] says La Mode. Square buttons, barrel-shaped buttons, big buttons, flat buttons—but everywhere, buttons.

Garnitures for both day and evening wear, in the form of sleeveless coats, boleros, zouaves, fichus, and draped scarfs are very much in demand this season. For the most part, they are fashioned of net, embroidered thickly with vegetable silks; and spangled with beads and bugles, gold, silver, and mother-o'-pearl sequins.

Very wide fringed scarf-fichus are worn, especially for evening, carried out in gold or silver lace or gauze,

Pattern No. 6419

embroidered in bold designs with vegetable silk, and finished with heavy chenille tassels.

There is no doubt that this is to be a season of contrast, one-color schemes being placed entirely, for the nonce, in the background. Jonquil-yellow, terra-cotta, turquoise-morte, heliotrope, and Saxe-blue are among the most popular nuances. Shot effects are decidedly modish, sand-color and copper-red, mauve and green, biscuit and rose, blue and purple, are perhaps the most favored color-schemes, carried out either in silk, satin, or velvet.

Pattern No. 6429
See page 20

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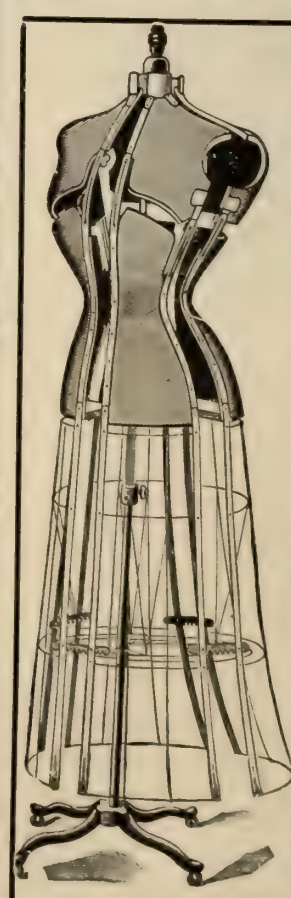

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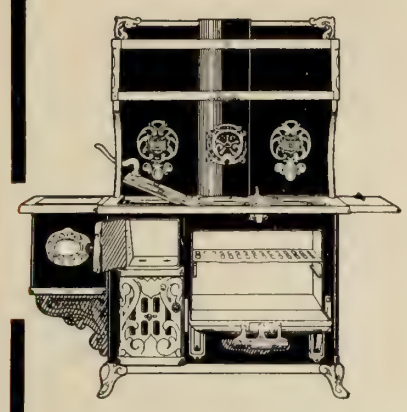

The illustration shows a "Monarch Peninsular" Steel Range with the reservoir of hot water tank on the *left*. If, for any reason, it is desired to have the Hot Water Tank on the *right*, the change can be made without tools or trouble by lifting the Reservoir from one side and placing it in the sockets provided for the purpose on the other side.

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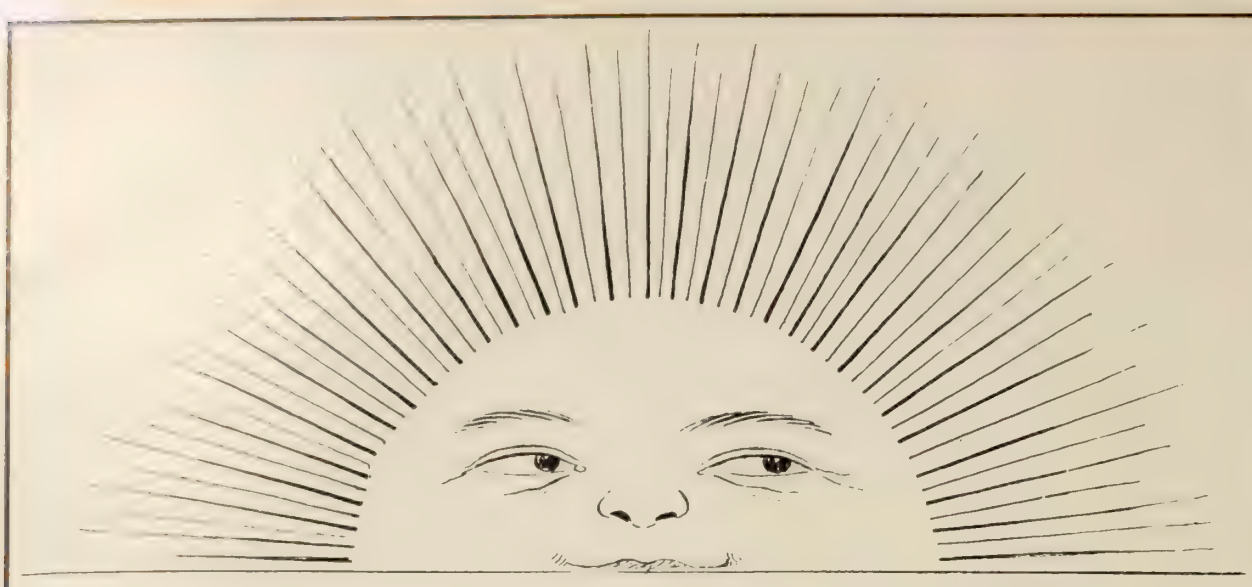
THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

JAMES ACTON, Managing Editor JEAN GRAHAM, Editor
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



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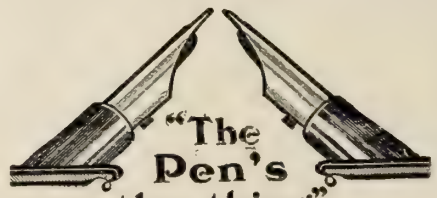

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THE
HOME JOURNAL
59-61 John Street - TORONTO

EDITOR'S CHAT

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be, in our modest opinion, the best issue of the HOME JOURNAL yet given to the public. The table of contents is as rich and varied as the Canadian Christmas *menu* and will produce no literary indigestion.

THE CHRISTMAS COVER is by a Canadian artist, Mr. Charles Archibald MacLellan, a native of the town of Trenton, Ontario, who has recently taken up his residence in Chicago, where he is achieving that success, which so many talented young Canadians have won in the Second City of the Republic. However, Mr. MacLellan is still loyal enough to the old home to wish to have his name on the cover of Canadian magazines, and the mistletoe-crowned maiden of our Christmas number will be worthy of a Yuletide greeting.

OUR CHRISTMAS FICTION is also by our own Canadian contributors. Mrs. Virna Sheard, whose work in fiction and poetry has won her an enviable reputation, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall, whose name is on the list of contributors to the best magazines of this continent, have given

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PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

Volume VI. Number 5 10 Cents per Copy $1.00 per Year

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1909

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EDITOR'S CHAT

us stories which will brighten and gladden the Christmas hearth. Our January number will contain a story by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, of unusual insight into that mysterious side of life and experience, called the supernatural. The story is entitled "The Third Passenger" and is one of the best Mrs. MacKay has written. In this connection, since we receive many inquiries on the subject, it may be well to state that the HOME JOURNAL is always pleased to consider stories and is especially desirous of obtaining good fiction from Canadian writers.

CHRISTMAS COOKERY is an important feature in the joys of that merry season and we shall be furnished with excellent articles on this most appealing subject by authorities whose information and experience are beyond question.

THE GIRLS' CLUB will be one of the strong features in the development of this journal and we hope to receive many replies from our wide circle of girl readers in response to our appeal for new ideas in connection with its name and aims.

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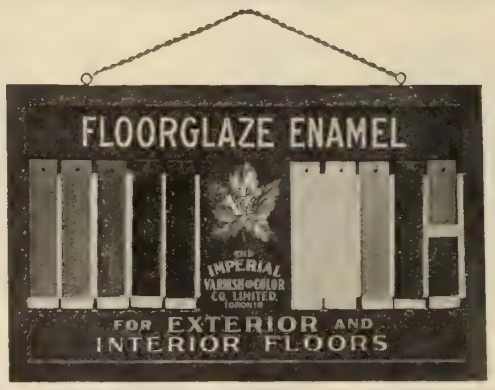

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THE HOME JOURNAL

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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA - - - - - - - JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor.

IN SPITE OF THE EARNEST EFFORTS of the authorities and our law-makers to stamp out the evil work of the usurer he seems still to thrive in our midst. It has been made an indictable offence in this province to attempt to collect more than a certain per cent. per annum upon the loan. The loan shark circumvents this law by either charging a "commission" for procuring the loan, or having a subsidiary company or firm get a rake-off on some such pretence. The hold that most of these financial harpies have on their victims lies in the assignment of wages for the debt. In Massachusetts a law has recently come into force by which no assignment of wages is valid unless accompanied by an acceptance in writing by the employer, which acceptance must be filed with the clerk of records for the municipality. In the case of a married man the written consent of the wife must also be secured. This is a body-blow at the business of the loan shark, as reference to the employer usually means refusal of consent and even dismissal of the employe.

LOAN SHARKS

HALF THE TIME of the police courts in our large centres is taken up with unnecessary business. There are a great many delinquencies occurring every day that could as well be dealt with by a police sergeant or inspector as a police magistrate. It may be urged that it is a dangerous expedient to put discretionary powers in the hands of a common officer of the law, but the menace in this respect is not to be compared with the evil that is wrought by dragging into court those who might easily get the necessary correction from a good, sensible talk at the police station. In some cities they already recognize this fact, and not only is this discretionary power placed in the hands of police captains but the ordinary policeman. Many a young person who commits a thoughtless act that warrants police interference might be saved from a blighted career by a little thoughtful treatment on the part of the guardians of the peace. There are criminals in our penitentiaries to-day who were made such by our police system.

POLICE COURTS

THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT that the home is suffering from an excess of social and church obligations that take even its younger inmates from its sacred and helpful precincts to a far too great extent. The church is helping to provide attractions that are breaking down to some extent the influences that should be most potent of all in the upbuilding of character. What with associations, clubs, guilds, sewing societies, not to include purely religious gatherings held during the week, it often happens that parents and children are deprived of those home relationships that are so necessary to both. The wise parent will see to it that the demands of business, society, religion, philanthropy or other outside interests do not crowd out the higher obligations he or she owes to those whose lives are given into their control. They will also see to it that the development of these young lives is not left to the chance work of social and religious organizations, no matter how helpful these may seem.

TOO MUCH OUTSIDE

A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH which has been going the rounds gives an account of a Persian cat recently photographed with a gold crown on its head and a gold order around its neck. This creature has a perfumed bath every morning and its favorite pastime is pawing a grand piano. The same paragraph tells of another cat whose mistress has had its ears pierced and ornamented with diamond ear-rings. According to her own words, bangles and necklaces have become so "hackneyed" that she wants her pet to be unlike anyone else's. One cannot but pity those who can find nothing better than an animal upon which to lavish such affection and means. Pets afford a commendable channel for the expression of ordinary human kindliness, but when they are allowed to absorb attention and thought that might be profitably devoted to more worthy purposes, the habit becomes rather more than a silly fad.

RULED BY A CAT

AT THE RECENT MEETING of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Henry Edward Armstrong, of the London Central Institute, made a statement that has been the basis of widespread comment throughout the civilized world. He said "The most disquieting feature of the times is the revolt of women against their motherhood and their claim to be on an equality with man and to compete with him in every way." In explaining his position in a most carefully prepared paper, Prof. Armstrong said: "There should be no question of equality raised. When comparison is made between complementary factors the question of equality does not and cannot come into consideration. It is clear that should the struggle arise—and it is to be feared that it is coming upon us—there can be but one issue; woman must fail and in failing must carry man to her destruction." The note of warning may be somewhat strident but there is undoubted cause for concern in the conditions found more and more frequently both in the older lands as well as on this continent. The pendulum seems to be swinging from the degrading servitude of heathenism to the extreme independence that despises the natural relationship of woman to the home.

THE WOMAN PERIL

PROF. MUENSTERBERG of Harvard University protests against the much abused gospel of exercise. He claims with some degree of justice that the exercise fad is being worked to death and that if people would take walks into the open country for fresh air instead of resorting to gymnastics, and give their tired faculties the benefit of rest and sleep instead of calisthenics, recuperation would be more certain if not quicker. There is no doubt that many people suffer from a lack of physical effort sufficient to keep mind and body in a vigorous state; at the same time there is the danger that Prof. Muensterberg points out of the exercise fad improperly directed doing a great deal of harm. Safety lies in the happy medium between the extreme of physical effort and that of sluggish inertness. He is a wise man who knows how to handle the wonderful mechanism so as to have the whole work harmoniously together.

GOSPEL OF REST

IT IS HARDER THAN EVER to get a good man for any kind of job. The kind wanted are usually filling positions just a little below that for which they are sought. A commercial concern advertised the other day for a responsible man, offering a high salary, and the proprietor said he received four replies, not one of which was from one he would employ. The men he wanted were all engaged. This world is overflowing with those who are just able to do something passably well and the host of mediocrities and incapables are clambering over each other to get into places they cannot fill. The man with brains and persevering industry has only to show his head above the crowd and he is "nabbed." Let no one say there is no chance to-day for genuine worth. Ask any business man what his chief difficulty and worry is and he will tell you it is the effort to get the right men. This applies to every occupation that can be named. There are too many young people in the world looking for a "snap." They are more anxious to get a "job" and draw a salary than to make money for those who employ them or make the world better for their living in it. There are plenty of "chances" every day but many of those who get them do not seem to know how to take care of them. They let the pool-room, the bucket shop or the "ponies" absorb the interest as well as the money that should be devoted to better purposes. In the meantime the legend "Men wanted" still invites those who seriously desire success to enter the race and win.

MEN WANTED

Concerning the Orchard

THERE are at least a dozen spots in Canada which insist on being called the Garden of the Dominion. There is the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia, which blossoms like the rose, there are the strawberry beds of Vancouver Island which form a stretch of ruddy glory, there is Pelee Island, which becomes a purple chalice in the dreamy month of September and sheds a fragrance of grapes across Lake Erie's stormy waves. There is the Niagara Peninsula which breaks into a radiant smile in the month of May and fairly laughs aloud in August and early autumn, while Grimsby is a veritable Paradise of Peaches.

But if one seeks the Kingdom of Pomona, where the blossoms of apple, cherry and peach make the orchards a dream of pink-and-white splendor, one must turn to the East and journey over hill and dale to the old-time Acadia, the land where courteous ways and rosy cheeks are still the fashion. While Ontario and Manitoba may consider Nova Scotia pre-eminently the land of the apple, there is really a great abundance and variety of orchard products in this favored province. Professor John Craig of the Horticultural Department of Cornell University wrote in the *Rural New Yorker* almost ten years ago:

"Time was in Nova Scotia, when apples only were grown for profit, while plums and pears were grown for pleasure, with peaches, quinces and the like cultivated as pomological curiosities. A few leaders here and there have shown the way and it will be only a few years till the most favored parts of Nova Scotia will have gained an enviable reputation as the producers of cherries, pears and Japan plums. Orchard areas have been rapidly extending during the last five years. There are now some fine examples of the intensive method. This system aims to make the orchard a self-supporting institution almost from the start. To this end, early fruiting and productive kinds are planted as fillers."

The Hillcrest Orchards, Limited, near Kentville, Nova Scotia, form one of the most delightful and valuable fruit properties in a land of plenty and to the courtesy of the manager, Mr. Ralph S. Eaton, we are indebted for the following information

"Fruit growing in Nova Scotia received its greatest impetus when a practically unlimited market was opened up in England a comparatively short time ago. Since then the industry has gradually grown and many new markets have been found; so that the question of over supply is really not to be considered. Not only London and Liverpool, but the smaller seaports of England, as well as the inland towns, are asking for Nova Scotia fruit shipped direct to them. Scotland and Ireland are included in our markets, and during the last few years, Germany has been calling for our Gravensteins and some other varieties. Mexico has asked for and received shipments, and this season fruit growers are being solicited for consignments from merchants in the British West Indies. Pessimists have occasionally talked 'over-production,' but the average price of Nova Scotia apples for the last five years has been as good or better than for any five years of our history. For those who take pains to grow good fruit the prospects are bright for the future. Our annual crop of about half a million barrels could be quadrupled without affecting materially the markets of the world. Small though our export is, and grown chiefly in two counties of the province, Nova Scotia has been advertised most throughout the world by its fruit than by any other of its exports. In the growing of such excellent varieties as Gravenstein, Ribston, Blenheim and King's, Nova Scotia probably excels all other countries, and at such exhibitions as Philadelphia, Chicago, London, Edinburgh, Paris and Brussels, our fruit has received highest awards."

In view of the probability of an Experimental Farm for Horticultural purposes being selected in the Cornwallis Valley (the location of Hillcrest Orchards) in the near future it is interesting to learn from Mr. Eaton that "during the last twenty-three years our apple production in this province has increased twenty times, taking an average of six years following 1880 and again the last six years. If this rate should be continued and most growers would say quickly without knowing the 'answer' that it *should* be continued for the next twenty-three years, we would be producing about 9,000,000 barrels, which after one knows the 'answer,' seems incredible."

The money to be made in the fruit-growing industry is a consideration worthy of the careful pondering of those who are attracted to an occupation which is eminently healthy and "rewardful" to the one who is devoted to orchard development. A Massachusetts fruit-grower has expressed himself on the subject in this optimistic fashion:

"The possibilities of the apple industry under corporate management is a subject little talked or written about, but I venture the assertion that within a comparatively few years we shall see companies organized for the express purpose of fruit growing, and, as a matter of fact, I see no more inviting proposition for the investment of money to-day than in a well-organized and conducted orchard company. Commercial fruit growing is the product of modern conditions. It, therefore, demands modern business methods. The old-time self-centred farm, which aimed to supply nearly all its own needs, has given place to the specialized farm of to-day. It is on this latter kind of a farm that we look for and most frequently find the best results attained in any line of crop production.

"Unlike manufacturing, fruit-growing offers the opportunity of a gradual investment; the natural value of much fruit land is low and the introductory cost of planting moderate. It affords the further advantage of an appreciating investment. The value of a factory or a dairy barn begins to decrease the moment it is completed, while the value of an orchard goes on increasing for years after it is planted. This increase in value is difficult to estimate, but is none the less real.

"Against buildings there must be an annual charge for depreciation, repairs and insurance; the fruit demands a moderate outlay along this line, hence this charge is small. Fruit growing is a specialty, its pursuit secures economy of capital, economy of labor, it leads to greater skill, there is less danger of neglect, the marketing opportunities are better. The fruit grower's investment is comparatively safe, he seldom loses his money."

PACKING JAPANESE PLUMS AT HILLCREST ORCHARDS, KENTVILLE, N.S.

The Finishing Floral Touches

WHEN "company is coming" one of the first things that the good housewife thinks about is what refreshments they will have and the manner in which they will be served. The occasion may be merely a formal call, an afternoon tea, or a dinner. If the latter two, it is quite usual to go to considerable trouble in decorating the tea or dinner table. One never feels satisfied with the ordinary decorations that are seen every day in the house. There is a desire to appear always at the best when friends make their visit.

The decorations used at these functions are largely floral. At an afternoon tea, it is not the custom to use as elaborate decorations as those usually prepared for a dinner. The flowers to be used depend greatly upon the season of the year. Their color should conform to the color of the decoration adopted in the rooms that are to be used. One would hardly think of using a vase of yellow chrysanthemums in a room where pink is the principal color. A nice soft shade of pink or white would be a better combination. Yellow may be used where browns or old gold tints predominate.

In decorating a tea-table, one of the most popular proceedings is to place a large mirror on the table with the edges covered with smilax, tulle or some other light material. Cut glass vases placed on the mirror filled with flowers give an effect of double decorations owing to the reflection from the mirror.

FIRST PRIZE DECORATED DINING TABLE O.H.E.
Photograph by courtesy of J. S. Simmons

Vases of flowers placed on mantel, piano or small table will give a pleasing effect to the room. More elaborate decorations may be had by placing banks of palms in conspicuous places. For a dinner the decorations are usually concentrated on the dinner table. In all cases a tablecloth should be used on this occasion. A mirror can be used in the centre of the table if desired; if not, the decorations can be made to look very nice without. These should be at a height that will not obstruct the view of the persons sitting opposite each other at the table. A mistake many florists make is in having the centre decorations so high that it is impossible to see the persons opposite.

The arrangement should be in a loose, informal manner and to obtain the best effect not more than two or three varieties of flowers should be used in the decorations. A vase of Killarney roses looks best when displayed by themselves, but it is quite the custom to have a combination of orchids and lilies of the valley. Carnations look best with a large quantity of asparagus fern or smilax used with them. The bottom of the vase is often concealed by a dainty arrangement of tulle.

The light should be placed in such a manner as to shade the eyes of the guests. Some decorators in their efforts, overdo the decorations by placing almost concealed lights among the flowers on the table. These may look pleasing at a distance but become a nuisance to the guests. It is always good taste not to over-do the decorations.

The best examples of this class of decorations are usually seen at the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition. Several of Toronto's most prominent florists compete for large prizes given for this class of decoration. Competition at this year's exhibition promises to be keener than at any previous exhibition.

The Ontario Government is spending considerable money on this exhibition to assist in educating women in matters of this kind, also in such matters as the proper preserving of fruit. This year the exhibition will be held in St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, November 9th to 13th.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Photographs by courtesy of Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

FISHING AT DAM CAMP, WHERE THE DISCIPLE OF IZAAK WALTON FINDS A FINNY PARADISE.

MEETING OF THE WATERS, MATAPEDIA AND RESTIGOUCHE, WITH RESTIGOUCHE ("MILLIONAIRES'") CLUB HOUSE IN FOREGROUND.

CABBAGES and KINGS

By CANADIENNE

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."

IN this department of our October issue, mention was made of the fact that the Toronto Women's Canadian Club appears incapable of introducing a man speaker without summoning masculine aid to perform this very simple office. The case in point was the occasion of Lord Charles Beresford's address, when Sir Glenholme Falconbridge was urged to come to the rescue and say a few words by way of supplementing the introduction. Now, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge is an ornament to the Bench and is possessed of excellent taste in the matter of classic literature; but he had no more business at the meeting of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club than the Man in the Moon. If the truth were known, it would probably be found that Sir Glenholme Falconbridge did not wish to be present and wondered all to himself why women could not run their own clubs and introduce their own speakers.

Since the publication of our last number, letters have been received commending the suggestion that the officers of this club should show an appreciation of the duties of their position and should not cause unfavorable comparisons to be made between Toronto and other cities. Mrs. Falconer, the President, was absent and it is my firm belief that Miss Constance Boulton, the Vice-President, who took the chair, was quite equal to the occasion and was not at all desirous of the assistance of Sir Glenholme Falconbridge in making the introduction. Who, then, asked this gentleman to make a speech? Mr. Byron Walker was secured on a similar occasion for such a service, and many members wondered what on earth he had to do with the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. Is it not time for that organization to cease looking and acting like a kindergarten and become a genuine club with some pride in its own ability to conduct its own affairs? If a woman considers such clubs unfeminine and undesirable, she is at liberty to remain outside them; but if she accepts office, the only correct procedure is to fulfil the duties of such office. There are women in that club perfectly capable of introducing the most eloquent speaker in the British Empire in a manner entirely graceful and adequate. Wherefore, the question arises once more—Why ask Mr. Walker, President Falconer and Sir Glenholme Falconbridge to assist in a duty to which *some* of the officers are quite equal?

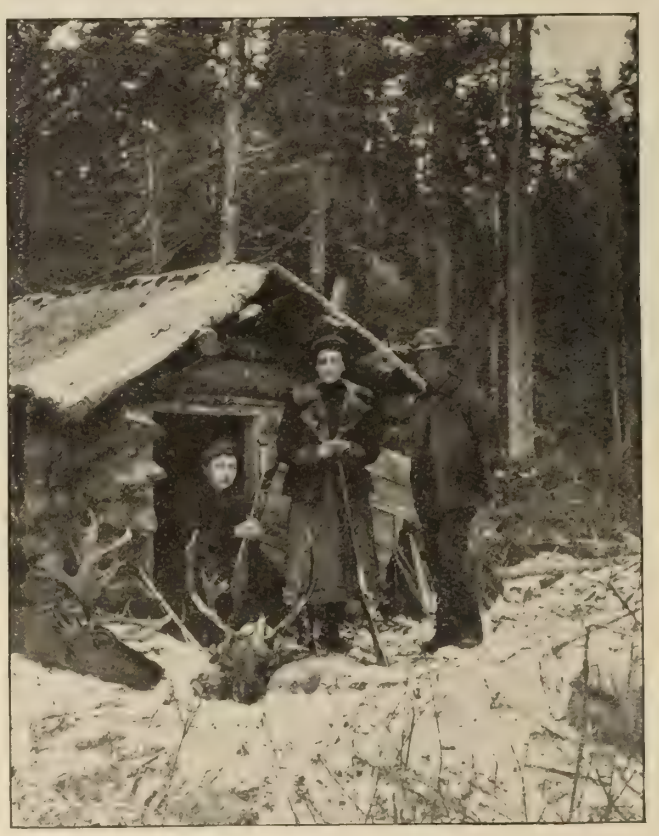
At a later meeting, Mrs. Falconer took the chair and conducted all necessary proceedings herself most capably, proving the committee's folly in calling upon outside aid for "introductions."

* * *

THE photograph reproduced on this page shows what feminine Nimrods we have among our Canadian women. An interesting account has been received of how, some seasons ago, Miss Hutchinson of Douglastown, New Brunswick, and Miss Elsie Lorrain of Toronto set out moose hunting. Another story of adventure comes from Mr. Robinson, also a daughter of New Brunswick, who gives the following tale of her experiences:

"Wishing to establish the fact that women can enjoy the thrilling pleasure of big game hunting in the Miramichi woods and desiring to furnish some entertainment for my guest, Miss Lounsbury, of Fredericton, was what led me to arrange a hunting trip that proved not only successful, but thoroughly enjoyable. For two weeks, in the heart of the great Miramichi forest, we 'roughed it' with my husband and that well-known and efficient guide, Edward Menzies. With what success the following story will show.

"It was an easy thing for me, my husband being the game warden of the county, to arrange the trip, and, needless to say, my guest was more than delighted when I mentioned my plan to her. My husband was quickly convinced that we meant business and if he had any misgivings he did not show them, but rather seemed pleased at our suggestion. The preliminaries were soon completed, and it did not take us long to provide ourselves with proper costume. I will not attempt to describe our hunting attire in detail. Sufficient it is to say that the necessary abbreviation of our tweed skirts was atoned for by the length of our stout, soft-soled hunting boots, and everything in the way of exterior decoration was ignored, our one thought being for ease, comfort and warmth. We left home on Tuesday morning, October 20th, for Little Bald Mountain. Driver John McCormack handled the reins over an excellent pair of horses, that drew us and our load of supplies rapidly along. The morning was cold and cloudy, but there was no thought of turning back, for, as our guide remarked in his characteristic way, 'Whenever you start out with me there is no turning back.' About half-past twelve we arrived at the home of Mr. John Way, whose house has been for over twenty years the favorite stopping-place for sportsmen on their way to the woods, the hunters being sure always of a hearty welcome from the host and his good wife, who are always ready to attend to the wants of hungry travellers. After a brief rest and some refreshment we resumed our journey, and our first taste of sylvan life was when we stopped at Three Mile Brook for lunch. After a stop of an hour and a quarter we again received marching orders from our guide to move on to Camp Allison."



IN AN AUTUMN CAMP.

The account of the real hunt is also entertaining: "On the 26th we started for the caribou grounds about nine miles north of the home camp, and saw in the distance a big bull moose and a cow moose. Guide Menzies gave one of his most alluring calls, but the bull refused to come within range. A caribou answered another call, but did not emerge from the woods. We saw several caribou the next day, but none with sufficiently good antlers to induce us to try our skill. Arriving at the mountain, we decided to climb to the top. About half way down the mountain side, Mr. Menzies drew my attention to some caribou, feeding in the distance. After a cautious inspection of the herd, he saw one that had an excellent head, so we started very carefully towards it. It took us some time to get near enough to risk a shot, and the handsome animal was fully two hundred yards away when the guide whispered to me to try my skill. I had five cartridges in the magazine of my 'Savage' rifle. The first shot missed, but the second, third and fourth hit him in quick succession and he dropped. When we reached him he was stone dead. Two of the shots had gone through his heart.

"SAM SLICK'S" OLD HOME, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

PASTORAL SCENE IN THE ISLAND PROVINCE.

NEAR MARKET SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Anne of Avonlea

THIS Dominion of ours has curious extremes, with its few millions of inhabitants and its unoccupied millions of acres. Hence it is not surprising to find our largest province fronting the Pacific and our smallest on the other side of the Continent facing the Atlantic surges. Prince Edward Island has won each year a surer place in the affections of those who find it a summer paradise; and, thanks to the talent of Miss L. M. Montgomery, Canadians have learned during the last two years of the quiet, idyllic loveliness of this island province.

"Anne of Green Gables" was the first volume by Miss Montgomery to claim the interest of the fiction-reading public. During this autumn, a second volume, "Anne of Avonlea," has appealed to all who appreciate a wholesome story of everyday life, touched with the idealizing power of the writer who sees the beauty of the imaginative world. Anne is a poor little orphan with a wealth of red hair, who is adopted by the brother and sister of "Green Gables" and leads a lively, romantic girl's happy existence in a spot which appeals to every fibre of her buoyant, beauty-loving soul. In "Anne of Avonlea" we meet a more mature young person who is still a dreamer with aspirations of a pedagogic nature. Here is our pleasant introduction to the girl who is standing "where the brook and river meet":

"A tall, slim girl, 'half-past sixteen,' with serious grey eyes and hair which her friends call auburn, had sat down on the broad red sandstone doorstep of a Prince Edward Island farmhouse one ripe afternoon in August, firmly resolved to construe so many lines of Virgil.

"But an August afternoon, with blue hazes scarfing the harvest slopes, little winds whispering elfishly in the poplars, and a dancing splendor of red poppies outflaming against the dark coppice of young firs in a corner of the cherry orchard, was fitter for dreams than dead languages."

The word "school-ma'am" has been associated with a dry-as-dust young, or not-so-young woman, with spectacles, firm jaw and a back like a board. This idea is utterly unfair to the Canadian school-teacher, who is usually endowed with a lurking sense of humor and who is by no means addicted to "blue stocking" ways. Anne, indeed, is the very antipodes of the severe school-ma'am and indulges in reveries to an extent which is truly "uplifting." She has visions of the ideals and ambitions with which she is to inspire her future pupils and muses in lofty manner of what she will accomplish by her careful guidance.

"To be sure, if you come down to harsh facts —which, it must be confessed, Anne seldom did until she had to—it did not seem likely that there was much promising material for celebrities in Avonlea school; but you could never tell what might happen if a teacher used her influence for good. Anne had certain rose-tinted ideals of what a teacher might accomplish if she only went the right way about it; and she was in the midst of a delightful scene, forty years hence, with a famous personage—just exactly what he was to be famous for was left in convenient haziness, but Anne thought it would be rather nice to have

AT BONNIE BONSHAW, P. E. I.

him a college president or a Canadian premier—bowing low over her wrinkled hand and assuring her that it was she who had first kindled his ambition, and that all his success in life was due to the lessons she had instilled so long ago in Avonlea school."

Anne reminds one a little of Jo—dear, blustery, generous Jo, who made life glorious in "Little Women." But Anne is less of the tomboy and more of the dreamer than the girl whom Laurie loved so devotedly and so hopelessly. She has her heart set on high things, and has some ludicrous encounters with the everyday complications of humble life. However, to such as Anne, the dreams are their own exceeding great reward and she has no need to envy the great ones of the earth.

There is a delightful touch of gentle humor in this quiet account of Anne's slight adventures. For instance, the description of Mrs. H. B. Donnell's visit to the school, after Anne's first trials, is given with a relish for the incongruous things of life. Mrs. Donnell is thus described: "She looked like a head-on collision between a fashion-plate and a nightmare." We have all seen such a commonplace bit of feminine ostentation as is pictured realistically. "The newcomer was gorgeously arrayed in a pale blue summer silk, puffed, frilled and shirred wherever puff, frill or shirring could possibly be placed. Her head was surmounted by a huge white chiffon hat, bedecked with three long but rather stringy ostrich feathers. A veil of pink chiffon, lavishly sprinkled with huge black dots, hung like a flounce from the hat brim to her shoulders and floated off in two airy streamers behind her. She wore all the jewellery that could be crowded on one small woman, and a very strong odor of perfume attended her."

Anne is the friendliest little heroine imaginable and you feel as if you had known her all your life before you reach the end of the second chapter. Anne's friendship with Diana is another bit of sheer joy, it is so full of the naturalness of the comradeship between two wholesome young creatures on the threshold of life. In fact, it is the "youngness" of these books which endears them to the reader and makes them a streak of sunshine, or a clean, salt breeze from the sea. We are never far from the sapphire gleam of the waves or the sweet breath of the garden. This *joie de vivre* flashes out in such a paragraph as this:

"A September day on Prince Edward Island hills; a crisp wind blowing up over the sand dunes from the sea; a long red road, winding through fields and woods, now looping itself about a corner of thick set spruces, now threading a plantation of young maples with great feathery sheets of ferns beneath them, now dipping down into a hollow where a brook flashed out of the woods and into them again, now basking in open sunshine between ribbons of golden rod and smoke-blue asters; air athrill with the pipings of myriads of crickets, those glad little pensioners of the summer hills; a plump brown pony ambling along the road; two girls behind him, full to the lips with the simple, priceless joy of youth and life."

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EASTERN SHORES

PRIMITIVE MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.

LOW TIDE AT PUGWASH, NOVA SCOTIA.

MAGAZINE OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

A Sketch of Our Earliest Settlement and Its Romantic Struggles

By AGNES NORTON

MOST of us travel with fixed ideas in our minds of what we are about to see. New York to the average person means shops and hotels and a rushing crowd in the streets; Boston has its State House, its Common, and the mural decorations in the Public Library; Chicago has stock yards and Marshall Field's.

From the American point of view our characteristics are equally determined. Toronto is the place where one shops on the way home from Muskoka; in Montreal at almost any time of the year fur-clad people are gaily guiding toboggans down the side of Mount Royal; Quebec has its views and the Chateau Frontenac; while the whole of Nova Scotia is simply "The Land of Evangeline." It may be ungrateful of the natives of that fair land to cavil at Longfellow's version of the expulsion of the Acadians. Certainly the romantic interest attached to the sufferings of the legendary heroine brings many dollars annually to the country, but your true Nova Scotian feels that his province has other and more real claims to the notice of strangers than those based upon the famous poem, and is apt in his haste to say that Longfellow's versification is awkward, his sentiment maudlin, and his historical point of view distorted. Surely the oldest settled part of Canada has greater interest if one's imagination is freed from its conventional fetters and guided towards the lives and deaths of its true heroes.

Think of the events that have taken place in Halifax since that June day in 1749 when the warship *Sphinx* with thirteen transports sailed into the great harbor and landed two thousand workers to build themselves a city. It was here that the *Chesepeake* was towed by the *Shannon*, and in the old graveyard, behind the monument to certain men who fell in the Crimea, is the stone which marks the resting-place of a young English midshipman who was killed in that brief but desperate fight outside Boston harbor. In St. Paul's Church is a tablet to the wife of Nelson's Hardy, while the great little seaman himself served as a junior officer on this station.

Of far greater antiquity is Annapolis, the oldest settlement in Canada, founded by the Sieur de Monts under the name of Port Royal in 1604—a year after the death of Queen Elizabeth. There are romantic incidents and picturesque figures in plenty in the history of this tranquil old town. Among the discoverers—a party, says one chronicler, composed of gentlemen and thieves—appears the famous name of Samuel de Champlain, whose "Order of a Good Time" held merry sway during the first winter in the tiny settlement. When de Monts lost favor at Court and Champlain turned his attention towards Quebec, the Baron de Poutrincourt assumed the charge of affairs and with him appeared for the first time that power which for good and for evil had so great an influence on the history of this country—the Jesuit missionary. The zeal of the order for the conversion and civilization of the new country had no bounds. Alike in the forests of Acadia and the court of France they worked unceasingly, and with magnificent results. The savages flocked to be converted, while at the court a great and notable victory was gained. Madame de Guercheville, a devout lady of great wealth, acting under the influence of the Jesuits, had obtained from the king a grant of practically the whole of North America.

The English settlers in Virginia remained for some time in peaceful ignorance of this generous gift, but Poutrincourt held firmly to Port Royal under his charter from King Henry the Fourth, and there were constant bickerings.

Soon more far-reaching results of King Louis' action began to appear. A somewhat piratical sea-captain from Virginia, Argall by name, burning with patriotic zeal, went north to remove these interlopers. Did not the North American continent already belong to King James of England, by virtue of the explorations of the Cabots! He found Port Royal quite unprepared, and burnt and pillaged the little settlement. Undismayed, the Frenchmen held their ground, and rebuilt their fortifications, which may still be seen in the peaceful old town. An epitome of Canadian history, the long struggle between England and France, the sufferings, the bitterness, the endurance and the triumph, can be read in the history of this one town. It was taken by the Scotch baronet, Sir William Alexander, in 1620, given back to France in 1623, retaken by the English in Cromwell's time, and promptly given back again; finally captured by the English in 1709 and the name changed to Annapolis. Can it be wondered that the Acadians were resentful of all these changes? Their real allegiance, however, never varied, and the power of their sullen resistance to English authority began to be felt. Annapolis was now the seat of the governor, and its safety must be secured. Beausejour and Louisburg could not be held while the Acadians took orders from France, and while professing neutrality, gave aid to the enemy. England's long patience was at last exhausted, and the choice was plainly laid before this enemy within the gates—to take the oath of allegiance, or leave the country.

They made their decision and the sad work began. Great care was taken to avoid the separation of families, and whenever possible the inhabitants of the various villages were sent in the same ship. Some escaped to Quebec, some to the south, even as far as Louisiana, but a large number in the end drifted back to their old homes, where being no longer accounted dangerous, they were allowed to stay.

To modern minds it sounds cruel, but two great nations fighting for a whole continent cannot be otherwise than cruel, and the Acadians had given great provocation. The deed is chiefly remembered now because of the glamor flung round it by a famous poet.

OLD FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS AT ANNAPOLIS

The Death of the Moose

By BLAKE HUNTER

THE young hunter strained up the last boulder on a great grey hill and padding softly on the pine needles, stood tense, eyes shifting, searching every nook and corner below. He was fairly tall, broad-chested and with thin, racy flanks. His curly hair showed where he had shoved the rough blue cap off a hot forehead. A woodsman through and through, he loved to roam, lithe and easy, always on his guard, brown rifle always ready. He had lived ever since boyhood in the woods and the wilderness had given grace and sturdiness to every limb, mighty lungs and endurance. He knew the ways of the wild ones and was constantly a swift, silent-footed terror to all that roamed the great rocky wilderness. On this particular morning he was still-hunting two bull moose whose sign and track he had run on the previous night. There was very little snow though he strained his eyes at the sky and prayed for it. But, trusting to his knowledge of moose life and his country, he was ranging over the likely spots and just now was using the big hill as a watch tower. Lofty, swaying pines swung above his head, and a heart-filling wind swept the valley and roared in the pine tops. He waited a while, then cannily picked his way down. A red squirrel seeing him depart, roundly cursed and jibed. A meat-bird fluttered out of the way, his soft feathers and obsequious way of flying earning a grin from the hunter. He pushed on slowly and very watchfully, for in that valley somewhere he expected to find his moose. At last he left that hill and dropped into a little swamp at its foot. This held out detaining arms, offered tempting twigs to be cracked, and seemed to be an officious lackey holding him back before Nature's door. But he was old in patience, and won through quietly and easily. Just before him lay a little plateau so tall that he could not see the top but low enough for a few steps to give him command. He twisted his way up and gained the top. Then as if a set piece of fireworks had been touched off, the quiet face of things rippled, quivered and stretched into the drawn grin of Tragedy, for before him the two bulls rose. Vivid black their coats, like black plush standing out against the brown bracken, their bellies fading off into fawn color. They lunged away, brown antlers laid flat and the long legs swinging and plunging over the fallen trees.

The hunter leaped a pace ahead, threw up his rifle and crash! crash! the high-powered cartridges sang and whined a death-song. One bull was down. Out of the corner of his blood-shot eye the other saw his mate crash heavily to earth. He strained every muscle and nerve, but ah! a tearing, burning rip through his bowels sickened him. He staggered. The rifle was roaring still and shock after shock tore his body with frightful pain. At last he sank stern first, drooped the mighty head, and the film of death gathered over his eyes. Silence, shivered like quicksilver, settled heavy over everything.

The hunter walked slowly forward, drawing a knife. He took hold of and appraised the horns, fumbled with the torn ears, and finally sat down on a stump. The fading eyes drew him. What woods sights they had seen! What quiet, glorious dawns and red sunsets! What pale, white and blue winter days! What a free and glorious life, now blotted out, this bull had lived! Now it was a coarse, a dead thing. And for what?

"Good God," he asked himself, "for what? I can eat beef, and do without moose heads at no hardship."

Slowly he dressed the animals, revolted now at the blood, the murder of it all. He rose finally, brushed his hands clean, and then slowly snapped the shells out of his rifle.

"I'm through for good," he said aloud, and then whispering it again, turned and heavily strode off. The meat birds fluttered down and pecked at the dead eyes.

From Old Cariboo

Along a Mighty Trail in Canada's Largest Province

By FRASER P. WEST

MOVING CAMP AT 57 MILE CREEK, ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL

EVEN Vancouver the beautiful is only a city, and when the mystic voices of the hinterlands called, we cast about us for a by-path to the heart of something. At last we met a miner, young at seventy, whose black eyes and long, bony hands were eloquent with detail as he re-told to imaginative young blood those things which poets sing, and novelists dream, and moralists lament; those things which are the warp and the woof of a life, and which were the bizarre and multi-colored garment spun for him in thirty years of reality on the Cariboo Road.

And what a life! The mad rush for gold, with privation and exposure; the mad joy of the "yellow find," with wild conviviality, gaming-tables, hot breath and angry eyes; the mad, cold dawn; the chilly grip of loss and folly.

And he knew his Browning as he knew the daily papers from sea to sea. Virgil and Homer were his playmates, brought with his manners from Oxford University, to console him in his lonely stealth among the dreary fastnesses of the lynx, the caribou and the grizzly; or to tickle his sense of humor as he squatted, jabbering pidgin-English and playing the "tillicum-tyee" (friendly great man) to a score of Chinese and Siwash diggers. And the dances! —every whit as mad as the rest. From end to end of the Trail flies the rumor of affairs at the North; for three hundred miles sleds are packed with hides and blankets and robes; through dour and drift horses plunge, voices ring out, wayside stopping-places are alive with preparation and excitement. Away with stupid hum-drum! Away with clogging caution! The Spirit of the Trail is afoot! Who cares?

"Suppose the sled upsets?"

"Strong arms will set it right."

"Suppose a horse drops dead?"

"Three can do it, I'll go you a thousand."

"But the wolves—they are hungry and lean this year—it's dark by four and three hours to a light."

"We've a musket apiece and our small arms and we'll fear them off with our songs."

"But how the road snakes! See! It is but a ledge of the rock there ahead and the precipice roots in perdition."

"God never made a better driver than old Simpson, and—why, there's the moon in a cloudless sky. Luck, you see, luck! Ladies and gentlemen, let us toast to-night the great goddess, Luck—the tutelary deity of the Never-Cares."

"Ah! what times! And none of your wretched halfbreed toilets at those dances. The ladies were gowned and the gentlemen groomed, and out of the black night you stumbled through the door of a log-house, upon a London drawing-room, lit up with candles and kerosene—which also helped the champagne to stir the madness in your veins."

So, we tossed our apple to the Siren of Old Cariboo, and set out for Ashcroft.

* * * * *

Our outing would take the nature of a stage-journey over part of the road followed by early English gold-seekers from Victoria, who had travelled north-easterly from New Westminster to Yale, and thence through the mountains to Quesnel and the mines of early days.

In 1862, during the inrush of some forty thousand seekers, Governor Douglas, at an original cost of two million, and a subsequent annual outlay of forty thousand dollars, had converted the trail into an excellent roadway, which has since formed a high-road to Dawson and the Klondike. The stages now leave the C. P. R. at Ashcroft and join the old road at Clinton, thirty-two miles north.

SIX-HORSE TEAM ON THE WAY—TAKEN CLOSE TO 150 MILE HOUSE. CARIBOO ROAD

Ashcroft is nine hours east of Vancouver, and not only is it in the midst of a semi-arid region, but lies in a depression of yellow-brown sand hills. These Bonaparte Hills are almost bare of vegetation, but under irrigation will produce anything from potatoes to prunes, and no doubt some day the wilderness of Ashcroft will blossom like the rose. By 3.30 the next morning we had responded to a most terrific thumping on our sleepy inn-door, and soon joined our stage-coach "on His Majesty's service."

The vehicle was improved from an English model, and painted a dashing carmine. Up we climbed as four splendid horses were led out.

"All ready?" called the stable-man.

"Ready," echoed the driver.

The man stepped aside; the driver flourished his whip. The off-leader — a dashing bay — wrote his approval on the grey morning atmosphere with his fore-feet, while the steady old wheelers got the coach on the move without a jerk.

Down the sandy street and over the bridge we rumbled, then up and up and around and up the most awesome steeps and ledges, for twelve chilly, glorious miles. We saw the stars pale and fade; we saw the dawn creep from silver grey to ruddy gold; we watched the great Day King vanquish the sombre, unifying night, and garb again with multitudinous form and color the yellow roadway, the ribbon river, the crests of black-green pines on the billowy hill-tops, and the miniature roofs and spires, spattered in an indulgent dimple far below.

At length the Twelve Mile House came into view, the horses broke into a brisk trot, and whether it was the exhilaration of the atmosphere or the prospect of breakfast, I cannot say, but certainly the driver cracked his whip and we swept alongside the admiring bystanders with a most magnificent flourish. There are breakfasts, sermons and mountain peaks that have a way of being noticed. This one was prepared and served by that most priceless of boons, a Chinaman that knows how, and as nobody is ever in a hurry on this extraordinary road, we ate his luscious bacon and sipped his celestial coffee with the leisure of ineffable relish.

About eight o'clock we were bowling along again with a fresh squad of horses, a warmly shining sun, and a sense of interest in our fellow-passengers.

Those inside the coach consisted of a school-mistress returning to her duties, a general-store

IN CLINTON, B.C.—A FLOURISHING MOUNTAIN TOWN

THE CARIBOO STAGE ON A WINTER TRIP.

BEAUTIFUL CAMPBELLTON FROM CROSS POINT, NEW BRUNSWICK Photograph by courtesy of I. R. C.

merchant from Quesnel, and a mine-expert and company-promoter from Vancouver, en route for the oil fields near Horsefly. Outside there were ourselves seated beside the driver, and a John Chinaman (who left us at Clinton) on the roof. Our journey the first morning lay through an agricultural district known as the valley of the Bonaparte River, and famous for its excellent tubers.

Several times a huge form loomed before us, ambling toward us to the jangle of a dozen or so of bells. The first, we learned, was a typical Cariboo freight-wagon—a lumbering, canvas-covered house-on-wheels, drawn by four spans of horses and mules, and ornamented with arches of bells over the backs of the leaders. In bad weather, or with very heavy loads they use ten and twelve horses, even which are not sufficient during prolonged rain-falls to accomplish more than four or five miles in a day. Such conditions of the road, however, are rare, and six spans will transport twenty-thousand pounds a hundred and fifty miles, at the rate of from one-and-a-half to three cents a pound. No wonder Pennsylvania coal at the 150 Mile House sells at eighty-five dollars a ton!

We lunched at Clinton—quite a flourishing little mountain town, situated beyond the dry belt of Ashcroft, and affording ample opportunities for the agriculturist—and spent the afternoon in passing over an elevated table-land, tilted gradually upward toward the north, and lightly grown with pine and other timber. Occasionally, too, the scarred and rusted face of rocky precipices, proclaimed the forlorn hope of an abandoned mine. Our backward views, during this part of the journey, were of colossal and surpassing beauty.

Sometimes our road made a telescope of clearing, and sometimes we passed over elevations that lifted us above the distant tree-tops; but ever and always on our southern horizon, the eternal snows of different mountain peaks arose out of their emerald girdles, smote themselves into the blue dome of heaven, and permitted Sun, and Air, and Cloud to bejewel them, from hour to hour, with rhapsodies of color. We arrived at the Eighty-Three Mile House—which is high up and cold—about five in the afternoon and were glad to know our journey for that day was ended. Here the north and south-bound stages meet; so that we spent an interesting hour with a lawyer from Toronto representing the stockholders of the stage company, and "a gay old chap" from Kansas.

By seven the next morning we had reached the summit of the table-land where stood a patch of clearing and a vacant log-house, the melancholy monument of one who went down in the unequal struggle against nature, for at this point even the summer solstice is not free from nightly frosts. Beyond this point we descended steadily for four miles a steep and stony pathway rendered mournful through the tragic death of a stage-driver. Our own driver had been with him at the time, and related the details with vivid simplicity. In the afternoon we came upon Lac La Hache, a magnificent expanse of water some ten miles in length, and upon the margin of which stood the most primitive of log buildings, used at the time as a school-house. This lake, our driver told us, abounds with excellent mountain-lake trout.

By late afternoon we arrived at the 150-Mile House, which, being the distributing centre for the mines north and east, now appealed to both mind and body as a natural stopping-place. We found ourselves in an intoxicating climate where the air is clear and rare, but softened with velvet off the luxurious Pacific. The country about us was largely devoted to stock-raising, the valleys yielding excellent crops of hay, and the heavily-timbered mountain sides affording shelter for animals of all kinds. To the west and north, throughout Chilcoten, large ranches extend along the Fraser River, whose climate is especially fine and adaptable to the ripening of fruits, while the river itself affords not only fabulous yields of sock-eye salmon, but rewards the individual gold-seeker with a living from the washes of pay-dirt. Monster steam dredges are anchored along its banks in readiness for operation.

Farther north, the famous old mines of Bullion have installed hydraulic machinery and were promising a season of great activity. From the four points of the compass all birds-of-passage call at "The Hundredandfifty," and whether we sat on the bar-room veranda or sallied forth on our cayuses, we met something unique and interesting in human nature. The old traditions of the road are passing, but there are still remnants of high-spirited codes of trust that reveal one of the spiritual blights of Puritan commercialism.

We had conversations with a teamster that knew three continents as well as he knew England; a tramp of seventy that recited his own poetry over his morning marmalade; a Chinese cook that had established several relatives in business, and had no use for Chinese New Year's festivals nor the "Saghalie tyee that catchum all same heap monee." Also a petty German prince with a penchant for out-of-the-way places; an Indian medicine man with a rugged insight into things—as they are; and a stout klootchman, or squaw through the doctoring of whose baby we became her "welly good fliends."

One morning we met an aged magistrate, who was the sole survivor of the pioneer party that crossed the mountains from Edmonton to form the nucleus of the busy little town of Barkerville; another day we visited the home of the most notable trapper and guide of the district, and found his nieces amusing themselves with a couple of ideal teddy-bears, who, being perfectly tame and fond of sugar, behaved with comic ingenuousness in their game of hide-and-seek. But with every day's experience there grew a deepening sense of tragedy, of isolation and substitution that at last took the form of a running minor accompaniment, seeming to play beneath the surface of every life we learned.

At the end of our fortnight of riding, photographing, tennis and observation, we felt our by-path had taken us to the heart of many things. On our way home, we had a second visit with our Vancouver friend the miner, at the Eighty-Three Mile House. He was disappointed that we had wasted our time at the wrong place where there never was anybody interesting; besides, we were too late by twenty years.

"But you—you are returning?" we suggested.

"Ah—me! Yes. But it belongs to us—we old fellows bought it." Then the wonderful eyes looked miles beyond the farthest peak and a dull fire burned somewhere in the back of his head. "God—and the Silence of it—they know the price.

"See here, you chaps, take my advice. You keep where you can look your kin straight in the face."

And this was the Key of the Minor Chord.

A Thankful Thanksgiving

The Story of a Festival which Began in Trouble and Ended in Joy

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

"WHAT'S the matter, Missis? Stove actin' up?"

Old Simon Linkletter hobbled across to the oven door with ostentatious interest.

His wife was ruefully blowing a long, red burn which the hot stove-door had imprinted across her forearm.

"Everything seems to go balky to-day," she said dejectedly. "Not that it matters much whether I have good pumpkin pies for to-morrow or not."

The old man vouchsafed no reply. She ventured further—still keeping her back turned.

"Thanksgiving won't be Thanksgiving without Steve and Emily and the young uns."

Old Simon had passed on to the window, where he was meditatively picking his teeth with a broom-corn.

"Looks mighty like rain," he remarked; "and them ar few shocks of corn, and that wagonload of punkins in the last field beyond the ditch, has got to come in, if I hire Dave Morgan's boy to do it."

But his wife felt inclined to hold him to the former subject. She had approached him on it before, and found him about as pleasant to handle as a barley-beard rubbed up the wrong way. Still, as a thrasher handles the raspy beard in hopes of finding the wholesome kernel beneath, she was willing to make a final attempt to get down to the soft spot in the rough old farmer's heart.

"I don't see why we can't have a dinner as usual, Simon."

"'Taint no use jawin'," he reminded her brusquely. "No good keepin' Thanksgiving when you ain't thankful for nothin'. What have we had this year but troubles, loss of crops, and you groutin' around?"

"That all comes from not having Steve to help you this fall."

"Don't want him!"

"That's downright mulishness, Simon," she told him candidly, "when you know that a third of the crop has wasted because you are too old and stiff to get it in."

Simon was willing to let that fact stand as it was. Discussion would not improve it. Anyone had but to glance over the neglected farm, to see that it had sadly felt the lack of a stronger, younger hand to do its heavy work.

"I tell you what, Missis, Steve Thompson will never get a chance to nip me a second time!" And the impact of the gnarled old fist on the table set the milk pails rattling.

"Let bygones be bygones," she pleaded, very near to him now, her silvery head almost against his shoulder. But he stepped back.

"If he did you a mean turn he's sorry," she breathed.

"If he did it!" he panted. "Bless my soul, Missis, what do you mean? If he did it—the mischief!"

"It didn't seem like a trick of Steve's."

"No? Which part of it do you deny that he did? Didn't he buy a horse with broken wind from Mose Fletcher? Yes. And didn't he sell it to me as a sound critter for a hundred and forty dollars? And didn't neighbor Bates, what keeps the store, warn me in time—in time——"

"In time for you to trade it off without the new purchaser finding out that it had broken wind. That don't seem perticklerly like a trick of old Simon Linkletter's—but it's known to be true. The best of us will make mistakes at times."

"I couldn't afford to lose altogether on the old scab. As it was I sold him at a loss of forty dollars. I'm done with Steve Thompson, I tell you, son-in-law, or no son-in-law. Curse his smooth tongue."

"But the children, Simon."

"The children? What are you talkin' about?"

"I'm talking about it being Thanksgiving Day to-morrow, and about Steve and Emily's young uns, that never before for eight unbroken anniversaries have been disappointed in coming to 'Grandma's,' to eat the big turkey, and the pumpkin pies, and the rice pudding with raisins in it."

Being possessed of little imagination Farmer Linkletter said "Fudge!"

His wife watched him while he buttoned up his smock, and pulled down his cap, preparatory to going across the fields to the next farm to engage Dave Morgan's boy for the job of bringing in the corn and pumpkins from the last field beyond the ditch. The wind was snarling about the corners of the old weather-stained, clap-boarded farmhouse, and angry gusts were whipping the old morning-glory vines and scarlet-runner beans from their nails. "To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day," so announced the glad face of the November calendar; but everything else about the place groaned and grunted, "What's the use of keeping Thanksgiving Day, when you haven't a thing in the world to be thankful for?"

"I suppose we won't kill the young gobbler, then?" she ventured, as he limped to the woodshed door. "We couldn't eat him in a week."

"I suppose not," responded Simon, thumping the door shut with a little more force than even its rusty hinges required.

The night was setting in early with a promise of sleet in the aggressive wind. Farmer Linkletter and the boy from Dave Morgan's had decided to make no stop for supper until the last load of corn-stalks had been safely sheltered in the barn. They had requested that "the missis" bring a jug of buttermilk to the field, to refresh their drooping spirits about five o'clock.

Accordingly down the long, wind-swept lane the good old soul pattered with her heavy jug. Forty years living with Simon Linkletter had taught her how to be abased and how to abound. He was a good man and a just—*but he had got the worst of a horse deal.* Moreover he had been called a liar by his over-frank son-in-law. What though the statement was proved true to his very teeth? No man will take that word though he tell a falsehood every five minutes. Simon was sore to the marrow about it.

A wonderfully simple beginning that "spat" had had, to end in so much misery for the whole family. Everyone was wild to forgive and forget, but no one cared to be "soft" enough to be the first to "give in." Grandma Linkletter felt that the last word had been said on the subject of the Thanksgiving dinner. Though she had baked the pumpkin pies "for fear," she knew well that no apple-cheeked grandchildren would be there to devour them in the morning.

She found herself continually wondering what the youngsters were doing about it—Janet, aged nine, a little mother full of wise energy; little Steve, the walking image of big Steve, as impulsive, as headstrong, as lovable; Sturdy-legs, the five-year-old miniature of "Gampa" Linkletter, and not so long ago the object of the old man's blindest worship; and three-year-old Curly-Girly, who was just Curly-Girly and nothing more.

She pictured them flattening their noses against the little, low, sixteen-paned, kitchen window in their humble home, four miles away, half blaming the dismal rain for their mournful condition, half understanding that something more than the rain was the cause of the sad change. She fancied them picturing their grandmother as she stuffed the marvellous turkey, and hid the raisins in the bottom of the capacious rice-pudding, baked in the large-sized milk-pan; while instead of bustling about, queen of the festive scene, that same grandmother was prosaically carrying a jug of buttermilk to the last field beyond the ditch, where two bedraggled men were straining their strength to the limit, to get in the last load of cornstalks before the fall rains set in.

Two lanterns, hung on the rail fence, guided her to the scene of action. But Simon was not on the load when she got there, neither was Dave Morgan's boy "pitching on." The horses were browsing at will along the fence corners, and the men were eagerly watching some indistinct but rapidly approaching object on the highroad. By straining her eyes in the fading light, she at last made out a foaming horse and mud-spattered buggy drawing near at a furious rate.

"It's Emily and Steve!" she breathed, drawing near her husband. And again with a sickening heart throb of presentiment: "Something has happened!"

The horse stopped on the road in front of them, head to the ground, red, distended nostrils, eyes bulging. Leaving him to take care of himself, Emily and Steve flung themselves upon the

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"Accordingly down the long wind-swept lane the good old soul pattered."

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRUE SYMPATHY.

STEPHEN hesitated a moment on the terrace after the window closed wondering which way to turn. He was well aware that the shortest cut to the Tyrie Cardyke woods lay across the waters of Tyrie Loch.

If the boat had not been hauled up, nothing would be easier than to get into it and shoot across to the other side. The idea pleased him; he crossed the lawn in a slanting direction, and plunged into the dark shrubbery path which led to the boat-house and the landing-stage.

He stepped well pleased into Christabel's skiff and shoved out. He had a pair of strong arms, and never had any difficulty in the boat, taking it leisurely and with consummate skill.

The skiff shot out from the dark masses of the trees soon became a speck on the shining water. Stephen's nature readily responded to the call of the night, the majesty and the stillness alike appealed.

Stephen's thoughts were not morbid as he narrowed the distance to the further shore; he believed that order always came out of chaos, and that the great Justice which governs the universe would clear up this petty mystery in due course.

The keel grated against the pebbly shore. Stephen very slowly and carefully managed to moor the boat, and stepped out. The Cardyke side of the loch was the more beautiful, with the wonderful beach of white pebbles that had often been compared to the Scott's silver strand at Loch Katrine.

Stephen looked at his watch. It had taken him just fifteen minutes to make the voyage, a good record, since he could not have walked by the woods in less than thirty-five.

He had still ten minutes' walk to the cottage in the clearing, and though he knew himself to be in the immediate vicinity of the scene of the tragedy, he had neither a morbid desire to visit it, nor any qualms regarding it.

He took the path lying to the left immediately, and arrived quickly at the keeper's house. Ten rang out as he stepped before the door, glad to see that the light still burned in the cottage window.

He tapped lightly, then opened it and looked in.

The keeper sat by the fireside, smoking a comforting pipe, and a neighbor woman, whom Stephen did not know, sat opposite to him.

There was a faint menace in his looks as he rose up to greet or repulse the intruder, but at sight of Stephen Ingram his face softened.

Whatever hard things were said about the household at Tyrie Castle—and many were said—no word of blame or dislike were ever uttered about the eldest son.

"Good evening, keeper. I'm a late visitor, but I thought I would like to come," said Stephen quietly, as he softly closed the door."

"Yes, sir, come in, and sit doon."

He signed to Mrs. Wilson, who rose at once, and said she would go to bed.

"Don't go for me, my woman," said Stephen kindly. I will not stop long."

"But it's ten o'clock, sir, and we've had a tirin' day," she said as she rolled up her knitting.

"You are stopping the night here, I hope?"

"Yes," answered Simons gruffly. "She has been guid enough to leave her ain man and bairns for me. Guid-nicht, Isabel, and thank ye kindly."

Stephen held open the kitchen door for her to pass out, she lit her candle, said good-night again, and left them. Then Stephen took her chair.

"I need not say I am sorry, Simons; that but poorly expresses my feelings," he said simply.

"I believe ye, sir; but it disna mak the load ony easier. It was a cruel thing, Maister Stephen, and the—the man that did it must suffer for it. It was a bonnie young life that never hurt a leevin' soul, an' noo she's lyin' cauld up the stair. Ye wadna like to see her, wad ye? She micht be asleep."

"Not just yet; later, perhaps. I've come to talk to you, my man. Something made me come. And we'll talk this thing over as man to man. You've known me long enough, haven't you, keeper, to be assured that I would do my duty at any cost to myself?"

"I believe that weel enough. Naebody has ever kent ony ill o' you, Maister Stephen. If a' your folk were like ye, there wad be less ill spoken aboot Tyrie."

Stephen leaned his elbows on his knees, and looked straightly across at the keeper's face.

"There is no doubt whatever that my brother Barry and your poor lass were together this afternoon, Simons."

"Nae doot ava that's been proven," replied he in a low, almost savage voice.

"And, of course, you have but one theory—that he did the cruel deed."

"It's the natural conclusion, but—but we'll leave them to unravel it whose business it is, me helpin' as far as I can. I must hae justice for my bairn."

"You must; and every just man demands it for you, and with you. My brother has not come home, Simons. We have never seen him since he left the castle just after three o'clock. His mother was the last person who spoke to him."

"What does that prove but that he's fleein' frae justice, does it no?" asked Simons, and his eyes glowed in his head.

"That is the first and most natural assumption, but I could almost take my oath, Simons, that Barry is entirely innocent. I am as certain of it as that you and I are discussing it now."

"Innocent men dinna rin away," observed Simons grimly.

"They do sometimes; especially when they are weak men, and afraid of consequences. Can't you conceive of any circumstances under which you would run away?"

"I've never seen them yet," said Simons slowly, impressed in spite of himself by the quiet, convincing speech from the other side of the hearth.

"Look here, Simons; my brother had everything to lose, and nothing whatever to gain by such a crime. Why, it was suicidal on the very face of it."

"He had tired o' the lassie. He had played wi' her, and syne tired, the way the fine gentlemen dae," he said, with a gathering wrath. "An' if it hadna been for him, see, she micht hae been wife till one o' the best o' men, a chap in her ain station. I tell you it has nearly killed him."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Alan Hastie, the underkeeper; d'ye no ken him? He worshipped the very grund she gaed upon, and she was quite pleased wi' him till your – your half-brother began to put his silly nonsense into her heid."

"Hastie; I don't think I know the man. Does he belong to Cardyke "

"No; he has been here two years and a half, and Nancy and he were thick, as I say, before your brither began to tak notice o' her."

Stephen was silent a moment, and the keeper went on:

"Ye ken what lassies are, especially when they are weel-faured. Mony a man lookit at Nancy, and gied her the time o' day; but, of course, they were workin' chaps in her ain station. When he cam along, she was carried away. It's no to be wondered at. It's only human nature. I'm no blamin' the lassie; I never did really, though sometimes I raged ower her aboot it; but a' the time it was fear that made my tongue sharp, but I never blamed her. But him I did blame; and Castle Tyrie or no Castle Tyrie, I'll hae the law o' him. For what is the use o' the law unless it is the same for the rich and the poor "

Stephen's expression was wholly sympathetic. The pathos of the father's heart, thus bared before him, touched him mightily. He agreed in spirit and in letter with every word he spoke.

"I am not seeking to absolve my brother from blame, Simons. What you say is the truth, every word of it. But, all the same, I am as certain as I sit here that he is innocent of this dreadful crime. I can't explain to you how I know, but even though he has run away, and the case looks black against him, he is as innocent of the death of your Nancy as I am."

"Then wha did it? Tell me that; for he was wi' her this efternune, Maister Stephen, at the very time it happened."

"If no chance shot was fired, then somebody took deliberate aim. Have you made inquiry about who was about in the woods with a gun this afternoon?"

"Naebody, naebody at all. Hastie, he was cleanin' up the bothy; he and Jamie were thegither in it a' the efternune. No, no, Maister Stephen, the chance shot will not do. There was nae chance aboot it. My lassie has been killed by them that didna want her, and that were keen to get her oot o' the road."

From this conviction it was impossible to move the man. Stephen tried in vain, by emphasizing the futility of such a murder from Barry's point of view.

"I am very sorry for you, friend," said Stephen, as he arose. "It is a heavy blow, a very heavy blow. And I pray that whoever took that sweet, young life may be brought to justice, even if it is my brother."

The keeper nodded, unable to trust his voice. He lighted him with the open candle, which scarcely flickered in the dead stillness, to the edge of the wood, and even asked whether he would like a convoy to the boat. But this Stephen declined.

"I know every foot of the way, even though the moon has waned," he said. "Good-night, Simons."

He offered his hand, it was warmly shaken; and Simons, more comforted than he had been through all these dreadful hours, went into his house, and shut the door.

"If a' the gentry were like him," he muttered to himself, "there wad be nae discontent, nae strikes."

Stephen held on, in a reverie of thought, to the shore where his skiff was moored. He did not walk so far as the white gate, but left the dark shadow of the trees by a smaller wicket, and so was in the open for a good many yards before he reached the boat. He kept on the soft sward, however, instead of on the shingle, which was harder for the feet. Thus his steps gave forth no sound. He could hear, however, very distinctly the mysterious motion and life of the creatures of the woods, sounds which never affright those familiar with them; but presently he heard something else, which his quick trained ear informed him was not one of the usual sounds of the night. It was a firm, strong step, crushing the undergrowth beneath it. He slipped close to the fence, under the shadow of a bending willow tree, and stood still. A second more and he saw a tall figure emerge from the shadows overhanging the path which led to the Lovers' Dell.

He guessed in a moment, from his dress and bearing, that he was the man of whom Simons had spoken—Alan Hastie, the under-keeper. He was walking, slightly stooping forward, wringing his hands, and muttering to himself.

Before he reached the spot where Stephen stood he passed into the shadow again, and was presently lost among the thickness of the trees from which Stephen had emerged. Stephen

waited a moment, then, a little puzzled, moved on towards his boat. It took him some time to get there and to shove her out, so that Hastie was out of possible sound of the oars before he began to row.

* * * * *

Barry Ingram plunged into the darkness of the Tyrie woods, comforted by his half-sister's kindness, and more substantially, perhaps, by the knowledge that twelve pounds of good money lay securely in his breast pocket. To that and to his mother-wit he must now trust if he would get clean away beyond the reach of the tentacles of the law stretching out to suck him in.

It was no new situation in which Barry found himself, though this was his first serious scrape. Always a bright, mischief-loving lad, a large part of his school life had been occupied in evading the consequences of sundry breaches of school law. Figuratively speaking, he had often been a fugitive from justice, and had been extraordinarily lucky in getting off. A little hope began to rise in his breast. He plunged into the thicket, greedily munching his biscuits as he walked and rapidly considering a plan of campaign.

Many things became clear to Barry as he crept in the shelter of hedges and ditches across the face of the open country, fearing each bush an officer. All the elements of his home life stood out in startling clearness, and he saw wherein he and others had lacked. He vowed, though rather unconsciously than otherwise, that, once out of this desperate scrape, he would turn over a new leaf—a leaf which he should cull from Stephen's book.

He walked on for what seemed interminable miles, and becoming at last conscious of sharp physical weariness, halted for a moment to take his bearings and map out his plan of action for the hours to come.

It was about twenty minutes after midnight now, and the houses of a sleeping hamlet clustered in the hollow near him, all sign of life gone from it. He had paused at a drystone dyke, enclosing a bit of rough pasture where the sheep were browsing; he could just discern their outlines in the near distance, and once the stillness was broken by a plaintive cry.

He recognized the station when he neared it—often had he waited with the hounds at the level crossing, chafing at the delay. It was the junction for a little line which, taking a westerly direction, covered a sparsely populated district, chiefly moorland, where railway needs were few. A very long goods train stood at the siding, all the trucks full, some of them with coals, some with railway sleepers, and several covered wagons, indicating that perishable stuff was beneath. Two figures on the hood of the engine were outlined in the weird red light; they seemed to be making frantic efforts to get up steam. As a matter of fact, they were due to leave at midnight, and were now half an hour behind time.

Barry naturally avoided the level crossing, which the engine faced. He crept round in the lee of the rear wagons, and as the moon had now waned, the station was almost in total darkness, the station-master sleeping the sleep of the just in his little house above the booking hall. A light burned in the signal box, where a sleepy but impatient signalman was fiercely anxious for the last train to be off so that he could shut down for the night.

Barry climbed up on the coupling chain between two of the covered trucks and gently moved the corner of the tarpaulin to feel what lay beneath. It was something soft, he could not tell what. The engine gave a sudden snort, and a shrill whistle clove the air. They were moving out. In a mortal terror lest he should presently be exposed to the light from the signal box, Barry crept under the tarpaulin and pushed his way down into the corner of the truck. Something soft and evil-smelling, which felt like rags, received him, but he was too breathless and excited to be very particular as to his surroundings. The train sped on and Barry was soon sound asleep.

He was awakened by that sudden stillness which has the same effect on the nervous system as a sudden noise. It was a moment before he realized where he was and what had happened. He was not cold, though his limbs ached somewhat from the cramped position he had occupied in the last few hours. He dragged himself up, very cautiously pushed aside the tarpaulin, and looked out. It was still dark, though a faint yellow line on the distant horizon heralded the approach of the new day.

The train had been drawn up in a siding, and the cluster of buildings in the immediate vicinity, the network of rails, the two long platforms shining ghostly in the dim light indicated that it must be a place of some importance. Not a sign of life was to be seen, though the lights were twinkling ahead, in what seemed to be a considerable town. Rising very cautiously, he climbed down by the couplings, and in another moment found himself on the ground.

He stole along the line, seeking some means of exit, and presently saw on the opposite side some barred gates. He made his way towards them, easily vaulted over, and found himself in the station yard. He then discovered the name of the town, which proved to be one of the seaports on the Ayrshire coast.

At the foot of the hill he met a man carrying a bag of tools. They eyed one another curiously, but did not speak. Then suddenly the air was rent by the din of whistles, the signal for the day's work to begin. And now the streets were thronged, and the figure in the suit of blue serge and tweed cap attracted very little attention. At a place where four streets met, a policeman came briskly along, and, meeting him fair in the face, spoke—but not the words Barry feared.

"Cauld morning, doctor? You should hae had your coat on?"

"Ay, that I should," answered Barry.

"He walked on for what seemed interminable miles."

As Barry went on, a woman sweeping the steps at the Ship Inn nodded pleasantly.

Barry stopped, and his quick eye noted the name Gavin Marshall on the signboard.

"Could you get me a cup of strong coffee, Mistress Marshall, and something to eat? I've been at a case all night, and need something. I haven't time to go back home just yet."

"Certainly, Doctor; come in. It's a cauld mornin', isn't it? The wind awa' to the north-east. It's no very cheery inside, but the fire's been lichtet. Come in."

"There's been a good many degrees of frost last night. By Jove! it's cold," he said nonchalantly.

"At it is. Wha's been bad, Doctor? I have-na heard o' ony trouble near-by; but, indeed, I've nae time to hear what's gaun on."

"It's Mistress Ferguson," he answered at random. "She's very bad, but I hope she'll last out. I must get somebody down to see her to-day, if possible."

"Ferguson! What Ferguson?"

"I don't think you know her, Mistress Marshall. She hasn't been long here. Quite a young woman. Her husband works in the yard."

"Wan o' the Germans, maybe; there's a lot of them in the toon noo. The place is not what it was."

"No; I think she's Scotch, but I don't know very much about them. Get me some breakfast, there's a good soul. It's time I was moving on."

She nodded violently and bustled away. A few minutes more and the appetizing odor of frizzling bacon filled the air. Barry was hardly able to contain himself; he was now almost starving, and could have eaten something much less dainty. The landlady lost no time. Spreading a clean cloth over the beer-stained round table, she set out the things and quickly brought in the meal steaming on the tray.

Fully satisfied at last, he was toying with the remnant of his bread and butter. A cold sweat suddenly broke over him as he beheld passing by the window a tall policeman, who stopped at the door and entered the tavern. He heard his gruff tones bidding the landlady "Good morning."

For a moment Barry could have cursed the folly that had brought him into such a plight. He was quite well aware how gravely he had damaged his case by impetuous flight, and he could not now expect any protestations of innocence to receive the smallest credence. Captured here, he would have to go through the whole ignominy which is the lot of the breaker of laws.

Barry took up his cap, opened the door, and was about to dart out when the policeman and the landlady came out of the opposite door.

To Barry's astonishment the policeman touched his helmet.

"Morning, Doctor; very cauld, isn't it?"

"Very," answered Barry; but his voice was thick and trembling.

"There was a row here last nicht, Doctor—at least, at the Auld Cross—between twa Germans. One o' them's deid in the hospital this mornin'. They had some drinks here earlier in the nicht, and I've jist been askin' a few questions at Mistress Marshall. Guid-mornin'."

"Good-morning," replied Barry, in a more cheerful tone. "Has he got off, then?"

"Oh, no. We nabbed him last nicht—a quarrelsome sinner. He'll be better in limbo for a while. They'll mak oot manslaughter, I suppose. Ay, ay, it's a weary world."

"It is that," responded Barry, and stepped back into the warm coffee-room, a load lifted from his mind.

Barry left the Ship Inn after a good meal and proceeded to the quay, where he found a ship leaving for Bremen. He attempted to bribe a sailor. The man hesitated, shaking his head, yet obviously wavering at the sight of the gold which the stranger exhibited in his palm.

They were secure from observation from the quayside, and nobody was a witness to the little colloquy. It was over in less time than it takes to tell it. The two disappeared down the dark companion-way, and the doctor was no more seen by those who watched for him at the harbor mouth.

In about a quarter of an hour's time the whistles blew, and the German boat, to which nobody wished *bon voyage*, slowly left the dock slip where she had been mysteriously moored for two whole days.

Then a heated discussion arose as to whether the Doctor had come ashore, most of the loungers declaring that he had not. But later in the day, when he was seen driving in his open trap through the streets of the town, it was admitted that some mistake must have been made.

Barry was shown to a dark corner in the hold, and there left with a haste which indicated terror on the part of the man who had befriended him. Fortunately, the hold was comparatively empty, and there was no sense of closeness or absence of air. The darkness was inky; but what mattered it, when he was safe? Presently, when he felt the bump of the engine and the slow heaving motion of the boat, his heart uplifted itself in very genuine gratitude and relief. Only

the breadth of the sea between him and the coast of Scotland and all might go well.

There was sufficient spice of the adventurer in him to make him relish the experience now that the immediate peril was past. He could hear the tramp and hurry of feet above his head and the guttural voices of men roaring orders to the crew. He could guess what kind of reception the captain of the *Wilhelm der Grosse* must be and wondered what would transpire when he would have the honor of an interview with him.

That possibility did not worry him in the least. Familiar as he was with the language, and happy-go-lucky in his dealings with his fellow-men, he did not despair of making it right with the captain of a German tramp steamer; but he wondered how long he would have to stay in the pitch-dark hole into which he had been thrust.

He was awakened by someone tugging at his shoulder, and the light of a small bull's-eye lantern showed him a figure standing by his side. At the far end of his prison there was also an open door.

"Get up!" said a gruff voice in German. "We're in Dublin, and if you make haste you can show a clean pair of heels."

Barry struggled to his feet, all his drowsy faculties leaping alert to his call. He began to stagger towards the far-open door at once.

"After me," said his reliever grimly. "I don't want to get into no trouble. The captain's ashore, but there's some of the rest of them about. You come after me."

Barry nodded, and followed humbly. When they reached the aperture, beyond which there was light and freedom, a soft wind met him, rain-laden, falling sweet and clean upon his face. He opened his mouth and took a long blessed breath, realizing for the first time in his life the God-given necessity of pure air. The water was quiet in Dublin bay; it lay between the anchored shipping like glass, the rain falling softly on its smooth surface. A real, gentle, kindly Irish day, in which the city, swathed in a soft mist, seemed to take on a mysterious beauty. Barry followed his guide, and presently saw ahead the gangway from the lower deck by which the crew passed and repassed to the shore.

"Good-day," said the German, with a nod and the nearest approach to a wink his stolid physiognomy would permit.

"Oh, good-day, and thank you," said Barry, effusively; and in the rush of his gratitude he drew out another half-sovereign and shoved it into the man's palm. The next moment he was across the gangway, his foot once more on the firm cobblestones of the harbor mouth.

Barry had no idea what a disreputable, dust-covered figure he presented until, presently coming against the window of an eating-house, he saw himself reflected in its plate glass. He was hungry, but must first have a wash and brush up. A small, low-ceiled barber's shop was near at hand, there being few things the seafaring man cannot obtain quite close to his ship's quarters in any seaport town. The young man in the emporium—if he had any ideas on the subject—asked no questions, but proceeded to improve the appearance of his customer. Barry saw from the clock in the shop that it was a quarter to five in the evening. He supposed that he had been only some hours in the hold, but had no means of knowing. He had lost count of time, of distance, of everything. His watch had stopped, and he had no calendar of events to guide him. The barber's assistant, finding his customer disinclined for conversation, offered him the evening paper, which he took with rather a feverish hand. The first item on the news sheet were the words, in large type:

GLASGOW MYSTERY.
DEEPENING EVERY DAY.
POLICE STILL SEARCHING.
LATEST INFORMATION.

"Nasty murder, that, near Glasgow, sir," said the barber cheerfully, observing over his shoulder that he seemed interested in it. He did not read much himself and knew very little about the details, but the fact served as a peg to hang words upon, and take care of to the young barber's soul.

"Very; but they seem to have a clue. They're searching for one now for that young chap, and all the while he's probably under their very nose. That's the usual police method—eh, Pat?"

The youth did not resent being addressed as Pat; in fact, he was pleased with his client's affability. He could see that he was a gentleman; but Pat had no imagination, and, besides, he did not know the details of the crime of which the papers were full.

"I think I'll have my moustache off, Pat. It suits you uncommonly well; why not me?"

Both watched the operation with breathless interest, and when Barry saw the great change wrought in his appearance by the simple removal of his moustache he felt a thrill of inward delight. He walked out of the little barber's shop on Dublin quay so changed that his own mother would have had difficulty in recognizing him.

That evening a dapper man, in a long overcoat of Irish frieze and a cap to match, carrying a neat but not new Gladstone bag, boarded the Irish packet at Kingstown harbor. His purse was considerably lighter, but he was satisfied with himself, and now turned his expectant eyes towards London.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Memorable Day.

"AN express messenger, ma'am." Mrs. Forbes was in the hands of her maid, who was getting her ready for a hasty drive out to Cardyke. The carriage waited at the door, and Evelyn was already waiting, dressed, in the hall. The newspaper comments on the Cardyke mystery had been both ominous and disquieting. But it was Evelyn's suggestion that they should go to Cardyke. Her mother saw no reason for refusing—she understood the corroding anxiety gnawing at the girl's heart. They had not mentioned Barry Ingram's name in the Forbes' household that morning, and Eugenie had been surprised at her husband's apathy regarding what was so terrible a thing for their friends at Tyrie Castle. She took the letter from the woman's hand, and, turning away—for in a day of such portent none knew what might happen next—tore it open with fingers that already began to tremble.

The letter, to her surprise, was from her husband, and ran thus:

"My Dear Wife,—Get ready, you and Evelyn, and go down to Hunter's Quay by the twelve o'clock boat. I will follow, if I can, at four, or a little later. I can't explain anything in a letter, but please do not on any account stop in Glasgow. Go down at twelve.—Your devoted,

"Ewan."

Mrs. Forbes' face paled a little, but she preserved the outward appearance of a perfect calm.

"There is no answer, or—stay; yes, I will send one. The note is from Mr. Forbes." She stepped into the adjoining room, which she used as a boudoir, and scribbled a few unsteady lines on a half-sheet of paper:

"We shall go, though we don't understand. Eugenie knows that she can trust you."

She had no idea to wound, but rather to comfort. Some intuition told her that trouble was swooping down upon her husband, and though she had failed in certain relations of her life, here at least she would do the wife's part. Yet the words, written out of the sweetness of a woman's heart, stabbed a stricken man an hour later like a two-edged sword.

She returned to the outer room and dismissed both the servants, bidding them send up Miss Evelyn at once.

When the girl entered the room her mother was standing before the pier-glass over the mantel, tying her bonnet-strings.

"What did the express messenger want, mother?"

"He brought a note from your father, dear; you may read it."

She lifted it from the mantelpiece and handed it to Evelyn, who knitted her brows over it.

"How extraordinary! Go down to Hunter's Quay on a moment's notice! Why, mother, what does it mean?"

"Your father has said he can't explain. We must trust him and go. You had better go up now and get Bethune to help you to pack a box. Take only plain things. We shall not need much there."

Eugenie did not know what instinct bade her suggest what Evelyn should take. She felt that the crisis had come, and would prepare for it as best she knew how.

But Evelyn did not move.

"Mother," she said in a strained whisper, "do you—do you think this can have anything to do with Cardyke—with Barry, perhaps—that papa has private information?"

"Nothing whatever. This is our particular and private trouble, dear. Go quickly and get ready, we can talk afterwards."

Evelyn, with disappointment and consternation written large upon her face, turned away. Then her mother rang her own bell, which brought her maid back.

"Russell, my plans are changed this morning, and we have to go out of town. Pack the small dress-case with some plain frocks and some things for a short visit."

She possessed a good deal of jewellery of a valuable kind, though she did not wear much.

There was nothing large or bulky. Her fingers quickly lifted what she thought necessary, and, taking a small jewel-case from the bureau, she hastily filled it. She was careful to take all the relics of her girlhood—everything, indeed, that she most prized.

After an anxious drive they came to the busy, bustling station in a few more minutes, and just within the booking-office Eugenie suddenly espied her husband's confidential clerk. He came up to her immediately, raising his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Telfer. I suppose your master has not come?"

"No. Mr. Ingram is with him; he is very busy. He sent me down to meet you and to take the tickets. I will get them now."

He fully expected us to be here, then; yet in ten minutes more we should have been off to Cardyke," said Evelyn. "Won't you ask Mr. Telfer, mother, whether he can throw any light on the matter."

"Your father mightn't like it," Mrs. Forbes answered, but she did put one question to the man, after he had put them in their compartment and asked whether he could do anything more for them. She stepped down to the platform and drew him aside.

"Can you throw any light on this matter, Mr. Telfer? It is a little unusual for us to be going out of town in a hurry like this. You are in Mr. Forbes' confidence, I know."

"Yes, Mrs. Forbes, but—but he told me I was not to answer any questions," he said, and then, conscious of the bald bluntness of his words, tried to modify them. "His whole desire is to save you, ma'am; you must know that."

"Yes, yes, I do know. I quite understand I ought not to have asked the question, but it is great trouble, isn't it, Mr. Telfer?"

"Yes, ma'am, great trouble," answered the man gravely, and, raising his hat, walked away.

They arrived at The Beacon, their coast residence, in time for lunch.

After lunch Mrs. Forbes lay down for half an hour, but by half-past three she was dressed again and ready for her walk to meet the four o'clock boat. She felt glad that Evelyn was not about when she came downstairs, though she surmised she had merely taken a walk, which would probably bring her back by way of the pier. It was very beautiful and quiet by the shores of the Clyde that grey October afternoon. The strong, fresh smell of the sea met Eugenie Forbes as she left the grounds of the Beacon and stepped upon the firm, white road, which ran parallel with the water and made such a beautiful promenade. She felt glad if calamity had come, and now she felt in no doubt, that she was out of Glasgow. It would be easier to meet it here. The house, though much smaller than their town dwelling, was a home. Eugenie had always loved it, and sometimes had felt glad to think it was her own. Her husband had bought it for her in the early years of their married life, and though he had often desired and offered to get a larger country place, she would not hear of it. She had none of the ambition which tormented the soul of Carita Ingram. Simple things, simple pleasures, had all her life contented Eugenie, and for money or the things money could buy she cared but little. But she had appreciated the fact that money had saved her own family name from dishonor, the money for which she had given herself. She was thinking of these old days as she walked very slowly and quietly along the almost deserted road, and also of the life she had led with Ewan Forbes for the last five-and-twenty years.

She had never promised him love, nor had he tormented her for its outward and visible expression. Apparently he had been content with such things as she had given him. She had never even expressed the gratitude she had often felt for his consideration and restraint; he had never so much as hinted by word or deed that he had not received full value for what he had given.

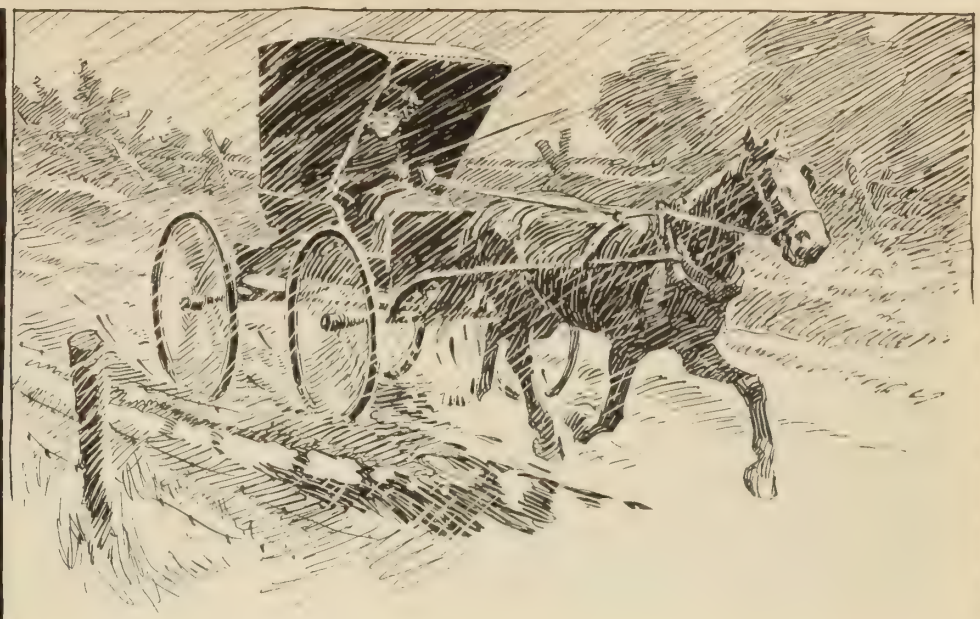
Presently she saw the little steamer puffing across the river, its smoke trailing behind like a serpent above the foam. When she reached the pier she was the only person on it, except the harbormaster and the men who usually hang about for the arrival of the boat.

The harbormaster touched his hat.

"Glad to see you back, ma'am; expecting Mr. Forbes, I hope?"

"Yes, I hope he has been able to get away."

(To be continued)



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A Thankful Thanksgiving

Continued from page 15

[illegible] to the cornfield. They all met at the fence.

"Daddy—mother, *have* you seen the children?"

"The children? No, no! What has happened the children?"

"They're gone."

"Gone!" echoed their grandmother wildly.

Grandpa paused to give a rational explanation, though his voice was husky with an unnamed fear.

"We left the children home while we went into town to-day, and when we came back the house was deserted, and a little note pinned to the table said, 'Gone to Grandma's—back after Thanksgiving.'"

Walk to their grandparents'! Four miles! With a three-year-old baby! The children were clearing up difficulties with a vengeance. There would have been just the flicker of a smile about several mouths if the situation had at all permitted it. As it was "Gampa" blew his nose, and Grandma murmured "the little pets!"

"Curly-Girly 'd give out before she got to the cross-road," put in Dave Morgan's boy.

"And the railroad track, the bridge, the river," shuddered Emily. "O Steve, father, you waste time!"

"Perhaps we had better head off toward the bridge," muttered Steve, loth to give expression to his fears.

The old man seized a lantern and limped into the road after him. One too fat and the other too lame to hurry, they made little progress against the wind and rain. Dave Morgan's boy ran ahead of them a good fifty yards. The women were left facing each other over the fence—the angry rain slapping them in the face as they clung to the rails for support.

"Mother, mother," sobbed Emily, "something dreadful had to happen—to punish us for our wicked quarrelling."

Grandma said "Tut, tut!" after the fashion of mothers, who always seem able to bear up before their children be they big or little.

"We must search in the opposite direction," said Emily distractedly, pushing her wet hair out of her eyes.

"It's getting so dark," murmured Grandma, pulling one foot after another out of the mud of the cornfield.

Nevertheless with heavy skirts whipping about their feet, the two women guided by the feeble light of the remaining lantern struck off across the cornfield in the direction of the side-road. After a fierce battle with rain, and wind, and mud, they gained the opposite fence, and leaned on it a moment to take breath.

"This seems almost a hopeless chase," panted the elderly woman, striving to pierce the darkness with anxious eyes.

"But we must go on!" insisted the children's mother. "If they are on the open road they will perish in the storm. O Curly-Girly! my baby! Where are you in this dreadful night?"

Suddenly she raised her head, swinging around.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"I hear nothing but the moan and sob of the wind," replied the other woman, every sense achingly alert.

"But I heard the sob of a child!" cried Emily excitedly. "I'm sure of it! Follow me!"

"Where, Emily, where?"

"Back in the field!"

"Your senses mock you. We just came through there."

But to Emily was given the mother-sense which never deceives.

"The wind was the wrong way till we got on this side," she persisted. Though the sound was not repeated the younger woman pushed on, the other not far from her side, swinging the lantern before her feet.

"Here! Here!" cried Emily, and this time both heard distinctly the cry of a frightened child. Grandma swung the lantern around the corner of a gigantic corn shock, and lo and behold! in its very heart snuggled four terrified youngsters, dry and safe. Janet, like a mother hen trying to cover chickens almost as big as herself, had her arms around them all. Little Steve was blustering and storming for all the world like his father. Sturdy legs was sobbing his woe into the sisterly ear, and Curly Girly was sleeping fitfully in her sister's arms. Their frightened eyes peering out into the darkness, blinked and closed before the glare of the lantern.

In an instant Emily was on her knees with her arms around them all.

"Why did you do it?" she cried, crushing Curly Girly to her heart.

"Why, you see," said Janet, "we had to get to Grandma's for Thanksgiving, 'cause she asked us last year; and you stayed so long we thought you had forgotten us and gone on without us, so—so we just set out."

"And Janet carried Curly-Girly," spoke up little Steve, "and me and Sturdy was men, and never cried, but just walked and walked till we come to 'Gampa's' corn-field."

"How did you know it was Grandpa's, lovey?"

"O, 'cause it was big and comfortable and inviting," sighed Janet, wearily. "It said 'Come in!' like he used to say other years."

"The men!" said Grandma, recollecting.

"Let's all shout!" spoke up little Steve, once again the "big man," and forgetful of the trouble he had given Janet before their rescue. "Altogether! Now!"

The wind carried the sound riverward, and before long the men were heard tramping back along the high-road. The women shouting back the good news of the children's discovery were already turning into the lane, they having decided that it was quite impossible to take the children home in their present benumbed condition.

So the two men came up to the place where Steve's horse was rubbing noses with Simon's team, and there they stood facing each other awkwardly. Now that the danger was over it occurred to them that they really were "mad" yet, and if they didn't watch pretty sharp one of them would be the first to "give in."

"Well," said Steve, putting his foot on the buggy-step as if to make a start for home. The old man walked to his team, then back again to Steve's buggy.

"Wet night," remarked the old man, diving his hand to the bottom of his trousers pocket.

"Very wet," replied Steve with the utmost good nature, all the while a little river of rain was trickling down the back of his neck off his hat.

Simon took his hand from his pocket and spat. Then he came a step nearer, and scrutinized the panting horse, whose red nostrils still fought for breath after his mad chase across country.

"This horse seems to be a bit 'heavey,' too," he remarked abruptly.

"Too? Why I never had more than one horse with the heaves," said Steve.

"Only the one you sold me last spring," Simon reminded him drily.

"I sold you the sound horse I represented him to be," said his son-in-law squarely. "I heard that old Bates told you that I tried to pass off this old rake instead of the good one; so, says I, if he entertains that opinion of me let him entertain it. But the lucky man that bought your horse got an animal worth a hundred and fifty dollars."

Old Simon was staring hard and long at the meek-looking horse with the broken wind.

"And I lost forty dollars in good, hard money over it this summer," he groaned.

"And I lost forty pounds in good hard flesh over it this summer," confessed Steve. The old man chuckled.

"'Taint agoin' to hurt you, Steve, any more than losing a few dollars will hurt me. Say, Steve, have you any appetite for turkey?"

Steve leaped from the buggy.

"Well, considerable!"

"The young gobbler, what always was of a wanderin' disposition, has took to roostin' in these trees in the lane."

A minute later the women heard a great commotion behind them.

"They're catching the gobbler!" shrieked the children delightedly, as that proud fowl's harsh protest filled the silent spaces of the night.

"Good for them," said Grandma, tingling with a mixture of grateful sensations.

Emily also laughed a laugh that was full of expression.

"Puzzle: Find the one who did the giving in," she murmured.

"How do them men think I can get that gobbler ready at this time of day?" demanded Mrs. Linkletter.

"Get him into the oven somehow, mother," said her daughter rapturously stopping to embrace them all. "Let nothing be lacking to the feast. I declare this is the most thankful Thanksgiving we ever celebrated."

And the children wondered why they were being hugged all to pieces, when in their heart of hearts they believed they deserved a thrashing.

"YELLOW BE TO HIM!"

A Sketch of Cape Breton Island

By J. G. FORBES

THE students of Daltmere College were gathered in little groups about the halls busily discussing their plans for the coming Christmas vacation. Frequently the boys would applaud a witty saying or some plan which promised fun. After such a round of applause, Huntly, the stalwart Highlander, who had served for two years as captain of the football team, turned to the man standing quietly behind him.

"Hullo, Reid, where are you going to kill time till the physical laboratory opens again? I wish you'd come home with me. Can't you come? Do, old man."

Although Huntly was a senior at college he still spoke with the Gaelic accent, and now rather enjoyed hearing the boys imitate his funny "tayme" and "pheesical."

"It's jolly good of you to ask me, Huntly," replied the tall dark Englishman. "You know I can't go home, and if your people don't mind, I rather think I'll go with you, don't you know?"

"That's capital, Reid," and Huntly clapped him heartily on the back. "You're the right sort, after all. We'll feed you on salt herring and oatcake, and teach you Gaelic enough to write a grammar. Let's start to-morrow with the rest of the boys, and we'll land among the snowbanks of Cape Breton before we're two days older."

* * * * *

In the grim light of a December morning two days later, the friends reached the little village of Marshville. They drove the three miles from the station in a low old-fashioned pung, weather-beaten and paintless. As they pitched through the banks, Old Gilmour, the driver, gave them the news of the village.

"Did ye was 'hearin' 'at ole Sary MacLeod, from the Branch, had gone clean foolish, whatefer? It'll be more than a week since they was after takin' her to the hospit-abel, whatefer."

Gilmour shook his head and flicked the whip carelessly across the horses' backs. They pawed the snow furiously, dashing it into the faces of the men as they sat among the straw in the bottom of the pung.

When they had passed through that bank, Gilmour began again in a more cheerful strain.

"It's your cousin, Annie Murray, that will be gettin' home two weeks past Mondav Ach! man! ye're not knowin' bonnie Annie Murray."

He turned to Reid as he spoke, but did not wait for an answer.

"It's the life of the village she is, with her purty blue eyes and her voice—it's like the birds singin' in the spring."

The snow was now dazzling in the light of the sun. Only here and there it was darkened by the shadow of a tall spruce tree, or the edge of a fence-rail peering through the top of a bank. Reid was enjoying this picture so new to him, and was not listening very attentively to Old Gilmour's gossip. But here Huntly took up the story and eagerly said:

"Indeed, man! Gilmour's right. Annie's a mighty nice girl, but she needs to get away and see more of the world. She's very near as Hielan' as you are, Gilmour, and thinks of nothing but preparing three meals a day, and getting to lodge once a week."

Reid turned from admiring a grove of frost-covered trees, glistening in the sun, and remarked dryly:

"Rather an interesting character, I should say. Should like to meet her, don't you know!"

By this time they were at the Huntly home, where they were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Huntly, a worthy Scottish couple, who believed in making their home-life as comfortable and happy as possible. As the next day was too stormy to venture out of doors, Mr. Reid had a good opportunity to become acquainted with the reserved old Scotsman, when they sat before the

NOTE.—The words for "yellow" and "joy" in the Gaelic language are spelled and pronounced the same way. Consequently the phrase "Joy be to him" is frequently translated "Yellow be to him" by the unlearned classes. It is a very common expression in some parts of Cape Breton.

VIEW OF HILLCREST ORCHARDS, KENTVILLE, N.S.—ONE-THIRD SECTION—THIRTY ACRES—TWENTY THOUSAND TREES IN ORCHARDS.

open fire-place and watched the logs, one by one, lose their hold on the andirons and sink down among the ashes.

On the third day Huntly suggested that they drive about the country and see how the roads were. They found them to be almost impassable. In many places the banks were so high that the men had to cut out great blocks of the heavy snow with their hands, to make a track for the horse. After they had done this a few times, Huntly exclaimed with a great sigh:

"I'd rather write one of the Doctor's old Latin exams. than shovel snow any more. I think we'd better go in to Uncle George Murray's and get Cousin Annie to give us our dinner."

The house to which they drove was of the old-fashioned kind, low and long, with a small piazza around it. The path to the house was lined on each side with trees. They were probably lilacs or wax-berries, Reid thought, as he followed Mr. Murray to the house. The room they entered was used in winter for a sitting-room, as well as kitchen. The smooth floor was sanded very white, as was also the long bench, or settee, in the corner. From the rafters hung several hams drying, carefully wrapped in brown paper. Above the stove, were strung long lines of dried apples, which filled the kitchen with their fragrance.

The men were warming themselves round the stove, when Annie entered carrying a large jar of cream. She put it down on the table, and went forward to speak to her cousin. She was a tall, well-formed girl, of about twenty-three summers. Her dress, which consisted of a white blouse and short homespun skirt, made her look very girlish. Her brown hair curled slightly about her ears, and her blue eyes twinkled mischievously. Mr. Reid decided that he was going to like her very much.

"How are you, cousin?" she said in her precise Gaelic way. "I'm right glad you'll be comin' to see us now with all your schoolin'."

"Of course I'll come to see you, Annie. You don't think my books can take the place of my cousins, do you? But this is my friend, Mr. Reid, Miss Murray."

"You'll be another of the fine college chaps, I am thinking," she said as she extended her hand cordially. "But you're right welcome if you can put up with our simple living."

"You'll be excusing me if I go on with the churning," she added smilingly. "I'm afraid the cream will be after souring."

With this, she rolled a long barrel churn from behind the stove, and turned her white sleeves up to the elbow. With a quick movement, she emptied the cream from the jar, and fitted the long-handled dash into the cover. Then with a few skilful turns of the churn to settle the cream, she began her even measured strokes.

While the churning was going on, Mr. Reid paid little attention to Mr. Murray's tales of adventure, but could describe every turn of Annie's lithe body, and every movement of her plump white arms.

When the butter had been gathered and made into delicious little yellow pats, Annie busied herself in preparing the dinner. Her every movement was full of grace, Mr. Reid thought, and unconsciously he began comparing her with the college maidens, whose shoulders were stooped, whose eyes were protected by those hideous spectacles, and whose conversation was continually of "being plucked in those perfectly awful exams." Certainly in Mr. Reid's opinion the "co-ed's" suffered, especially after he had eaten the dinner which Annie had prepared.

As they were leaving the house he was asked in the friendly, Highland way, "to be comin' soon again." He made good use of this invitation, and spent several pleasant afternoons at the Murray farmhouse.

Nor did he forget them when he had gone back to his work in the "pheesical laboratory," for many of the new books and latest magazines found their way to the little farmhouse, and brightened the long winter evenings for Annie and her father.

Two years had passed with but few changes in the little village. Down at the corner, in Lame Baxter's store, Old Gilmour was still upholding his reputation as village gossip.

On this December evening many of the farmers had dropped in to hear the news, and were seated about the store on every available box and barrel. In the centre, on the edge of a sugar barrel, sat Old Gilmour, with his moccasined feet on the top of a biscuit box. He had thrown open his leather coat, pushed back his huge fur cap and was puffing contentedly from an old clay pipe.

"Was ye hearin' of the weddin', Duncan MacPherson?" he asked, looking up from under his shaggy grey eyebrows.

The young man addressed turned round on the counter before he answered:

"Was it Annie Murray's weddin' ye was meanin'? I was hearin' she would be after marryin' that lanky black Englishman."

Gilmour pulled his pipe from his mouth with an expression of contempt.

"You know well enough it was Annie Murray's weddin' I was meanin', ye jealous ole hawk. Ye was a big fool ever to think that she wud look at a sight like ye."

Gilmour now had the attention of the whole company and he decided to improve the opportunity.

"It's no lanky black Englishman, Mr. Reid is, whatefer, but a fine gentleman with a heap of book larnin', too. Yellow be to him, sez I, with gettin' our bonnie Annie Murray, and it's me will be knockin' any man down, if he will be sayin' anything different."

He slid off the sugar barrel, held his old cap above his head, and started the "Three cheers for Annie Murray and her Englishman." Even Duncan MacPherson joined in the "Hip-hip-hurrah's," and the tin cans on the shelves rattled as Old Gilmour finished up with a loud "Yellow be to him, sez I."

WINTER SCENE IN ONE-THIRD SECTION, HILLCREST ORCHARDS, WHEN CHRISTMAS IS NOT FAR AWAY.

Photographs by courtesy of Mr. Ralph S. Eaton, President Hillcrest Orchards, Limited.

Etch the name

BELDING'S SPOOL SILKS

INTO YOUR MEMORY

It stands for all that is best in spool silks.

By their exceptional strength, lustre, elasticity and smoothness, BELDING'S SILKS have obtained a unique position in the favor of Canadian dressmakers.

But, above all, they appreciate BELDING'S SILKS because we keep our range of colors right up-to-date—adding a new shade immediately it is originated, and thus being able to offer a most comprehensive color assortment.

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Royal Floss - - -
Filo Floss - - -
Dresden Floss - -
Shaded Dresden Floss

In patent wrappers, each skein by itself. No exposure to dirt or light.

Mount Mellick Silk---in white and colors
Rope Silk---*Twisted Embroidery*
Belding's Knitting Silks for all purposes
Belding's Neck Tie Silks on ½ oz. spools
Belding's Motor Tie Silks on 1¼ oz. "
Belding's Waistcoat Silks on 1 oz. "
All guaranteed absolutely fast to washing

Belding's Needle and Hook Book

This book is a complete text-book on silk embroidery. It gives cuts and directions for applying the different stitches. *Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.*

Belding's Art Embroidery Needle

This Needle is made from the best quality of London Steel.

It is tapered at both ends, forming a swell-shaped centre, which protects the Embroidery silk from roughing.

The eye is oval-egg shape, which is the easiest to thread and is polished perfectly smooth.

Stamped Linen Catalogue

Copy of this catalogue mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

BELDING, PAUL & CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL

Toronto
Winnipeg
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Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

THIS is the season of the year when the first suggestion of Christmas feeling steals into the mind of the busy woman who enjoys making pretty and novel gifts for her friends, as such gifts have a personal note which conveys to the recipient the kind thought which prompted the making of a gift which they will find a great deal of pleasure in using. We offer on this page a few ideas for Christmas gifts which may be quickly and easily embroidered and daintily made up by adding pretty ribbon bows matching the embroidery. Many of the designs on these articles are tinted, and only require outlining to bring out the design.

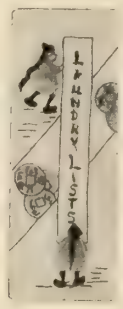
No. 1329.—Shirt-Case, tinted on Grey Linen 65c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

It is always difficult to select suitable gifts for men, and we are sure that the ones illustrated on this page will be welcomed as being both practicable and novel.

The shirt case and collar bag which match in design will fill a long felt want as they are indispensable to a man's comfort when travelling. These are tinted on grey linen, and the letters and buttonhole border are solidly worked with a red Royal Floss No. 1208½ outlined with black No. 1203. The remainder of the design is outlined with black. This shirt case is made up and only requires the embroidered finish. The collar bag, which matches this in design, is made up over a pasteboard form which fits into the bottom of the bag. Holly red ribbon is run through the eyelets in the upper portion and finished with pretty bows.

No. 1322.—Collar Bag, to match Shirt Case, 35c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

The next novelty illustrated is a Laundry List which has a bright little Chinese design embroidered on the cover, and contains a printed laundry list on the back. This useful little gift is suitable for ladies as well, as the laundry list can be supplied for either.



No. 1321.—Laundry List complete, Price 30c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

Bridge Score complete, Price 60c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

Bridge players will see that their favorite game has not been forgotten, as the score pic-

No. 1317.—Stamped on Repp, 25c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

tured here will show. The embroidered cover fits smoothly over the pad, which comes in book form, and the Heart design is worked with Royal Floss in red No. 1209, black No. 1203 and green 1471½. The letters are embroidered in Satin Stitch with red No. 1208.

No. 1318—Stamped on Moire, 25c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

Every woman loves pretty work bags, and it would be difficult to imagine a more useful or dainty one than No. 1317. This bag is embroidered on fawn colored Repp with a pretty Chrysanthemum design worked with pink Royal Floss in shades No. 1462, 1463, 1464, leaves in green No. 1781, 1782. The upper portion of the bag is of silk in a soft dainty shade of pink, and double loops and bows of Duchesse Ribbon complete this handsome bag.

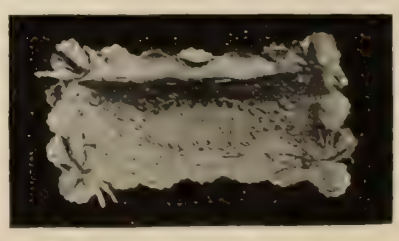
No. 1318 is embroidered on pale blue Moire in the well known Lazy-Daisy loop stitch on white Royal Floss No. 1201, and the seeds in yellow No. 1263. The stems and leaves in No. 1470 green. This bag is lined and finished with ribbon draw strings and pretty bows.

The sewing apron No. 1322 is a novel idea, and consists of an apron with a deep curved pocket on which is tinted a pretty design and lettered "Said so and so to so and so Let's Sew." The apron is made up of cream Linen bound with ribbon and ribbon ties.

No. 1322.—Tinted Linen for Apron, 75c. Silk for working, 5c. per skein.

Another useful gift would be a lacing pincushion which are such favorites, as they are practicable, can be laundered easily, and kept daintily fresh. The eyelet design illustrated is a very pretty one, and many other designs can be had for these pincushions.

Every housewife would appreciate the addition of embroidered towels to her linen store, as they add a dainty finishing touch to the furnishings of a guest chamber. Want of space will not permit us to illustrate designs for these towels, but they are stamped on plain or figured huckaback, with scalloped borders and handsome French embroidery designs. Among the latest ideas are the small guest towels, which match in design the larger size. Large towels, stamped, will cost 75 cents each, guest size 30 cents each.



No. 1071—Stamped on Linen, 35c. Beldings Lustered Cotton for S. work, 3c. per skein.

If the articles mentioned on this page cannot be had from your dealer, address to Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal (Dept. L.), for further information.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

CAN you think of anything more enjoyable than to buy the things you want with the money that you have earned yourself, in your leisure time? It means more than just owning the things; to that is added the inspiration of successful effort, of work accomplished. Very many of us cannot get the luxuries and even comforts we desire any other way than by our own efforts, and there is no easier and pleasanter way than by joining the Girls' Club.

Then, too, the local chapters with their monthly meetings have such a jolly time, with the library to furnish splendid reading for the hours when you can sit down with a good book. For the girls who cannot get away from home, the study courses offer opportunity for development. It all pays so much in proportion to the effort. I shall look forward to meeting very many of the Girls' Club next August at the summer camp on Lake Simcoe. We want as many of the members as possible from all over Canada to gather there for a vacation. The more come, the better time we will have driving and sailing and bathing. I hope every girl reader of THE HOME JOURNAL, and all of their friends will write asking to become members.

We have had many interesting suggestions in answer to our offer in the October number of five dollars for the best name for the club of workers. As we shall not be able to announce the winner before the December number anyway, we have decided to hold the contest open until November 10th, when all names must be in the office.

You will be interested in a letter that has just come from one of the newest and most enthusiastic of our members.

Dear Secretary,—

Enclosed are five orders. Isn't that good work, for I have had my order blanks and copies only three days, and I worked just one hour on each of them. Next week I will have more time, and you may expect some records to be broken. There's a fur tie and muff down town that must be mine before Christmas. Please send more blanks."

The next three months are the best of the whole season, because so many subscriptions expire now. It is the time to start work and to work your hardest.

SECRETARY OF THE GIRLS' CLUB,
THE HOME JOURNAL.

* * *

THAT good friend of ours, Miss Betty O'Hara, is much interested in the subject of furnishing a room and has sent us an account of her own experiments. As a girl's room is her "castle," we are sure that all our readers are interested in this subject. Miss O'Hara says:

There were only two rooms in our attic, one at the back used as a storeroom and a front room which was used to hold everything in general and nothing in particular. After much thought and a great deal of planning I decided to fix it up for my own little bower and although the material I had to work with was old in the extreme and very scratched and dilapidated, I decided to risk it. Now I declare that I have the prettiest little room in the house, the guest room included.

I gathered up all the material I could find, and this is what I collected: An old-fashioned dresser which was so scratched and dusty that a casual observer would consider it past hope, an old washstand marked and scratched past recognition, an old kitchen table that had long since been declared unfit to adorn its usual occupation, and half a dozen old wooden soap boxes, two old boards one inch and a half thick, two inches wide and seventeen inches long, and an old broken wicker rocking chair.

The first thing for me to do was to improve the floor. Carpet was so expensive and in the summer it made the room hot and the hot sun would fade it. So I decided to paint it. I bought a can of blue paint, which was enough to give it two coats. This accomplished, I bought some white lead, turpentine and oil and mixed them until they were of a good consistency to work with. Then I painted the bases, and after this was dry, I enamelled them with some enamel paint I had bought. The first coat of white lead was more durable than enamel and less expensive, and if the enamel was scratched it would not be noticed so much.

For mats for the floor I bought four yards of white Japanese matting. This I cut in two and made two mats. The ends had to be oversewn to keep it from ravelling. I then took some of the blue floor paint and stencilled a border on them and they were an æsthetic success. The best of it was they could be scrubbed and washed to your hearts content.

The dresser, bed and washstand next claimed my attention. For these I bought ten sheets of sandpaper. When all the rough places had been smoothed, I took the top off and moved the looking glass and its frame to the centre. I then painted it with the white lead mixture and afterwards gave it a thorough coat with white enamel. I had then a splendid new-fashioned dressing table, with the advantage of two long drawers underneath to hold my belongings. The bed and washstand now received the same treatment, and I had what was just as good as a brand new twenty-five dollar bedroom set.

Thus encouraged I proceeded to make a secretary. For this, the old kitchen table proved invaluable. After sandpapering it, I bought some dark wood stain, and this gave it the appearance of a weathered oak. For a bookcase I nailed a soap box on top of the table, after I had taken all the advertisements off it. I stained it and put in it a shelf, which I got from the longest side of another soap box. I tacked a small piece of board on the sides of the whole box, to hold the shelf. The two drawers I got from my dresser now came in handy. The frames of these I tacked under the secretary and put the drawers into them. This made me a complete secretary and bookcase of nothing more or less than weathered oak, if you please.

(To be continued)

THE
Gerhard Heintzman
Player Piano

ANYONE CAN PLAY IT

Can you not appreciate the world of difference that exists between a masterpiece and an imitation?

If you were offered your choice between a painting by Millet and a commercial copy of the same painting, you would not hesitate in your selection.

Apply the same principle to the *Gerhard Heintzman* eighty-eight note *Player-Piano* and the numerous sixty-five note players that are attempting to enter the eighty-eight note field.

The *Gerhard Heintzman* eighty-eight note *Player-Piano*, which has been made and used so extensively for some years, was praised on all sides by musicians and musical critics, and was accredited the only Player worth considering, because the only one playing all eighty-eight of the piano keys.

Other manufacturers could not afford to see the eighty-eight note field monopolized by one Player-Piano, the result is that the eighty-eight note idea as used in the *Gerhard Heintzman* piano is being copied as fast as possible.

Think of what a truly magnificent instrument the *Gerhard Heintzman Player-Piano* had to be to revolutionize in Canada the entire Player-Piano industry as it has done. The eighty-eight note Player-Piano was in a class by itself.

The *Gerhard Heintzman Player-Piano* is TO-DAY in a class by itself, having with the eighty-eight note player action, the transposing mouthpiece, automatic rewind, independent motor, and expression buttons which no other self player has.

Your present instrument taken as part payment, and easy terms can be arranged for the balance.

Send now for our new Player catalogue.

NOTE:—We are now in our new building, the finest retail piano warerooms in Canada, City Hall Square.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited
TORONTO
1948

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BORAX WASHING
(PULVERIZED SOAP) POWDER

SIXTH ANNUAL
ONTARIO HORTICULTURAL
EXHIBITION

A Magnificent Exhibition of Canada's Choicest
FLOWERS, FRUIT, HONEY
and VEGETABLES

$50.00 will be given for the Best Five Apples

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Special Excursion Rates on all Railways

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Pays for itself in fuel saved

Don't allow a few extra dollars to prevent you from taking the perfect-cooking, sure-baking, easily-regulated Pandora in place of a cheaper stove. In a season or two Pandora will pay the difference in the fuel it will save—and it will keep on saving until it has paid for itself. 20

Pandora special flue construction makes fuel do double duty. Wide fire box is another fuel-economizer. The steel oven heats quicker than a cast oven, thus saving still more fuel. Further economizing features will be explained by the McClary Agent.

Pandora Range

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It is far superior to the hot water bottle in that it stays hot and does not leak.

Physicians Heartily Recommend these Pads for Rheumatism and Lumbago.

Costs ONE-HALF A CENT an Hour to Operate.

Phone Main 3975. Ask to have an Electric Pad sent for demonstration.

The TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. Limited

Use Toronto Electric Light Company Service.

The Most Beautiful--

in design, perfect baker, economical on fuel and durable range made. Compare it with all others, then choose.

For Sale by The Best Dealers

The Doherty Mfg. Co., Limited

Sarnia, Ont.

AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home;
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam.
Some have gone from us forever,
Longer here they might not stay,
They have reached a fairer haven
Far away, far away."

REMINISCENT.

ANOTHER home-coming, this time to eat Thanksgiving turkey! If you have no other cause for thankfulness as you speed homeward, consider what it means to those who have no homes to which they can return. "I have always been envious of people who had a home and a mother," said a travelling acquaintance to me this summer, "for I never enjoyed such a blessing. My mother died when we were very young, and we were scattered and separated, given away like little kittens, and I never was long enough in one place to feel it was home." Poor, lonely little child-heart, how she must have longed for those things which come as a birthright to most children! Are you going home for Thanksgiving? Then, rejoice that the privilege belongs to you to join the happy home-gathering! Aren't they great, though? I had a flitting home, too, that stands out very distinctly to-night, as the wind is whistling noisily around the house, and the sleet drives against the window. But I draw a comfortable easy-chair close beside the cheerful, crackling fire, and listen to the melancholy sound the wind makes, as it comes sweeping down the chimney, and the fire blazes and roars to the music of the blast, but my thoughts—ah, yes, my far-away thoughts!

* * *

IF I were asked to write out a new beatitude, I believe it would read, "Blessed be he that thought out the Old Boys' Excursions." Did you ever participate in one, and, best of all, do you belong to the crowd that follows in the wake of the Bruce Old Boys? Now, I am aware that this is a "chestnut," but I cannot forbear telling you about the Indian out West, who when informed by a newcomer that he came from Ontario, responded sagely: "Ontario big place, Bruce bigger." And isn't it just the grand old county, "hoots, toots, mon, there's nane to compare wi' it?" Its hardy sons and strong-hearted daughters are the backbone of the great West, and to hail from Bruce means good citizenship for the new land, and staunch friendship, spiced with a hearty cordiality, and a touch of the Gaelic that binds the hearts of the clans. No; I do not "spoke it" myself, because I belong to another grand nationality that claim Bruce as their home county, but we all have equal pride in the old place, "Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin," (Here's to you), and each recurring year our hearts return to it on the annual excursion, even though our bodies are far away. Occasionally the united elements join in the happy home-coming, and the after-glow of that trip keeps warmth in our souls, and loyalty in our veins until the next glad occasion. And thus I joined in the ranks of 1909, and went home, back to the dear old town on Lake Huron's shore, back to the old homestead, with its maples, grown, oh! so big and mighty, and it was only yesterday they were planted, little saplings. As the train sped along, making brief stops at the familiar stations, old memories and associations were legion. We remember when the track was being laid, our first railway ride was over these rails, and we had to rhyme these stations off as our local geography lesson. How important we felt when we first visited the county town of Bruce, for its annual fair, or teachers' examination! We peer out as we pass, and then with one long, triumphant blow from the engine ahead, we gather up our traps and press our faces to the window, looking for the landmarks, and then for the happy, waiting crowd and the warm greeting for you from one of its numbers, who soon singles you out. But you do not march out of this crowd with an indifferent air, for hearty handshaking all around you is the order of the day, and all hearts respond.

* * *

"HALLO, John, is this you, old fellow? Don't look a day older!" "How are you, Rebecca? Is this your man, and how many children have you" You brush up against your old schoolmates and they look you in the face and recognize you, and you inquire what is their married name, and, if they have none, you ask no more questions, thinking it may be a delicate subject with them, because you are forty-five and she always gave in one year older when you sat in the same seat at school and the annual roll-call with your age was demanded. Oh, you may disguise your age among your new friends, but not with the old schoolmates, for they know it pat to the very day. And should their memory fail, there is always their mother or aunt who can recall the day of Mrs. Brown's quilting bee and remember that Mrs. Johnson was there with her Mary Jane, who was a good-sized lump of a girl of five or six years, and her John Henry was only creeping. He was thirty-six his last birthday, she's every day of forty. She needn't pretend to us she is only thirty-five. And there you are, found out; you cannot get ahead of the old mammies who distinctly remember the day you were born, and know the ages of all the younger generation around their neighborhood by their own children's ages. The mayor of your old town is there in the crowd to greet the old boys and girls. He was your chief boy friend in those days long ago; he is a grandfather now, portly and dignified, and as he glances at your girlish figure and your successful attempts to conceal time's ravages, he is mentally soliloquising, "I am fifty-two, she must be fifty, but she does not look it, easily pass for thirty." If poor unwieldy Mrs. Mayor, in grandmotherly unconcern, could have seen the admiring glance bestowed on the old school friend, she would have had a revelation of men's hearts that had heretofore never dawned upon her. But it will never hurt her, the glance was only fleeting, just a look backward over the years; a blue-eyed boy and a girl with dark curls, a large apple, some candy, a few notes exchanged; that was all.

* * *

LONG after I seated myself on the old home veranda, the buggies kept passing in a steady stream to the

Continued on page 24

Five Ghosts Abroad

The Story of a Hallowe'en Party and Some Uninvited Guests—For the Journal's Juniors

By MONA H. COXWELL

"THERE, I've finished," exclaimed Harry Lennox, turning to his friend with a sigh of relief as he sealed the last of a pile of envelopes that lay on the sitting-room table. "That makes the sixteenth invitation, and the worst part of the party is over. Now we must deliver them, as mother says they should go to-night. Get your cap, Bobbie, and we'll be off."

The two boys, Harry Lennox and his friend Bob Holton, had been busy for the last hour addressing invitations to a high-jinks festival, as Bob called it, that they were to have at Harry's home on the night of Hallowe'en. Gladly Mrs. Lennox gave her consent when the boys came to her with their plans for the merry-making. "But, Harry," she said, "your father will not be here to help us, and we will have everything to do ourselves. In his letter this morning he says, 'tell the boys I am afraid they must have their Hallowe'en fun without me this year, as I don't hope to be able to return before the first of November.' Now, if we do have this party, it must be a really splendid one, with nuts and candies and pumpkins and apples and roaring fires in the grates and all the fun that goes with the night. What do you say, boys, do you think we can manage it?"

Harry fairly hugged his mother in his joy at the prospect, and they both declared they would work like Trojans when the day of preparation came. No time was lost in making a list of the guests, and next morning sixteen lucky lads and lasses of Buttonville found themselves bidden to a Hallowe'en festival that promised to be livelier than anything the little town had ever known. The boys spent hours planning the invitations, which were neatly written on yellow paper, cut in the shape of a pumpkin, and bore the following words:

FOR MISS CARRIE BROWN

You are invited to a ghost party on the night of Hallowe'en. The moon will be dark, but any black cat will show you the way or the first witch you meet will bring you on her broomstick to the gate of the Lighted Pumpkins.

Be a ghost and C-O-M-E.

Now, this particular Hallowe'en happened to fall on a Saturday, so that the boys were free from school for the whole day. Bright and early in the morning Harry and his mother heard Bob come whistling down the lane ready for his share of the day's work. His cheeks were red from the sting of the frosty October air and his eyes bright with a suppressed excitement as he entered the warm kitchen, where candy-making and nut-cracking were already in progress.

"I've got something to tell you," he exclaimed, scarcely waiting to answer their good-morning greetings. "Last night as my big brother Bill was coming out of the post office, where he'd been to mail a letter, he heard some of the Grammar School fellows chuckling about the time they were going to have to-night. Mike Connor was leaning up against the drinking fountain laughing like everything and saying 'So the kid is having a ghost party, is he, and has overlooked asking some of his old friends. Well, fellows, what do you say if we go anyway. His old man is away, so the coast will be clear. Gee! won't they be surprised when a few unexpected spirits put in an appearance and start to liven this up! I hope the eatables will be good, for I know one ghost that will have a healthy appetite with him,' and they all roared laughing. My brother Bill says he thinks he will take a run over to-night to see things through, on account of you and the girls, Mrs. Lennox. Of course, he knows Harry and I wouldn't be afraid of the bullies, would we, Harry?" and he swelled his chest out with an important air.

"Dear me, this is rather alarming," exclaimed Mrs. Lennox. "Isn't it one of these boys that your father thrashed one time, Harry, for ill-treating a horse?"

"Yes, it was," said Harry; "and it served him jolly well right, too. But don't you worry, mother. I'd just like to see one of them put his foot inside our door,"—and he doubled his fists threateningly. "My!" he exclaimed earnestly, "I wish dad *would* happen to come home. I'd love to see him thrash the lot of them."

"Well, never mind, dear, they may think better of it, and, besides, I will not be afraid as long as I have you and Bob and Billy. So get to work, laddies, and hollow out your pumpkins for the gate posts. Make them look as fierce as you can, and Bobby, when you want candles you will find them on the second shelf of the pantry in a card-board box."

* * * * * *

The night was very dark, save for the faint glimmer of a few clear, cold stars that here and there dotted the blackness of the autumn sky. A sharp wind bearing the sting of frost, scattered the fallen leaves and rattled among the stripped branches of the trees. Once, gathering its strength for a fiercer gust, it swept an open stretch of corn-field and hurled itself with petty violence against the broad side of a barn which happened to stand within its path.

"Ough! did you feel that blooming wind?" exclaimed one of five ghostly figures that lay huddled within the shelter of the barn wall. "Isn't it near time something happened? I'm well nigh froze hanging around this place wrapped up in a beastly sheet and feeling like a clown in a circus."

"Stop that grumbling, Mugsey," replied a voice in a tone of authority. "If you're not satisfied to wait, run away home to your mother. What we want to do is to stay here till the kids inside are having such a time that they'll forget all about watching for us, and then land in on them in the light of an extra surprise. Perhaps little Henry's papa won't be so glad that he thrashed Tim Logan for beating the old raw-boned nag, when he hears that his son's entertainment was broken up in a riot. Can't you hear the girls squeal when we give our Indian war-whoop and start in to collar the grub!" He chuckled joyfully. "Now, if the rest of you'll stay here quietly I'll just take a glance in at the window and see how things are going."

Mike Connors, the leader of this pirate band, crept softly forward toward the circle of light that shone

Continued on page 31

What you want is an Edison Phonograph

DO not be misled. The only kind of sound-reproducing machine that is perfect is the one that Edison invented and the one that Edison makes.

It is the one with the smooth and perfect sapphire point, that doesn't require changing with each record and that doesn't scratch—two points alone that should influence your decision.

Only in the Edison do you find the music-reproducing idea at its best.

Don't take our word for it. Compare the Edison Phonograph with all other instruments side by side, on the same music, if possible, and then you will know better than we can tell you.

Edison Phonographs are sold everywhere in Canada at the same price, $16.50 to $162.50.
Standard Records, 40c. Amberol Records (twice as long), 65c. Grand Opera Records, 85c.
There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

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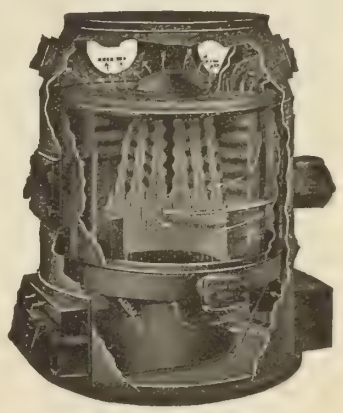

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The grocer who gives the greatest number of pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar, naturally won't give "the best Montreal granulated."

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The analysis of Prof. Hersey, Government Analyst, shows that "St. Lawrence Granulated" contains **99—99/100 to 100 per cent.** of **pure cane sugar** with no impurities whatever.

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19

Ontario Women's Institutes

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Good Cheer from Solina

WOMEN must certainly constitute the worrying sex. Otherwise, why should there be so many articles written on the subject of this distressing and useless habit? Do men worry? Perhaps they do, but they manage to keep their woes down town, lock them in the safe or leave them on the office fyles. From Mrs. C. W. Souch, of the Solina Branch of the Women's Institute, we may hear something on this topic which appeals to all of us. In philosophizing on the matter, Mrs. Souch remarks:

"Whether it is better to be happy or to be comfortable is a matter which is usually decided by the temperament. There are people whose happiness does not consist in comfort or depend upon it, and there are people whose comfort in no wise depends on their happiness. But, while it is clearly right to scorn material advantages if they cost us our peace of mind, we must acknowledge it is only part of common sense to take personal comfort when it is to be had without such cost. Worry and hard work use up much nerve force and so leave less nerve force for exercise. But on the other hand, the exercise will free the blood from some impurities and thus counteract the effect of worry. If we would take exercise with ease and enjoyment here is the summing up of the main points.

"We should be careful and temperate in diet; go to bed early; breathe correctly; use light clothing and proper shoes. In working or exercise we should stop before serious fatigue has been reached. John Wesley said: 'I am discontented with nothing, and to have persons worrying and complaining is like tearing flesh off my bones.' The person who forms a settled habit of worrying and complaining may make up his mind to spend a lifetime in this uncheerful occupation.

"Housework, even with the best of modern conveniences, is somewhat monotonous where there is but one pair of hands to accomplish all, and any little diversion which can lighten the burden should not be a matter of whim but should be as much a duty as making beds or washing dishes. The active temperament finds rest in a change of work. The 'all work and no play' woman soon becomes scarcely more than a mere machine, a machine that too often runs without the wheels being oiled.

"The prudent housewife will think of little methods of helping herself and giving occasional rest to her body. Rest is as much in place as work. We must work in order to rest and rest in order to work. It is when we are overworked and feeling in poor health that worry comes in.

"There is one thing certain, it is better to [illegible] with little being without [illegible] that we may have a greater joy for [illegible] than to wear ourselves out body and spirit in their attainment [illegible] lose the power of enjoyment. The wise woman takes time to enjoy every trifling gratification that comes in her way. Our creed teaches us that the pleasant things of life were put here for this purpose, and that we are unthankful who turn away from the loving everyday small pleasures God has given us.

"Too hard we strive, too much we seek;
Too tightly strain the cords of life."

* * *

From Brave Waterloo

THE annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Waterloo County was held at the Galt Collegiate Institute in September and was a most encouraging success, both in numbers and enthusiasm. The county officers are Mrs. Brown, President, Miss Bellinger, Secretary, for North Waterloo; Miss E. D. Watson, President, Mrs. W. Elliott, Secretary, for South Waterloo. The officers of convention were Mrs. R. H. Knowles, President, Mrs. Brown, Vice-President, Miss Mabel Cowan, Secretary, Mrs. G. F. Lackner, Mrs. Richmond and Miss E. Harvey, Executive. From the Galt *Daily Reporter* the following extracts are quoted:

"The afternoon session of the convention was presided over by Mrs. R. H. Knowles, of Hespeler, and that lady filled her position in a most pleasing manner. Mrs. G. F. Lackner gave a talk that contained much that was good on "Some plans for new work for Institutes." The speaker said that among the topics that could be discussed with benefit to the members were—Temperance, Education, and the Text Books that are used in the various public schools. As many of the members of the Institutes were mothers their responsibility for the coming generation should not be overlooked and some attention should be paid to the bringing up of children. The military system of the country might also be considered, and the members should familiarize themselves with the laws of the land. Women as well as men should be able to understand the statutes. At the regular meetings something could be learned of the resources of our great Dominion, as well as the possibilities and inducements that are offered by the Canadian West. Physiology, hygiene, and the press might also be discussed with benefit to the ladies. The speaker referred to the dominant note of sensationalism in the public press of to-day and said that the public and not the newspapers were responsible for the quality of literature that was being produced. As soon as the public were satisfied with less exciting reading the supply of sensational journalism would cease.

"Loyalty and love for our country should not be forgotten, and 'Patriotism' would serve as a good topic for discussion from time to time. But with all these suggestions it should be remembered that too many subjects were as bad as too few and those which appeared to be the most essential should be picked out.

"After a well rendered pianoforte solo by Miss Miller of Hespeler, Mrs. Hoodless of Hamilton was called upon to speak. In a stirring and thoughtful address Mrs. Hoodless imparted some valuable information to her interested hearers. The speaker emphasized the fact that more care should be taken in the physical development of the younger generation. The Imperialist called upon the nation to breed men but at the same time woman was absolutely ignored as a national factor in attaining this end. Many a man considered a wife as his possession. It was time that the woman took stock of themselves in order that they could see what they could do for humanity.

"Education was another matter that needed a great deal of attention and in this connection the continuation schools should be particularly looked after. The continuation school was an institution where the young man and young woman could learn the rudiments of a trade or profession so that he could enter upon his career of active employment with some knowledge of his duties.

"A deplorable state of affairs was noticeable in some towns and cities with regard to young girls between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and something should be done to protect them from the evils that easily beset them. They should be given an opportunity of learning domestic science so that they might know the principles of making a home. Mrs. Hoodless said that she was a strong advocate of the teaching of ethics which would make them think and get their minds away from the materialism that so engrossed the young girls of to-day. The speaker urged upon those present to work to bring about a standard that would lead to homemaking as a profession. Many young mothers received no teaching whatever about their responsibilities toward the race and had no foundation for the building of character. A new standard for the home was needed, and it could be gained if the twelve thousand members of the Women's Institutes would work together with that end in view.

"President Creelman, of the Agricultural College at Guelph, delivered a forceful address, in which he stated that the same law that demanded that persons should not be slaves also demanded that they have guides. No one could handle the boys up to the age of ten better than the women, but after they had reached that age it should be the work of a man. Teachers should be placed in the country schools who were capable of teaching domestic science. These teachers would not only impart the knowledge of how to cook but would also teach the embellishment and government of the home."

IN THE NORTHERN WOODS

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Concerning Sociability

FROM the Ethel Branch comes a paper on "Sociability," by Mrs. Joshua Cole, which gives us some bright advice as to how this quality may be secured.

"What do we mean," says the writer, "by good society in Canada? What is known as good society is deserving of the title because those who belong to it have learned to control their tempers and make themselves pleasant by avoiding things likely to give offence. For this reason 'good society' cannot be said to be confined to any set, class or position in life. People who pride themselves on belonging to the highest society, do not pay attention to character but to money and outward appearance. We must be careful to understand this kind of society.

"The test of true sociability is to behave well to those who are poorer, humbler, weaker, more stupid, than ourselves. Treat everyone politely, even when he shows rudeness, for we should be civil, not because others are civil, but because we ourselves have a high standard. Every unkind or unpleasant speech suppressed is a victory gained over our lower selves. Sociability is, to a certain extent, a gift, but every one of us can cultivate it, until gentle speech and pleasant manners have become habit and character. Civility is a great help to a man in business life, and the woman who realizes its value is almost cer-

tain of social success in the best sense of the phrase."

* * *

Home Journal Shopping

DOUBTLESS the readers of this department will take a keen interest in the announcement that Mrs. W. S. Thompson of Toronto will be pleased to consider shopping commissions for out-of-town subscribers. Mrs. Thompson has an extensive acquaintance with domestic needs and with city shops. Her experience of practical and artistic house decoration will be at the service of the HOME JOURNAL readers and she will aid by counsel or suggestion any perplexed housewife who is too busy to plan and carry out such details. Questions regarding such matters or orders for shopping must be addressed personally to Mrs. W. S. Thompson, HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto. This month we publish a department, "In the Shops," written by this contributor, and from time to time news of special interest in connection with shopping will be published. Mrs. Thompson will make every effort to secure the latest items regarding the changing styles and fashions.

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From Lincoln District

THE second annual convention of the Lincoln District Women's Institute, held at the home of Mrs. W. E. Sufford, was, according to Mrs. Fairfield's report, a very large and enthusiastic gathering. Beamsville is in the centre of one of Ontario's most smiling vineyard districts and looks no fairer in the days of apple-blossoms than in the golden closing days of September. Mrs. Duncan, President of the District, presided at the morning session in a capable manner. The first hour was devoted to business, after which Miss Yates from the O. A. C., Guelph, gave a very practical talk on "Our Servants, Earth, Air and Water." Class distinction, she said, might be traced to the right use or abuse of these simple servants. As man advanced from savagery his interest in the cultivation of the soil increased in proportion. Note the refining influences that attend the cultivation of the bit of earth about the home, the flowers, trees and lawn that indicate the character and refinement of those within. Horticulture should form part of every child's education. The boy who grows roses never destroys those of others. The speaker showed how the fertility of the soil depends on the operation of bacteria, and also spoke of their deodorizing effects. In speaking of water, she emphasized the necessity of the daily bath, for cleanliness and health. Where fixed bath tub is not available, she recommends the use of a screen (for privacy) around the wash place. This with a sponge, bath mat and a couple of quarts of water is all that is necessary. Miss Yates highly recommends the use of sea salt in the bath, and suggests the following method for one unable to take a cold plunge:

"Make brine with sea salt strong enough to float an egg. Dip bath towels in this, and hang out to dry; then as required, rub the body briskly with one of these towels."

Under the last heading, "Air," the speaker urged her hearers to keep the air in the home pure, and to spend much time out of doors. She emphasized particularly the necessity of deep breathing as an essential to health. The children in school are taught these principles of hygiene. But will they apply the knowledge, if parents do not also?

"To keep in touch with the times and with younger life, is to grow old gracefully."

Miss M. Albright, Beamsville, read a paper, "Give the Children a Chance," which was most instructive. The logic of science, she finds, is—"that the hand that rocks the cradle spoils the world." Men for ages have systematically studied the raising of cattle, but it was not until a few years ago that any scientific attention was given to children. Boys have been taught the science of agriculture, medicine, etc.; girls taught music and art; but the science of the home has been sadly neglected. Girls have been supposed to be supernaturally endowed with an instinct that would fit them for all home duties.

IN THE MONTH OF THANKSGIVING

Luncheon and an hour's intermission was much enjoyed. Mrs. Albright was in the chair for the afternoon session. Mrs. Goodwin, Grimsby, read a very suggestive paper on "Christmas Gifts," in which she said that time and thought should be used in our giving, and we ought to make the gift reflect our love and goodwill and be in fact part of ourselves. "'Tis not what we give but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare."

The paper contained a number of pretty ideas for Christmas gifts.

Another address by Miss Yates was greatly enjoyed—"Co-operation of a Small Community." Last year the Emperor of Japan issued an edict, urging his people to maintain simplicity, practice self-control, and study co-operation. We find two forces at work in a community, *i.e.* Individualism, and Co-operation.

Selfish individuals seeking only their own good, fail in the end to find happiness. Selfishness fosters aloofness, which results in loneliness. Happiness consists in doing for others. Watch those who practice co-opera-

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YOU can improve your health in thirty days by increasing the amount of Quaker Oats you eat.

A great many persons look upon Quaker Oats as merely a delicious cereal food to be eaten at breakfast, but millions of families have found that it is much more; they have found that frequent and regular eating of Quaker Oats resulted in clearer skin, rosier cheeks, firmer muscles and clearer and more active minds; and while they have learned these things by experience, scientists have found by investigation, analyses and experiments that Quaker Oats contains the best elements of human food. It is the best and cheapest food.

Begin with the month of November and prove it in your own family!

Eat Quaker Oats at least once each day during this month; vary the ways of preparing it to suit the taste; cut out a corresponding amount of greasy foods and watch the results. You'll be astonished at the improvement in the health and vigor of the family, and you'll continue to eat it every month in the year.

Thousands of good grocers will make a special display of Quaker Oats in November to remind you to do this; millions of families will be doing the same thing; repeated experiences of this kind with the rosy cheeks, firmer muscles and clearer brains that resulted have made everlasting friends for Quaker Oats.

The best and cheapest food you can eat.

Quaker Oats is packed in the regular size packages; and in large size family packages containing fine china for the table.

Ask your grocer.

The Quaker Oats Company
Peterborough, Ontario

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

IN THE FASHIONABLE SEMI-PRINCESSE STYLE.

GOWNS made in semi-princess style are exceedingly fashionable just now and these two include the latest features. The gown to the left is made of satin finished wool cashmere with trimming of soutache braid, sleeve puffs of chiffon over white net and chemisette and under sleeves of white lace. The blouse and skirt suit one another to perfection and the trimming gives the necessary long lines. If cashmere is not liked the same model will be found pretty for crepe de chene, messaline or any fashionable silk and also for many of the simpler wool fabrics. The sleeve puffs can be of the same or of contrasting material as liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, 1⅜ yards of silk for the garniture, ⅞ yard of all-over lace and ¾ yard 44 for the puffs; for the skirt 9 yards 27, 4½ yards 44 or 52 for cashmere or other material without figure or nap; when there is figure or nap 11½ yards 27, 5¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required. The waist pattern 6449 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6446 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure; the embroidery pattern 449 is cut in one size only.

The second gown shows the new surplice waist with wrinkled drapery. The drapery is really in apron form and part of the skirt but it and the blouse combine so perfectly that no joining is noticeable. One of the new fancy silks combined with plain and with chemisette of tucked chiffon makes the gown illustrated. One material can be used throughout if preferred, however, and everything that is thin enough to be tucked and draped is appropriate. The plaited skirt is attached to a plain yoke foundation and over this foundation the drapery is arranged. The skirt can be either in round or walking length.

For the medium size will be required, for the surplice waist 3½ yards of material 27, 1¼ yards 44 with ¾ yard of tucking; for plaited portion of skirt 7½ yards 27, 4¼ yards 44; for the drapery 1¼ yards 27, ¾ yard 44 inches wide. The waist pattern 6467 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6466 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6473
Skirt Pattern No. 6362

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A SIMPLE GOWN OF SILK.

SILK is being much worn for simple gowns this season and this one shows one of the pretty novelty sort with banding of plain color and chemisette of lace. The blouse is one of the latest, closed beneath the tabs at the left of the front, and includes distinctly novel sleeves. These sleeves can be made of one material as shown in this instance, or of two as liked, for the puffs suit chiffon and other thin materials peculiarly well. There is a lining which can be used or omitted as liked. The skirt represents one of the very latest styles, made with plaited flounce portions that are attached to plain gores. It can be trimmed as illustrated or to give a panel effect.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 24, 3¼ yards 27 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of all-over lace and ½ yard of satin for the banding; for the skirt, 8 yards 24, 7¼ yards 27 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of satin for banding.

The blouse pattern 6473 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

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FASHION NOTES.

WIDE velvet ribbon will decorate many of the best hats in large bows and loops. The colors will be of the darker shades.

Cords are to be one of the chief novelties of the new gowns.

Colored embroidery will be much used in the newest neckwear.

Ribbons have been coming gradually into fashion again as trimming.

The new coat collars are odd and attractive and cut on decidedly novel lines.

The most popular tunic is one that is draped rather low.

Linens and ginghams are the most comfortable wear for little girls in school.

The newest skirts have a deep hip-yoke effect that fits the figure closely.

Large collars and deep closings are among the most notable features of autumn coats.

The waist for afternoon wear can be made with Dutch round neck or with the high collar.

A hat of greenish blue moire has its crown encircled with a wreath of brown leather leaves.

One of the most popular waists for dressy wear this season is the model with the bib effect.

The star belt is made of dull gold covered with tiny silver sequins in the shape of stars.

Velvet belts, cut in the design of flowers, each blossom holding a gem, will be a pretty fashion.

The latest whim of the Parisian is carrying the evening gloves in the hand instead of wearing them.

The French tailors are making a great effort to give the back of the new coat a small contracted look.

For evening wear elaborate gold and silver belts, hand painted, jeweled or embroidered will be popular.

While the plain nets are popular, those with the dot and the vermicelli design are more in first style.

For evening wear there are huge turbans of white marabout, trimmed with white aigrettes and a rhinestone buckle.

Hatpins of mammoth dragon flies, huge beetles, and other terrible things are reproduced in iridescent glass.

Cloth of silver gives a most effective touch to a turban of black velvet designed for a middle aged woman.

Tulle is worn not only as a foundation material for many dresses, but as the trimming and decoration of many others.

The transparent effects are in full sway among the silks, grey over nattier blue being lovely.

The semi-princess dresses have been in close competition with the princess models since their first introduction, but so far neither has gained the upper hand; both styles are perfectly suitable for dressy gowns.

Waist Pattern No. 6449
Skirt Pattern No. 6446
Embroidery Pattern No. 449

Waist Pattern No. 6467
Skirt Pattern No. 6466

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THE NEW SHADES.

APROPOS of color, says *Harper's Bazar*, the new shades are eastern, fascinating and peculiar. There is an emerald tinged with blue which critical people are calling chrysoprase, but which the less exact will

call for under the name of blue-green; and that blue with elusive green in it which is called peacock, and which will become green if associated with strong green trimming. These greens and blues are being shown in nets, in cashmeres and voiles, and in evening and afternoon satins and silks.

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BLOUSE FASHIONS.

THE cross-over baby bodice worn with a high-waisted skirt finishes with a round buckle at each side. Low-necked guimpes possess long

Pattern No. 6452

sleeves, over which sometimes comes a loose oversleeve to reach half-way to the elbow.

Rich satins and silks are made to fashion big roses, which are now worn on corsages as well as hats.

For evening-dress wear the cuirass finds many admirers.

Irish crochet motifs made of metallic cord instead of the usual thread are among the new trimmings.

The sun-ray plaiting is a favorite in yokes.

Some of the Dutch collars finish with two little tabs in front.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE WINTER COAT.

FASHIONABLE coats are long this season and this one is ample and protective while it gives exceedingly smart lines. It includes plaited portions at the sides and is made with an exceptionally handsome collar. In this case the material is broadcloth and the trimming is soutache braid combined with wide braid but in place of the fancy design of soutache plain bands could be used or the entire collar could be braided and braid applied over the plain fronts and the straight trimming portions. Indeed, the coat is susceptible to treatment of various sorts and also is adapted to all seasonable cloakings, the rough finished cloths that are so much liked for simpler uses, the moire velours and velvets that are so handsome for dressy occasions as well as broadcloth.

For the medium size will be required 9 yards of material 27, 5½ yards 44 or 4½ yards 52 inches wide. The pattern 6452 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

* * *

FASHIONABLE INDOOR GOWNS.

INDOOR gowns are exceedingly attractive this season. They include many variations but those made in jersey style and those made with tunic skirts are pronounced favorites. Here is one model of each sort.

The gown to the left is made of one of the new ribbed silks with the chemisette of tucked chiffon and trimming of soutache braid. There is a sash arranged over the lower edge of the cuirass and this sash is of messaline ribbon. The gown is adapted to a great many different materials, however. It could be made from chiffon broadcloth or from cashmere, it can be made from any available silk or any similar material and it can be made with the cuirass of one material and the skirt of another. Jersey cloth is a favorite for the upper portion but crepe de chene, messaline, broadcloth and velvet are all used with skirts of contrasting material, either silk or wool, plain colored, striped, checked or plaided as may be.

For the medium size will be required 9½ yards of material 24 or 27, 5½ yards 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard of tucking for the chemisette, 4 yards of ribbon for the sash. The pattern 6461 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

The tunic gown is shown in one of the beautiful new satin finished silks with bands of the same as trimming. It is eminently graceful and attractive, giving exceptionally becoming lines. The skirt can be made short, however, if a simpler gown is wanted and the blouse can be finished with the regulation stock and made either with slightly full sleeves or plain, tight-fitting ones. For this gown also there are a great many appropriate materials, silk and wool being equally in vogue.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 with ½ yard 27 for the trimming; for the skirt 9½ yards 27, 7¼ yards 44 with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming. The blouse pattern 6458 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6455 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.

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A GRACEFUL FROCK OF CASHMERE.

CASHMERE is the favorite material of the season for young girls' dresses and is always pretty and attractive. This one is trimmed with velvet and with chemisette of lace, under sleeves of chiffon over close-fitted linings of gold net, the color of the gown being a dull old rose. The use of the chiffon over the gold is distinctly novel and is much exploited this season and the gown is altogether a novel as well as a smart one. It is closed at the left of the front and it gives exceedingly graceful and becoming lines. The neck can be finished with or without the stock collar, also the model will be found just as appropriate for the simple dress of dark colored serge as it is for the more daintv one of rose colored cashmere. If sturdy materials are used the sleeve puffs can be made from taffeta or messaline, from any similar material; or, if liked, plain sleeves can be used as shown in the back view.

For the sixteen-year size will be required 9⅝ yards of material 24 or 27, 6⅛ yards 32 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, ½ yard of chiffon for the sleeve puffs. The pattern 6453 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

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EVENING GOWNS.

EVENING gowns for the autumn and winter already indicate that there is to be a decided change from the exaggerated styles of last winter. There is still marked individuality, but the too conspicuous effects that were becoming to so few women and required to be so carefully made are no longer commanded by Dame Fashion as the only possible mode of dress.

The one-piece evening gown is no

Pattern No. 6453

longer the only style, and in truth there are any number of extremely smart evening gowns now being made with skirt and waist separate. There are dressmakers who assert that only the separate waist and skirt should be made up, but this is too sweeping a command, for if the one-piece effect is more becoming then it should be chosen, and in consequence the modified Empire gown of last year, modified to be on the latest lines, is not to be rashly discarded by any means, and if dealt with gently and carefully will still be extremely smart. The sheath gown will require much more attention to be brought up to date, for more material will be needed to give the required width of skirt, and the waist must be more clearly defined, even when the material hangs from the trimming or folds of the waist.

Once again is the long waist considered desirable, but in the strange subtlety of all modern dress the long waist line is more suggested than emphasized, although, as has been said, last year's lines are no longer in favor, the straight lines have by no means gone quite out of style, and the fashionable figure is still slender and narrow, an effect only possible with the straight draperies.

Skirts of evening gowns are much wider and longer, with the train almost exaggeratedly long, while in front and at the sides the skirt must be long enough to more than touch the ground. The newest models are most graceful and effective, with their long sweeping trains, and in spite of

Continued on page 31

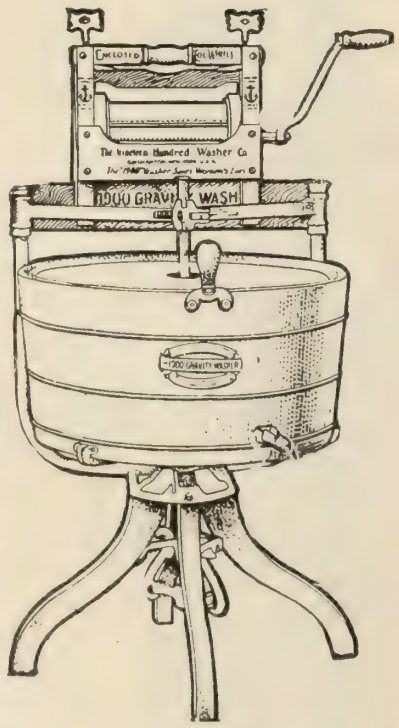
Pattern No. 6461

Blouse Pattern No. 6458
Skirt Pattern No. 6455

BEDTIME
Send for "Bedtime"—it tells how to buy the best Bed.
THIS handsomely illustrated catalogue is christened "Bedtime"—it tells all about Quality Beds. It costs us a lot of money, but we're willing to send it free, if you'll just drop us a card now, before you forget. It illustrates many beautiful Quality Brass and Enamel Bedsteads, and tells all about our 30-day Trial and 5-year Guarantee. It relates how Quality Beds are made, from start to finish, and shows you the great difference between Quality Beds and all other makes. How Quality Beds last many years longer than any other Bed—how all that common rattling and wobbling is eliminated—how the Lacquer and Enamel are applied so that they will never crack, peel, fade or tarnish—how you can wash Quality Beds without fear of discoloring them—how Quality Beds are made absolutely sanitary, and why they are the most beautiful Brass and Enamel Bedsteads in the world. This beautiful, expensive book interestingly relates "A Trip Through Qualityville," and brings you back much wiser and more satisfied reader. There's nothing slow about it—not a dry nor weary line in it, and it's certainly well worth owning, even though you never buy a Bed. We want you to know more about Quality Beds and our 30-day Trial and 5-year Guarantee, so that you can tell it to your friends—it may be good news to them, you know. "Bedtime" won't cost you a cent, not even for postage. Your asking for it will be conferring a favor upon us, instead of implying an obligation upon yourself. Won't you please send for "Bedtime" now—this very minute, before you do another thing?
QUALITY BEDS LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS WELLAND CANADA
QUAILTY BEDS LIMITED.
WELLAND, ONTARIO.

The WASHBOARD

RUINS CLOTHES



Take a new shirt. Soil it well!

Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a WASHBOARD.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes, closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned, WORN OUT more than from three months' hard, steady USE.

Half the life of the garment gone—LATEN UP BY THE WASHBOARD.

Shirt cost a dollar, say—washboard takes 50 cents of wear out of it—you get what's left.

Why don't you cut out the Washboard? Use a "1900 Gravity" instead. It drives the water THROUGH the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or breaking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. THAT costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "1900 Gravity" for four weeks! Won't cost you a cent to try, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on THEIR part.

I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may TEST my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.

Then if you then you may keep it. If you don't like it, send it back at MY expense.

If you keep it you pay for it out of the WORK and the WEAR IT SAVES—at the rate of 2 cents a week.

It washes the clothes in HALF the time they can be washed by hand, and it does it by forcing soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It operates like a piston rod and it runs as EASY as a sewing machine.

Even a child can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself, and at MY expense.

I'll send the "1900 Gravity" free for a month, anywhere, so you CAN prove it without risking a penny.

I'll take back the machine, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight BOTH WAYS out of my own pocket.

How can I make such an offer and not go broke if the "1900 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in HALF the TIME with HALF the WEAR and do ALL that I say it will?

Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

More than 25,000 people are now using our "1900 Gravity" Washers. Write to-day to me, personally, H. J. A. BACH, manager, The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal, and suburbs—special arrangements are made for these districts.

1912

IN THE SHOPS

THE season of autumn fashions opened last month with new and beautiful models in all the latest shades and colorings. One must be an expert to pick and choose from the many suits now on sale. We must understand through study the present styles. Notice the smart lines, the value of the material, the trimmings, and then we shall be able to make our choice to the best advantage.

There are many models represented in our Toronto stores—many from New York, some from Paris and still our own "home made" can compare well with these imported suits. There is a New York style that is very serviceable made up of the newest diagonal serge, three-quarter coat and plaited skirt. This sells at twenty-five dollars. The most exclusive style is the fifty-inch coat, strictly man-tailored, trimmed with moire satin and buttons. The skirts are plaited or panel style. The suits are made of heavy serges in the new wide-wale or fancy cord, and the more dressy in broadcloth. This style sells at forty dollars. Some of the newest shades in these suits are berry, mustard, coal-dust, elephant grey and raisin. In this same store are some lovely imported evening or dressy waists made of chiffon, crepe de chine, all-over lace, silk or satin. Many of these have the new French sleeves.

These French sleeves are made in quite different styles. One very smart effect has no shoulder seam, the sleeve and body in one piece. In another the upper part of the sleeve is slightly larger than our summer sleeves. A puff of tulle, net or chiffon at the elbow with a gathered cuff at the wrist. We have seldom had such a splendid collection of dress goods to choose from as our stores are showing this season from a quality point and coloring. This year we have a complete change of finish to our materials—instead of the shimmering satin of last year we have a decided dull finish. The old-fashioned silks of our grandmother's days will be the new fashioned of this season—moire broche, and even the brocades are with us again and will bring with them panniers, over-skirts and draperies of all sorts and descriptions.

The autumn millinery openings are with us again—the hats are most fascinating and becoming both in style and coloring. Some of our large fur stores have a splendid display of exclusive hats. These hats would be hard to duplicate as most of them are Paris patterns. Women who are looking for this class of hat would do well to order immediately as they are so soon picked over. The most prominent colors are green, new burgundy, bronze and old blue. Many of the tailored hats are trimmed with wings and Persian bands. This style looks well with any costume if properly chosen. We always have the ultra-fashion—some of them are known as the boulevard, the envelope and the Napoleon, the shape we all know. These shapes are very stylish and may be worn to advantage by tall slight women, while our shorter people may be suited with the more moderate size in the small French shapes.

There is a good assortment of children's hats in all the pretty shades. The little people have the Napoleon on a small scale, Tricorn, Mignon and granny poke bonnet. The Mignon has been a favorite. Sales-people say they cannot keep the demand supplied. The shape is a rather small sailor, with the brim slightly turned down. Rosettes of ribbon make a suitable trimming.

I had a peep at some of the newest veils—Paris, New York and our own manufacture—the most attractive is known as the mystique. It is a large pattern mesh in squares, small leaves or vines. There are always the smaller patterns to choose from in the neat fish nets with large or small dots. Then there are lace veils in black, white or cream. The smartest travelling cloaks are made of black taffeta chiffon and lined with a delicate color. These wraps are usually seven-eighths length so that they almost cover the gown.

It is fortunately decided that the knee sash is "to go out" at last, and what a blessing, at least for our short women, who have so deformed themselves as to wear these ribbons. Two long sash ends are to be worn, falling down the back of the skirt without loop or bow, and is a pretty finish to a smart gown, provided a woman knows how to wear it. It should be placed in such a way as to lengthen the lines of the figure and not by a woman who has passed her "first youth." Neither should any one but a very young maiden wear a butterfly bow and ends, fastened in the middle of her waist at the back. The sash can be most becoming or miserably unbecoming. Its success lies in the way it is worn. Tulle bows are a modish fashion and are to be worn in the front of the collar. This dainty little bow is becoming to most people and will soften the face where a severe style of stock will have an opposite result.

The house furnishing departments in all our stores are complete for the autumn renovating with all the newest and loveliest of the season's prettiest goods from our own manufacturers and from foreign markets. We will be glad to give our readers tasteful suggestions and good advice for all their requirements, for the drawing-room, dining-room, den, library, bedroom or even the kitchen needs. A few of the suggestions we might mention in this number are the new casement cloth. This material has a cream ground with a small pattern in greens, browns, crimson or yellow, hangs gracefully and is inexpensive.

A new Puritan tapestry—a heavy cotton and wool goods in stripes of same colors, in green, brown and crimson, very suitable for library, dens or sitting rooms. One of the daintiest bedrooms imaginable could be furnished with the new Dutch goods. There are bed covers, table covers, curtains, cushions, and every other need to make a perfect gem of a room and not expensive. Then we have the Dutch wallpaper, and no doubt could find suitable carpets.

The Dressing Table

Continued from page 23

dry, and left for three or four hours, then shaken off, and the remainder brushed with a plate-brush.

Rings or pieces of jewellery that contain stones ought not to be brushed, as there is a risk of the stones becoming loosened. It is a good plan to dissolve a piece of washing soda the size of a nut in a cup of hot water, and if the ornament is not set with pearls it may be left in the solution for a few minutes, and then be polished with a soft cloth.

There is little risk in cleaning diamonds or other transparent stones, but in all cases soap and water should not be used. Brushing with a little dry powder is safe. A few drops of ammonia on the under-side of a diamond will clean it immediately and make it very brilliant. Great heat will cause opals to crack or to become loose in their settings. If turquoises are cleaned with water they will change color, so this should not be attempted.

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER

is a scalp food and tonic. It nourishes the roots of the hair and stimulates them to new growth. Always cures dandruff.

At all Druggists
50 cents a bottle

R. J. DEVINS, Ltd. Agent
Montreal
No. 36 A

EVERYTHING

YOU NEED FOR THE

COMPLEXION
HAIR, SCALP
HANDS, ETC.

¶ We can't tell you here all we would like to tell about our delightful creams, unguents, lotions and ointments to preserve the hair, the skin, the hands and figure; to clear the complexion of tan, freckles, moth patches and discolorations; to cure pimples, blackheads and other skin troubles to remove lines and wrinkles and restore a fading skin. Our booklet "H" is for that purpose. It and a sample of Toilet Cream will be sent on request.

Princess Skin Food

¶ Is one of the most popular preparations. Its use prevents and removes lines and wrinkles, feeds the tissues, makes the skin firm and restores a faded complexion, Price, $1.50 Postpaid.

Hair Rejuvenator

¶ Another of the Princess preparations, It restores gray and faded hair to its original color in ten days, is neither greasy nor sticky, clear as water; contains no injurious ingredients. For hair not more than one half gray. Price, $1.00 delivered.

SUPERFLUOUS, HAIR, MOLES, WARTS, ETC. Permanently removed by electrolysis. Our method is safe sure and practically painless. Satisfaction assured.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO
Established 1892

There Are Reasons Why

The Angle Lamp

is the only one advertised. It is the only one with qualities to commend it to all classes. It is the most economical good light in the world. All other lamps will smoke and emit an odor that is disagreeable and unhealthy. Such things are unheard of with The Angle Lamp. Then it is so easy to operate and care for. One filling lasts 22 hours. Lights and extinguishes like gas. Yet the best thing about it is the **quality of its light.** It is steady and restful to the eyes—and means genuine comfort. It has all the lighting power of gas or electricity, but is reliable and perfectly steady, and the expense to maintain it is far less than even ordinary lamps. "No under shadow" is The Angle Lamp's great exclusive feature. That alone has helped greatly in making it famous.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

to prove its good qualities for they cannot be told here. No one can help but appreciate it. We will send you a book that tells all about it—then you may try the lamp without risk. Write for catalogue No 70 while you are thinking about it.

THE 1900 WASHER CO.
357 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 23

their added width are so cleverly designed that they make the wearer look slender. Heavier materials are used than last season. The satins are of heavier quality, and brocades are being shown. The favorite weaves of satin have quite a lustre and look much richer than last year's, while there are many old friends among the new designs, but with new names. In spite of looking heavier in weight and richer in quality these new fabrics are singularly soft and pliable, so that they can be dealt with as easily almost as the extremely light weight charmeuse satin that in the clinging empire and princess gowns has had such a wonderful and long-lived popularity.

* * *

A SMART GOWN OF CASHMERE.

CASHMERE is a deserved favorite just now and the newer satin surface sort illustrated is exceedingly beautiful. In this case it is trimmed with velvet and worn with a sash of velvet ribbon and the color is one of the lovely wistarias. The yoke and long sleeves are of cream colored lace, however, and the gown is exceedingly handsome yet quite simple. It includes the pretty fancy sleeves which belong to the Moyen Age period, and the skirt portion can be either tucked

Pattern No. 6425

or gathered, made long or short, as occasion requires. Broadcloth, moire, light weight serge and various other materials are quite as appropriate as cashmere and, if liked, silk Jersey cloth can be used for the cuirass, with silk, cashmere or some similar material for the plaited skirt. The sash is entirely optional, for the gown is quite complete without it, but it gives a distinctive touch, nevertheless. If plainer sleeves are liked, those shown in the small back view can be substituted for the more elaborate ones.

For the medium size the gown will require 11½ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 10½ yards 32 or 6¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for yoke and undersleeves. The pattern is No. 6425, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust.

BOVRIL
FOR THE INVALID

BOVRIL is so palatable that the patient will take it when everything else is refused.

BOVRIL is so stimulating that the sick one is immediately revived.

BOVRIL is so nourishing that the body becomes gradually stronger.

BOVRIL paves the way and prepares the convalescent for other foods.

Nurses everywhere use BOVRIL

XMAS PRESENTS
FROM THE
OLD COUNTRY

¶ If you have never thought of this matter before— ——

DO IT NOW

and you will be surprised at the extra pleasure you will give. * * * * Our **ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST** contains many suitable articles and will be sent free.

Wedding Linen Outfits Our Specialty
WRITE TO-DAY

MURPHY & ORR
BOX 103 — BELFAST, IRELAND

Ask for
Harris Fabrics

Look for
Quality Mark

Nothing Like Maypole Soap

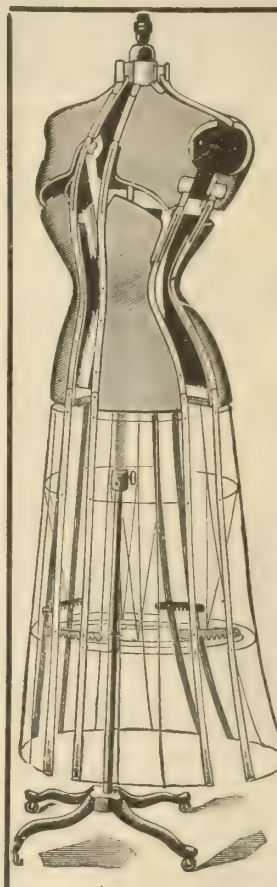
— the Home-Dye that cleans while it gives fast, beautiful shades—quickly, easily, surely.

Keeps the hands white—the kettles clean.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c.

All dealers'—or send 10c. for full-size cake (mention colour—for black, send 15c.) and free book on How to Dye. 58

F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.



HOME DRESS-MAKING

is simplified by using one of those celebrated

Hall-Borchert Forms

Adjustable to every size from 32 in. to 42 in. and raised to suit length of skirt.

Busts also made to order any special size required.

Write to-day for our new catalogue. It is full of suggestions for the Home Dressmaker.

Sole Agents, CLATWORTHY & SON
61 King Street West, TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1860

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING - TORONTO

Thorough, practical courses, in all commercial subjects. Students may enter any time for day or evening courses. Particulars sent on request. T. M. Watson, Principal

Duchess

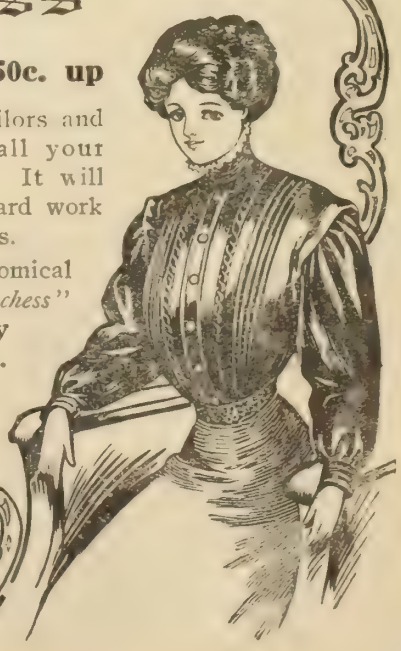
Sateen Waists, 50c. up

Let the "*Duchess*" Tailors and Seamstresses make all your Waists, White Wear etc. It will save you many hours of hard work and save you money besides.

Just to show you how economical it will be, we mention "*Duchess*" Black Sateen Waists, in many pleasing styles, from 50c. up.

Let us know if your dealer does not handle the complete "*Duchess*" line. Every garment guaranteed both by makers and dealers.

DUNLAP MANUFACTURING CO.
MONTREAL.



THIS VASE WAS BROKEN INTO 147 PIECES

It was perfectly restored by

CÆMENTIUM

This is the story of a 1-foot China Vase, one of a pair in the Palm Court of the Carlton Hotel, London. One large piece that was pulverized was replaced by a Cæmentium duplicate.

This feat of china restoring would be impossible with any other adhesive, for CÆMENTIUM is the only one that makes as well as mends.

Most dealers sell Cæmentium. If you find any difficulty in securing it, send us 25c. for a sample tin.

DILLON'S, LIMITED
354 St. Paul St., MONTREAL

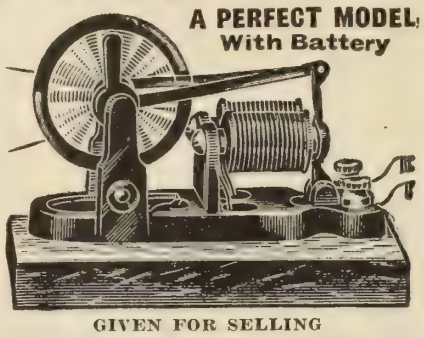
MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

AND MAGIC LANTERN GIVEN FOR SELLING XMAS POST-CARDS, 6 for 10c

The latest triumph. It uses both moving picture films and slides. Any boy or girl can operate it easily. The outfit includes **three colored films** and **six colored slides** for selling $4.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art, exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 51 H Toronto.

Electric Engine

A PERFECT MODEL With Battery



GIVEN FOR SELLING
XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c.

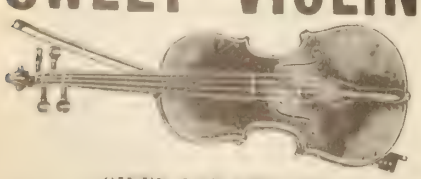
Makes **from 200 to 3,000 revolutions a minute**; can be started, stopped or reversed in an instant. **Complete, with Battery and Instruction Book,** for selling $3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art, exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** Write to-day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 58 H, Toronto.

ROTARY PRINTING Press

GIVEN FOR SELLING
XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c

Self-inking, steel-framed, rotary press, with automatic feed; nearly 300 type, including figures, punctuation points and ornaments; roll of paper, bottle of ink; gold, bronze and pad; tweezers, tray; visiting cards and instructions; all for selling only $4.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs, all gems of art, exquisitely colored, many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 54 H. Toronto.

SWEET VIOLIN



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Full sized, beautifully finished, sweet toned Violin, with good bass, bearing pipe, rosin, and Self Instructor for selling $4.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs, all gems of art, exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** Write to-day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. H 52, Toronto.

LOVELY DOLL.

GIVEN FOR SELLING
XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c

Sleeping Beauty; 22 inches tall; lovely dress of pleated lawn, with white lace over dress, trimmed with insertion, threaded with satin baby ribbon. Hat to match; white slippers and stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. Fully jointed; sweet, smiling face, clustering curls. Just like the picture. Given for selling $3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 53 H. Toronto.

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra is now a flourishing institution, with Mr. Frank Welsman as conductor and Mr. Stanford as secretary. Several of Toronto's prominent citizens have patriotically taken a practical interest in the orchestra's finances. Among these, Mr. H. C. Cox has probably been the most active. The concerts of last season were most emphatically successful, bringing *kudos* to the deserving conductor. Madame Gadski and Master Mischa Elman proved surpassing attractions as soloists, while the work of the orchestra gave Torontonians a veritable surprise. Thanksgiving night, October 25th, sees their first concert for this season, with the favorite, Madame Gadski, again on the programme. This prima donna of magnificent voice and presence has established herself as one of the most welcome artists visiting Canada. As one of the local authorities in the city of Toronto remarks:

"That the orchestra has made a wonderful advance upon the work of last season, is a statement easily accepted, considering the concentrated ability, perseverance and industry of the conductor and members; but, perhaps, only a critical auditor can fully appreciate how marked is the improvement in tone quality, volume, delicate shading of expression and finish. The programme arranged for the coming concert is a most attractive one, including Beethoven's splendid Scotch symphony which gives the orchestra an excellent opportunity of displaying its fine qualities. Madame Gadski is acknowledged as the possessor of one of the greatest operatic soprano voices, a gift which, she says, she has not inherited for her mother could not distinguish one tune from another, and which in childhood she was in great danger of ruining by singing too loud, a fault altogether too common with children. To cultivate the voice intelligence is needed on the part of both pupil and teacher."

* * *

THE Mendelssohn Choir is working hard in preparation for the great cycle of concerts in February. Dr. Vogt is undertaking several exacting new numbers with the courage and thoroughness which have made him our first conductor. Those who heard the Brahms "Requiem" will be delighted to hear that this work will be repeated. But we hope, in the near future, to hear once more that magnificent Elgar production, "Caractacus." The Mendelssohn Choir will go to Buffalo this next winter and also to Cleveland. In the former city their work is known and enthusiastically received; in Cleveland their reputation should secure for them a warm welcome. There is a large Canadian colony in the Ohio city which will doubtless turn out in full force to hear the Champion Choir of the "home" Dominion.

Regarding the Brahms "Requiem," it is said: "The most commanding figure among modern composers, and probably, the greatest composer since Beethoven, not only in the realm of chamber music, but in other forms (Wagner's was an altogether different field) is Brahms, who especially claims our attention, as his greatest work, and the one which established his fame, the 'German Requiem,' is to be performed in Toronto in February by the Mendelssohn Choir, and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. This is a magnificent work and one of great magnitude, and will, doubtless, receive full justice at the hand of Dr. Vogt, with his wonderful resources.

"Brahms (1831-1897) was a man of most pronounced individuality, and was greatly beloved, not only by the German people but by Europeans generally. His works are grand and dignified, and are pervaded with an originality, an intellectuality and an intense fervor which makes them 'the climax of modern musical thought.'"

* * *

CANADIAN musicians are gradually and surely making themselves important entities in the musical world. The latest name added to the list of successful Canadian singers is that of Miss Eva Gauthier of Ottawa, a protegee of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Miss Gauthier made her first appearance in grand opera at Pavia, Italy, near Milan, and the press speaks of her as being "greatly applauded, her name being called by the audience with persistence until she had to appear seven or eight times. She was singing the part of Micaela, in 'Carmen,' for the first time. Her voice is limpid, of great range and perfect intonation. She conquered the public instantly."

Miss Gauthier is a daughter of Louis Gauthier, of the Department of the Interior, and her friends are naturally very much pleased with her pronounced success.

* * *

THE word "music," says Daniel Bloomfield in *The Musician*, is one pregnant with meaning, every letter expressing something vital to a definition of "the divine art."

M, the first letter, stands for melody, the foundation rock of the tonal art. Music without melody is like a tree without its fruit, a play without its characters. It is melody that gives music its universal character, that enables the most ignorant layman to enjoy a song of Schubert's or an opera of Rossini's. It was melody that emancipated music from the church in the twelfth century and made it a universal art.

U, the second letter, stands for universality. Music is a universal art by virtue of the fact that it is a language understood by all nations and races; it is the language of the emotions, of the finer feelings. Geographical music is evanescent; true music, like Beethoven's, is permanent because it is the expression of an inspired man's ideas; and genius is ever universal.

S, the next letter, stands for service, strength and simplicity. Music serves as a refining influence in life. There is no other art that can mould and refine character so well. Its influence is not physical, but psychical. Music, while the most complex of the arts, is the simplest, and in this simplicity lies its strength. From the simple scale of seven tones the mightiest tonal masterpieces have been conceived. What other art with so little material can produce such results as Wagner's Tristan or Richard Strauss's Salome. Music truly illustrates the proverb that "In simplicity there is strength."

I stands for inspiration and ideals. The goddess of music is the goddess of inspiration. The only ones to succeed in music as a profession are those having the highest ideals — ideals that can stand the most thorough test, ideals that are lived up to every day in the year.

C, the last letter, epitomizes the definition of the word. It stands for character and civilization. Music is a character-moulding art; its uplifting propensities are proverbial. Music sums up civilization; for the story of music is the story of man; the history of art is the history of civilization.

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 27

tion, or in other words, help others. Watch the community that practises it, and you will find elevation of tone and happiness prevail. We should stand united in all that would tend to the uplifting of our community. American women have done a great work by establishing suitable playgrounds, gymnasiums and parks. The character of a community is made by its women, and it is one of the first objects of the Women's Institute to assist in its elevation.

Miss Laura Housser, Campden, followed with a paper on "The Home and the Public School," in which she urged that there be a better understanding between parents and teachers. Parents think too much about feeding, clothing and laying up property for their children; teachers are too concerned about their pupils passing creditable examinations. If both were to devote more of their energies to character building in the children, they would be working for a common end. Let us teach the child that the prime object is to make a life, rather than lay so much stress on making a living. The man or woman with a well-developed character never yet failed to make a good living. An open discussion on "The Essential Duties of the Home-maker and the Best Methods of Accomplishing much with the least Labor," brought what had been a most enjoyable and profitable convention to a close.

* * *

What Institutes are Doing

ONE of the progressive Institutes of Western Ontario, Rodney, West Elgin, reports that through the efforts of its members $118.00 was collected through "Women's Institute Tag Day." The balance, after paying expenses, $111, was handed over to the fire department of the town.

It is gratifying to learn that the Institutes are assisting in many lines of civic improvement, and it is very good work for Women's Institutes in those localities where there is no Horticultural Society or other organization to look after the beautifying of the town or make more perfect the fire protection, lighting, etc., of the town or village concerned.

The Women's Institutes have done much in many sections in making the Fall Fairs a greater success by advising the directors of the Fair in revising the prize lists, and in some cases contributing towards the prize money. The Institutes have done much to create greater interest in women's work in connection with the Fair. It is commendable work so long as the Institute does not cripple itself financially towards contributing towards the prize list.

At Omemee, in Victoria County, the local Institute distributed tomato seed early in the spring and an exhibit of the tomatoes raised from this seed was recently made. The result has been more general production of tomatoes in the district and the standard as to quality has been raised. Small prizes were offered for the most creditable exhibits.

Drayton Institute held a flower contest on Sept. 18th in the Council Chamber of the town. Representatives from each of the branches of West Wellington were in attendance. Some twenty-two prizes, consisting chiefly of chinaware, were presented to the successful competitors. It is expected that this will be made an annual affair in connection with the Institute.

* * *

November and December Meetings

THE speakers named below will attend Institute meetings as indicated. The Women's and Farmers' Institutes will have separate sessions in the afternoon, and joint session in the evening. We trust that the members generally will make these meetings known as far as possible, and invite their friends and neighbors to attend both the afternoon and evening sessions.

MISS M. YATES, O. A. C., GUELPH, NOVEMBER 29 TO DECEMBER 4.

Shelburne, Town Hall, Dufferin, afternoon, Nov. 29.
Melancthon, Township Hall, Dufferin, evening, Nov. 29.
Orangeville, Town Hall, Dufferin, Nov. 30.
Mono Mills, Town Hall, Peel, Dec. 1.
Huttonville, Town Hall, Peel, Dec. 2.
Weston, Dufferin Hall, West York, Dec. 3.
Woodbridge, Orange Hall, West York, Dec. 4.

MISS SUSIE CAMPBELL, BRAMPTON, DEC. 1 to 15.

Oakwood, Township Hall, W. Victoria, Dec. 1.
Lindsay, Town Hall, W. Victoria, Dec. 2.
Fenelon Falls, Dickson's Hall, E. Victoria, Dec. 3.
Bobcaygeon, Town Hall, E. Victoria, Dec. 4.
Ennismore, Town Hall, W. Peterboro, Dec. 6.
Lakefield, Town Hall, W. Peterboro, Dec. 7.
Warsaw, Town Hall, E. Peterboro, Dec. 8.
Douro, Schoolhouse, E. Peterboro, afternoon, Dec. 9.
South Dummer, Schoolhouse, E. Peterboro, evening, Dec. 9.
Keene, Town Hall, E. Peterboro, Dec. 10.
Warkworth, Warkworth Hall, E. Northumberland, Dec. 11 and 13.
Codrington, Orange Hall, E. Northumberland, Dec. 14.
Menie, Lamb's Hall, E. Northumberland, Dec. 15.

MISS G. CARTER, GUELPH.

Wallbridge, Town Hall, W. Hastings, Dec. 9.
Frankford, Sweetman's Hall, W. Hastings, Dec. 10.
Gilbert's Schoolhouse, W. Hastings, Dec. 11.
Bayside, Schoolhouse, W. Hastings, Dec. 13.

MISS L. SHUTTLEWORTH, 7 Chicora Ave., Toronto, NOV. 29 to DEC. 3; DEC. 9 to DEC. 11; DEC. 17 and 18.

Alice, Presbyterian Church, North Renfrew, Nov. 29.
Micksburg, Public Hall, N. Renfrew, Nov. 30.
Westmeath, Public Hall, N. Renfrew, Dec. 1.
Beachburg, Town Hall, N. Renfrew, Dec. 2.
Grattan, Schoolhouse, S. Renfrew, Dec. 3.
Lanark, Town Hall, N. Lanark, Dec. 9.
Perth, Town Hall, S. Lanark, Dec. 10.
Maberly, Town Hall, S. Lanark, Dec. 11.
Spencerville, Town Hall, S. Grenville, Dec. 17.
Algonquin, Temperance Hall, S. Grenville, Dec. 18.

MISS G. CARTER, GUELPH.

Berwick, Township Hall, Stormont, Dec. 1.
Newington, Oddfellows' Hall, Stormont, Dec. 2.
Northfield, Adams' Hall, Stormont, Dec. 3.
Avonmore, Beaver Hall, Stormont, Dec. 4.
Moose Creek, Gagnor's Hall, Stormont, Dec. 6.
Monklands, McGilvray's Hall, Stormont, Dec. 7.
Manotick Harmony Hall, Carleton, Dec. 15.
North Gower, Town Hall, Carleton, Dec. 16.
S. Mountain, Fenton's Hall, Dundas, Dec. 17.

* * *

Annual Convention

FULL announcements of the programme will appear in the December issue of the HOME JOURNAL. The secretaries of the Institutes concerned should send the names and addresses of delegates to the Superintendent some time during November (before the 15th if possible). Programmes and badges will be sent to all such.

Provision is being made for the hearing of reports from officers and members representing the various sections of the Province. These representatives will be asked to report upon such features as have proved of particular interest and value in their respective districts. Opportunity will also be given for the presentation of difficulties met with, and the delegates will have an opportunity of offering suggestions as to how these difficulties in Institute work will be overcome.

"The Day's Work" in the ordinary home of the city, town, and country, will be presented by representative women. There is no doubt but that the methods given will result in a discussion of various ways of planning and performing work. The Macdonald Institute staff will lend assistance in making the Convention interesting and instructive, while we expect to hear from some of our well-known workers, such as Dr. Backus, Dr. MacMurchy, Miss Gertrude Gray and others.

The annual convention has become a great gathering from all parts of the "Premier Province," and the subjects discussed cover a greater range from year to year. The Institute work has broadened from home and farm to many interests that may be characterized as national and has become a factor in patriotic development.

We Ask Active Support

¶ Every reader of THE HOME JOURNAL appreciates the great value of a woman's magazine published just for Canadians, filled with Canadian special interests.

¶ If you will give us your determined support, we will make THE HOME JOURNAL second to no woman's magazine in the world. It is not just your good will that can accomplish this, it is your active assistance in making THE HOME JOURNAL known to every woman in the Dominion.

¶ Will you send us the names of 25 women whom we should mail sample copies, or the names of two acquaintances who might care to represent us.

Your interest we ask free, for your actual labor we will send you two attractive ART TYPE PICTURES.

Circulation Mgr. THE HOME JOURNAL

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Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
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¶ Kodak film is the film of experience—not of experiments.

¶ The first film, the first transparent film, the first daylight loading film, the first orthochromatic (color value) film, the first non-curling film was:

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¶ Back of Kodak film is our experience of more than 25 years in film making, an experience that has made Kodak film the Dependable film.

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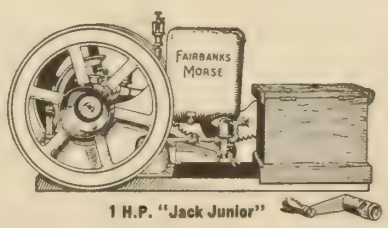

1 H.P. "Jack Junior"

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Price $75.00, complete ready to run

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70,000 Fairbanks-Morse Engines in daily use.

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A friend to the whole Household as well as to the Cook.

OXO is a splendid health-preserver. In this changeable autumn weather it is simply invaluable. When the system is weakened by colds and influenza, OXO quickly renews vitality.

You should use it in this way as this as well as in the kitchen for making soups, sauces and gravies.

Children love OXO. Spread thinly on brown bread and butter it makes a delicious sandwich.

A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes a delicious, strengthening drink. 8

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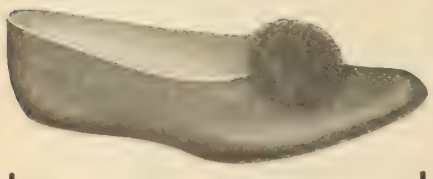

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Naturally, we want the most healthy, the most comfortable and the most economic.

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PURE WOOL
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is the finest Underwear in the world

It is so pure in quality, so perfect in weave and make, that Jæger wearers are the best fortified against cold and chills (with accompanying danger)—the most comfortably clad and the best satisfied as to value.
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THE AERATED OVEN practically places the Souvenir in a class by itself. Ordinary ovens burn the nutritious elements out of food; but the free circulation of pure air in the oven of The Family Souvenir assures sanitary and wholesome **cooking.** Our free book, giving the facts you ought to know, mailed on request.

GURNEY, TILDEN & CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON 1903
Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

For sale by all leading dealers

Five Ghosts Abroad

Continued from page 25

from the windows of the Lennox home, and moving closer and closer, he finally reached the very edge where he stood gazing at the merry scene within. The party was at its height. The children had laid aside their ghostly robes and, like the jolly little mortals that they were, were gayly taking part in the half-dozen Hallowe'en games that had been started in the room. On a low table in the centre of the floor stood a tub filled with water in which floated a dozen red-cheeked apples. Little Nancy Morrow, her golden curls tied away from her face and her hands behind her back was leaning far over, vainly striving to get a bite of the rosy fruit. Snap! went her sharp little teeth and missed it for the second time. The children screamed with laughter.

"Just one more turn, Nancy," cried Teddy White, "and then Sally comes next. I want Sally to win at the games, for she has promised me half of the prize, haven't you, Sally?" and that gay young person proceeded to turn a handspring on the hearth rug just to show what a good time he was having, and to the intense amusement of the boys and girls.

Early in the evening Mrs. Lennox called Harry and Bob to her and explained to them that there was no need to fear the promised visit of the rascally Mike Connors and his band, as Bob's brother Bill had already arrived to protect them, and he and a friend that he had brought with him were at that moment talking over their pipes in the library upstairs.

"And if these boys should try to frighten you by coming to the doors or windows we will tell the children that they must not be afraid that it is just a Hallowe'en prank, and the ugly fellows are only to be laughed at."

Reassured, the boys went back to their guests, where taffy was being pulled, popcorn popped, fortunes told, and everyone having the very best of good times.

Suddenly, out in the night a clear whistle broke the air. It was Mike Connors' signal to his followers that the moment had come for their work to begin. Silently they gathered around him and he gave his instructions in a low voice.

"It's going to be dead easy, fellows," he said. "Not a grown-up in the house but Harry's mother, and she'll be more scared than the kids. Someone has left a door at the other side of the house open and all you have to do is to show yourselves at the windows long enough to get them well frightened, while I hold the door, then you slip around to me and I'll let you in. After that we will see what is best to be done. Give me that basket for the grub, Shorty, and remember you're to do exactly as I tell you, and the fellow that speaks one word will have to answer for it to me. Now, travel along and do your terrifying act."

The sound that burst from the children when they caught sight of the white faces pressed against the window panes could scarcely be called one of terror. In fact, after what Harry and Bob had told them they were all looking joyfully forward to the appearance of the ghosts. When they did come it was taken in the light of a huge joke, and with a shout the children rushed to the windows to get a better view of the departing spirits.

"Mighty queer, that," remarked "Shorty" to his friend Pete, as they made their way to the opposite side of the house where their leader was to await them. "That isn't the way youngsters usually holler when they see ghosts. Sounded to me more like a 'Welcome to our party' greeting than a yell of fright. Hope no cog has slipped in Mike's calculations, or we'll be in a pretty pickle."

"Ssh!" whispered Pete, "here we are."

The other two ghosts came up at the moment, and the four of them stood waiting breathlessly outside the door. Presently it was thrown noiselessly open and their leader stepped out into the night beside them. Putting his finger to his lips he made a sign for no one to speak, and then in a hoarse whisper he told them:

"There is some delay. I'll explain later. You must slip down the cellar stairs until you hear me give the signal to advance. Come along," and they obediently tip-toed after him to the top of the stairway, where he stood aside and they filed silently past down into the room below.

Bang! the door was slammed shut and the bolt shot into its place with a rasping noise.

"Now, gentlemen," cried the cheery voice of Mr. Lennox from the other side, "you must make yourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. You see, I just arrived home in time to do a little ghost-acting on my own account, the success of which I feel sure you will testify to," and he chuckled happily over the outcome of his plans. "By the way," he continued, "you will find your old friend, Mike Connors, sitting disconsolately in the coal-bin with his arms and legs tied and a handkerchief over his mouth. Don't bear him any ill-will and undo the bindings as soon as you can find him. Take my word for it, he struggled manfully, but it was a case of two against one, wasn't it, Bill?" and this time another voice joined in his laughter.

* * * * * *

Some hours later when the last of the happy guests had taken their departure declaring it was the jolliest party they had ever known and hugging tightly the tiny Jack-'o-lantern that Harry's father had brought as a souvenir for each, the Lennox family with Bob and his brother Bill sat down to discuss the evening's adventure and hear how it had all come about.

"First of all," said Mrs. Lennox, "I want to know if those poor boys are still locked up in that dark cellar below. Don't you think they have been punished enough? Imagine, two hours spent in the cold listening to the merry-making going on up here. Jim, do let them go now," and she turned appealingly to her husband.

"Just like a woman," smiled Mr. Lennox, "but you would feel differently if I hadn't turned up just in time to prevent their thrashing Bill here, and scaring the rest of you into fits."

"Dad," said Harry, "tell us just how you did manage to get here. I was never so surprised in my life as when I found you out in the kitchen with mother and digging into the chocolate fudge."

"Don't give your father away like that, young man, but to tell the truth, it was just that same fudge that brought me home. When your mother's letter told me about this party I said to myself, 'Think of all those boys and girls eating chocolate fudge, and Bob eating chocolate fudge, and Harry eating chocolate fudge, and maybe Bill eating chocolate fudge, and no chocolate fudge for me, and I nearly wept when I thought of it, and I decided to manage getting here some way. Don't any of you flatter yourself that it was for any other reason than chocolate fudge that I did three days' work in one and got here just in time to help Bill with his little Hallowe'en prank. And now, if you really think it is time you may all come and see the prisoners released. Gather up some of the good things, Harry, my boy. To let anyone leave your house hungry seems to me a poor sort of hospitality, even if they do happen to be uninvited guests."

no doubt, that things could not have been worse—unless he had discovered that he had rescued the Honorable George E. Foster from a foreign assailant.—*Canadian Courier.*

* * *

WISE WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie impertubably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"

* * *

A CANDID OPINION.

OTHERS may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar: "Are you going to attend the funeral of General Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

* * *

A POLITE REPLY.

A FRENCH soldier on active service was informed by the mayor of his village that his father had recently died. In acknowledgement he wrote as follows: "Monsieur le maire, I heartily thank you for my father's death. It is a little accident that often happens in families. As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, with which I have the honor to salute you."

* * *

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW.

Lady, with your soup-bowl hat,
Near-Directoire gown and make-up,
With your curves all to the flat,
Quite in line with fashion's shake-up,
With your long plumes all a-wave
When you gaily trip the pave
As on toward the shops you hike it,
Do you like it?

When reform has done its work—
E'en though hubby much has scolded—
And with many a strain and jerk
You into new shape are moulded,
Do you wholly feel at ease
In your efforts thus to please?
Smiles that match your costume rakish—
Are they fakish?

And when you have closed your tour
Of the down-town streets for shopping,
And you're home again, are your
Inclinations to be stopping
Long before you want to take
'Em all off for comfort's sake,
And put on, though not so dapper,
Just a wrapper?

—*Brooklyn Life.*

* * *

THEY KNEW THE ANSWER.

"WELL, there were only three boys in school to-day who could answer one question that the teacher asked us," said a proud boy of eight.

"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.

"Well, I was," answered Young Hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."

"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask?"

"Who broke the glass in the back window?"

Buy Hosiery Made by the Largest Mills on a 2-for-1 Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

That 2 for 1 guarantee—the most liberal given anywhere—is backed up by the largest hosiery mills in Canada. You can depend upon the guarantee being fulfilled to the last letter.

Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double penalty.

But after you've worn a pair of Pen-Angle Hosiery you'll understand why we give this 2 for 1 guarantee, for you will have discovered your ideal hosiery—form-knitted, seamless, longest-wearing.

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

Seamless Hosiery

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

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PURITY FLOUR

Take your choice of the "Purity" Family.

SIZES differ, but quality is the same.
Highest grade in the world.
"More Bread and better Bread"
Purity trade-mark guarantees satisfaction or your money back.
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Ltd.
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7 Pounds 14 Pounds 24 Pounds 49 Pounds 98 Pounds 196 Pounds

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¶ Exchange your extra four or five hours a week for vacation money, for luxuries, for home comforts or necessities. Subscription work is not for one year alone, each year helps the next, enlarging your circle of subscribers and your regular income. Work becomes a pleasant round of visits among a steadily increasing acquaintance.

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COLGATE'S

ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

TRADE MARK

Softening, Soothing, Sanitary

The greatest improvement in modern shaving! Only two motions: just sprinkle the wet brush and lather your face. You cannot appreciate how well this powder is named, until you have tried it.

Hygienic No soap that touches brush or skin is used again; fresh soap with every shave. No dust-collecting mug necessary. Chemists' analyses prove that it is not only antiseptic, but also germicidal.

Economical A little powder makes ample lather; there is no waste and the last grains are as good as the first. 150 to 200 shaves in every can if used properly; if you have difficulty in securing this number of shaves, write us.

Rapid Saves two shaving operations: 1. Wetting the beard. 2. Rubbing soap over the face or making lather in a cup.

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This is the quickest and cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous Shaving Stick, the "MAGIC WAND OF SHAVING."

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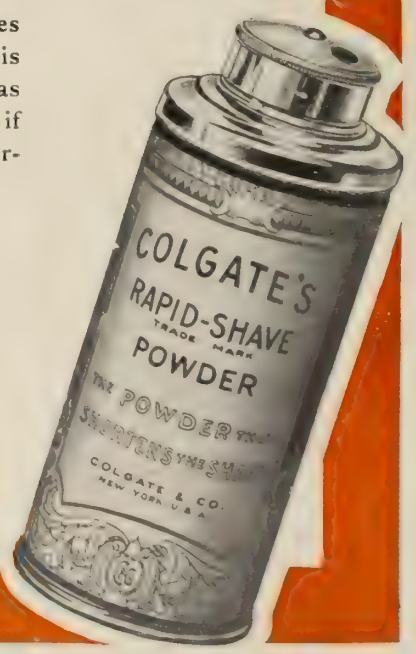


December, 1909

10c. a Copy

THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS in JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

AS SHOWN IN OUR NEW JEWELRY CATALOGUE

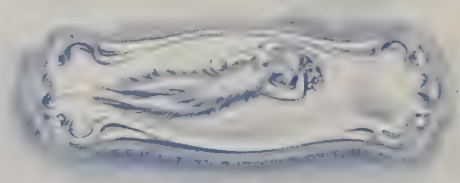
Our Christmas JEWELRY CATALOGUE is sent upon request only

It is offered to you as a medium from which to select gifts that are appropriate and valuable. Every piece which has been given a place therein has been carefully considered from the standpoint of merit. We have not produced a large catalogue, but a catalogue containing only such articles as would, from their high quality, beauty of design and moderate price, appeal to discriminating buyers.

Unusual pains have been taken in the selection of the articles listed to see that the material was worthy of recommendation. As you look through the pages of this book you will surely be surprised at the supreme value of the merchandise for the small price we ask.

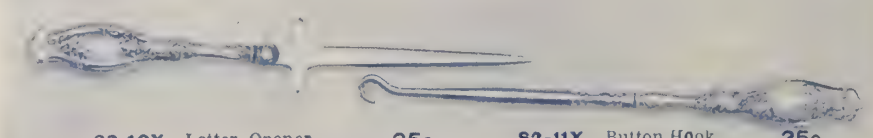
S2-7X. A handsome hand mirror with sterling handle and back, combined dull and bright finish. A very handsome present 7.50

S2-8X. A hair brush of finest bristles, fancy floral design, sterling silver back, combined grey and bright finish 3.50



S2-9X. This hat brush is made of the very finest material, has sterling silver back of beautiful design. A present for either men or women 2.50

USEFUL ARTICLES WITH STERLING HANDLES



S2-10X. Letter Opener 25c

S2-11X. Button Hook 25c

S2-12X. Tooth Brush 25c

S2-13X. Cuticle Knife 25c

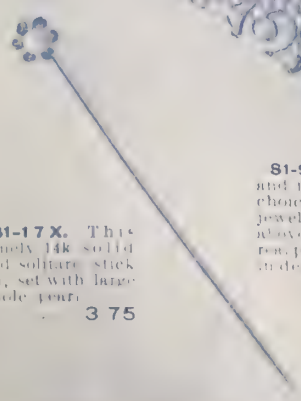
These Illustrations are direct Photographs from the goods

The assortments offered in the catalogue are chosen from the newest and most fashionable designs. As you will observe we have not devoted the space to high priced goods. There are many occasions when an inexpensive piece of jewelry is preferable to a costly one. We offer both in our jewelry catalogue.

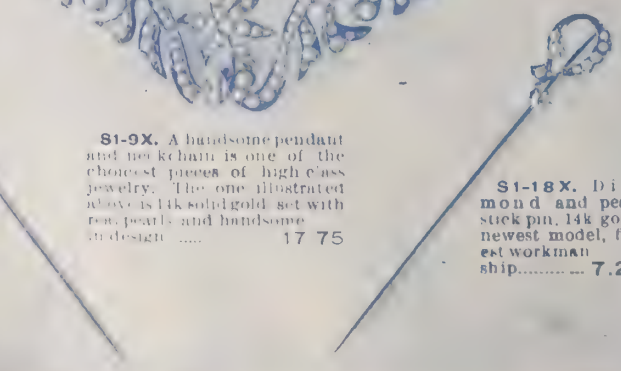
If it is your desire to purchase a piece of jewelry, silverware or leather goods such as will bring untold pleasure to the recipient; if you would obtain something worthy of giving; If you wish to spend a little or moderate amount send for this catalogue. It will help you out in your purchasing.

SUPERIOR QUALITY 14K JEWELRY

S1-8X. 14k sunburst set with real pearls and a magnificent blue white diamond. Brooch is actual size of cut, in plush case 25.00



S1-17X. This comely 14k solid gold solitaire stick pin, set with large whole pearl 3.75



S1-9X. A handsome pendant and neck chain is one of the choicest pieces of high class jewelry. The one illustrated above is 14k solid gold set with real pearls and handsome in design 17.75

S1-18X. Diamond and pearl stick pin, 14k gold, newest model, finest workmanship 7.25

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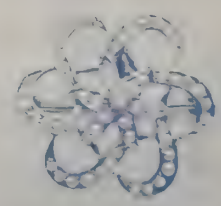
S1-13X. This magnificent 14k brooch actual size set with real pearls, a large whole pearl centre and pendant ring 12.50

S1-14X. A very pretty, but modest pendant and neck chain, 14k solid gold. Specially designed, set with real pearls, and has pendant hook, only 12.75

S1-19X. Men's 25-0 Diamond Ring, flat Belcher style, perfect stone mounted in 14k gold 25.00



S1-21X. This is one of our newer designs in a 14k pearl set brooch. Each is finished perfectly and artistically 10.00

S1-20X. Men's 14k Cuff Links, satin finish, set with genuine cut diamonds. A very appropriate present for Christmas, pair 10.00

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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

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Pure Orange
Marmalade
IS
made from finest Seville Oranges and Granulated Sugar only.

UPTON'S
Pure Jams
are Pure Fruit and Sugar and have the delicious flavor of the Far-Famed Niagara Fruit.

Upton's Orange Marmalade and Jams
are Fresh Fruit and Granulated Sugar preserved with every care by Experts.

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Outlook for 1910

OUR READERS have noticed and written about the increase in size and improvement in quality of the Home Journal during 1909, and have shown such a patriotic and heartfelt interest in our progress that a few words about the good things coming will be welcome news. Canadians have shown such an appreciation of a home publication of their own that we are encouraged to add several new features to our list of attractions, in the assurance that your interest will be stimulated by our effort to reward your support.

IN THE HOME

The Household Departments will be enforced by special articles on domestic science and horticulture. The latter feature will be under the care of Miss M. E. Blacklock, one of Ontario's most successful amateur gardeners, who has an extensive knowledge of this most healthful and delightful occupation. Jennie Allen Moore's talks "Around the Hearth" will be continued, and they afford our readers an opportunity for a monthly chat with a bright and helpful personality.

OUR FRIEND THE NURSE

The Canadian Nurse is justly esteemed all over the American Continent as a most capable representative of this profession. We shall publish a series of articles describing her training and career, showing the responsible positions held by Canadian graduates.

The Canadian Girls' Club is making many friends and will have a host to join the ranks during 1910. Subjects of special interest to girls will be discussed during the next twelve months and all girl readers are welcome as contributors.

COMING COVERS

The Covers of 1910 will be a surprise to those who imagine that Canadian artists are sending their best work abroad. Our Christmas Girl is a dainty and charming study, January will show you a new pose for Father Time and altogether there will be some glad revelations of what our own artists are accomplishing.

The Claim of the Clairvoyant has always been of interest to women, as the crowds who throng to palmist and spiritualist attest. The subject will be treated in two or three articles, neither to exploit, nor to attack, merely to test such exponents of the occult. In our January issue, "The Third Passenger," a story by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, deals with an aspect of this subtle subject.

A PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

Our Photograph Competition of this year was so successful that we have decided to offer prizes of higher value for 1910. A First Prize of Fifteen Dollars will be given for the photograph most suitable for reproduction as a full-page illustration in the Home Journal. A Second Prize of Ten Dollars will be given for the best photograph of a kitchen with modern conveniences. A Third Prize of Five Dollars will be given for the best photograph of a girl's room. The competition will close March 1st, 1910. Photographs must be plainly marked on the back with name and address of sender and postage enclosed for their return.

Fiction will be supplied by several of our best-known Canadian writers, such as Virna Sheard, Marjorie Pickthall, Jean Blewett, Cameron Nelles Wilson, Theodore Roberts, Mrs. MacKay and others. The young people will be well looked after and special stories and articles for the Journal's Juniors will be found most acceptable.

ABOUT THE ADVERTISING

The many changes we have made in the magazine during the past year and those promised for the future would not be possible were it not for the way our readers have patronized our advertisers. Not alone in our reading columns has a decided improvement been made, but the quality of the advertisements has been raised and the quantity increased. Comparing this December number with that of one year ago, the volume of advertising has been doubled. Some of the largest Canadian firms are now using space in every issue and many others just as prominent Canadian manufacturers have contracted for space during 1910. This great increase in advertising does not mean that our reading space will be reduced.

We seldom carry more than twelve pages of advertising in a forty-page issue or just about one-third advertising in each number. When the advertising demands more space we add a page of reading for every page of added advertising. In this way the reader gets more reading in place of less as the advertising patronage grows. We are careful not to allow any unreliable firm to use space in the Home Journal and we would ask our subscribers to buy from our advertisers as often as they need any of the advertised article, and always mention the Home Journal when ordering. Every one of our readers by reading the advertisements and buying from our advertisers can help the Home Journal to increase and have still more pages of reading matter and illustrations.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
To Be Earned

¶ With most of us, Christmas Presents are a large item in December's expense account. A few hours each week, sending in renewals to the Home Journal for your neighbors and getting new orders, will earn these gifts.

¶ Your own renewal can count as one, a year will be added no matter how far ahead your expiration may be. Two six months' subscriptions at 50c each will count as one yearly subscription. Send subscriptions each week, mark them "Xmas Gifts" so we will keep your record, and at any time you may order gift. All carrying expenses are prepaid.

	Yearly Subscriptions
Nottingham Lace Curtains, 42 inches by 3 yds. (Pair)	2
Best Leatheroid Handkerchief and Glove Box	3
Handkerchief Box and Glove Box (set)	3
Correspondence Case	2
Ebony Handle Manicure Set	3
Cut Pearl Necklace (2)	3
BOOKS—Beautifully Leather Bound	
Shakespeare, complete, 4 vols.	4
R. L. Stevenson, 2 vols.	2
Scott, 6 vols.	6
Dickens, 7 vols.	7
Jane Austen, 4 vols.	4
Charles Reade, 3 vols.	3
Guaranteed by Ambrose Kent & Sons Toronto	
Sterling Silver Thimble	1
Embroidery Set, Sterling silver, gray finish	3
Pocket Knife, Pearl handled	2
Hat Pins, Sterling silver (2)	2
Scarf Pins, gold filled (2), "Pearl Centre" and "Twist"	2
Pearl Crescent Stick Pin	5
Solid Gold Necklace	6
Ebony Hair Brush	3
Military Brushes, ebony, (pair)	6
Lady's Silver Watch, full jeweled	11
Heavy Plated Silverware	
Butter Knife	2
Fruit Knives, half dozen	5
Tea Spoons, "	4
Dinner Knives, "	5
" Forks "	6
Berry Spoon	3
Arm Rocking Chair, solid oak, Golden and Mahogany finish	6
Rocking Chair, golden finish	4
Children's Arm Rocking Chair	3
Parlor Table, quartered oak, 24 in. x 24 in., under shelf	8
Music Cabinet, mahogany finish, 43 in. high, (ornamented with carving, $5.00 extra)	7
Book Case, oak finish, 57 in. high 25 in. wide	10
Centre Pieces, French hand made Battenberg, size 18 x 18 (2)	2
Centre Piece, French hand made, Cluny, 32 x 12	2
Hemstitched Towels, damask border, size 25 x 42, (Pair)	3
English Cardigan Jackets	4
Wool-lined Kid Gloves	3
Rabbit-lined Gloves	5

¶ We have many more that we have no room to list here. Write for our **"Page of Gifts"** and ask to have sample copies of THE HOME JOURNAL sent to your friends. These are splendid values, you receive the benefit of our wholesale prices.

¶ **Our Guarantee:** If you are not entirely satisfied with your Gifts, return them and ask for something else or for cash commission.

THE
HOME JOURNAL
59-61 John Street - TORONTO

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17

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¶ Don't buy mattresses haphazard—ask to look at the inside. We have a new arrangement whereby "Gold Medal" Mattresses can be opened at the end and let customers see precisely what they are getting. The superior quality of elastic felt used in their manufacture ensures all the comfort of the finest hair mattresses at one-fourth the cost. Everything about them is clean, wholesome and sanitary. Sold with a guarantee of positive satisfaction or money refunded.

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¶ Sold on a month's trial, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Springs are made by a patent process of interlacing wires that ensures wonderful strength and resiliency, and allows for the hardest kind of usage. The combination of "Hercules" Springs and "Gold Medal" Mattresses represents the complete embodiment of luxurious comfort, with nothing better to be had at any price. They retain their original unique elasticity for many years, and deserve all the kind things that have been said about them.

The Gold Medal Furniture Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

W. J. McMURTRY, President

BRANCH FACTORY AT MONTREAL — TORONTO — BRANCH FACTORY AT WINNIPEG

EDITOR'S CHAT

We Promised a Christmas menu of variety and substance and hope that our many friends and readers will appreciate the contents of the Christmas number now spread before them. The opening article, "Christmas and Charles Dickens," by "Kit," one of our best-known and best-loved writers, is sure to be read and treasured by all of you. "Kit," as every reader of the *Mail and Empire* knows, was born in Ireland, but there is always a maple wreath hanging above "The Pot of Shamrock."

Art is Comparatively neglected in a young country, but we have our artists, after all, and as the Editor of the *Canadian Magazine* recently declared in reply to certain critics: "There is nothing more the matter with Canadian art than with Canada herself." In proof of this contention, we are publishing an article on the work of Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, A. R. C. A., whose pictures are always looked for at our annual exhibitions and who is recognized as an artist of thorough workmanship.

In Fiction we have been fortunate enough to secure two stories by writers whom all Canadian readers appreciate. Miss Pickthall's, "The Story of a Heart," is a dainty bit of Yuletide romance, and Mrs. Sheard's "His Fortunate Resemblance" is one of her characteristic tales

CANADA'S HOME — THE HOME JOURNAL — LEADING MAGAZINE
PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

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NOTICE—Subscribers in sending in change of address should give the old as well as the new address. Please notify promptly if your Journal does not reach you.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1909

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EDITOR'S CHAT

of love and good fortune. Cupid is never far from the mistletoe bough and our Christmas fiction has "the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft." The illustrations for the latter story are by a new artist, Lester J. Ambrose, whose work we are using in the Home Journal for the first time, and we are confident that you will all thank us for the introduction.

Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bach., has kindly allowed us to use a Christmas anthem of his composition, "The Infant Redeemer," which will be welcomed by all interested in suitable music for Christmas occasions. The familiar song "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" is here given a musicianly anthem treatment.

The Small Readers have by no means been forgotten. They will find in "Christmas Games" and "The Rebus" exercise for their ingenuity and fancy. The Girls' Club will be changed in the January number to "The Canadian Girls' Club" in accordance with the wishes and suggestions of our girl readers, who are beginning to look on that department as their own and to send us their frank and welcome expression of opinion.

All the feminine departments, relating to fashion, toilet hints and culinary topics are unusually well-filled, and the special feature on "Christmas Cookery" will be of service to many.

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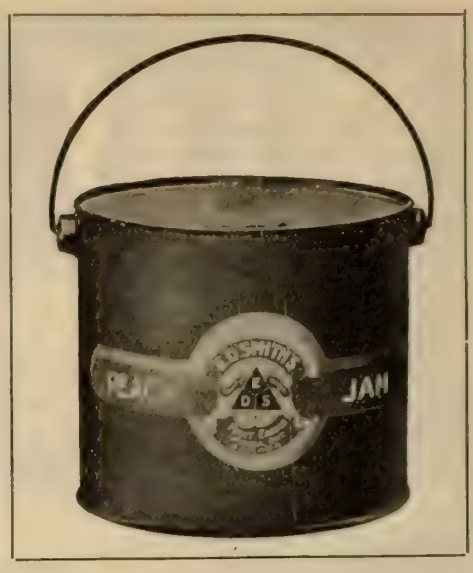

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President 59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA JEAN GRAHAM, Editor

The Christmas Giver.

THERE is no festival in the world which has not its sordid, as well as its lofty aspects. The wedding ceremony, itself, which is the solemn plighting of lifelong troth, has too often been made the occasion for a formal bestowal of gifts which have little sincere significance and are sent merely as a social convention. Christmas, which should mean a season of gladness and spontaneous good-will, has been stained by the same commercial spirit of giving what is expected and wondering if an equivalent in dollars will be returned. When one hears the remark: "I suppose I'll have to send So-and-So something this year. It would never do to leave her out, though she never sends much herself"—one is tempted to wish that the custom of bestowing Christmas gifts had been confined to those of benevolence.

The whole significance of a gift is lost when it is made a commercial or selfish consideration. The beauty of giving is its very submerging of self in the blessedness of bestowing. A fragrant rose, a bunch of violets, or some trifling bit of handiwork, and love therewith are worth all the presents which are merely a matter of dollars and which are despatched with the wonder if the return present will be worth while. Christmas means so much to the heart of the world, so much of human tenderness, when Christendom turns its thoughts to the cradle of Bethlehem and a child spirit of humility and purity radiates from the Star in the East, that the intrusion of the sordidness of exchange and barter is a jangling discord. Let the Christmas bells ring clear above the homes of this favored land, jarred by no grudging or calculation of what is our share of its material joys.

* * *

A Scathing Poem.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, the English poet, has achieved a fame by the production, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," which is unique in the history of English literature. The lines are etched as with an acid and leave the reader with a horror that will not be effaced. All England—all that part of the world which knows England's political affairs—has decided on the name of the lady, and particulars of her early membership in a certain unconventional club of literary and artistic aims are given at length in the supplements of the Saturday papers. These "truthful numbers" make a picture of gloomy and terrible colors. Kipling's "The Vampire" was mild and amiable in comparison with such lines as these:

"Burnt up within by that strange soul
She cannot slake or yet control;
Malignant-lipp'd, unkind, unsweet;
Past all example indiscreet;
Hectic and always overstrung—
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue."

This is not the season of the year at which one cares to contemplate the treacherous or malignant nature; yet the description is one to give us pause, to make us realize the cruelty and debasing influence of "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." Of all natures, that which turns all to evil, which refuses to believe in goodness and honor, which makes a mockery of all things high or noble is the worst. Its influence, when placed in a position of authority, is to degrade and destroy all which is of good report. Such an extraordinary poem may be justly or unjustly applied in the present instance; but the publication of the poet's condemning thought may impress, as few sermons could, the virulence of a poisoned soul.

* * *

A Gentle Queen.

TO turn from the woman whose words are blighting, to the gentle face of King Edward's consort, is refreshing to eyes and fancy. The household in which Queen Alexandra was brought up was a model for the poorest in the land, as the late Queen of Denmark looked well to the ways of her home and "ate not the bread of idleness." The royal family of Denmark is one of the most democratic in the world and the young princesses of that home were trained in all womanly arts and manners. From her first coming to England, on the occasion of her marriage, "the sea-king's daughter from over the sea" has been a favorite among the British people. Her interest in all philanthropic matters and her kindly thought for those immediately connected with the royal household and estates have endeared her to the people, not only of the United Kingdom, but of the Empire. Her Majesty's wonderful youthfulness in outline of face and form has often been remarked, as she has kept, to a surprising degree, a delicacy and daintiness which too frequently disappear with the early years. Her courtesy, grace and genuine kindliness of heart have supplemented those qualities in King Edward which have justly given him the name: "The Peace-Maker of Europe."

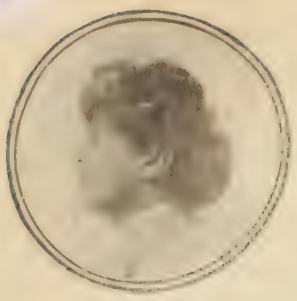
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HER MAJESTY!
Queen Alexandra was born December 1st, 1844.

* * *

A Practical Duty.

MOST women are extremely sensitive regarding the practical side of a husband's life insurance. Many a man is idly putting off "taking life insurance," with a good-natured assumption that he will be an octogenarian. It is a wife's duty, in discussing the family affairs and fortunes, to urge the imperative duty of making this provision. Boys should be taught the importance of forethought in this matter and be shown the practical advantages of such prudence and care. Kind words are an evidence of affection, but the self-sacrifice which makes provision for future protection and comfort is a more convincing assurance than any other.

The younger generation in Canada is being trained to consider a bank book a valuable possession. The entrance of woman upon business life has increased feminine pride in an individual bank account. But life insurance is a more practical and pressing consideration, which modern conditions demand.



Christmas and Charles Dickens

By KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN ("KIT")

WHEN the Angel of Peace and Goodwill [illegible] approach of Christmas, [illegible] with his heavenly cheer [illegible] it may be that the kindly spirit of Charles Dickens accompanies him. Why else about thoughts of Dickens, of what he has done for the [illegible] family, crowd upon the soul and bless and lighten it as the generous Feast approaches? No sooner do we see the shops taking on a Christmas look, see the banks of greenery, and the windows bursting with gay wares of all kinds, than we begin to think—of all things—of old Scrooge and Bob Cratchit. The great, ever-recurring wonder of Christmas falls about us. It comes warm and benign in the dark of the year, in the very heart of winter, and immediately the world grows young. The oldest, most dour and crabbed among us grows almost kindly. Christmas lubricates the creaking springs, oils the catch of the purse so that it opens easily, and sends one fairy ray of the sunlight of generous youth into the most withered heart.

Notable as Christmas has always been, as a time in which to feast and rejoice, it remained for the great master of English fiction to bring the real, the joyous meaning of Christ's birthtime close to the heart. To Dickens we owe the spirit of Christmas. How full, indeed, grows the heart, and how lightsome, at the yearly remembrance of the Christmas fellowship, the brotherly help of one human being to the other. We begin to think a little of the wants of our poorer neighbors. The world abounds in frosty-nosed Bob Cratchits and hungry little Cratchits with yearnings in their hollow insides for goose and stuffing. There are Tiny Tims everywhere — a prodigious number—and, God bless my soul! we never seem to see them until Christmas is close upon us, and the butcher round the corner is almost sold out. There are many lean wives of lean tailors to whom in every sense Christmas and plenty of food come only once a year indeed. And there are those to whom, unless we seek them out, it will not come at all.

What a group of Christmases Dickens has set ringing for all time on merry Christmas chimes! What of old Fezziwig who called as early as seven o'clock on Christmas Eve for the clerks to put the shutters up and clear away and let the fiddlers in? And what of Mrs. Fezziwig who came in accompanied by the three Miss Fezziwigs all smiling together? What of the young men and women employed in the business, and the housemaid with her cousin the baker, and the cook with her brother's particular friend the milkman! Odds bodikins! clear the floor for a dance and foot it twenty couple at once. And what of the bright faces and merry hearts and honest gratitude of all these Christmas folks down even to the fiddlers, and what of Old Scrooge a boy again, the wizened heart of the mean years opening generously to the genial spirit of Christmas and to the winking of old Fezziwig's calves in the cut and shuffle!

But all that was the Spirit of Christmas past. Recall it, O friend, and let its green memory warm thy heart ere like Old Scrooge, thou becom'st so hardened and sour in the world's ways that every spark of generosity and hope and [illegible]liness be quenched in thy breast forever.

Christmas Present is yet our own. Big, stalwart, rosy, crowned with holly and mistletoe, surrounded by all the homely cheer of turkeys, geese, game, brawn, mince pies, plum puddings, [illegible] cherry-cheeked apples and immense twelfth cakes, which we associate with the [illegible] of all the year, Christmas Present is with us once again, ours to make happy [illegible], ours to make cheery for the [illegible] and [illegible] in doing so—for ourselves [illegible] for ourselves. We may not all know a Bob Cratchit to whose little famished family we may bring joy and merriment, but there are many of a like kind close at hand if we but look to find them.

Out upon the desert moor the Spirit of Christmas led Old Scrooge and into the miner's hut where, inside of the place was a cheerful company had assembled round the glowing fire. Thence to sea and to where in a lonely lighthouse the two men who watched the light had made them a bonfire in honor of the great feast, and sat—hearty fellows!—and joined hands over the rough table and wished each other a Merry Christmas! and a fig for the wind and the sea raging outside there!

Even on lonely ships riding the black sea the Spirit of Christmas came, and coming, blessed and comforted. For every man among them from captain to galley boy felt the Christmas feeling and hummed a Christmas tune, and thought a kindlier thought. Everywhere, in the dank prison as well as the turreted castle, in the woodman's hut and the lord's banquetting hall the Spirit of Christmas rested for a little, and. resting, made all the world happier.

But what were they doing down at Wardle's where the Fat Boy in a very burst of "generousness" was exuding gravy from his very joints! Mr. Pickwick is here all smiles and loose shillings in capacious waistcoat pockets. And here, too, are Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman, and Sam Weller without whom, we feel assured, there would never have been any Christmas at all! And here is Mr. Wardle in a snuff-colored waistcoat and drab shorts waiting with the Fat Boy, ready to receive the cold but hearty Christmas guests.

"Aha!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Aha!" said the Fat Boy.

All of which meant a very merry Christmas indeed and no end of game pies and weal-and-'ammers. How crisp and frosty the grass as the friends stepped out together while Mr. Weller and the Fat Boy cronied behind! How fine and dry and bracing the air! How well everybody looked, and with what a distinguished air and stately tread Mr. Pickwick stepped up to the young ladies and chastely saluted them!

And what an evening that Christmas Eve was when all the servants came in in bran new uniforms and ran about the house in all the excitement of a Christmas wedding! How rosily tearful the bride, how sympathetic the bridesmaids, how watchful Mr. Pickwick in order that he might be the first to salute the bride!

And then there was the Christmas ball! Old Fezziwig's legs were feeble as compared with those of Mr. Pickwick without the gaiters. Speckled silk stockings he put on for the occasion, and merrily he footed it with the old lady who had already made four false starts in her eagerness to step it with the youngest. And what things went on under the mistletoe! Gallant Mr. Pickwick saluting the old lady, and Sam Weller doing the same to a young one. Everybody kissing somebody, and the poor relations kissing everybody. Even the Fat Boy was in the game—very much in the game-pie—while, as for the maids, well, we had better draw a friendly curtain over their gigglings and feeble struggles as the swains caught them under the mistletoe bough.

And all the while the snow was falling outside, and the wind! What pranks it cut up, drifting the snow across the fields in a thick white cloud all of which reminded the old lady of the Christmas Eve—just such another night—when the goblins carried away old Gabriel Grub. Whereat they all drew up their chairs to listen to the tale of Gabriel Grub the sexton who was engaged in the unholy and un-Christmaslike work of digging a grave on Christmas Eve. Little wonder the goblins got him, and when the Fat Boy snickered his unbelief in the corner, as no doubt he did, being a gross and material youth without any taste for poetry or art, smaller wonder again that Mr. Pickwick reproved him, for, as the old lady said with great emphasis:

"Gabriel Grub was carried away by goblins and no nonsense about it either!"

To which Sam Weller—we feel sure—added a deep amen.

But was there ever such a lonely inn to spend a Christmas Eve in as the Holly Tree Inn? Holly Tree, indeed, with never a red berry in it from cellar to gable, and but rats and mice and draughts and spindle-legged furniture and four-post beds and dismal noises to make merry on. If you stood up to look at yourself in the glass you were all wavy and distorted and cut off at the eyebrow; if you sat in the deep arm-chair you were roasted by the fire while your back was freezing; if you stood up to warm your shoulders a gloomy wall of darkness confronted you in which ghosts and goblins rambled and danced grotesquely; if you looked round the screen after you were in bed, the wind rushed at you like a mad bull. Christmas indeed! A pretty Christmas this, snowed up in a dismal inn with a gloomy waiter and a low-spirited landlady—but even here the friendly spirit of the Feast dropped in, stirred up the fire, slapped you on the shoulder and set to telling you stories of Inns you had known and forgotten, till you woke of a sudden to find that it was freezing hard and the lowering sky betokened snow, and up in London, the Waits, red-nosed and cold, were singing at keyholes:

"God bless you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

What a Christmas that was, too, when the Six Poor Travellers were treated by the Seventh Poor Traveller at Richard Watt's Charity to a Christmas supper and a "temperate glass of hot Wassail." A Turkey—spell it with a capital, for a capital bird it was—flanked by a piece of Roast Beef with the usual accompaniments, sent its fragrant message to the more or less pinched and blue noses of the Six, and the Wassail was being prepared—not in a bowl—bless your heart and soul, there was not a bowl in all broad England big enough to hold it!—but in a brown earthenware pitcher, a giant pitcher calculated to hold a magnum if it held a drop. The waiter from the Inn near-by had brought the Yule-log which soon was blazing merrily up the wide chimney, and the Six waifs and strays of the mist and the fog, creatures gathered from the flotsam and jetsam of a great city—were seated round the board awaiting with eager eyes and hungry stomachs, the coming feast. What a procession filed into the room. First the Seventh Poor Traveller, the giver of the feast, with the brown pitcher nursed tenderly under his arm. Then the waiter, Ben, with the beer. Then the inattentive Boy with the hot plates.

Then THE TURKEY!

Then the female who carried the sauces ready to be heated on the spot.

Then THE BEEF!

Then the man with the tray on his head containing the accompaniments. Then the hostler from the hotel who rendered no assistance at all save his cheery grin, which being a wholesome and cheery grin, warmed the hearts of the Poor Travellers, and gave promise of the mighty treat to come.

But that was not all. There was the wall-eyed young man connected with something in the Fly department who was waiting outside with instructions that as soon as he should hear Ben blow a police whistle out of the window, he was to dash into the hotel kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince pies and speed with them in all haste to Watt's Charity, where the female connected with the sauce department would meet him on the stairs and souse the round, speckled, savory pudding in a bath of blue brandy. Were ever Six Poor Travellers more royally regaled? And what stories they told as they drew up their chairs around the hearth and were helped to Wassail while the Yule-log crackled in the deep fireplace and the great toast rang out:

"Christmas! Christmas Eve, my friends, when the shepherds, who were Poor Travellers, too, in their way, heard the Angels sing,

" 'On earth peace, good-will towards men.' "

It is fitting at this time that a little child shall lead us. Charles Dickens embodied in a suffering child—a little child of fiction—the whole of human nature. Tiny Tim has travelled all over the world on his crutches carrying with him his beautiful message. He reminds us to think of others, to think, those of us who are no longer young, old thoughts of young Christmases, and merry and kindly thoughts always of Christmas Present, for, as Dickens says:

"How many recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; and transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away; back to his own fireside and his quiet home."

And so—a Merry Christmas! Give it again—a Merry Christmas! And because you cannot say a good thing too often—here it is once more—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

THE DREAMER

By Elizabeth A. McGillivray Knowles

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA

A Graphic Description of the Charms of these Islands which Canadians know as a Winter Resort

By ALAN O'MORE

Photographs by N. E. Lusher

"Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbors o'er western wave,
Could wake a dream more soothing or sublime"

BUT of the ordinary track of the great Atlantic liners, "under the eaves of the southern sky," lies the Land of the Lily and the Rose, Bermuda the Beautiful.

Coy as a country maiden, this "emerald cluster that Neptune bore" refuses to be "taken in en route," or set down of the tourist as one only among other points of interest. Not even the connoisseurs of Cook & Son can "just see what the place is made of" and pass on. Once here, here one must remain till the boat returns, making the most he may of a thinly earth-clad strip of coral, rising more or less in fish hook form from the ocean bed, some sixteen miles in length, with a breadth at its widest of about a mile, narrowing here and there to a roadway merely.

But to those who are prepared to make allowance for some old world whims, and especially those who, whilst worn and worried, yet know neither such sickness nor disposition as a humid semi-tropical tranquility will fret, Bermuda, only about forty-eight hours from New York, is a perfect earthly paradise waiting to be wooed and won.

Happy are they whom courtship carries, for theirs will be the lifelong memory of an incomparable month among oleanders, in the cool shadows of tall cedars, and by witching waters, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

For any of historical taste the local archives teem with interesting incident for filling up the few wet days one may experience. Common handbooks, Bushell's especially, tell the story of the probable finding, first of the little land in 1515 by Bermudez; of her relation, through George Somers, to the rising fortunes of Virginia in 1609; and of the exciting days of the American War, when blockade runners tapped the treasures of southern cotton and poured them into old St. George's.

But as her little bits of highland indicate an underworld of coral activity, so events like these are only the outstanding incidents of a colonial life exciting enough to the islands themselves at all times, and seriously busy through the years with its own problems of economy and ecclesiasticism.

The result of these activities in the latter realm, as far as appears on the surface, is a widespread Anglicanism, claiming some eleven thousand six hundred and ninety-six of the Islands' total population of nineteen thousand five hundred and eighty-eight; nine parishes, a beautiful cathedral, and seven clergymen.

Next in numbers comes Methodism, while Roman Catholicism counts nine hundred and forty-four inhabitants, many of them Portuguese, and is represented by St. Edward's in Hamilton. Presbyterianism has two churches, that at Warwick, supplied from Scotland, among the oldest landmarks in the Islands; and St. Andrew's in Hamilton, holding to Nova Scotia, attending together to the religious needs of about six hundred members. The band of the Salvation Army, too, is heard in Hamilton, and their barracks appear here and there throughout the country.

But it is evidently in their economic evolution that the Islands' isolation has especially affected them. And in this evolution, back of all else, has always been the Color question. Of the total population to-day, six thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven are whites; whilst twelve thousand seven hundred and eleven are colored, or almost as many again. All political and commercial power is practically in the hands of the former; and a strenuous effort is being made to hold it there. In spite though of all such effort, conditions are changing. The greater prizes of good positions abroad are calling the more ambitious of the white lads away, whilst the colored are crowding into the vacancies left. Of a distinctly superior sort, the native Bermudian colored man must not be confounded with an immigrant West Indian population. He, the Bermudian, has made amazing progress since his freedom in 1834, forging ahead against great odds, and making the most of such poor educational facilities as have prevailed.

At present the hands of the colored folk are pretty tightily tied, for manhood suffrage is unknown. He only has a vote who is assessed at sixty pounds in real estate. The result is that, whilst any liquor seller with his parks and pleasure grounds of more than this amount may influence of the Islands' governance, an honest, thoughtful man, being poor, colored or white, can have no voice in such matters.

Time has not yet told just what the logic of these arrangements is. Possibly though there may be illustration before long. For some of the colored folk are so rapidly qualifying for the franchise that it may be necessary to push the property qualification up still higher. And this will cut out some of the whites, who will talk, protest perhaps, even possibly bring about some radical readjustment. Ultimately though, and almost inevitably, as colored class consciousness grows stronger, it will claim the Islands as climatically theirs, who cannot stand the colder lands. It seems almost incredible to a Northerner, but here the clash of political parties is unknown. There are no parties. Yet is there governmental paraphernalia equal, one imagines, to immensely vaster responsibilities than appear.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Council, representing the Crown, is appointed from home. So also there are the Colonial Secretary, Attorney General, and the Receiver General there, who, generally with two or three more, form the Legislative Council.

In the House of Assembly, or Commons, sit some thirty-six members, four from each parish, elected every seven years, each of a two hundred and fifty pound property qualification and elected by the sixty pound franchise of the common voter. Poor John Burns would hardly stand a chance.

In the past agriculture has been the chief industry of the Islands, agriculture and fishing. And even yet there are those who think that therein lies the little land's best possibilities in the long run.

Texas of late has been cutting the Bermudian onion out of the New York market. The early potato, too, has failed. But both, with some little more scientific handling, unless kept out by protective tariffs, could hold their own in all the markets of the world; for their quality is unsurpassed. And where blank walls of protective tariff rise, the Island's attention is being turned to her closer kin in Canada. For there increasing millions mean markets only Bermuda within the charmed circle of British preference can supply. If only the Islands could shake off a paralyzing conservatism that here, as elsewhere, is engendered of their isolation! And yet they can be radical enough in some things. A certain fruit fly appeared a few years ago, playing havoc with the orange groves and peach. The pest has baffled all their skill for its destruction. And now, to cure the complaint, they are killing the patient and cutting down almost every fruit tree in the islands!

But they can afford it, apparently. At any rate, fish, and farm, and fruit are all being forgotten in a feverish haste to harvest in even American hustle the great tourist trade of the winter-time. Ten thousand visitors spent from one to three months in Bermuda this last winter. For a time it seemed almost as though the householders would have to erect tents to accommodate the incoming crowds. As I write every hotel is extending its area, and every boarding-house is expecting still greater things the coming winter. Nor are they likely to be disappointed.

Continued on page 14

"WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES"

WHERE THE "SPEED" LIMIT IS OBSERVED

UNDER THE STATELY PALMS

His Fortunate Resemblance

By Virna Sheard.

Illustrated by Lester J. Ambrose.

THERE are times when one does not want to be alone, and Christmas Eve is one of them. If there is a night in the year for good fellowship, for the gathering around cosy fires, for the loving of one's friends and the forgiving of one's enemies, it is Christmas Eve without doubt. In the very air of it there is a mysterious joyousness that touches everybody, the important and fortunately—as there are so many of us—the unimportant also. And who is there desirous to sit down and revel in a mysterious joyousness, alone? Nobody. Nobody, indeed.

Therefore to come back to the beginning, it is no night to be alone.

So thought Dolly Drayton as she sat before the fire in the holly-trimmed parlor and counted the clock strike eight. She did not sit still—that would have been contrary to her nature—but rocked lightly and steadily, touching the floor with the toe of her small slipper and sending the rocking-chair perilously far back at each trip.

"I wonder what I'd better do?" she said reflectively. "It'll be four good hours before Dad's train gets in, and Janet can't possibly go all the way to her cousin's and be home again before half-past ten. That poor cousin is always taken ill at such inconvenient times! It's perfectly horrible to be here alone on Christmas Eve." Then she yawned daintily, yet with such an amount of exaggerated weariness that a diminutive but dangerous looking bull dog curled up on the rug, rose, stretched himself like a piece of animated India rubber, and yawned too, by sheer force of contagion.

"You're better than nobody, I suppose, Kitchener," said Dolly, looking down into the dog's brown, pink-edged eyes. "But really I am lonely to-night and I can't keep from worrying about Dick. It is so hard to shake off the feeling that something may happen to him yet. There!" with a little impatient gesture. "There! I won't think any more. If it wasn't snowing so hard we'd run over to the Gravely's, wouldn't we, old fellow? But no! we'd be outsiders, for they have their house full of relations all down for Christmas.

"I wish we had some relations, Kitchener. But we haven't. At least I haven't; you may have, of course." The dog wagged his tail and cocked up one ear, being that best of all things—a good listener.

"I know what that means," went on Dolly, rubbing his smooth head the wrong way. "It means that you don't care a rap for *your relations* as long as you have *me*. Well, I don't care so much about any, either, most of the year, but it would be nice at Christmas to have a family gathering. The kind they have in the pictures of *The Graphic*, with a grandfather and grandmother, an uncle from India, pretty aunts and innumerable cousins, tall, good-looking cousins, Kitchener, in the army and navy. Oh, dear! it's just a quarter past eight. Come," she cried, springing up and catching the dog in her arms, "come, let's look out of the window and see if it's stopped snowing."

They stood quite a long time gazing out at the silvery night. The trees and bushes bent beneath their feathery weight and the fences were fast losing all identity.

"The garden looks just like a Christmas card," said Dolly. "I wish, though, we were not quite such a long way from any one," she continued, giving him a soft pat. "If I wanted somebody in a hurry — of course, I won't, but if I *did*, you know—if we were to get frightened or ill or anything—not me, but you; you had a kind of fit last summer, you remember—why, we couldn't get them nearer than Kitty Gravely's, or" with a nervous little laugh, "or the *Penitentiary*. I believe I can see the light on the guard-house. Look, old fellow," lifting the dog up higher, "there it is. No, not the yellow light across the street—silly—that's a lamp-post; but away far off—the tiny red speck winking through the trees—there, don't you see?"

Kitchener gave a mild yelp, whether because he saw, or on account of being held in a most uncomfortable position, was an open question.

"Yes," she said, dropping him suddenly on the floor, "that's the light on the guard-house, my dear dog. The guard waits up there always *with his gun*. If any of them—the prisoners, I mean," giving a little shudder, "were to manage to get over the walls, he would fire, so Dad says. Oh, poor fellows! Poor fellows! I do wish we didn't live so near that awful place, or else that Janet was home. Her cousin always gets ill at such inconvenient — hark!" picking up the little dog and holding him tight. "I certainly heard something!" Kitchener had stiffened suddenly and was still as a piece of black and white marble.

"It's just a question."

"Yes," exclaimed Dolly breathlessly, "there it is again! Somebody is certainly walking around the veranda! Now they are at the door. What nonsense to be frightened. It's only some patient of Dad's, or Janet, maybe."

Presently there came a short, half-hesitating knock and Dolly went to answer it, the dog keeping close to her side. She opened the door widely and the swinging hall lamp shone upon a man's tall, youthful figure. He wore a heavy mackintosh and a Scotch tam pulled low down. Upon his broad shoulders and about his throat the snow had piled softly. As he raised his head the girl sprang forward with a joyful little cry of recognition, then stepped as suddenly back, and clasped her hands against her heart. The man returned her gaze with great dark eyes, sombre and unreadable.

"Is Dr. Drayton at home?" he asked slowly.

"No," said Dolly, "my father was called away this afternoon—he won't be home till the twelve o'clock train."

"Ah!" he answered. "I—I have a message—perhaps there is someone within—I could leave it with."

"There's me," said Dolly.

"Nobody but you?" he asked, bending forward.

"No, Janet is away seeing her—Janet is out, for a while."

"You'll do," he answered, "or maybe I'd better wait."

"Will you come in?" asked Dolly politely.

The man glanced across his shoulder out into the darkness, then followed her into the warm, bright room without speaking. She motioned him to a chair opposite the one she had been rocking in.

"Thanks," he said, lifting his hand to his head. He let it drop as quickly, without removing the tam.

Dolly raised her brows in some surprise.

"Will you not be seated?" she said in a tone more distantly polite, "and if it is necessary for you to wait, possibly you had better take off your storm coat. I can take the message, though, or Janet—Janet will be home very soon."

The man stood irresolutely a moment, then on a sudden caught Dolly by the arm, swung her close to him and looked down at her. His eyes stared into hers; his face grey-white, heavy of jaw and dangerous, was close to her own, so close that a strand of her blond hair brushed against him.

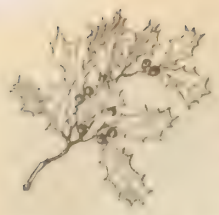
Kitchener crouched on the rug and growled savagely, showing his teeth, yet Dolly stood absolutely still and returned the man's gaze without flinching, though her color went.

"By Heaven! How pretty you are!" he said suddenly. "Pink and white and like a rose. I'd half-forgotten the world held anything so pretty—half-forgotten."

The girl started back with a cry, and he dropped his hand from her arm.

"You needn't be frightened," he said with a short laugh.

"I am not frightened—exactly."



answered Dolly, "but one does not like to be mistaken. I thought you wanted my [illegible] that you were a gentleman. If you are a burglar—well, you are [illegible] nobody [illegible]."

[illegible] first thought was right," he said. "I am—a gentleman; that is—the reverse of a gentleman."

"Who are you," Dolly asked, "and what do you want?"

"See!" he said, lifting the tam with a quick gesture. "[illegible] If you need to look further." He threw the cloak off and stood upright in the hideous striped convict garb, a queer twisted smile on his mouth.

Dolly caught her breath. *"You've escaped!"* she exclaimed in a half-whisper.

"Not by a great deal," he said. "I'm *escaping*. They're after me now. The falling snow will cover my tracks. This hat and coat I took from a man I ran up against after I'd scaled the walls. He was a small chap, and I think fear turned him dumb. You must help me, little one, quickly," a tone of entreaty crept into his voice—"or—or—"

"Or what?" asked Dolly.

"I'll do what any desperate man would do. I won't hurt you, but I can prevent you blocking my game or setting them after me. There are ways."

"Yes," she answered, her steady blue eyes on his threatening dark ones. "Yes, I suppose there are—but there is no need for them. I'm not in the least afraid now. I'm only sorry—awfully sorry. I'd rather help you than not. You see," with a tremulous smile, "I have a reason."

"What reason?" questioned the man, his face strained to the last point of painful listening. "Come, make haste."

"There is no sound," said Dolly, "only the wind."

"What possible reason?" he repeated. "Why should you help me?"

"You look like Dick," she returned.

"That's pleasant for Dick," he answered with a shrug.

"He's my brother," Dolly went on, "and he's a soldier—that is, he's in the Northwest Mounted Police—a captain. There has been some trouble with the Indians—one shot him, and he has been dreadfully ill and he is coming home."

"Ah!" said the convict, "we're alike in more than looks, then. I've been shot, too. See!" He held out one arm tied round lightly with a woollen scarf.

The girl gave a distressed cry. "It don't matter," he answered. "The guard was snow-blinded or he'd have done better. There's no blood trail. Now, quickly—I want some clothes."

"Yes, yes!" she said, leaving the room. "Just wait a moment."

Presently she entered carrying a shabby uniform and another suit of plain clothes.

"Thanks; the uniform, please. It will help." A quick smile crossed his face. "To what base uses," he said. "And the King's colors on the sleeve."

He took the clothes into the room beyond, the doctor's office, and Dolly sat down in the rocking-chair and waited. The pink had come to her cheeks again.

The man was soon back, a roll of black and yellow in his hand.

"Can you get rid of it?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll take it to my room. Wait." In a moment she was beside him again, a small beaded purse in her hand. She held it towards him. "Take it. It is quite mine to give," she said.

He took the little dangling thing and saw the silver shining through its meshes. About his mouth came a sudden trembling.

"[illegible] a loan," he said.

"As a loan, or a gift—whichever you please," she returned. Then without looking at him, "Are you—are you hungry?"

"[illegible] but there's no time to think of that."

"There's [illegible]ne in a decanter in the office," [illegible]

He [illegible] "Inspiration comes from strange quarters [illegible] Dolly, I'll not take any wine—to-night."

Then he held out his hand, but drew it back. "You've been monstrously good to me, but I won't ask you to shake hands—perhaps you wouldn't [illegible]," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, I would [illegible]," she replied.

"[illegible]," he answered "no. There [illegible] a—a bad [illegible] who knows the [illegible] might rob off a soul." Suddenly turning up, he threw [illegible] back and stood looking around the cosy room, gay with holly and mistletoe and sweetly scented with tassled pine and cedar. A little broken branch of holly came fluttering down from the bunch over the mantle. He picked it up.

"It's Christmas—isn't it?" he said. "I'd forgotten. A fellow would lose his nerve if he stayed here long. I'll be off." Then he gave a sharp glance around, and the intense, listening look came back in his eyes. "I'm safe enough now, anyway, and warm enough to go on. The snow helped—the shot glanced—the uniform will do the rest. There are those who would say the devil has looked after his own."

She reached out her hands impulsively. "Don't speak so! Don't!" she cried. "If you only knew how like you are to Dick! If you would only be like him in—in all ways! He is so brave and good and splendid!"

The man shook his head a little, then picked up the tam and turned down the hall. Dolly followed, Kitchener close to her skirts, his expression one of anxious doubt.

"It's snowing still," she said, opening the door.

"The luck's with me," he answered, and bending against the storm, passed under the swinging porch lamp and out.

Dolly watched from the door while he strode across the snowy garden. When the gate clicked shut, she turned and went back to the cheerful sitting-room and sat down in the rocking-chair before the fire. The flames no longer leaped and danced joyously. There was but a pile of glowing coals upon the hearth. She sat quite still and gazed into the rosy heart of them, her firm little chin on her hand. The dog crowded close to her and laid his queer round head upon her knee. His piece of a tail beat steadily upon the rug by way of expressing complete satisfaction. He gave a long drawn sigh of relief.

"Do you know what it was the angel said years and years ago, Kitchener?" Dolly asked after a while. "No? Well, I'll tell you. He said, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' It doesn't seem as though there ever would be peace on earth, old fellow. If there was peace, the Indian wouldn't have shot Dick. If there was peace there'd be no more prisoners and captives—or need for prisons. No, peace hasn't come yet. But as for good will to men, we can have that, both you and I." Then, slowly, "It's no credit to me I was kind to him, Kitchener. I couldn't be anything else—he looked so much like Dick—if Dick were sad and tired and desperate." There was a pause. "No. That's wrong," she went on again. "I think, I *almost* think perhaps I'd have helped him *anyway,* even if he *hadn't* looked like Dick. I am not sure, either, that Dick would have let me give him the uniform—the King's uniform. It's just a question."

At that moment Janet came bustling in, brushing the snow from her bonnet and shawl. The two by the fire fled to meet her.

"Oh, Janet, I'm glad you've come!" cried Dolly. "Oh, very, very glad you've come! No one wants to be by herself Christmas Eve!"

In Beautiful Bermuda

Continued from page 12

If only the vulture spirit can be kept in check, and a visitor not be set down as legitimate prey! For the climate is in charming contrast to that of the snow and sleet of the North. And whilst the whole year through from October to the end of June is delightful, the best months of all perhaps are April, May and November.

Yet let no one imagine he can lie out of doors at all times in pajamas. The glass indeed may never drop much below sixty. But sixty in a fireless Bermudian house on a damp and drizzling day is a different thing from sixty in a steam-heated dry house of the North country! And often from the fireless discomfort of the ordinary boarding-house I've seen a visitor go forth to walk in the wet for warmth, or go to bed! But such experiences are exceptional, though occasionally there may be a week at a stretch of just such spirit damping days, a week wherein some strained toiler from the North watches in vain for a sunshine he expected would have made golden every hour.

But for the man who is simply worn and worried, the man to whom the quiet ministries of soft sea-air-swept streets, and lanes, and inland piazzas will bring back strength, and tone again, Bermuda means:—

"Bright little isles,
In a blue summer ocean,
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

Even the socially inclined, healthy and strong, but seeking escape from the cold of the Northlands, may take their fill of gaiety at its tip-top prices in palatial hotels, the Hamilton, Princess, and St. George.

And all too dearly is the little wave-lapped land likely to pay in her morals for the money making of these immense houses. The simpler tastes of her people are rapidly undergoing transformation, and the Sabbath sanctity is slipping away. But beside these larger places of entertainment, grading from the fairy lands of Grasmere with its home-like air, to Frascati and The Seaward, there are on every hand the lesser houses, homely haunts of sylvan beauty inviting almost every day to such boating and bathing, walking, wheeling, tennis and driving as make the months pass all too merrily.

One misses the birds he thinks should thrive in such a place as this. The ground dove, blue bird, cardinal, and querulous English sparrow appear to monopolize the situation. Perhaps, too, all visitors are at first somewhat disappointed in not seeing a greater growth of tropical vegetation. Everywhere the Islands are advertised by postals of the Royal Palms, as though one were like to see these graceful queens of green at every turn. As matter of fact those about are all imported; and with many another, though thriving well, are still too few to give general character to the landscape. For the Islands are not tropical, and there are few ways you may more readily offend a Bermudian than by implying any close relation to the West Indies.

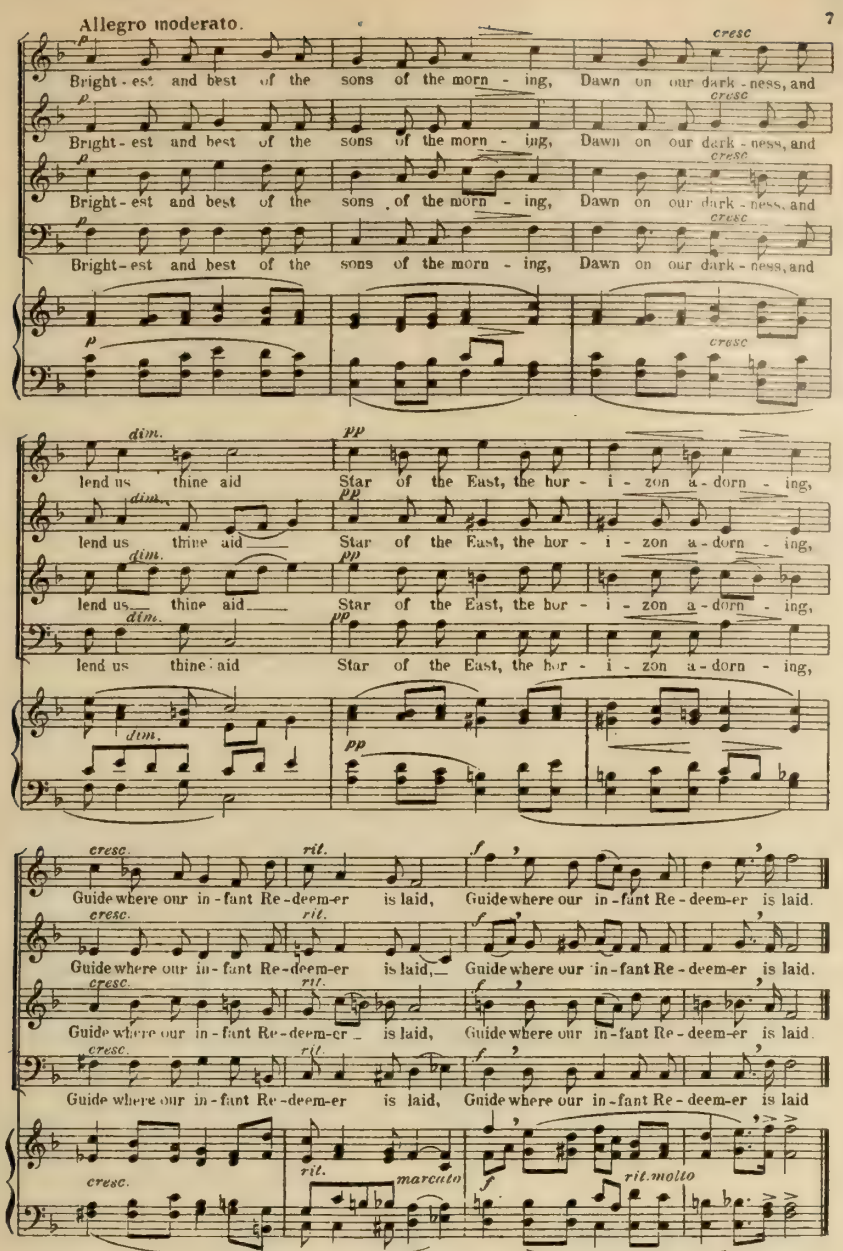
No, "In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone," lie uniquely "the bright little isles." The ennervating luxuriousness of the tropics is not here; and one is far off from two-penny tubes, automobiles, and electric street or overhead cars. A shrieking train is never heard, neither is there anywhere a belching forth of factory fumes. Not even chimney soot of the kitchen kind appears. The very mud of the streets is clean, resembling in its coral quality a white shoe paste, and agreeably sometimes suggesting "home" by its softness merely.

Every year, the fame of these favored islands becomes wider-spread and the nerve-worn business man and tired out woman, whose health gives way under the strain of home or society cares, find their way to *Pickford and Black* and secure a passage for the Fortunate Isles. It is not such a far cry from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Hamilton, Bermuda, and a steamer leaves the former city every twelfth day, for Bermuda, the British West Indies and British Guiana.

Opposite to Hamilton, is Ireland Island, where are the Naval Station, Dockyard, Arsenal and Fortifications. The British fleet are generally represented here by vessels varying in number and size, often including some of the flower of the navy. The strength of the garrison is always maintained, with quarters at Prospect and St. George's. The bands of the regiments in occupation give frequent concerts and entertainments. The scenery of Bermuda is beautiful and unique. Yachting is by a long way the leading pastime, for which the harbor is excellently adapted, while boating, bathing, fishing, golf and every form of outdoor amusement are part of Bermudian life. The flower gardens, caves, lily fields, are other remarkable features, while the produce is mainly represented by onions, arrowroot and some tobacco. Area about nineteen square miles and population about 17,500, increased greatly during the winter season with a fashionable and holiday element.

It is to be hoped that with the tourist trade, the old-time leisure and comfort of Beautiful Bermuda will not vanish.

Everywhere, to all the natural beauty of Bermuda, is an added charm of cleanliness, a commendable human carefulness to appear well. This is seen at its best where the blue and khaki-clad crowds of England's army and navy are massed at Prospect and Ireland Island. And nowhere in the world do the spick and span parading units suit their surroundings of a Sunday morning better than in Bermuda. For, gladly welcoming as Bermudians do, the incoming tourists of New York and Philadelphia, the warmest welcome awaits those of their closer Canadian kin. Great is the Islander's satisfaction at the way in tourist trade and foodstuffs, folk of the flag from far-flung prairie and newly-arising industrial centre are beginning to appreciate their neighbor set here amid shimmering seas. For first, last and always, the Bermudian is British, and the Old Land to him is HOME.


Allegro moderato.
Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and
lend us thine aid Star of the East, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing,
Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

An Organist Composer

MR. EDMUND HARDY, composer of "The Infant Redeemer," which we reproduce in this number of the HOME JOURNAL, is one of our "very own" musicians, having been born in the city of Toronto. He studied music in that community of many choirs and churches, graduating at the Toronto Conservatory in piano and musical theory, with gold medal in each department. He graduated as Bachelor of Music, with gold medal at Trinity University and

MR. EDMUND HARDY.

afterwards took a three years course in Moderns at the University of Toronto, when he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. Mr. Hardy has recently assumed the editorial charge of the music department for *Toronto Saturday Night* and his page is noted for its fearless and discriminating criticism. Not long ago, he created a mild sensation by a discerning article on the over-lauded work of Dr. C. A. E. Harriss and the much-advertised tour of the Sheffield Choir in 1908. Mr. Hardy is teacher of piano playing and musical theory at the Toronto Conservatory of Music to which so many of its graduates return in a teaching capacity. The church also claims Mr. Hardy's musical services and he is Organist and Choirmaster of Parkdale Presbyterian Church. The Toronto Clef Club, an organization which means much in the social life of the musicians of that city, elected Mr. Hardy to the presidency last season.

The anthem, "The Infant Redeemer," introduces the hymn-tune, "Adeste Fideles" as counter-theme to the "Hosanna" motif. An unusual series of modulations occurs in the middle movement. The composer has not aimed at the academic style in the composition, but rather has sought to produce a melodious and singable anthem of moderate difficulty.

The capital of Ontario has been justly credited with musical advancement—especially in the direction of choral work. It contains that gem of choral achievement, the Mendelssohn Choir, which has captured New York and Chicago audiences. The history of music in Toronto during the last thirty years has been one of steady advancement, with a result of which the citizens are justifiably proud. There is no question as to the musical metropolis of the Dominion, whatever may be said of the leading commercial city. There is a group of younger musicians in Toronto which will keep up, it is hoped, this onward musical movement, with high standards for both execution and criticism. In this group, Mr. Hardy holds a prominent place.

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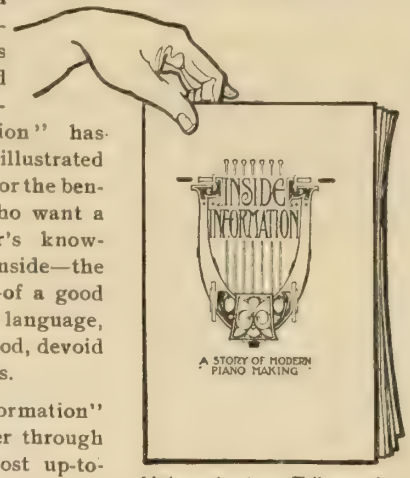

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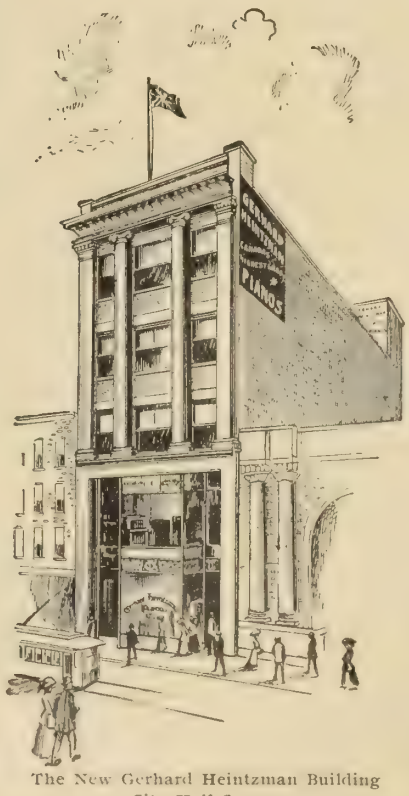

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SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Barry Ingram, of Eyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to favor Stephen and Christabel, her stepchildren, going to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and [illegible] and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. A bank disaster ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses Mrs. Ingram, who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes.

SHE walked to and fro a little restlessly, and, when the boat came near enough, she waved her hand. Forbes took off his hat, and seemed to forget to put it on again. He held it in his hand still, when the boat was moored t the pier.

"This is good of you, Eugenie," he said in a voice she scarcely recognized. "Where's Evelyn?"

"I don't know, dear. I expected to find her here. She must have gone out for a walk when I went to lie down after lunch. I expect she went farther than she intended, but will be back for tea."

Forbes turned back and asked them to send his bag up to the house, then took his wife's arm and they walked away.

"Ewan, what is it?" she asked in a low, trembling voice.

"Then you have heard nothing, seen no evening paper?" he said in a low voice.

"Speak quickly, Ewan," she said, with a note of most unusual sharpness in her voice.

"I must. The bank has stopped payment this afternoon."

"Is that all, Ewan? What a fuss all about money! Why, I thought it must be something much—much worse, and poor Evy has been worrying all day, connecting it with Barry. You might have just indicated the nature of the trouble, then we should have obeyed you blithely instead of in secret fear and trembling."

The light on her face was such as is a good man's reward for the battle of life, his safeguard and his shield against the buffets of the world. But it only filled the heart of Ewan Forbes with an anguish which ploughed its deep furrows on his face. Alarmed at last by the depth of feeling exhibited by one usually so completely a master of himself, she clung a little apprehensively at last to his arm.

"It is quite true, dear. If you have only come to tell me that all your money has been swallowed up, why, I have to tell you in reply that I don't care a fig. Surely there will be enough for us three."

"That has happened, Eugenie," he said hoarsely. "That, my poor wife, and a great deal more."

Her startled eyes seemed to cleave to his face.

"They will blame you," she said, her fears crystallizing in a moment, her quick perception guiding her like an arrow to the mark.

"We shall all be blamed, Eugenie, but some of us will have to bear the brunt."

"You mean that they will take everything?"

"Oh, yes, that is certain—nothing more certain. But you are provided for, Eugenie; I have seen to that. The Beacon is yours, and you will have an [illegible] there."

"But perhaps I am not entitled to it, Ewan," she said quietly. "If it is right for them to take all the rest, they must be entitled to that too."

"Not at all. A man may settle what he likes on his wife."

"If he can do so honestly. Will you explain the whole thing to me, Ewan?"

"And nothing can be done yet? You, who are such a clever financier, can do nothing?"

"Nothing. I tell you, the doors of the bank were closed this afternoon at three o'clock."

"And, Ewan," she faltered, "does it mean that a great many people will be ruined?"

"Thousands," he answered, and the word seemed to force itself between his teeth.

"But why have you rushed us down here, Ewan? Surely your place is at the head of affairs."

"Well, because things are bound to be very unpleasant in Glasgow, and I would have you out of it."

"You would keep me in a doll's house yet, Ewan; but don't you see how impossible it is "

Forbes suddenly turned away his ashen face. Intended to uplift and encourage, her words only wounded. Because as yet she did not know all.

And there would be plenty to tell her, from the representatives of the law down to the poorest shareholder that had placed his savings in the Town and Counties Bank.

"Will you stay down here, Ewan, or have you only come to see us safely settled?" she asked presently, wondering and a little hurt.

"Troubles are thickening on us, Eugenie," he said presently, as if he would take the talk away from more immediate and personal concerns.

They had reached the brow of the hill, and before they turned in at the little lodge gate they stood a moment in the middle of the path to look back upon the incomparable picture spread at their feet.

The gloom had lifted a little, and the peculiar still clearness of October now showed the softly rolling hills with which the Clyde is girt about, with the statelier peaks of Arran in the distance.

She, ignorant of all the inner history of the crime—which was the only word to fit the case—only saw him disturbed and distraught by the thought of the disaster in which he must share, though without blame to himself. She thought at the worst that some error of judgment had been committed.

"You look very tired, dear. Don't let us dawdle any longer, but get in for tea. Evelyn will certainly be back by now," she said gently.

"Eugenie, before you go in, will you give me a crumb of comfort? We may not be able to get a word together again for long. Have—have I failed in any duty or consideration for you in all the years we have been together?"

"Never," she answered, smiling upon him with steadfast eyes. "Never once."

"You'll remember this to my credit, then, when they're painting me black? Yes, it'll be black, Eugenie, blacker than you have any idea of. And the worst of it is, I shall have deserved it all."

"My husband, whatever they may say, however you may find yourself, I shall always believe in and—and love you."

"Say it again, Eugenie. Let me hear these blessed words again."

But instead of uttering them she laid both her hands on his shoulders and offered her kiss, the first of real love since she had given him her word of troth so many years ago.

Eugenie's step was light as they crossed the threshold of the door, and her face wore a look of indescribable sweetness, her eyes shone like soft stars of love and promise. She could bless the dark cloud that had discovered her own heart. They had no need at that moment for Evelyn; indeed, they had forgotten her existence. They passed together into the pretty room, where the soft shade of the lamps glowed another welcome, and she threw herself once more into his arms.

But not for long was he permitted to forget it. Just as the servant came in to lay the table for tea they heard Evelyn's flying step in the hall, and she burst in upon them.

"Father has come!" she cried breathlessly. "Look at this wicked sheet. They were crying the news in the streets, and I bought one. Oh, father, you will punish them for such wicked lies!"

Forbes took the paper from her hand and held it fast. The glow left his face; it became once more wan and haggard as he faced them with the truth.

"Let me see it, darling," said his wife. "No, I will not be cheated. Whatever it is, I must know and bear it with you," she said, with a new note of command in her voice.

Realizing that it would be impossible to keep the truth from her more than a few hours longer, he dropped the paper on the floor and turned away with a groan. She picked it up hurriedly and carried it to the nearest lamp, under whose shade she held it up to the light. It would have made no bad theme for a greaf painter's canvas, and might appropriately have been named "The Sentence."

Eugenie Forbes' face blanched, too, as she read the calm, deliberate and scathing words in which the paper commented on the occurrence of the day. Able only to sketch the disaster, they could, however, easily surmise the details. The greatest crime of the century, was the comment, followed by the demand that instant and adequate justice should pursue and overtake the scoundrels who had schemed and gambled away the peace, the foundations of so many homes. They were named by name, and foremost among them was that of her own husband, Ewan Forbes.

"Ewan," she cried sharply, "look round and tell me whether it is true. Do you know what they say—that you have earned transportation for life? They are calling for justice to overtake you. My God! speak to me, and tell me that this wicked thing is a vile lie!"

No answer.

Evelyn, with a bursting sob, turned about hastily and ran from the room.

Eugenie stood still, with the paper inert in her hand, her anguished eyes fastened with intense eagerness on her husband, who neither spoke nor moved.

"Is it true, Ewan?" she repeated, and this time took a step towards him.

"It will be exaggerated, of course, as these evening rags exaggerate everything; but the facts are as I stated outside—somebody will have to pay the price."

"You, Ewan?"

"I and others."

"Will they really arrest you?"

"If they can find us, yes; but I believe that some of us will seek the bar of another tribunal."

It was then that she caught the gleam of the weapon protruding from his pocket. She came quietly to his side and drew it away. He did not hinder her.

"You thought it might be necessary."

"Yes. Arbuthnot is on his way to the Argentine now. I should have gone with him, only I felt I must see you."

"You will be arrested and tried for—for——"

"For fraud," he answered; "and if I am tried I shall be convicted, Eugenie."

"The sentence?" she said with fevered, whispering lips.

"Ten—perhaps fifteen—years' penal servitude, nothing less."

"And you can do nothing to avert this—you would even own it a just sentence?"

"Yes; I own up I have behaved badly, Eugenie. It began in the day of small things and grew out of bounds. I've been apprehending this for a long time. I have no wish to escape my just punishment. For myself I care nothing; it is only for you. Perhaps now you will take back the divine words you spoke to me out there among the trees. Perhaps, if you had spoken them years ago and kept me at your side, this would have been impossible."

It was his one reproach, wrung from him by the futile anguish of the moment, and it went home. While she was seeking for some words to vindicate herself they were startled by a loud ringing at the door bell. Ewan Forbes straightened himself and gave but one glance at the weapon still in his wife's hand. She shook her head, and hid it in the folds of her dress. The next moment the door was opened, and someone came in.

Forbes recognized the man, and understood

that he carried with him the sheriff's warrant for his arrest.

"They have lost no time, Eugenie," he said grimly. "Yes; I am ready. Will you just step outside till I bid 'Good-bye' to my wife?"

The man looked undecided, but a look from Mrs. Forbes sent him from the room.

"I do not ask you to forgive me, Eugenie. There are offences which nothing but death can wipe out. Honor has been as the breath of life to you, and I have dragged yours in the mire."

He would have left her, but after a brief struggle with herself she called him back.

Her arms met around his neck, and she laid her wifely cheek to his.

"I will walk every step of the way with you, my husband. I will bear every blow for you, and when the end comes I will be waiting for you with love in my heart."

CHAPTER IX.

DUST TO DUST.

THE few shops in Cardyke village were closed, and an air of gloom strangely mingled with expectancy seemed to brood over the quiet scene. It was the second day of November, and Nature, moved to uphold immemorial tradition, had drawn her grey curtain across the sky, and sent a fine rain filtering through the mist. At half-past two the kirkyard bell began to toll.

It was Nancy Simons' funeral day.

The sad little cortege came out punctually through the open gates of Cardyke lodge and slowly wended its way towards the village.

There was no vehicle except the simple one on which the flower-wreathed coffin lay; a handful of men dressed in shabby black of ancient date walked behind, foremost among them Josh Simons and his friend, Alan Hastie.

This was considered to be very fitting, because it was well known in Cardyke in what light Hastie regarded the dead girl, and it was easy to see from his haggard looks how powerfully the tragedy had affected him.

He walked like an automatic figure beside the deeply frowning figure of the keeper, and never so much as raised his eyes from the ground.

Once, however, he was startled into some betrayal of interest, even of passionate feeling.

As the little train approached the cross-roads where a field path led in a slanting direction towards Tyrie Castle a figure suddenly appeared, wearing a Highland cloak and standing bareheaded, hat in hand. All recognized it instantly as that of Stephen Ingram.

"Infernal cheek!" Simons heard Alan mutter under his breath, and might have smiled, had the circumstances been otherwise.

Unaware of the seething passion in front of him, Stephen walked abreast of the working men behind, and the sight pleased Cardyke village well.

Women who had known Nancy Simons well, at whose cottage hearths she had often been a familiar visitant, audibly sobbed; little children looked on in awe and wonder; strong men bit their lips.

The minister, an old man, was waiting at the gate to receive them, having ridden down from the cottage in the clearing on his fat old pony, after holding a brief service in the house.

The coffin was taken out and carried on strong and willing arms up the wide path to the new-made grave. There the service was very brief. When the moment came to lower into the grave there was a moment's hesitation. Then Josh Simons looked beyond the little crowd straight into Stephen Ingram's eyes.

"Sir, will ye tak a cord?"

Stephen stepped forward instantly, and at the same moment Hastie fell back. Simons touched him quickly on the arm.

"Come, Alan, nae tantrums here. Here's your side."

But Hastie said "No," and continued to fall back.

Simons was angry, and forbore to press him. Another hand took Hastie's place, and the last sad office was quickly done. The minister said a brief prayer, and the earth was sprinkled on all that remained of the brief life of Nancy Simons.

Simons then broke into a most bitter weeping, and it was to Stephen Ingram he turned naturally, seeking comfort for his desolate heart. Nor did Stephen fail him. He took him by the arm and led him away quietly, talking to him the while words which no man could overhear but which carried both weight and soothing balm. They passed arm in arm through the churchyard gate, leaving Alan behind. But as they passed him by Stephen caught a glimpse of his face, and was startled by its expression, one of the deepest malignity, and also of something else. Stephen had great skill in the dissection of men's souls; he saw there, unless his eyes and his preception strangely deceived him, a soul in the grip of the nethermost hell.

"I dinna ken hoo it is, Maister Stephen," said the keeper when he had somewhat recovered his composure, "but when I should be angry and sair at the name o' the name ye bear, I canna keep up anger against you."

Stephen faintly smiled.

"I'm glad of it, Simons, for I would befriend you if I could."

"I ken that. A something cam ower me in the kirkyard, something that seemed to bid me ask ye to tak a cord. And did ye see Alan? He's stupid in his rage at folks. But he's young—ay, ay, he's young. When he has lived as long as me, and suffered as muckle, he'll learn to keep hissel' under."

"He looks a miserable man," said Stephen somewhat musingly; "as if all the furies had him in thrall."

"He has a deevil o' a temper an' aye, lad. Nancy used to mak him fair wild. Maybe, had she lived and they had marrit, they wadna hae been happy. Bad temper is at the bottom o' maist o' the misery in life, I think, Maister Ingram—that an' womenfolk."

"Perhaps you are not far out, Simons. Now, tell me what you are going to do at the cottage in the clearing—not live alone, I hope?"

"No; I couldna dae that, I askit Alan to come, but he doesna seem keen on it. I thocht it micht comfort him to be aboot the hoose where Nancy lived, but it seems no. But my guid sister is comin'. She's there now. She's a weedy woman, working intil a laundry in Glasgow, and very glad to come. She's a decent body, wi' very little to say, which is a guid thing. I'm no keen on jaw mysel'."

Stephen extended his hand; Simons warmly grasped it, and some part of his resentment against the name of Ingram passed out of his heart.

Stephen plunged into the field path again, which had now become very wet and sodden with the falling rain. His mind was full of the incidents of the afternoon, and more especially of certain he had noticed about the underkeeper, Hastie. He registered the vow that Hastie was worth watching. Other matters presently pushed out the incidents of the afternoon; the failure of the Glasgow bank had not been without its import to Tyrie Castle. His father had told him that he was involved to a considerable extent, how much he was likely to be affected he would know in a few days' time. Meanwhile, however, they were in deep sorrow for the disaster that had overtaken their Glasgow friends. Forbes himself was in prison awaiting trial, bail having been refused; his wife and daughter had returned to Glasgow, and Eugenie paid her daily visit to the prison for the purpose of trying to cheer her husband in the darkest hour of his life. Stephen was thinking of Evelyn as he walked in leisurely fashion across the misty fields, of how in so short a space she had been bereft of the man she loved and of the father who loved her.

As Stephen emerged into the roadway he heard the sound of familiar wheels rapidly approaching from the direction of Cardyke station. It was the dog-cart fetching his father from the train.

"This is hardly an afternoon for you to be out of doors, surely," he said, with an air of reproof. "Where have you been?"

"At the funeral," answered Stephen as they passed together through the smaller gate into the avenue.

"The funeral! Oh, yes, of course; she was buried to-day, poor thing. So you went! It was game of you, Stephen. How did it pass off?"

Stephen gave him a brief account, omitting, however, the incident connected with the underkeeper.

"Well, that incident is closed for poor Simons. It was a ghastly end for the poor thing, and ought to be a lesson to the rest of them hereabouts. They seem a flighty set—the younger women, I mean. The police are no forrarder, as the saying goes, and I must say I'm glad of it."

"How are things in town to-day?—any better?"

"No; worse things are coming to light. It's a ghastly business from first to last, and I must say I'm amazed and thunderstruck at Ewan Forbes."

"It's incredible. One thought him above suspicion."

"Is anybody above suspicion in this world, Stephen? I begin to think it's true that every man has his price."

"But Belle won't go there, father; she would not in any circumstances."

"So she tells me. She talks of going to London. If she persists in that I must find her an income somewhere by economising in other directions."

"Belle has developed of late, don't you think, father?"

"Developed? Oh, I don't know; she's pretty strong-minded. To be frank with you, Steve, I didn't know she felt so keenly about things here. It seems to me that I've been going about for a good many years with my eyes shut."

"Well, Carita, what sort of a day have you had?" asked Mr. Ingram, as he reached the house.

"A horrible day—all the days are horrible now—but nobody sympathizes or cares what I suffer."

"We all care, I think, Carita; we are compelled to," he answered, with a faint, derisive smile.

"Don't you care at all about Barry, Tom? You haven't spoken his name since Saturday."

"You have spoken enough for two, Carita," he answered dryly.

"I'm his mother," she said pathetically; "and I have a fearful presentiment here," she said, pressing her hand to her heart. "The poor darling, I am sure, can't be alive now, or they would have found him. I'm sure he is lying at the bottom of the loch."

"No fear. Barry would take better care of his skin," he answered in the same dry tone.

"Ah, how coarse and unfeeling you are; but a mother knows better. I have given orders for them to search the loch."

"Carita, you really are too much of a fool. Barry is all right, I tell you. Christabel saw him here in this house on the night of the murder and gave him twelve pounds of good money to help him to get away. Now are you convinced?"

CHAPTER X.

BY THE IRISH MAIL.

WHEN the Irish mail ran into Euston soon after six o'clock on a cold, foggy morning, there was one passenger who had a very hazy idea what his next move was going to be.

The passengers were few in number, but there was nothing to attract attention about a slim, well-built youth wearing an overcoat of Irish frieze, with the collar turned up about his ears, and his bowler hat well drawn over his brows, carrying a small, rather well-worn brown portmanteau. He appeared to know Euston station well. Firmly gripping his bag he passed beyond the station portals to the already awakened traffic of the Euston Road. He walked briskly along in the direction of Gower Street, but presently hailed a passing hansom, and asked the man whether he could drive him to Bridgewater Square.

"It's a long way, sir; couldn't do it under five bob," he said with a glance at the very portable handbag which could so easily have been conveyed by the Underground.

"All right; know Groome's Hotel?"

"No, sir, I don't. 'Eard of Barbican and Charter'ous, sir, but Groome's I don't know; but if it's there I'll find it."

Again the fare nodded, and climbed into the hansom. He had never visited Bridgewater Square in his life, and Groome's Hotel was an inspiration due to a careful study of the obscure London hotels in the Hotel Guide on board the boat.

It was a very long drive across London; but when at last the hansom turned into Bridgewater Square, it looked like an oasis in the desert. The dawn was just creeping up, and filtering through the bare boughs of the trees in the square garden, which had a remote look, which delighted Barry. Here, surely, he would be safely hidden; and no arm of the law would ever essay to find him, he would have time to possess his soul, at least in some brief peace.

The cabman, bidding him a civil "good-morning," drove away, and a grey-whiskered waiter opened the narrow glass door of Groome's Hotel.

"Mornin', sir, cold mornin'," he said affably. "'Ad a cold night journey, sir?"

"Just off the Irish mail," was the abrupt answer. "Any breakfast ready? I'm ready for it, you can reckon on that."

"Yes, sir; come in, sir; it can be ready in a few minutes' time, though *table-d'-hote* don't begin till eight."

A log fire roared in the chimney, and Barry, thoroughly chilled, spread out his hands to it, while the waiter hovered about anxious to please and to keep up the credit of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir, and 'ope you'll stop a bit; it'll be the beginning o' things, sir. 'Eaps of them go up west and dunno what comfort is. But I must say what we gets we keeps 'ere. Miss Cousins looks after 'em so well."

(To be continued)

When two patterns are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

SMART GOWNS IN PRINCESSE STYLE

PRINCESSE and semi-princesse effects are being much worn and these two gowns represent excellent styles. The one to the left is made of the new moire velours with trimming of satin and guimpe of tucked net. It exemplifies the wrinkled fishwife drapery that is one of the latest features of the season. The skirt is box plaited and joined to a foundation and over it this drapery is arranged. If the bodice extension is not liked it can be cut off at the waist line and the skirt finished with a belt. The skirt can be gathered if preferred and can be made in walking or round length.

For the medium size will be required, for the skirt and drapery 14½ yards of material 21 or 24, 12 yards 27 or 6¾ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of silk for the facing; for the guimpe 5¾ yards 21, 3⅛ yards 44 inches wide.

The skirt pattern 6496 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure; the guimpe pattern 6127 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The second gown shows one of the new Bengaline silks with trimming of satin bands and soutache and yoke of all-over lace. It gives a modification of the cuirass idea, and is exceedingly attractive as well as very generally becoming. It can be made either in round or walking length and will be found adapted to broadcloth, serges, cashmere and all similar materials as well as to silk.

For the medium size will be required 11¾ yards of material 27, 6 yards 44 or 5½ yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard of all-over lace. The pattern 6498 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

* * *

A USEFUL APRON.

THE useful apron is one that really protects the frock and this little model is pretty and becoming at the same time that it is absolutely practical. It can be worn either with or without the sash and it can be made from gingham or butcher's linen or from percale or any material of the sort. It has patch pockets that are a boon and the armholes are wide and ample so that it can be slipped on and off with the greatest ease. In addition to all this it is so simple and easily made that it means very little labor to keep the small girl well provided with fresh ones. In the illustration white linen checked with blue threads is trimmed with plain blue bands and frills of white lawn.

For a girl of ten years of age will be required 2¾ yards of material 24, 2⅛ yards 32 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard any width for the bands and 1 yard extra of any width for the sash when that is used. 3½ yards of ruffling. The pattern is 6123, sizes 6 to 12 years.

Skirt Pattern No. 6496
Guimpe Pattern No. 6127

Pattern No. 6498

Waist Pattern No. 5932
Skirt Pattern No. 6487

Waist Pattern No. 6206
Skirt Pattern No. 6502

* * *

GRACEFUL INDOOR GOWNS.

INDOOR gowns are being made into over skirts of various sorts. Here are two, one illustrating the long tunic, one the apron drapery, and both are equally smart. The tunic gown is made of messaline combined with beaded net and is trimmed with beaded banding. The skirt is a seven gored one and the tunic is arranged over it. It can be laced at the sides or held together in any way that may be liked. The waist can be made with the high neck illustrated or be cut out on the line of the yoke as liked, and is an exceptionally pretty one that is closed invisibly at the back.

For the medium size will be required, for the bolero with sleeves 2½ yards 27; for the draped portions of the blouse 1⅜ yards of material 21, for the yoke ½ yard 18; for the tunic will be required 2¾ yards 27 inches wide; for the skirt 6¾ yards 24 or 27, 4⅛ yards 44 inches wide for silk or other material without figure or nap. The waist pattern 6206 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6502 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown illustrates one of the pretty flowered silks with trimming of plain Liberty satin. The blouse portion is overlaid with applique and the yoke and under sleeves are of jetted net. The plaited skirt is straight and the box plaits extend to full length at the back. There is a foundation to which the plaited portion is attached and over which the apron is arranged. The waist is made with deep girdle and is cut in one with the pretty full sleeves. It is exceedingly graceful and becoming.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards 24, 2⅝ yards 27, 1¾ yards of material 44 inches wide, ⅞ yard of silk for the garniture which is trimmed with applique, ½ yard of all-over lace, 1¾ yards of silk for the girdle and trimming; for the skirt 6¼ yards 24 or 27, 4¾ yards 44, 1½ yards 24 inches wide for the trimming. The waist pattern 5932 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6487 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

SUIT OF DIAGONAL SERGE.

DIAGONAL serges are being extensively worn this winter and are always handsome. This suit shows one of the newest coats combined with a box plaited skirt. The coat is trimmed with collar and cuffs of Persian lamb, but it can be treated in any way to suit the fancy. Velvet is much liked as a finish and

the material braided with soutache or banded is pretty. The skirt could be made either with or without a

Coat Pattern No. 6483
Skirt Pattern No. 6438

yoke over the hips and takes long and becoming lines.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 7¼ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 44 or 3½ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 9¼ yards 27, 6¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6483 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6438 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

A SIMPLE GOWN OF CASHMERE.

CASHMERE is being much used for afternoon gowns this winter and is always pretty and attractive. This one is trimmed with bands of silk and made with vest or chemisette of tucked chiffon cloth in matching color. The skirt is one of the pretty ones lapped in envelope style and the blouse is distinctly novel. The blouse can be made of one material throughout if liked, but the vest or chemisette portion of contrasting material gives a somewhat more dressy effect. The sleeves are gathered into prettily shaped cuffs. In addition to serving for the gown the blouse will be found an excellent one to be made of contrasting material and worn with this coat suit.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt 7 yards 24, 6¾ yards 27 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide; for trimming the entire gown will be needed 2 yards of silk.

The blouse pattern 6488 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6305 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

* * *

PRETTY MIDWINTER FROCKS.

FROCKS of the midseason are exceedingly attractive. Many of those worn by the older girls are made in cuirass style, while for the younger contingent what is known as the college blouse is a favorite. The two illustrated are typical. The one to the left is made of charmeuse combined with chiffon and trimmed with applique. The same model could be used for a simpler frock,

Blouse Pattern No. 6488
Skirt Pattern No. 6305

however, for it is just as appropriate for a light weight serge as for the silk. It is pretty for combinations,

Pattern No. 6491 Pattern No. 6501

Hood Pattern No. 6493
Cape Pattern No. 6503

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too, and the cuirass could be made of heavier material with the skirt of lighter.

For a girl of sixteen years of age will be required 4 yards of charmeuse and 4 ½ yards of chiffon to make as illustrated; or, 7¾ yards 24 or 27, 6 yards 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide for cuirass and skirt if made of one material. The pattern 6491 is cut in

Blouse Pattern No. 6415
Skirt Pattern No. 6421

sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The younger girl's dress combines plain broadcloth with plaid material and is both serviceable and smart. It can be utilized for one material throughout or for various combinations. The straight plaited skirt is joined to a smoothly fitted yoke and the blouse is closed at the left shoulder and under-arm seam.

For the twelve-year size will be required, for the blouse 2 yards of material 24 or 27, 1¾ yards 32 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt and trimming 3½ yards 24 or 27, 3⅛ yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6501 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

* * *

A GRACEFUL EVENING WRAP.

EVENING wraps that are made in cape style are among the smartest of all things just now and this one includes a pointed yoke that is novel and attractive. In this case cloth is the material for the wrap and the yoke is braided with soutache, but two materials are frequently combined and the yoke can be of velvet or of moire velours while the cape itself is of cloth or satin or velvet or any preferred material. The accompanying hood is practical and becoming and will be found as well adapted to motoring as to evening wear. It is appropriate for chiffon, crepe de chine, and other thin materials of a similar sort. The cape-like portions can be brought round and knotted at the front or allowed to hang from the shoulders as preferred.

For the hood will be required 3⅜ yards of material 18, 1¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 3½ yards of ribbon 5 inches wide for rosettes; for the cape 6½ yards 27, 3 yards 44 or 52.

The hood pattern 6493 is cut in one size only; the cape pattern 6503 is cut in three sizes, small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust measure.

* * *

A SMART GIRLISH COSTUME.

THE long loose blouse that is so fashionable just now is really ideal for young girls, it combines with the plaited skirt to make a most satisfactory costume, and it will be extensively worn throughout the season. In this case plaid material is combined with plain serge of light weight but the same model can be utilized for combinations of silk and wool, or an entire frock of one material and, indeed, for anything that is available for a dress of the sort. Silk jersey cloth is much used for the upper portion but broadcloth and serge are equally correct and for the skirt there are plaids and checks and other fancy materials without number, when something in contrast is wanted. For the entire dress either serge or broadcloth with trimming of velvet will be exceedingly smart and handsome. The blouse is just a simple one that is closed at the left shoulder and under-arm seam and made with comfortable full sleeves. It is ideal for exercise and for general

Blouse Pattern No. 6465
Skirt Pattern No. 6472

school wear. The skirt is plaited below a circular yoke and is straight at its lower edges.

For the sixteen-year size will be required for the blouse 3½ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 44 or 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide with ¼ yard 44 inches wide for facings; for the skirt 5¾ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide. The blouse pattern is 6465, sizes 14 and 16 years, and the skirt pattern 6472 in same sizes.

* * *

FIGURES AND FITTINGS

THE thin figure has the all-round best innings, since it can always be added to by drapery and other subtle devices. But the plump figure remains plump. It can be made to look graceful and pretty, and becomingly suited, but there it is, and it has to be considered. It resents frills and flounces and fussiness, while the slim figure is beautified by any amount of furbelows. The tall, thin woman is eminently suited with perfectly made checks, tartans, and large-patterned materials. She may wear light, woolly tweeds, and all pale colors; and the slim, picturesque girl may choose wide, feathered picture-hats, and picture-fichus draped about her shoulders and make of herself a charmingly

Pattern No. 6123
(For description see page 22)

effective picture altogether; while her not so slim sister has to be content with looking smart and well suited in a hat of more compact dimensions. As, however, she has to consider height more than width in her hats, the newest models of this season are of a kind to appeal to her very favorably.

The light muslins and pale fluffi-

Pattern No. 6454
(For description see page 39)

nesses offer many temptations to the not slim lady; sombre clothing is disappointing amidst so much that is daintily colored. Yet black has vast possibilities. The black of to-day is not the funereal spectral production of years ago; not the stiff, undrapable material that has of yore gone far to produce woe, as well as to be indicative of it. Some of the daintest and most graceful of modern dress materials are the black fabrics; and the beauty of them makes them as becoming to youthful wearers as to ladies of riper years.

Each figure has its individual advantages; and the woman who finds her waist measure steadily increasing may comfort herself with the reflection that her complexion will probably remain clear, and her hair bright and abundant; while she is less likely than her thin sister to suffer from "nerves," and all their direful consequences.

* * *

SMART FROCK OF PLAID

PLAID materials are being much worn this autumn and they suit young girls peculiarly well. This one combines green with blue and is trimmed with dark green velvet, but there are deep cuffs of white lace which serve to lighten the whole effect. The dress is a very simple and pretty one and can be made with the sleeves illustrated or those in bishop style, as liked. The skirt is a new one with a plaited flounce at sides and back. There are a great many materials that would make up attractively. Cashmere is a favorite, voile is much used while crepes are charming and the season's novelty materials are almost numberless. Velvet and silk bands are smart for trimming

Jacket Pattern No. 6474
Skirt Pattern No. 6272
(For description see page 39)

but there are also many braids and bandings offered. Cashmere in one of the new wine shades with trimming of velvet ribbon would be exceedingly handsome. The same material in one of the pretty fashionable rose colors with banding of soutache applique would give an entirely different effect, yet the model is just as well suited to both of these as it is to the plaid material illustrated.

For a girl of 16 years of age the

Continued on page 39

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In A Toronto Studio

Continued from page 10

and prophecy of desolation. "When the Corn is in the Shock" would be recognized by a Canadian if he saw it in Hong Kong or Calcutta. Those are "our" fields in richness and in hint of Northland gloom. One returns to this picture again and again, as a true presentation of our days of gleaning and fruition.

In the summer vacation, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles have a pleasant custom of taking a party of their pupils to a rural or lakeside spot for such sketching as our picturesque Ontario affords. During last summer, the holiday weeks were spent at Atherley, near Orillia, one of the prettiest spots near the northern lakes, where many quaint and realistic bits of rural life were transferred to canvas. There is nothing artificial or forced in the atmosphere of this Canadian artist's work. The broad, free stroke of one who is acquainted with "God's Own Outdoors" is in the canvases of "The Studio."

IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

The work being done in Canada by some of our women artists is of a high order—of a finer quality than many of our would-be critics are aware. There has been a tendency to decry any artistic product of native source, which is discouraging to many—even of the bravest spirits. Several of our best artists have won recognition abroad, while youthful reporters at home were engaged in wondering what is the matter with Canadian art and inquiring anxiously what should be praised at the various exhibitions of our art associations.

Among those who have done excellent work and who are recognized as conscientious artists of high aim and increasing strength, is Elizabeth Knowles. Of her work we attempt to give our readers some idea, in the reproductions of a few of her best-known paintings, thereby affording a glimpse of the brightness and warmth of "The Studio."

Perhaps one of the pleasantest features of this Toronto studio is the genuine interest shown in the work of others. No teachers could take a more sincere and fervent interest in the work of their pupils than is manifested by Mr. Knowles and his talented wife. The lot of the young artist in a country like Canada is not of the easiest. The traditions of artistic interest are lacking, there are few, if any "patrons" of art, as Europe understands the term, and the country is hardly ready to turn from the material demands of "a map that is half-unrolled" to consider the canvas of the artist who is interpreting the things which are not seen. We are slow to recognize native merit in either music or art and are timid in expressing approval of what has not been sanctioned by an "authority."

Many a young artist has found in this studio the encouragement, the criticism and discrimination which are sorely needed in the early years of striving, and which can be given only by those who have travelled the same path—for there is no royal road to art. It is this quality of sympathy which gives the personality of Mrs. Knowles an abiding attraction and renders a visit to "The Studio" more than an artistic pleasure. There is a popular belief that professional jealousy is rampant in the ranks of the musical and the artistic—in other words, that the palette and the piano are extremely disturbing influences. This is an absurd libel where many of our best names are concerned, and it is especially untrue in the case of the painter of "The Dreamer." No one has warmer words of praise for the work of a brother or sister artist than Mrs. Knowles is ready to bestow.

There are few Canadian women who have won the honor of being made an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy and among these Mrs. Knowles may be numbered. The attitude of the public towards women's artistic work has changed materially during the last half-century. There was a time when samplers, Berlin wool horrors, and "pink Cupids on a purple plaque" were considered the only feminine accomplishments, but that day has fled forever. The woman who is serious in her desire for literary, artistic or musical distinction sees the gates of modern opportunity flung wide, when "work" is whispered as the open sesame. The day for a "smattering" of French or a "term's finishing" in art belongs to the period when painting impossible pansies on white velvet was considered a notable accomplishment. The old-fashioned reluctance to recognize woman's achievement as writer, artist or musician has yielded to a fine generosity which admits that good work is the only test.

It is in her enthusiasm for honest, painful striving towards higher peaks that we test the true artist, and here Mrs. Knowles has proved her grasp of art's demands. There is no claim to perfection, no cheap desire to exploit her own work or decry the efforts of another; and this spirit, which pervades "The Studio," is helping many a girl and boy to a realization of the reward which awaits the one who puts the best in the striving. Mrs. Knowles does not belong to the school which is vainly repeating "art for art's sake." The spirit of "art for life's sake" is nobler and means better work and finer results. May the ideal of the true artist continue to give us such healthy realism as these autumn fields and such poetry as "The Dreamer"! There are few women who have chosen such life work who have enjoyed as thorough instruction and loyal encouragement as Mrs. Knowles has experienced. Those mistaken "feminists," who imagine that man is incapable of sympathy with a wife's ambition and artistic progress would be rebuked for entertaining such an idea, if they were to pay a visit to "The Studio" and see the thorough comradeship which exists between these coworkers in the most delightful of all realms. The stimulus of such a meeting-place is felt by all who are given its "freedom" and allowed to enjoy the comfort of the quaint fireplace, the galleries from which in careless ease, one may enjoy the environment which betokens the temperament of the artist. It is a spot where one forgets for an afternoon or evening the everyday work, in enjoyment of the fruit of another's toil and wanders beneath the moonlit pines.

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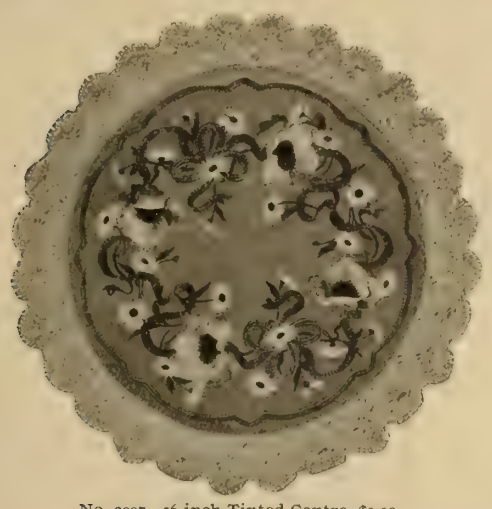

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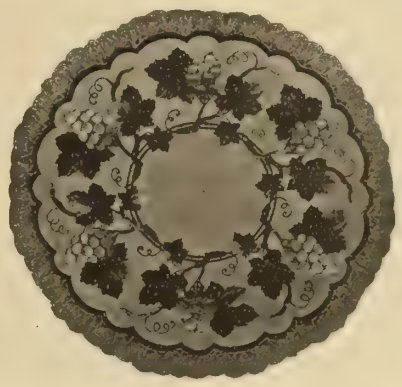

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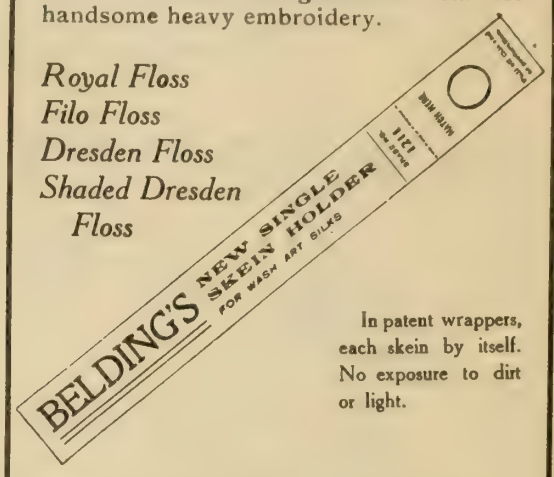

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Concerning Plum Pudding

SOME years ago the Women's Institute of Sydney held a meeting [illegible] Dr. Helen MacMurchy [illegible] Toronto, declaring that a paper by Mrs. Guy Davis, of Bayham, on the seasonable subject of English plum pudding was well worth publishing. Consequently, the paper was secured for the benefit of readers of this department. The following is the substance of the article:

On this, my second visit to this branch of the Women's Institute, my subject has been chosen for me; namely, "English Plum Pudding." Upon such a very lovely day as this, it seems almost out of place to be speaking of Christmas fare, but time passes so quickly, that ere we can realize it, we shall all, God willing, be eating these puddings. Now, there are various kinds of pudding. They differ very much indeed, from the greasy, sticky, drab mass to the black slate of indigestion, and yet every English woman fondly imagines her own individual pudding the best.

I do not propose to give you either of these recipes, but just the happy medium, tasty, but not of the leaden order, and neither sticky nor greasy, and if properly prepared and thoroughly cooked, will appeal to Canadian housewives as much as to their sisters in the Old Country. I wonder if any of you have ever heard how highly the late Shah of Persia appreciated Christmas pudding. When visiting the King (then Prince of Wales) at Sandringham, he tasted it for the first time, and liked it so much, that the Princess of Wales gave him the recipe. Upon his return to Persia it was given to the chief cook of the palace, and he was commanded to prepare a pudding for the Shah's table. And so he did, poor man, to the best of his ability, but instead of putting it into a basin to boil, he just turned it all loose into a big pot of water, boiled it the required time, and sent it to the table as soup, a very unsightly and nasty jumble. I trust none of the ladies present will make a similar mistake. I will now give you the ingredients and method of preparing my pudding, for the different things require considerable preparation before the important part of mixing takes place.

Into a large pan put four pounds of bread crumbs, two pounds of flour [illegible], two teaspoons of Royal baking powder, three pounds of beef kidney suet, [illegible] chopped, two pounds [illegible] dried and put through a mincing machine, three [illegible] stoned and halved, two [illegible] moist sugar, two tea- [illegible] teaspoon [illegible] one-half [illegible] a week [illegible] as a [illegible] well [illegible] of [illegible] lemon [illegible] wine and [illegible] with a little [illegible] into the dry [illegible] cover with a cloth and [illegible] all night in a warm place. In the morning stir well and if [illegible] a little more milk. It should be stiff enough to fall off your hand in moist lumps. Have your basins ready, well greased. The basins must have a rim to hold the tying string. Fill level. Lightly sprinkle the top of each with flour, tie a square cloth once firmly, bring the ends up over and tie. Have your copper boiling, drop in your puddings, and boil for eight hours, a good galloping boil. Lift and untie the knotted ends of the cloth and spread to dry, but do not remove the cloth, or untie the string. When dry keep in a cool, dry place. When required for use, boil two hours before sending to the table. Serve with whatever sauce preferred. They turn out of the basin very easily, and this quantity makes seven or eight puddings. They will keep for months. Prepare a month before Christmas.

To those who prefer to add the "keeping" qualities of brandy, three-fourths of a cup is added to the mixture before it is poured over the dry ingredients, but many housewives prefer the strictly "temperance" pudding.

* * *

Word from Queenston

WE ARE a young institute and quite enthusiastic over all phases of women's work. Up till the present we have taken up subjects dealing with foods and social interest, but this summer we have started on a patriotic scheme which by rights should appeal to all women of Ontario.

During the war of 1812, there lived a woman in this historic village by the name of Laura Secord, whom all have likely read about, but yet have never thought of doing anything to commemorate. She it was who saved her husband's life in the battle of Queenston Heights, and some months later walked twenty miles through the dark, lonely forest to inform Col. Fitzgibbon of the movements of the Americans. This time she saved her country. Now, we have started a fund for a memorial to this bravest of Canadian women. There has been a movement on foot before this to erect a memorial, but it fared owing to lack of funds. So the Women's Institutes are taking it up and making an urgent appeal to every patriotic woman in the province.

This memorial is to be in the shape of a Hall in the Greecian order of architecture, and in order to do justice to the cause we are asking for a $10,000 building. It would contain a small museum to preserve the relics of the United Empire Loyalists of the district, a library for the citizens, and a concert room to be used for all public gatherings. We might suggest that each institute take up the life of Laura Secord at one of the meetings, and if each member would give a small contribution it would be duly recorded in the building. Contributions could be sent to our secretary, Miss E. Lowrey, Queenston.

* * *

Claremont Branch

THE Women's Institute of the Claremont Branch was organized by Miss Campbell in February last. Although the day was very stormy, there were about forty women present and seventeen became members.

The meetings are held in the different members' homes and every member is interested in institute work.

At each of the meetings there are one or more papers given on profitable subjects, such as "Systematic housecleaning," "Vegetable Gardening," "Care of Fowl," "Home Nursing," "Butter Making on the Farm," "How to Keep Moths from Our Clothes and Furs," "Different Methods of Cooking Fish," "Canning," "Inventions of Women to Save Work," "What We Learn by Attending Our National Exhibition."

The August meeting was held as a picnic in Mr. Gregg's grove at North Claremont. The President, Mrs. Brodie took charge of the meeting, which was opened by singing "The Maple Leaf." The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. "Roll Call" each member giving a good recipe that the housekeeper could use. Paper on "Friendship" was read by Mrs. M. Pugh. In it she described friends, both old and new, and also how to make friends and how to keep them. The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Paper on the "House Fly" was read by Mrs. D. Forsyth. The writer showed how the fly was quite at home in the most dirty places around our homes, and from there made secure their entrance into our houses and were equally at home upon the most carefully and tastefully prepared and arranged food, carrying contagin wherever they please.

The meetings are prospering in membership, which has grown from seventeen to over forty.

A LARGE AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE
Photograph by M. O. Hammond.

* * *

A Matter for Discussion

A MEMBER of one of the most prosperous institutes has written to the HOME JOURNAL to ask an opinion on the question of serving refreshments at institute gatherings. Far be it from this publication to pronounce rashly on such a matter. Our correspondent remarks that, in her opinion, the serving of refreshments becomes a matter of competition and each hostess strives to outdo the others in the matter of delectable dishes. After all, competition is not an evil thing, if kept within reasonable limits. The writer states that in one society the women were restricted to serving sandwiches, one kind of cake and either tea or coffee. Even these rules were cleverly evaded, so far as the spirit was concerned, by several ambitious housewives. Sandwiches "with frills," exotic affairs with such luxuries as nut filling and cream dressing, were introduced, while the one kind of cake (plain intended) became an imposing structure of caramel or chocolate with white fancy scroll-work. Alas for the simple life! It seems so very difficult to get back to it.

But what have the Institute members to say on the subject? Let us hear from them on this matter of refreshments, for there is no doubt much to be said on both sides. Sociability certainly seems to be promoted by "the cup o' kindness" or the plate of toothsome sandwiches. It is hard to say where the line is to be drawn in the circumstance of hospitality, but the introduction of elaborate entertaining is not to be desired. Write to us about your own views on the subject.

Once more let us ask our Institute contributors to be practical, in the articles sent in for publication. We are obliged every month to return lengthy essays on character and education, such as have appeared again and again, until our readers petition for "something practical." The country is supplied with pulpits and preachers, we are aware that extravagance, drunkenness and gambling are vices and most of us are avoiding these outbreaks. But we *do* want bright suggestions of a domestic, literary or artistic nature, and shall be delighted to receive and publish up-to-date papers on cooking, horticulture and home decoration.

* * *

Grey County Convention

THE Women's Institutes of Grey County met for their third annual county convention in the town of Durham. Mrs. S. H. Breese of Chatsworth, was re-elected president and Mrs. Pettigrew gave an enthusiastic address of welcome. In replying to this address, Mrs. Wardell of Kilsyth, declared that there were four

things to take home from such a convention: A greater measure of information, of inspiration, of enthusiasm and unselfishness. Miss Shuttleworth, whose addresses are always of interest and variety, gave an address, "Health, the Basis of Womanly Beauty," which was full of good sense and bright suggestions. Mrs. Airth of Chatsworth, gave a good paper on "Contagious Diseases," at the evening meeting, Mrs. Roedding of Ayton, discoursed ably on "Art as applied to Pictures," and Miss Shuttleworth spoke on "The Needs of the Dairy Industry." Altogether, with the lighter interludes of music and recitation, the convention was a pronounced success. The next annual gathering will probably be held at Owen Sound.

* * *

The Guelph Convention

THE following programme of the Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes to be held at Guelph on December 8th and 9th, will be of interest to the HOME JOURNAL readers. All ladies are welcome to this Convention.

The sessions this year will, we are sure, prove of special interest to Institute officers and those who take an active interest in the work of the local societies. Considerable time will be given to the discussion of methods of work and the question drawer regarding Institute matters.

Names of delegates should be sent to the Superintendent not later than the 25th of November in order that full information may be sent them.

PROGRAMME.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8TH.
MORNING SESSION.

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, presiding.
10.00—National Anthem.
Invocation.
10.30—Address of Welcome—President G. C. Creelman, O. A. C., Guelph.
10.40—Reply to Address of Welcome Mrs. J. Talcott, Bloomfield.
11.00—Review of year's work—Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent.
11.30—County Conventions—Discussion by Institute officers who have had experience in organizing and conducting county conventions.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1.30—Address, "Environment"—Dr. Annie Backus, Aylmer.
2.15—(1) Reports from representatives of various districts.
(2) Discussion on Difficulties met with in Institute work, and means of overcoming same.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9TH.
MORNING SESSION.

Miss M. U. Watson, Macdonald Institute, presiding.
10.00—Addresses, "The Day's Work," A presentation of the general planning for the day's work in the county, town and city. Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield; Mrs. John Cumberland, Brampton; Mrs. W. W. Howell, West Toronto.
11.00—Address "Nerves"—Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Toronto.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1.30—Macdonald Institute—What is being taught and the assistance which will be given to Women's Institutes.
Question Drawer.
3.45—Address "The Development of a Sound Body"—Mrs. F. C. Hart, Galt.

We beg to draw the attention of delegates to the fact that on Tuesday evening, December 7th, at 8 o'clock, a special Poultry Session will be held in connection with the regular Winter Fair programme. Miss M. Yates, one of our regular Institute workers, Prof. Graham, of the Agricultural

Continued on page 40

USE

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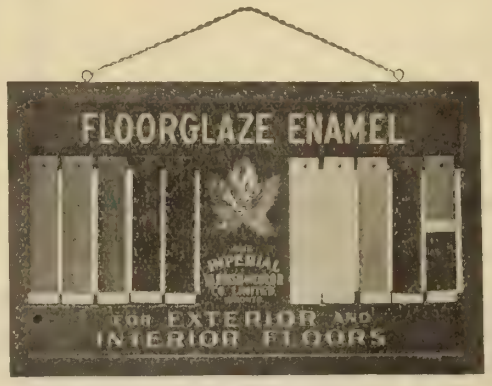

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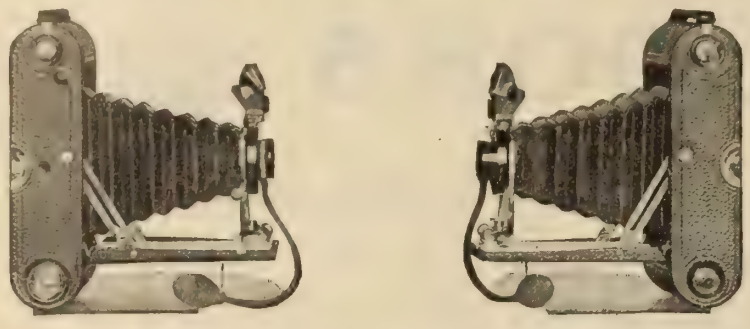


Box form Kodaks at $5.00 to $12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at $1.00 to $12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at $40.00 to upwards of $100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

Kodak means Photography with the bother left out

CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

CATALOGUE FREE AT THE DEALERS OR BY MAIL

CANADA'S BEST; THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE
PUT UP IN HANDSOMELY FINISHED GOLDEN OAK.
Send for prices to the Manufacturers:
THE RAYMOND MFG. CO. GUELPH, LIMITED, ONT.
EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED
IT DOES PLAIN OR FANCY WORK.
SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS.
GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Christmas Stencilling

THE subject of stencilling appears to be absorbing feminine interest to a marked degree. From Miss Jessie E. Rorke of Thornbury, we receive the following useful hints and designs for simple holiday gifts.

A pretty odd belt or collar is always a welcome addition to the winter wardrobe, as much of its variety depends on the little accessories. The stencilled belt, the design for which

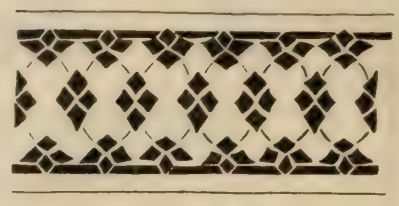


Figure 1—Belt Design.

is shown in Figure 1 can be worn with any of the flannel or silk shirt waists. It is made from canvas, the design being stencilled in dull blue, green and gold.

Magazines are often banished to the shelf before they have given their full amount of pleasure, because of torn and untidy covers, and a separate one that may be easily adjusted

Figure 2—Magazine Cover.

adds much, both to comfort and appearance. If undressed leather is used in the cover shown in Figure 2 a charming effect may be had by using crimson in the design.

The case for postal cards, Figure 3, is made of a heavy weight watercolor paper firmly glued to the blotting paper which covers the inside. It is folded across the centre in the form of a booklet, enclosing the postal cards, which are held in place by a

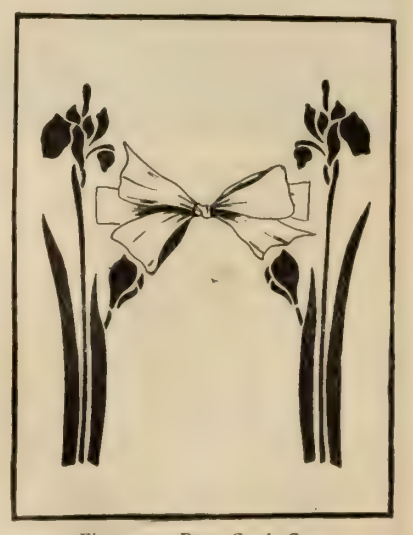


Figure 3—Post Card Case.

band of inch ribbon run through incisions in the cover.

Any girl who is not at home, and whose small domain includes but one room, knows how useful a dainty dusting bag may be, instead of tucking the necessary duster in some odd corner of box or drawer. The one shown in Figure 4 is made from a gentleman's linen handkerchief. Fold the corner down as shown in the diagram, then fold each side at the

Most people already use—and always will use—Windsor Salt. They know—from years of experience—that Windsor Salt won't get damp or lumpy. There is never even a suspicion of grittiness about it.

Its clean taste—its crystal purity and recognized economy—make Windsor Salt the prime favorite in every home where it is used.

Don't pay fancy prices for imported salt, when Windsor Salt costs so little, and is so high in quality.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT 16

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Has the "Black Knight" come to your home?

Let him show you the quick and easy way to shine the stoves.

"Black Knight" takes all the hard work and dirty work out of stove polishing.

It's a paste—so there is no watery mixture to be prepared.

Just a few rubs with cloth or brush brings a mirror-like shine that "you can see your face in". And the shine lasts!

Most dealers handle and recommend "Black Knight" Stove Polish. If your dealer cannot supply it, send 10c. for a big can—sent postpaid.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont. 18

Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

Don't Throw It Away
Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE MENDETS
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them: fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D. Collingwood, Ont.

middle and seam together to the point where the corner is turned back. Button-holes one and a half inches apart around the top make a place to run the ribbon through which hangs the bag.

A dainty glove case, figure 5, may be made from a fourteen-inch square of scrim. Turn an inch hem and hemstitch. Make a silk square

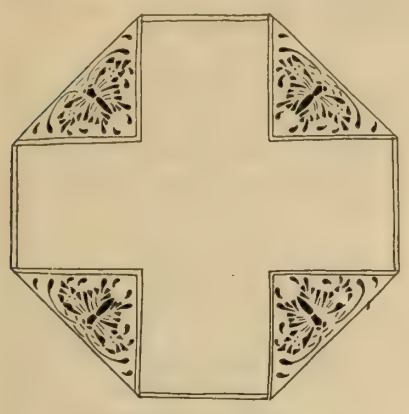


Figure 4—Duster Bag.

thinly padded of the same size, using cream colored silk, and fasten with a few stitches to the scrim on which the design has been already stencilled. Fold once across the middle. Use Alice blue for the design and stencil a monogram in the same color on the silk inside as shown in Figure 6.

* * *

MISS Louise E. Julyan also sends a valuable contribution, as follows: In these columns a short

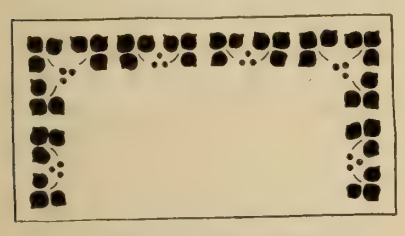


Figure 5—Glove Case.

time ago there was presented an article on stencilling, an art which is rapidly becoming popular on all sides. When one knows how to stencil, the next question is what to stencil, and there are so many patterns that one might use that it is sometimes perplexing to choose.

Generally speaking, conventional designs give the best results and for the most part ones that call for no small

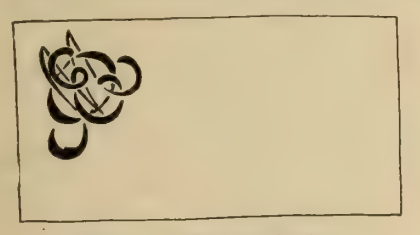


Figure 6—Monogram Design.

out-jutting parts, easily broken off, are best. An extremely pretty design, used effectively on curtains, was one of a small bird swaying on a branch of blossoms, but it was so easily broken that results were not always commendatory. This is also a fault found with Japanese stencils, which are much shown,—one must be most particular when cutting and stencilling.

Some designs shown provide for the greater portion of the article stencilled being covered by the design. This is so apt to give a bad effect in the hands of any but an experienced stenciller that it is wise to shun them—besides, linen, which is greatly used for stencilling, does not call for so much decoration and beauty of line and grouping, with good color should be aimed at in stencilling. A very pretty and extremely simple design used on a cushion and on a work bag was one of two half-circles, the opposing inner sides of each being roundingly enlarged, grouped as fancy suggested. These also made a pretty border for

Continued on page 35

Twenty-Four Genuine Lauder Records

The only Disc Records made in Canada

Actually Sung by HARRY LAUDER

These are not imitations of the famous Scotch Comedian, but Harry Lauder songs, sung by Harry Lauder as only Harry Lauder can sing them.

So faithful is the reproduction—so true the accent and inflection of the voice—that you can almost SEE Harry Lauder before you, as these records are played.

10 inch. Price 75c each.

Number	
x52310	The Saftest of the Family,
x52311	Mister John Mackay.
52016	Wearing Kilts.
x52314	Rising Early in the Morning.
x42315	A Trip to Inverary.
x52316	Wedding of Lauchie McGraw.
52001	I've Something in the Bottle for the Morning.
52002	I Love a Lassie (My Scotch Bluebell.)
52009	Killiecrankie.
52003	Stop Your Tickling, Jock.
52008	Tobermory.
x52317	We Parted on the Shore.
x52318	Aye Waken O!
x52319	I Wish I had Someone to Love Me.
x52320	Ticklie Geordie (Laughing Song.)
52019	Jean MacNeil.

12 inch. Price $1.25 each.

Number	
58001	The Wedding of Sandy McNab.
58002	When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland.
58005	Wedding of Lauchie McGraw.
58013	McGregor's Toast.
x53002	Tobermory.
58017	Something in the Bottle for the Morning (Foo' the Noo'.)
58011	Rob Roy MacIntosh.
x53005	That the Reason Noo I Wear a Kilt.
58009	A Trip to Inverary.
x53007	The Lass of Killiecrankie.
58008	He Was Very, Very Kind to Me.
58007	She is My Daisy.
58014	Saftest of the Family.

Ask to see them at yur nearest Victor-Berliner dealer's.
Send for Catalog of 3000 Records Free.

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO. Limited - MONTREAL

You can save dollars by buying a HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE

Made in both Cast Iron and Steel

Fuel is high and getting higher.

A "Happy Thought" Range saves fuel and every pound of fuel saved is money in your pocket—the fire is absolutely controlled by our special patented valve dampers—not one unit of heat is wasted—the cooking surfaces receive it all.

More reasons for the superiority of the "Happy Thought" in our interesting stove booklet. A post card will bring it.

1896

MANUFACTURED BY THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE CO. LIMITED BRANTFORD, ONT.

FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS THROUGHOUT CANADA

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

You will eventually wear "Ceetee" Underclothing—why not now?

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

"CEETEE" is the most comfortable underclothing on the market. It is perfect fitting—knit to the form from the finest imported Australian Merino Wool, and always remains soft and elastic—absolutely unshrinkable.

In all sizes for men, women and children. Insist on your dealer showing you "CEETEE" Underclothing. We guarantee it.

1881

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited, Manufacturers — GALT, ONTARIO — Established 1859

"Those who believe in beauty and economy decorate the interior of their homes with Metallic Ceilings and Walls."
—The Philosopher of Metal Town.

A Handsome Fireproof Home at a Small Cost

Madam, do you know that the interior of your home can be permanently and artistically decorated at a small cost by a judicious use of "Metallic." Some of the most imposing residences in our largest cities are decorated throughout with "Metallic"—"Metallic" Ceilings and Walls in every room. It is a fireproof decoration and will save you many dollars by reducing your insurance rates.

"METALLIC"

Ceilings and Walls

last a lifetime.

You can apply them to old rooms without any trouble—simply nail on over the plaster. Just wipe them with a damp cloth now and again and they can be kept as fresh and clean as new. When you want to change the color design, simply paint over with the desired tints.

Particularly in your kitchen and pantry "Metallic" is invaluable as it is proof against mice and other vermin, and prevents any dust or bits of plaster falling.

Then for the bathroom, where a waterproof wall decoration is absolutely necessary, "Metallic" should be used. Splash as you like you cannot harm this decoration—it is waterproof.

"Metallic" is very artistic—you have hundreds of varied designs to select from—heavy beam effects, fancy scroll and panel patterns—designs to suit every room.

Roofing and Siding

For the roof, "Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are superior — make an absolutely weatherproof and fireproof roof.

They are made from the heaviest and toughest sheet steel—in fact nothing but the best material will hold the clear, bold pattern of the "Eastlake."

The special patented design of the "Eastlake," the telescopic side-lock and gutter and the countersunk cleat, make it the easiest and quickest to lay, and permanent—roofs covered with "Eastlakes" 25 years ago are in perfect condition to-day.

As a siding for the house "Metallic" is artistic in appearance, warm in winter and cool in summer. Our "Metallic" Rock Faced Siding in either brick or stone design will give your house the appearance of a genuine brick or stone residence—a handsome fireproof home at a very small cost.

You will find many interesting suggestions on improving the home in our free illustrated booklets—"Interior Decoration in Metal" and "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Send us a postcard with your address and we will mail them to you.

2029

Manufacturers Metallic Barn Roofing and Siding, Corrugated Iron, Etc.

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1879

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis Colds, Diphtheria Catarrh.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the [illegible] Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene [illegible].

[illegible] on the nose and throat [illegible] in the case of colds; [illegible] throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide [illegible] and preventive in [illegible].

[illegible] sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is [illegible].

[illegible] Booklet [illegible] for the [illegible] from [illegible].

THE [illegible] COMPANY, Limited
Loeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

What is $2.50 compared to writing satisfaction and comfort? It isn't a fair exchange and you'll say it too after you've had a

"SWAN" FOUNTPEN

The same pen too — a year, five years, ten years or even twenty years. You'll say you would rather pay ten times the sum than be without.

Prices $2.50 to $50.00 of Stationers and Jewellers

Insist on "SWAN"

The "Swan" is comparatively new to Canada—if any difficulty, write for nearest dealer to Mabie, Todd & Co., Headquarters 79 and 80 High Holborn, London, Eng., or 124 York St., Toronto, and at New York, Chicago, Manchester, Paris, Brussels, Sydney.

CATALOGUE FREE

Send the *Home Journal* as a Christmas gift. The recipient will have cause to thank you every month in the year. Send $1.00 and we will send the Christmas Number on Christmas morning.

AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Housewife's Heart

"Giving and loving, loving and giving,
So we find the joy of living."

LET'S TALK CHRISTMAS.

"IN all my life I never gave anything that gave me such unmixed pleasure," said a friend to me a year ago, as she finished the narration of a little incident which I will relate. It was the day before Christmas and she was shopping, her chief purchase being a beautiful doll for her little girl, her only child. Close beside her stood a thinly-clad, poorly-fed little girl gazing wistfully at the rows of prettily-dressed dolls, and the longing look she bestowed on the handsome beauty which the lady had just selected, attracted the attention of the purchaser, and in a kindly tone she asked, "Do you like dolls?"

"Oh, yes; they are so lovely," she answered timidly.

"Did you ever have a pretty doll like one of those for your own?"

"No, never; not in all my life," she said.

The lady pointed to a row of dolls marked seventy-five cents, and said: "Pick out the doll you like best in that row, and I will buy it for you for Christmas." It did not require long to make the choice, and the doll was wrapped up and placed in her arms. To use the giver's own words, "she clasped it closely to her heart, and with eyes shining, fairly flew out of that store, and down the street." *That* was the true spirit of giving. It was the spontaneous generosity of one who recognized in the little human creature, the Christ-child. From the depths of her sad young eyes spoke tales of want and poverty, of unfulfilled longings, and, oh! the joy of giving to such a heart-hungry little being is only known to those who have unlocked with the mystic key of Christmas-tide, the hidden recesses of their nature, and bestowed gifts with no reward but the manifest gladness, and bounding joy in the face of the recipient!

* * *

A YOUNG girl was displaying her large array of beautiful Christmas gifts to me once, and they were numerous, and many of them expensive. She picked up an article and remarked, disgustedly, "Look what So-and-So gave me; the ugly old thing, I would not be seen wearing it. And I spent two whole days making her a present, and it cost me a dollar, and I know this did not amount to more than a quarter. Just wait till next Christmas, and I'll get even. Any old thing will do for her." That was the commercial spirit of giving, the bestowal of gifts in order to receive an equivalent in value, and it is to be regretted that it prevails among all classes of society. We give and expect to receive in return, and there is resentment and heart-burning over our gifts until it were better that the custom be abolished, except as a family practice, which some claim was the original intention of giving at this season, with the bestowal of gifts to the poor, and to charitable institutions. Personally, I agree with that idea, not because I do not like receiving presents, for I must admit I am as childish in my delight at Christmas favors as the youngest in the house, but it makes too great a drain on one's time, brain and purse to remember a numberless host, many of whom, if the truth were known, would prefer being off your list, inasmuch as they are thus placed under an obligation to you, for such is the pitch to which Christmas giving has attained—merely an exchange—and the results must necessarily often prove most unsatisfactory.

* * *

I REMEMBER once reading that our good old Queen Victoria was very methodical in this matter of Christmas-giving, and always started early in the new year preparing her list for the next twenty-fifth of December. I have a little sister quite as systematic in her small way. She makes out her list of names, then writes opposite what she considers a suitable and timely gift for each special individual, and all through the year, in her rounds of shopping, she picks up the articles and lays them aside, and when the holiday month arrives, she proceeds to parcel and address them, despatching them in the order the distance requires to reach their destination. No hustle and bustle at the last moment with her, and all her preparations for the holiday season are carried out with the same care and precision. But everybody cannot follow that to the letter. Still we can, well, scribble out a list to help our failing memories when we get into the thick of it. I have mine ready, twenty-six in all, and I assure you I "biled them down." Most of the names are my own dearest and best, those in the home with me, and in the old home, and the sisters and brothers scattered east and west; some are to discharge obligations for kindnesses shown; others, those whom I delight to assist, and Christmas affords an opportunity to help in an inoffensive manner. But how one would love to add names, to remember all in your own little "inner circle" of friends, to buy bootees for all the new babies in your neighborhood—oh, by the way, I have forgotten the newsboy and the postman, and they simply must go down on that catalogue. Where to draw the line, that is the question. Draw your own, I cannot give you advice beyond asking you to keep in mind the maid and the chore-boy, and wash-woman as well. It does not need to be an expensive gift, just a trifle, to express your kindly wishes towards them. It all counts when they are summing up their blessings, and many of their purses are lean; so do not forget those who labor for you. Then there are the boys in the far west, out on the lonely ranch, to remember with a box from home, comforts which only a mother can devise, and the substantial cash present which a father's generosity will prompt, for he understands they have many drawbacks. Send the box in good time, so they can make merry on the great day—perhaps their first Christmas from home—on the phonograph, or the mouth-organ, or fiddle, or try the new camera, any of which will be the source of much entertainment during long, trying months.

* * *

MAKE the children happy. Christmas is essentially children's day, so make it so joyous that all down the years until they are old and grey will linger the bright anticipations of childhood days and Santa Claus. Wrong to delude them with tales of Santa? Well, there may be minds so scrupulous they cannot weave a romance around old Kris Kringle, as we were taught to call him, but if ever there was a delusion

a child can pardon when it arrives at years of understanding it is the blessed, fascinating old fable of "Saint Nick and his eight tiny reindeer." When a child begins to question thus, "Mother, is there really a Santa Claus? Such a boy or girl told me there wasn't," the answer may be, "Well, dear, whenever you feel *sure* there is not, do not hang up your stockings." Then as the conviction develops into a certainty that such a person does not exist in the form they believed in, the explanation can be given satisfactorily that grown people call the spirit of kindness and good-will which actuates their generous deeds at Christmas-tide, Santa Claus, and that each child may play the part to some one else, even as their parents have played that part to them. Indeed, that lesson is all-important, and may be the well-spring of future thoughtfulness for others. One mother I know has a very pleasing custom for Christmas day. She places a basket to collect from each child a portion of sweetmeats and *one* toy, and this, together with some last year playthings they are allowed to carry to some less-favored children, and those little people actually look forward to this unselfish act as one of the chief delights of the long, happy day.

* * *

THAT reminds me. A boy once said to me with a sigh, "Mother has been cross all day; she is always cross on Christmas. She has a headache." I asked him what time he got up, and he said, "Oh, we've been up tearing around since four o'clock. We got up early to see what was in our stockings."

"And has your mother been awake since then?"

"Yes; why, she couldn't sleep after we all got racketing around."

"No wonder she has a headache," I said; "she probably did not go to bed until midnight preparing the nice things for you all, then you got up and disturbed her sleep. I'd be cross, too." Then I proceeded to explain how it had been a law in our home that no noise must be made until voices are heard from mother's room. The children are allowed to dress, and be all ready after a certain hour, but must move noiselessly, not speaking aloud even, then no one suffered from loss of the usual slumber. This little self-denial on their part—holding their curiosity in bounds—heralded in the prospect of an unclouded day. It is a mistake to hustle children to bed with excited brains, earlier than the usual bedtime, to awaken at an unearthly hour and rouse the whole household, who especially need the rest the holiday affords. It is unwise to overtax the small folk with too long a day, especially when they live the hours at such high tension, and it is no kindness to them to permit their spoiling the day for their elders for their own gratification.

* * *

"MOTHER, let's talk Christmas," will be heard very frequently during the weeks that intervene between now and that auspicious day. And we will slip away into quiet corners, and whisper and chuckle while planning for our shopping expeditions. (The smallest tots in our house always received spending money, so they could share the wonderful secret talks, and scheme how to "s'prise Daddy." Do yours?) The days and the weeks will glide rapidly by, and the store windows will take on holiday attire with the wonderful displays, and suddenly the desire just to go and look at the things for the children's pleasure, and at their urgent solicitation, starts you out, and lo! the fever is on, the purse-strings relax, and you are purchasing dolls on the sly, while the little folks are examining picture books, and requesting the toy train to be laid aside, and arranging for all to be delivered while "school keeps" so you can successfully conceal them. Next day you are ready again, and the bills disappear, while the hiding-place is bulging with books and toys, gloves and handkerchiefs, slippers and house-coats, while the days grow fewer and shorter.

Mother, start in time, get your buying off your hands, you know there are cakes and pies, puddings and fowl, on your programme, besides letters and hosts of other things and so before you are overwhelmed with these, give your attention to the essential duty of catering to the little ones in your home, lest something unforeseen should prevent your plans being carried out, and the little hearts should be disappointed. I have recollections of one cold, stormy Christmas Eve, when with a friend I tried to do some shopping at the eleventh hour. Never shall I forget the discomforts of that snowy night, with its biting frost, its crowded streets, its packed stores, and its tired, busy clerks. We both vowed that never again would such a predicament be ours, and one of those vows has been religiously kept. I dearly love to mingle with the happy, jostling crowd on Christmas Eve, the belated shoppers, but I do not want any compulsion about my joining its ranks, just an outing for the jollification that is in it, seeing the smiling faces of the hurrying mass, as they fill their hand-bags and stuff their great coat pockets, rushing from jeweller's store to candy shop, loading up with parcels that must be carried, not sent, lest the wrong person meet them and make a discovery. Then no matter what you have previously bought, there is sure to be some one to remember at the last minute.

Isn't it all an awfully joyous occasion, and how our hearts do warm up as the season approaches! If everybody only had plenty; if there were no sickness, no bereavements on that day; if every one were thoughtful and good; no unkindness, nor harshness, nor utter loneliness; what a delightful reflection that would be! But all those things exist, the heartsick and weary, the homeless and poverty-stricken, so let us each do our quota towards disseminating good cheer and brightness in as large a circle as within our power, giving of our substance as well as our smiles.

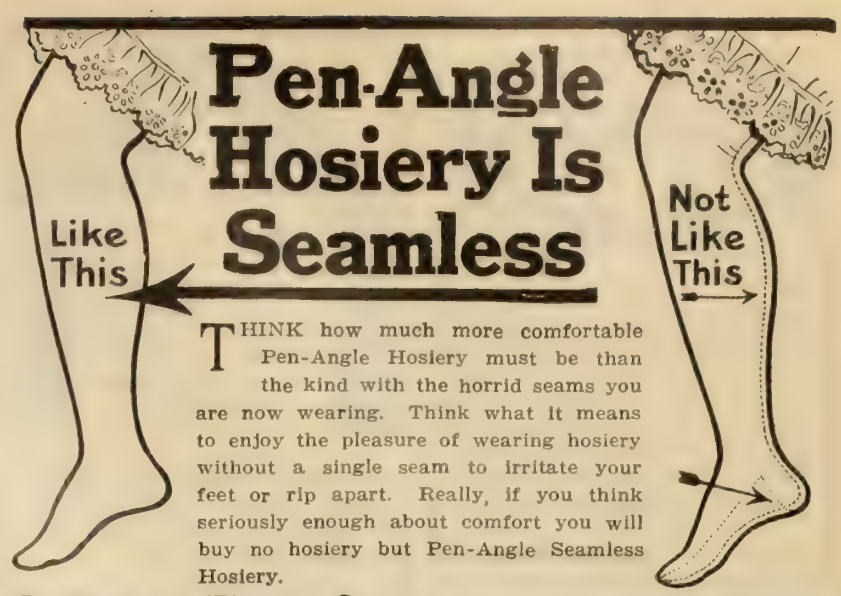
Here are my best wishes for the readers of the HOME JOURNAL, that you may all spend a Merry Christmas, and as you lay your tired heads upon your pillows, may the great and beautiful truth be impressed as never before that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Christmas Stencilling

Continued from page 33

a white silk scarf and parasol.

Book covers are attractive with a border of a small conventional design with some slightly larger design towords the upper left hand corner. For children's books, small animals, cut from any journal, done in contrasting colors are appreciated—the small Bon Ami soap chick has proved an easily done and interesting stencil. In a nursery, covers are attractive with a border of the Dutch Cleanser Gretchens—one in red and green on linen was very amusing for the little folks. Curtains very seldom need a stencil on any but the lower edge (and, by the way, stencilled curtains should never come much below the sill) but a wall of Troy pattern going along the bottom and inner edge was not too much. Table covers, if long and narrow need something in the centre as well as at the ends—four small triangles forming the corners of a square with a small circle in the centre may be repeated several times on a cover with good effect, some elaboration being necessary at the ends.



Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest — hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

Exclusive Process

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

Reinforced Feet

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champaigne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors. 43

Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMAN'S HOSIERY

PENMANS, LIMITED, DEPT. 39 PARIS, CANADA

Halifax Shredded Codfish

(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

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you will notice a great number of high class advertisers using space in THE HOME JOURNAL.

All of them are worthy of your patronage.

Buy from them and tell them where you read their advertisement.

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are just as near perfection as ranges can be built. Their construction is an absolute guarantee of fuel economy and cooking comfort. If you want the best range you'll buy the Souvenir. Our free book tells the reasons why. Send a post card for it to-day.

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PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER
quickly restores hair to its natural color and beauty makes dry, dull hair grow soft, lustrous and luxurious
At all Druggists, 50 cents a bottle.
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No 37 A

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Graduates of this college readily obtain choice positions. The demand for our graduates is fully five times the supply. Winter term opens January 3rd. New catalogue free.
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Learn to do Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Shorthand and Typewriting as done to-day in business offices and a good position awaits you.
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THE BRAND HEAR-O-PHONE will enable you to do so. Cut this out and send to us, and we will mail you a booklet explaining our latest improved Electrical Hearing Device, together with the names of satisfied users, and our SPECIAL HOLIDAY HOME TEST OFFER.
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is the oldest Commercial School in Canada. The courses provided are thorough and practical in every way, and a good position is guaranteed to every graduate. Winter Term begins Jan. 3rd. Students enter any time. Write for catalogue.
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Makes delicious Fish Patties. Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.
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ATLANTIC FISH COMPANIES LTD NOVA SCOTIA

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"Trafalgar Castle"
and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art
WHITBY, ONT., Canada
IDEAL HOME LIFE in a beautiful Castle modelled after one of the palatial homes of English Aristocracy.
The latest and best equipment in every department of study backed up by the LARGEST AND STRONGEST STAFF OF SPECIALISTS to be found in any similar college in Canada. The college stands for exact scholarship, pleasant home life, and that type of social culture that grows in a Christian atmosphere. Send for calendar to
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100 WEST ELOOR STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Equipped for the treatment of the
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Massage, and a school for teaching massage; orthopedic gymnasium for physical training; five expert mechanics, excellent ward accommodation and nursing.

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The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of Stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit and insure NATURAL speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
Berlin, Ont., Can.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

THERE are two letters among many received from members of the Girls' Club that I am quoting, because one tells of a girl who is starting in with the right spirit, the other because it explains a point that my letter evidently did not quite make clear.

Dear Secretary:

"I understand from your "Journal," that you would like all girl readers to join the Girls' Club. I would like to become a member and would like to know what I can do or have to do, to earn money for myself. Will you please tell me? I am not a bit afraid of any work connected with it."

* * *

Dear Secretary:

"I am enclosing seven more orders, that makes fifteen for October. Just in time, isn't it, to earn the prize money? You see, at first I thought the salary offer was for subscriptions sent in during a month's time, and that I had till October 14th, a month from when I started. Just yesterday I looked again and noticed that it is for a calendar month, so I had to hustle to get these subscriptions off. I certainly am satisfied with my first two weeks' work and I know from the way it's acting, that the work will get easier all the time."

* * *

The next month is the best subscription time of the year, the best season to start work. If you are interested in the Canadian Girls' Club, don't put off writing to me till a more seasonable time. It will take you just three minutes to write a post card, "Please tell me about the Girls' Club," and then it's done, all but mailing.

There has been a good deal said at different times, about magazines as Christmas Gifts, but it seems to me that very few magazine readers, however much they like magazines themselves, appreciate how greatly their friends will enjoy them. Twelve times a year they bring remembrance of the giver; and on Christmas morning, the day when especially everyone wants to be remembered, a beautiful post card is received carrying the best wishes of the giver and news of the gift.

We have decided to keep our Girls' Club just "Canadian Girls' Club," and our pin will have the monogram "C.G.C," There were so many good names suggested, names typical of Canada, several of "Beaver Club" and "Maple Leaf Club," that we are sending out a great many more than ten pins in return for excellent suggestions and interest in the club.

We have awarded the $5.00 prize to Miss Myrtle Cram, and I am taking the liberty of quoting part of her interesting letter. "Could we not also have a page in The Home Journal *all* our own, one in which we can send any items of interest or ask any questions—one in which is described what other girls are doing—some live topic to be opened for discussion and opinions requested from the thousands of girls who read THE HOME JOURNAL."

This is just what we should like to make the "Canadian Girls' Club" columns, a place for the discussion of interesting subjects, and I hope every reader of this will send some idea or some question upon a topic of interest. It is the best way of broadening your acquaintance with the opinions of girls throughout all of the provinces.

Secretary of Canadian Girls' Club,
The Home Journal.

* * *

MISS Betty O'Hara continues her interesting story of how she furnished her room, begun in the November number:

The small cupboard I took from the dresser I made into a medicine chest. I cut out a square from the front of the door and placed a small mirror in it, then cut up a soap box the size of shelves to fit the chest and nailed them in, and also put a small square of wood over the place where I had tacked the mirror. This I painted light blue on the inside and white on the outside, and nailed it securely on the wall.

My next ambition was a window seat. For this I took the two boards which I have mentioned. These I nailed securely to the wall, directly opposite each other for supports for the seat. In the middle on the floor I nailed a soap box the same height as the boards. I then bought two boards, each twelve inches wide, one inch thick, and forty-five inches long. I then placed them side by side on the box so that the ends would rest on the boards at each end and nailed them tightly to boards and box. This completed the structure for my window seat. I then took an old mattress, which was the same length as my window seat, (two yards), cut it lengthwise, a piece twenty-four inches wide. This exactly fitted the seat after it had been sewn up neatly. I then got a piece of burlap and covered the mattress on one side, then tacked a piece on the edge of the seat so that it would touch the floor, to hide the box and the whole structure of the seat. After this I stencilled a pretty white border on it, the same pattern as I had put on the mats. This completed my window seat, which has proved many times since to be a haven of rest.

A pretty little waste paper basket now claimed my attention. This I made out of some strong, heavy white cardboard. Out of it I cut a square, seven inches by seven inches, and four other pieces seven inches at one end and fourteen inches at the other, and fourteen inches high. I then put the pieces around, taking the seven inch square as the bottom, and tied them at each corner, bottom, top, middle with dainty blue ribbons and stencilled it with blue, the same pattern as used with the mats. To make a blotter for my writing desk I bought a sheet of heavy cardboard, twenty-four inches long and eighteen inches wide, also two large blue blotters of same size, and a piece of chamois which I cut into four-inch squares and cut them from corner to corner. I cut out corners of cardboard to fit the chamois and after padding it with absorbent cotton, pasted chamois on the cardboard corners, sewed cloth corners on the chamois under the cardboard corners and slipped it on to each angle of the large corners. Thus I had a complete blotter case to fit my secretary exactly. The chamois I stencilled also.

I made some new shirt waist boxes out of some old cardboard boxes that had been used to deliver suits.

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 24

blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6 yards 27 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide; for the trimming 1 yard of bias velvet. The blouse pattern is 6415 and the skirt 6421, sizes 14 and 16 years.

* * *

A SIMPLE CHILDISH FROCK.

THE frock that is made with yokes is a favorite one and this model gives pretty and attractive pointed outlines. In this case it is made of a mixed material showing shades of blue and white and is banded with blue. Plain colored cashmere and materials of a similar sort, plaids and checks, indeed, all childish materials are appropriate. Also the season has brought forth a great many combinations which are exceedingly attractive and the dress could be made with yokes and the upper portions of the sleeves of one material, the plaited portions of wait and skirt and the under portions of the sleeves of another; so that it becomes particularly well adapted to remodeling. The skirt and waist are joined and the dress is closed at the back.

For a girl of 12 years of age will be required 6⅜ yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches, with 10½ yards of banding. The pattern is 6454, sizes 8 to 14 years.

* * *

A PRINCESSE GOWN.

THE princesse gown is always graceful and always attractive. As the season advances new and varied styles constantly are appearing. This one can be made either in

Pattern No. 6444
Embroidery Pattern No. 384

walking or the pretty round length, and is adapted to a variety of materials. Silk serge with trimming of soutache, chemisette, and under sleeves of lace and sleeve puffs of chiffon make the combination illustrated, but a season as prolific as this one allows ample opportunity for choice. Silk and wool materials promise equal vogue, velvet is to be extensively worn and the gown suits each and every one. If it is designed for dinners or occasions of the sort, the yoke and under sleeves could be omitted, or they could be made of one of the new jetted or beaded nets without lining, for these are so transparent as to be especially well adapted to such use. Any banding can be used as trimming and the new ones are marvelously beautiful and varied.

The gown is made with full length panels at front and back and fitted side-front, side-back and under-arm portions to which the plaited flounce is attached. The closing can be made either at the left of the front or the left of the back, but in either case is invisible. The sleeves are made over fitted linings, and, if plain ones are wanted, the outside can be cut the same as the lining, as shown in the back view. The pretty fancy ones illustrated are exceedingly smart however, and are made with cap-like portions arranged over full puffs, while the lining is faced to form the under sleeves. When walking length is desired, the panels and flounce can be cut off on indicating lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11¾ yards 24, 8½ yards 32 or 6½ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of all over lace and 6¼ yards of banding.

The pattern 6444 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure, and the embroidery pattern is 384.

* * *

FOR MORNING WEAR.

THE tasteful, well fitting breakfast jacket and skirt make one of the most comfortable combinations possible for morning wear. In this case the material used for each is different but entire gowns often are made in this way and whether they shall be of cotton or wool is entirely a matter of taste. Cotton poplins and fabrics of the sort are being much used this season and are really ideal for such purpose, challis and albatross are admirable; and for the separate skirt and jacket serge with fine French flannel, just as illustrated, are in every way to be commended while there are almost numberless combinations that might be suggested. Wool skirts with cotton or lawn jackets are used and have many practical advantages. The jacket is an excellent one made with a peplum and belt that means snug fit without discomfort. The sleeves can be either in three-quarter or full length. The skirt is plain, made with seven gores.

For the medium size will be required, for the jacket 3¾ yards of material 24, 3⅛ yards 32 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with 9½ yards of narrow banding, 5 yards of wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3¼ yards 52 inches wide for serge or other material without figure or nap, with 11 yards of banding. The jacket pattern is 6474, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust, and the skirt 6272, sizes 22 to 32 inches waist.

* * *

ABOUT EVENING GOWNS.

THE double box pleats in the back, about two inches apart, are to be noted in the newest evening gowns. These can be fastened upon the waist just under the shaped folds or the flat trimming of the waist, or can start from the natural waist line, hidden under the girdle, or again the draped folds of the waist, in this instance draped to give the long waisted effect. The lining of the skirt receives careful attention, and many of the newest skirts are lined throughout with chiffon or soft silk, the lining often attached, not in a separate, and always of some contrasting color. A most effective model in black satin is lined throughout with rose pink. The waist is cut exaggeratedly low and filled in to the customary line of the low cut waist, first with crossed folds of rose pink satin and above the satin folds of tulle the same shade of pink. In this pink foundation, or just below it, as is the more becoming, are bands of open work jet passementerie, the passementerie, enlivened with countless rhinestones of brilliant quality.

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY COSTUME

for your part in that Christmas concert—for that fancy-dress party—for the skating carnival or the masquerade ball—can be made for very little with the help of

Maypole Soap

the quick, clean, brilliant, fadeless home dye.

Makes skating and snowshoeing suits—toques, sweaters, mittens, stockings—like new, and adds to the attractiveness of scores of home-made Christmas presents. Easy to use. 24 colors to select from. Colors 10c., black 15c., at all dealers, or postpaid with free booklet "How to Dye" from

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And it's as simple as A. B. C. with

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Just Think of It!

With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth PERFECTLY—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free from The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Dept. E. Montreal, Que.

HOME DRESS-MAKING IS SIMPLI-FIED

by using the celebrated

Hall-Borchert Forms

Adjustable to every size from 32 in. to 42 in. and can be raised to suit length of skirt.

We also make you adjustable busts in all sizes.

Write to-day for our new catalogue. It is full of suggestions for the Home Dressmaker.

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Send a year's subscription of The Home Journal to your friends as a Christmas present. $1 a year or three for $2.

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Night Gowns
50c. to $7.50

In fine cotton, nainsook and bar check muslins—with long, short or ¾ sleeves—button front or slip-over—high or low necks—trimmed with lace or embroidery — and made large in every particular.

Ask your dealer for "*Duchess*" Night Gowns if you want daintiness, comfort and wear. Every garment guaranteed.

Write us if you can't obtain "Duchess" White Goods, Waists etc. in your city. 7

DUNLAP MANUFACTURING CO., Montreal.

The Highest Medical Authority on Foods

Sir James Crichton Browne, LL.D., F.R.S.
of London

gives the best reasons for eating more

Quaker Oats

In an article published in the Youth's Companion of September 23rd, 1909, Dr. Browne, the great medical authority on foods, says about brain and muscle building—

"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal.

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it produces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body, and the health of the individual depends largely upon its size and vigor.

In conclusion he says—

"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

THIS advice as to the best food for you is good enough to follow even if it cost something to do so, but it isn't expensive advice. Every family can follow it, poor and rich, for Quaker Oats besides being the best food you can eat, is the cheapest.

Increase the amount of Quaker Oats you eat, and watch the improvement in your general health.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 31

College, Guelph, and Mr. J. W. Clark, of Cainsville, will take part in the programme. This should prove of much interest and value to the delegates. The admission to the Fair is ten cents for ladies.

Prominent speakers have been secured for the public meeting on Wednesday evening, and Institute delegates will find much of interest and value in the addresses to be given.

NOTICE TO DELEGATES.

PASSENGER RATES.—From all points in Ontario west of and from Kingston, Sharbot Lake and Renfrew, but not west of Azilda, single fare for the round trip, good going December 4th to 10th, good to return up to and including December 13th. Certificates not required within this territory.

From the territory east beyond Kingston and Sharbot Lake and west beyond North Bay to Port Arthur, single fare on Standard Convention Certificate plan. Tickets may be purchased between December 2nd and 9th, good to return to December 14th. Certificates to be vised and fee of 25 cents charged for each certificate vised.

ACCOMMODATION. — Arrangements have been made for accommodation for lady delegates attending the Convention, in private houses at reasonable rates. On arrival at Guelph delegates will please report at City Hall.

The delegates will have an opportunity of visiting the various departments of the Agricultural College, including the Macdonald Institute.

The names and addresses of delegates should be sent to the Superintendent. Badges and programmes will be mailed to all whose names and addresses are received up to and including December 3rd.

* * *

Note for Readers

A PAMPHLET giving briefly the laws of the Dominion and of the several Provinces which affect women and children, prepared by Mrs. O. A. Edwards for the National Council of Women, can be secured from Mrs. W. Cummings, 44 Dewson St., at twenty-five cents a copy.

* * *

Manitoulin Island Institutes

THE Institutes of Manitoulin Island held a very successful Convention at Little Current on the 14th of October. Encouraging reports were presented by representatives from the societies and the prospects are for a further extension of the work in this section of the Province. Manitoulin now has thirteen branches with a membership of 170. One of the most interesting papers presented was that by Mrs. W. Gordon on "A Girl's Possibilities."

* * *

From East Northumberland

ONE is often inclined to admit the truth of Wordsworth's lines:

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

This opinion is certainly a strong argument in favor of the continuation of the instructive and well-attended meetings of the Wooler Branch of the Women's Institute. One of the most important meetings of the year was held at Floral Hill, the home of Mrs. Este Terrill.

The subject of discussion was the best method of increasing membership, a topic of vital interest, not only to the Institute, but to the community at large. Interesting papers were read by Mrs. S. Palmer, Mrs. T. Dinner, and Mrs. George Anderson, to an attractive audience of over fifty ladies and several men. Recitations and music served to render the meeting doubly enjoyable. The rule of the Wooler Institute for this year is for the member at whose home the meeting is held to provide the programme, an arrangement which gives all some chance to assist, and relieves the President of a considerable burden. After the programme had been given, our hostess provided a dainty luncheon, an item which always tends to strengthen the social element in the meeting. The President of this flourishing branch is Mrs. M. E. Maybee.

* * *

From Peel County

THE Women's Institutes of Peel County are ever ready to encourage and assist any undertaking intended for the betterment of community conditions; and, as will be seen from the accompanying report, have taken the initiative towards the establishment of a county hospital. No doubt the influence of organizations such as the Women's Institute in other counties, would lead officials and public spirited citizens to take steps to have hospitals established. The Women's Institutes of Peel County are to be congratulated upon what has already been done and we look for still more encouraging reports from time to time.

"Is Peel going to have a hospital?" was the question which the District Secretary, Susie Campbell, asked the ladies at the Women's Institute meeting on October 2nd, in the Court House. Mrs. Deeves moved we unite with all the other Institutes in Peel and work for a hospital. A standing vote was taken when over sixty ladies arose. Motion carried. Before suggesting to our town branch the Secretary and District President, Mrs. E. G. Graham, visited other Institutes, Belfountain, Alton, Streetsville, and hopes to visit all branches in the county, and ask them to try and give on an average of $2.00 per member which will mean $1,000 as we have nearly 500 members in Peel.

It is suggested that this winter each branch will put forth an effort to raise money in some way.

We have twelve Institutes, Streetsville, Cheltenham, Inglewood, Belfountain, Caledon, Alton, Mono Mills, Mono Road, Bolton, Tullamore, Malton and Brampton, and we have the cream of the county as members in our Institute.

On Saturday, October 9th, directors' meeting was called by the town Institute. Fourteen ladies signed their names and wished the Secretary to call upon the Mayor and ask him to kindly call a meeting of the citizens of the town and surrounding country to discuss the different points to be taken under consideration, also to ask them for their sympathy and hearty co-operation in this great movement.

The ladies arranged for a bazaar to take place the last week of November in Times Hall.

They invite through the press all ladies in town and those in the country in their district to join them. Many new members are being added since our new work has been spoken of.

We, women have banded ourselves as the dauntless five hundred, we understand work will have to be done.

The high ideals which characterize the Women's Institute will be aimed at, that is betterment of home and country. Obstacles will be in our pathway. We will overcome them and with our fixed purpose, "Go on."

We feel our Institute cannot accomplish this work alone, we invite, therefore, all the men, women and children in Peel County to join our ranks, and with such a mighty army, success will be sure, and no better monument can any of us leave behind than an institution where pain and suffering can be alleviated.

Let us have some of Paul's spirit of charity and sacrifice.

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

SO-COSY BOUDOIR SLIPPERS — **FOR WOMEN OF TASTE AND REFINEMENT**

There is no present one could give that would be more acceptable to women than a pair of So-Cosy Slippers. They are made in any size of the softest leathers in fashionable colors.

ORDER BY MAIL TO BE SENT ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

If you would like to have a friend receive a pair of So-Cosy Slippers on Christmas morning with a dainty Christmas card bearing your good wishes just send $1.25, or with large silk pom pom $1.50, give size, the name of the person you wish to receive the present and we will guarantee to do the rest to your satisfaction. References The Home Journal.

Why not a pair for yourself? Write for our booklet.

Made only in PRESTON, ONTARIO by

THE HURLBUT SHOE CO. Limited

"Stories of Success"

WHAT are the young folks of 17 or 18 to do---- what trade, what profession, what business? "Stories of Success" is an inspiration booklet for those who would answer that question in a practical way.

IT tells of boys and girls who have entered the great profession of business and have done well. It is written by one whose life work has been the practical training of young people.

A COPY will be sent free upon application to A. M. Kennedy, Principal.

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The Very Thing To Give Her For Christmas

Nothing could be more acceptable than one of these **"Galtfleece"** Eiderdown House Gowns. Nowadays, sensible people give sensible Christmas presents—things to wear preferably. You'll make no mistake in selecting one of these comfortable and stylish garments.

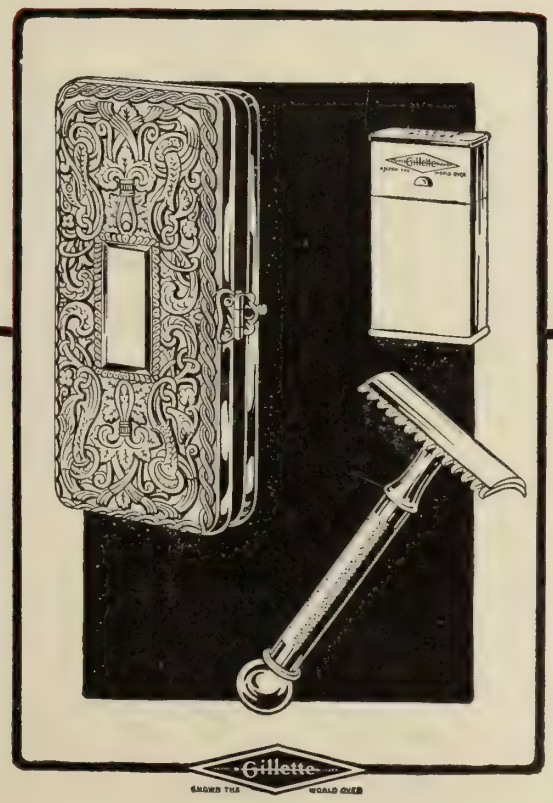
Galtfleece EIDERDOWN

Garments for Women

are made from specially selected, soft, fluffy wool, fleeced by a special process. Handsomely trimmed with silk, satin and braid. See the full line of **"Galtfleece"** Dressing Jackets and House Gowns at your dealer's. If he doesn't carry them, write us and we'll tell you where to get them.

The Galt Knitting Co., Limited, Galt, Ont.

Give Him a Gillette for Christmas



No Honing

No Stropping

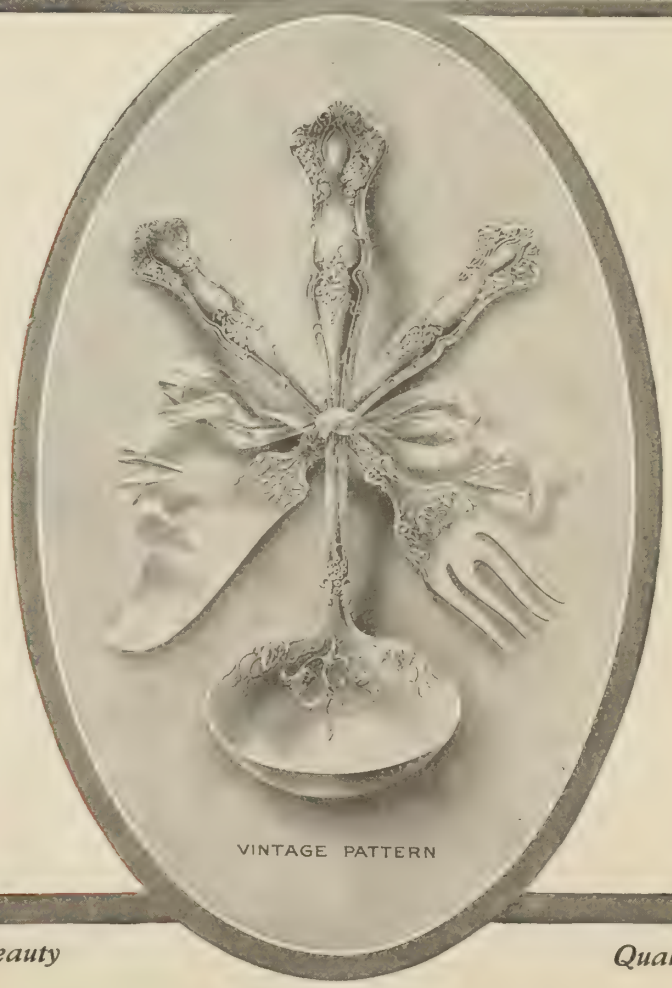
Perhaps your face will not stand the ordinary razor oftener than twice a week. You can shave every morning with the "GILLETTE"—with comfort to your face and improvement in your appearance.

The Blades are Fine—

New Pocket Edition—shown about—fits the vest-pocket. Finished in gold and silver—with handle and blade box to match—also gun-metal—$5 to $7.
You can always find Gillette dealers by the Gillette Signs. 94

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Office & Factory, Montreal.

"Silver Plate That Wears"



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The "Vintage" is one of the most popular patterns that ever bore the trade-mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

This brand of silver-plate is the gradual development of nearly sixty years experience—Rogers Bros. being established in 1847.
There are imitations of our patterns, as well as the trade mark. See that you procure the genuine, sold by leading dealers. Write us for catalogue "

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., **HAMILTON, ONTARIO**

Christmas Suggestions
IN FURNITURE

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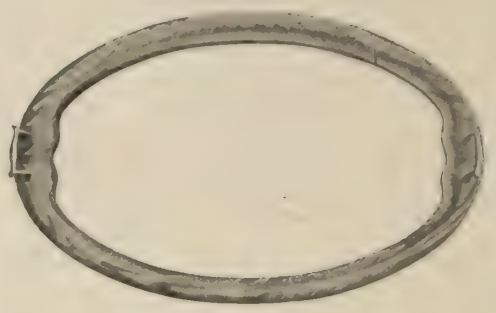

In the Shops

EVERY effort is being made in the shops to tempt the women to be extravagant, more especially in the millinery and dress goods—such exquisite creations in these lines has never been shown before. Hats to suit the tall women, the short women, the stout women and the slight women and oh! horrors, such frights we do see on our streets some times and whose fault is it? Certainly the buyers or the sellers. Why don't the women of bad taste consult the women of good taste to help them choose their hats and gowns? The truth is we all believe our taste to be perfect. If this is so, our women should be more stylish. Then again there are always women who will snatch up the most extravagant style because it is new; glorying in having the latest thing shown.

Such shapes as the Napoleon,—Sultana turbans, the Cossack turbans and Cavalier hats have all been designed in exaggerated styles, to cater to this class of buyer. These same shapes toned down are less conspicious and no less chic. There are hundreds of other shapes shown; but these are the most worn. When we speak of turbans we have many shapes to choose from, such becoming smart hats. Any style of turban may be worn by any type of face or figure. Its success lies in the trimming. A small face must not wear a heavily draped brim, neither must a full face wear a severely plain brim. A short stout woman should not wear a flat crown and broad trimming nor a tall slight woman a high crown and narrow effect, but there we are again giving advice without the asking, because when a woman will, she will. We are told every well-dressed woman should have at least one all-black hat. A stunning turban was shown in a fashionable shop the other day, the brim of black Lynx, a folded black velvet crown with a standing brush fastened with a handsome cut jet button. Another style with a chinchilla brim and dull rose velvet crown and two handsome dull silver pins set with stones. These dashing wide brimmed hats take a different style. Some are trimmed with the beautiful ribbons shown this season in the Moire, others draped with velvet and ostrich feathers, while all have fancy pins in jet, dull silver and gilt. This style makes an extremely fetching hat for dressy occasions:

If you have any taste for millinery, and are any sort of artist, you will find it hard to get away from the fascinating topic of this season's millinery. But we must say something to our readers about the equally interesting new capes. These capes deserve their share of attention. There are short capes and long capes. The New Hudson-Fulton Cape is made in any color desired. This style comes well down to the knees, is buttoned straight down the front and has a narrow standing collar. A very stylish one was in black broadcloth with a band of bright red cloth down the front with black buttons, the same effect around the arm-holes and red cloth standing collar with two black buttons at the sides of the collar. Another style known as the Russian cape was in cream cloth and has the hood effect with the large tassel at the end. This was trimmed with black Moire and very narrow black braid and buttoned well over to the shoulder with three large jet buttons. The third style is the military cloak. This is the most severe of all, perfectly straight lines, a little below the knee, buttoned straight down the front and high standing collar. These capes are the crowning glory to a woman's appearance on many occasions.

Dinner, theatre and evening gowns are being considered by hundreds of women at the present time as the social season is drawing near and the society world of women are looking for the newest designs and materials. A profusion there is to choose from, so that our shoppers need not look as if they all went to one shop and to one modiste.

Black evening gowns are to be far more fashionable than they have been for years. Such beautiful black materials this season, satins, velvets, crepe de chine, lace and nets. Any one requiring an inexpensive black gown to be worn for dinner, theatre and even balls try the effect of this one. Of course study your own lines as to style. The skirt of black velvet with overdress of black net embroidered in gold with jet fringe round the over dress. The low bodice of velvet with drapery of net and jet fringe round the draped waist and sleeve, short or long, of the embroidered net. Another exquisite material is called Ninon. It is a very thin shimmery material with a silky effect and is made up over a fancy silk lining and produces the most exquisite and wonderful effect. One is hardly able to tell just what it is without closely examining it. Still another new material is the oriental Satin, satin on one side and cashmere on the other. This is a lovely material for a dressy gown, is forty-four inches wide and sells at a dollar and a quarter a yard.

In sharp contrast is another satin gown of palest green. The waist and skirt are separate, the waist so draped that the folds form a belt or girdle effect. The skirt opens at the side to show a plaiting of chiffon of the same shade of green, finished with a band of heavy silk embroidery in shaded green, with threads of silver curiously interwoven. A flat trimming of the same embroidery and caps over the sleeves display the work to perfection.

The skirts of the newest gowns are made with a tunic or double skirt. Some few have introduced the pannier effect. Others are gathering the skirts all round the waist; but not for one moment does the woman who knows how to dress let these fashions interfere with her long straight lines nor wear them because they are fashionable, to make her look broader or shorter.

Belts have returned to the highest favor. The women of the world who have found the Princess and Empire styles so becoming, attractive and comfortable, will be slow to adopt the tight belt and the belt at the waist line, too. We do not mean to say that the vogue of these becoming gowns is over entirely—far from it. They may be worn through the winter months by fashionable and well-gowned women, but we do say that the newest models and exclusive modistes have found the waist-line again and belts will be worn.

The shops are piling in new and lovely materials for home decorating. One of the most striking effects is the new mouse-cloth. This is a heavy wool material with the appearance of a coarse burlap; but much more closely woven. The curtains shown were of the brown mouse-cloth with a conventional pattern, stencilled about four inches from the bottom. The pattern about four inches wide done in dull blues, greens and burnt orange. These curtains were lined with satin cloth of burnt orange and a lovely combination it was. Then the shadow tapestry is a dainty material in white grounds with a shadow pattern in pale blues, and pinks. These materials are most suitable for bedrooms and lovely to look at. The pretty things are innumerable and beyond description, so if you are anticipating refurnishing for the Christmas visitor send your orders immediately.

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With this Christmas Number we are beginning a new year of achievement—not only will The Home Journal be larger, the articles and illustrations of even a better standard, but as more and more of our readers appreciate our desire for contributions from them on every subject of importance to women, we shall get closer to the vital interests of our readers.

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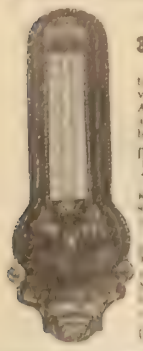

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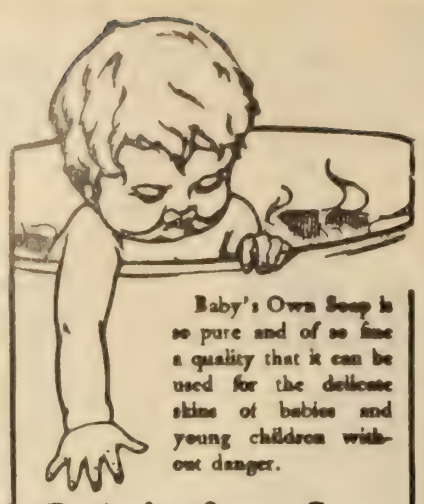

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From the Publishers

SUZANNE MARNY is the signature of a Toronto writer, whose everyday name is not published. Last year, "Miss" Marny, as we may call her, published an interesting volume, "A Canadian Book of Months" which possessed a quiet, pervasive charm all its own. Towards the close of October this year came a second book, "Tales of Old Toronto," which is a more ambitious and impressive production. Toronto is regarded by certain other communities in Canada as crudely commercial, and, assuredly, it is destitute of Ottawa's picturesque beauty and Quebec's historic atmosphere. The old Toronto, to which we are recalled, is a more dim and more dignified city than the modern Capital of Ontario and the fashionable streets of these tales are the boarding-house districts of to-day.

This bit of description in "Love Among the Ruins" is characteristic of the writer's gentle realism:

"The sitting-room in the little white brick house was small and square, and had been papered some years before in brown with dull gold flowers touched up with red. Now the paper was rubbed and dingy. The chairs and sofa were of walnut, of an early Victorian design, and covered with horsehair. There was a marble-topped table in the centre, which bore up bravely under the never-changing load of a Bible, a Shakespeare and a Fox's Book of Martyrs. There were ornaments of dangling cut glass on the mantelpiece, various china figures, and something wonderful under a glass case; an old-fashioned oil lamp hung from the ceiling over the centre-table and gave light to the family group."

The heroine of this first tale is a forlorn little creature, Belle Raymond, who, in spite of her eminently "correct" training, invites her first man friend—a cousin by the way—to make ardent love to her. Of course, it all ends in the traditional fashion with the solitary Belle a rapturous fiancee. There are seven other sketches, equally unobstrusive and delicate in workmanship and one feels that Suzanne Marny has given us a glimpse of the "Sixties" when life was less hurried and more given to "reverie." By a curious freak of fancy, a sombre sketch, "The Unhappy House" will probably linger in the memory longer than the more cheerful narratives. It has a direct appeal to all who remember the unhappy places in childish experience, for it is a great mistake to suppose that childhood is invariably a golden time, with sunshine to spare. "Tales of Old Toronto" will be read by many a fireside of New Canada this winter. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

* * *

FROM the Toronto of thirty years ago to the South Africa of to-day is a long journey, both in time and in temperature. "The Marriage of Hilary Carden" by Stanley Portal Hyatt, is a pioneer chronicle of rough days and ways in a country where Kaffir and Caucasian go their separate ways and where the mines are the uneven road to wealth. The tale of the Road is told with many a graphic touch, revealing the roughness and uncertainty of struggle in a land, "where the map is half unrolled." Marital felicity and infelicity play a minor part—in spite of the title—but the outcome is peace and prosperity for Hilary and her husband. This cheering story may be taken as an antidote to "The Story of a South African Farm" by Olive Schreiner. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

* * *

FROM William Briggs, Toronto, come three volumes of poetry. The first, a collection of sonnets and other verse by W. M. MacKeracher, is a slender volume of eighty pages, containing several worthy bits of

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rhyme and other selections hardly belonging to the "inspired" order. The second, "Imperial Anniversary Book," by Harold Saxon, is a compilation of poetry of a patriotic type. Mr. Saxon has used discrimination in his selections, avoiding the perfervid or jingoistic and choosing only that which is poetry as well as patriotism. The third volume, "The Many-Mansioned House," by E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," is a volume which demands more than passing notice.

Mr. Thomson is a Canadian by birth, who has attained unto literary honors and distinction in the United States. Several of the poems in the present volume have already appeared in such publications as the *Atlantic Monthly, the University Magazine,* and *The Youth's Companion.* The poems in "The Many - Mansioned House" are described as "of the world-wide brotherhood," a democratic sub-title which makes the reader fear that Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' That" is to be dragged in, before the end of the volume. However, such fears are in vain, for Mr. Thomson's altruism is not of the obvious and unctuous order. The opening poem harks back to the scenes of home in "The Canadian Abroad."

"When the croon of a rapid is heard on the breeze,
With the scent of a pine-forest gloom,
Or the edge of the sky is of steeple-top trees,
Set in hazes of blueberry bloom,
Or a song-sparrow sudden from quietness trills
His delicate anthem to me,
Then my heart hurries home to the Ottawa hills,
Wherever I happen to be."

In "Peter Ottawa" we have a curious presentation of what the author evidently considers the Canadian spirit. The poems of Lincoln and the Great War possess no surpassing merit, but "Cupid in the Office" is a daintily pathetic story in verse—in spirit akin to "Prue And I." The poem "To Theodore Roosevelt" is probably intended to be serious, but there is a certain comic aspect to such a couplet as this:

"Go to the lions—safe thou shalt return—
No martyr soul in thee confronts their frown."

There are several poems in this volume which are worthy of remembrance—lines of lyric charm and thoughts which are truly of the world's vast brotherhood. There is no poem which will more truly and surely appeal to the reader than the elegiac lines to the "Doctor"—W. H. Drummond, who made the "Habitant" known from the Bras d'Or Lakes to the Fraser canyons.

"O Landlord, turn the glasses down and leave the room alight,
And let the flower-sweet silence tell his shade our grief to-night."

Why He Left the Church

BISHOP Williard Francis Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations able to do better sometimes pay their pastor.

"I once knew an excellent young man," said he. "He was in the church, just married, on a small salary, but contented and happy. Twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of the young minister—forgetting him, as we all do sometimes—when suddenly I met him, dressed well, but not clerically.

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently.

"'What church?' I said.

"'Oh,' he said, 'no church — the wholesale hat business.'

"'But why did you leave the church?' I asked.

"'For several reasons,' said he.

"'And what,' said I, 'were they?'

"'A wife,' he answered, 'and six children.'"

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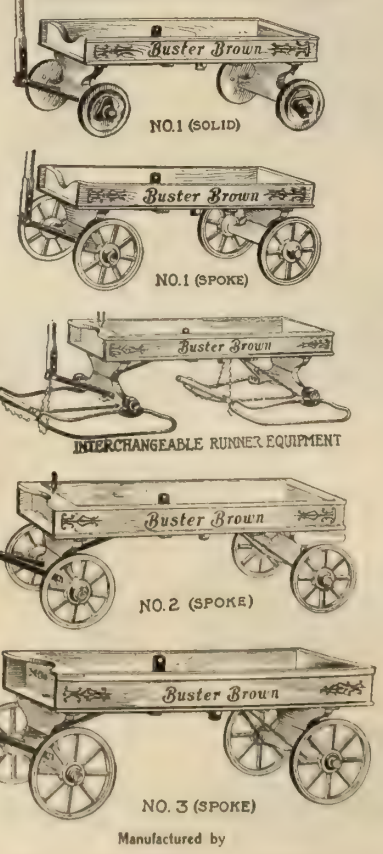

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Matters Musical

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra which scored such a success on October 25th, Thanksgiving Day, has given a second concert in Massey Music Hall, with Rachmaninoff as soloist. The enthusiasm which has been created by this organization is proof that local pride and support are by no means lacking for a worthy undertaking. Mr. Welsman has achieved a place among our conductors which is a deserved reward for years of painstaking and artistic effort.

* * *

DR. A. S. VOGT'S "Indian Lullaby" for women's voices, which has been sung in Toronto by the Mendelssohn and Sheffield Choirs, and by various leading choral organizations in Canada, England and the United States, has been published in England by the London house of Landy and Company, in response to an active demand in Great Britain for an English edition of the chorus.

* * *

THE Executive Committee of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto have the honor to announce a cycle of five concerts this season under the Society's auspices in Massey Music Hall. Four evening concerts will be held on January 31st, February 1st, 2nd and 3rd next, respectively, with an orchestral matinee on the afternoon of February 3rd.

The programmes selected for these concerts will, it is felt, surpass in interest and comprehensiveness any previous offerings of the Society, involving a financial outlay not equalled perhaps, in the annual concerts of any other existing choral organization.

The choral work in preparation includes, among other works, Brahms' *magnum opus*, the superb "German Requiem," and Gabriel Pierne's wonderfully dramatic legend, "The Children's Crusade," a work which has already been given with remarkable success in various capitals of Continental Europe and in several of the larger cities of America. In order to ensure adequate presentations of this sensational work, a carefully chosen auxiliary chorus of 250 girls and boys, the usual adult chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir, a group of four of the best available soloists and a large orchestra of the foremost rank will be the resources drawn upon for the performances. The preliminary rehearsals of the Children's Choir, which have been conducted by Mr. A. L. E. Davies, promise most gratifying results at the public concerts. A number of new and charming *alla capella* selections chosen from the works of Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Gavaert, Granville Bamtock and others are also under rehearsal.

In response to numerous requests from regular patrons of these concerts several shorter numbers and excerpts from programmes of former seasons will be included in the choral contributions, among them being Cesar Franck's Psalm 150, for chorus and orchestra; Grieg's "Landerkennung," for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra; the Triumphal March and Epilogue from the fourth scene of Elgar's "Caractacus," and several popular unaccompanied works from the Society's repertoire of past years.

The orchestral features will, it is confidently anticipated, mark an epoch in the history of music in Toronto. The magnificent Theodore Thomas Orchestra, one of the finest orchestral bodies in the world, has again been engaged for the entire series of five concerts, and will appear in greater strength than has hitherto been the case in connection with the association of Canadian choral organizations with leading American orchestras.

In the concerts of January 31st and February 1st, the orchestra, under the direction of their own gifted conductor Mr. Frederick Stock, will alternate in the programmes with the Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. Vogt's direction. On the afternoon of February 3rd, it has been arranged, in order to more fully enhance the educational value of the series, to give an orchestral matinee under Mr. Stock's direction, the orchestral feature of which will be the first presentation in Canada of Mr. Stock's symphony, a work which has already been chosen for performance this season by a number of the foremost orchestras of Germany and America.

The soloist for this concert will be the great piano virtuoso Ferruccio Busoni, by many now regarded as the greatest of living pianists.

The vocal soloists engaged are Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey and Mme. Mabel Sharp-Herdien, sopranos, Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, and Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone, and Mr. Marion Green, baritone.

* * *

AMONG Canadian musicians who have gained high reputations abroad are Miss Kathleen Parlow, the noted violinist, who is to come to America with the Beecham Orchestra in the spring; Miss Eva Gauthier, of Ottawa, who has been singing with great success in Holland; and Madame Donalda, who sang the music of Marguerite in Berlioz's "Faust" at the recent Birmingham Festival, and who will appear this season at Chappell Ballad Concerts and with the Liverpool Philharmonic Society.

The *Musical Courier* has a lengthy appreciation of Miss Parlow's wonderful art, including some interesting episodes in her career. Miss Parlow is still young—just nineteen years old—and when a mere child her mother took her to St. Petersburg, one of the most musical cities in the world, to study with Leopold Auer, the celebrated Russian teacher.

As years passed Miss Parlow played very much in public, and at one time was invited to play before the Grand Duke Michaeliewich at his palace. The president of the naval college had requested her to play the same evening at a concert which was to take place before a ball and to which the elite of Russian society was invited. The Grand Duke considerately sent her about midnight in his own motor car to the Admiral's college. After her performance there she was paid the unusual compliment of being publicly presented with an admiral's order, which was founded by Peter the Great, and which is the most coveted order that can be bestowed upon a Russian naval officer. After partaking of a real Russian supper she was free to leave at 3.30 o'clock. Russian society keeps incredibly late hours.

Miss Parlow has appeared many times before royalty, and on one occasion received a charming souvenir from the Queen of Norway—her own particular brooch—as a mark of her esteem; Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia were among her audience at the Royal Court of Christiana recently. She played a concerto which had been written for her by Halvorsen, the Norwegian composer who afterwards sent her his autographed photograph inscribed in flattering terms. This concerto will be included in Miss Parlow's repertory for the forthcoming tour.

It is to be hoped that Miss Parlow's "American" tour will include Canadian cities.

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January, 1910 10c. a Copy

THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

IN THIS ISSUE

"THE THIRD PASSENGER"

By ISABEL E. MACKAY

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EDITOR'S CHAT

OUR PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION is recommended to the consideration of all readers interested in the camera. A first prize of fifteen dollars will be given for the photograph most suitable for reproduction as a full-page illustration in the *Home Journal*. A second prize of ten dollars will be given for the best photograph of a kitchen with modern conveniences. A third prize of five dollars will be given for the best photograph of a girl's room. The competition will close March 1st, 1910. Photographs must be plainly marked on the back with name and address of sender and postage enclosed for their return. There was so much interest taken in our competition last spring that we expect many entries in this year's, inasmuch as the prizes are of greater value.

THE PRESENT ISSUE will be found of special attraction to those interested in what is popularly called the occult. Mrs. MacKay's story, "The Third Passenger," is a spiritualistic narrative of unusual dramatic power, while the article on Canadian Ghost Stories will be found decidedly entertaining. There is no effort made to exploit the occult or the supernatural, merely to deal with the probability of certain ghost stories. Next month, we shall publish an account of experiences with a phrenologist whose claims to "psychic" interpretation are put to the test. These subjects are of more or less interest, especially to feminine readers.

THE WORKING GIRL is to be found in hundreds in the modern Canadian city and there is a necessity for giving her the care and recreation which girlhood demands. In this month's magazine, there is published an article on The Georgina House, a delightful home for working girls in the city of Toronto, which might well serve as an inspiration for similar homes. There is no more useful institution than such an establishment, where working girls may find the surroundings of a bright home at a comparatively low rate. The present article shows how efficiently these homes may be managed when gentlewomen are at the head of affairs. The cheerfulness and cosiness of a home are imparted to such a residence, when properly managed. The present article is intended to show that our city life is by no means as coldly indifferent to the comfort of the strangers within the gates as some pessimistic critics of our modern civilization would have us believe. Other articles, showing the residential development in connection with the entrance of women on industrial and commercial life, will be published from time to time.

NEW IDEAS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD are features which we are especially anxious to obtain, and our feminine readers are urged to take an interest in this department of the HOME JOURNAL. The Women's Institute subscribers can be of special use to us here and we should be glad to receive any domestic suggestions from these experienced home-makers.

ENCOURAGING LETTERS, as well as those of friendly criticism, are always welcome. From a contributor in Teeswater we received lately such a pleasing message as the following:—"The Christmas number of the JOURNAL is to hand, and I enjoy it thoroughly. Every page is interesting — barring advertisements, I was going to say, but they are opportunely helpful, at times—from the sensible editorials, forming, as they do, a pleasing setting for our most queenly Queen's portrait, to the 'funnigrams' at the back. I was so glad to see 'Kit's' name among the contributors, as she is an old favorite of mine, who so seldom writes for other columns than her own 'Kingdom.' It struck me as being something of a coincidence that there were so many Irish names among the writers this month:—Mesdames Coleman and Moore, Miss O'Hara, Messrs. O'More and Brodigan—not that I object in the least. We enjoyed Mr. Brodigan's article particularly, perhaps, as my husband and myself visited Cawston's ostrich farm last year, and saw the birds as described. I like the broadening out idea of the Girls' Club. The interchange of suggestions should prove helpful and entertaining." Now, is not that a "heartsome" letter to brighten the close of the year! We cannot expect lines so cheering every day and we are honestly anxious to have your hints and desires as to features which are lacking, as well as your approval of what you like.

DOMESTIC ARTICLES in connection with subjects of peculiarly feminine interest will be published from time to time, as we have found them to be strongly attractive. Mrs. Knechtel's article on coffee in last May's issue proved a stimulating feature, the account by Mr. Brodigan of where our ostrich feathers come from in the Christmas issue was a thoroughly readable contribution, and we trust our readers will find the story of the sealskin sacque in the present number one of information value. The use of certain articles, such as olives, and olive oil, has greatly increased during the last year and we shall give our readers some account of the preparation and export of these necessary items in the week's work or diet. "Why eggs are sixty cents a dozen" is another matter of more immediate interest. This we may discuss from the standpoint of the authority on food supplies, although the explanation may bring no balm to the housewife's heart. You will all be glad to learn that Jennie Allen Moore is to continue her talks on topics near to the womanly heart throughout the coming year.

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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1910

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FROM OUR APPRECIATORS

In November we notified by letter those whose subscriptions had expired with that number. We wanted to get in closer touch with our subscribers than would be possible by a formal notice. We asked, in this letter, the opinions of these subscribers about the Home Journal.

The returns were surprising—not in subscriptions, for we expect these renewals anyway; but the number of people who took the trouble to give expression to their approval. Probably to any one but ourselves, reading more than a few of these would be very tiresome. So, we'll quote only a few that seem to be fair samples.

"I shall enjoy the Christmas number, I am sure. I must say that it is one of the best magazines I read. I thoroughly enjoy every line of it. Wishing it every success."

Mrs. John Bradley, Three Rivers, Quebec.

"I like your Journal very much. I think it so good that I want to let some of my friends know we have good Canadian magazines without crossing the line."

Mrs. E. A. L. Hodgin, Ilderton, Ontario.

"I, and a number of friends who get my copy to read, look forward each month to the next one coming, and I certainly should not like to miss the Christmas number."

Grace E. Bradshaw, L'Amable, Ontario.

Among answers to our request for suggested improvements are these:

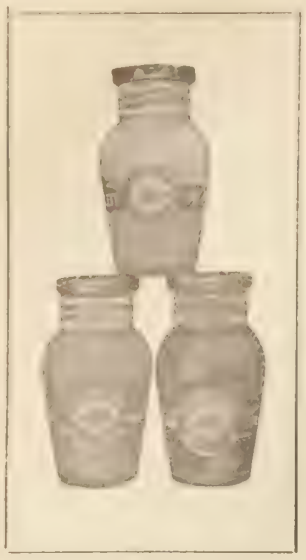
"I am very pleased with the Home Journal, and I expect to see it grow better as the months go past. A house plan would please me—that being my hobby."

Mrs. Clara Niblock, Calgary, Alberta.

"Yes, we like the Home Journal very much indeed, and find such an improvement in the last few months. It is just the kind of magazine Canadian women needed and we feel independent of sending to the United States as we used to do. The only improvement I can suggest is a copy of music, being very fond of it."

Mrs. Jos. Thornton, Creemore, Ontario.

Of course it is impossible in every number to have all the things every subscriber would enjoy, but if our subscribers would each take just ten minutes telling us some of the things they appreciate most in a magazine, it will confer a great favor on us and materially assist us in making a magazine that will be of the greatest interest to them. Just a letter of commendation carries encouragement and greater enthusiasm.



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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President 59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

Women and Yellow Journalism

THE increasing hurry and bustle of our modern world supplies one reason for the growing influence of the daily newspaper. The three-volume work of fiction is seldom read nowadays, the leisurely book of essays has almost disappeared from the sitting-room table, the literary weekly is read by the fit and few—but the daily newspaper is a power in the land. The press of Canada is a force which is, in the main, wholesome and clean. Yet there are, in certain quarters, tendencies towards sensationalism which no patriotic Canadian can notice without regret. Crime is part of the world's story, from day to day, and its chronicle has a place in the columns of the newspaper. But the elaboration of unsavory details, and the insistence upon the sordid elements to an unhealthy degree are becoming all too common in some of our important journals. Familiarity with crime, flippant accounts of police court trials are not features which produce a paper worthy of respectable support.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, the capable matron of the Mercer Reformatory, Toronto, deprecated some time ago, in a Home Journal article, the jocose style in which the feminine offenders against the law are described by certain police court reporters. Degradation is frequently described with a callous jesting which is not only offensive but harmful. No one denies that there are many police court scenes and characters which appeal to that sense of humor that lightens even the most depressing aspects of life. However, the constant ridicule of those who have failed in life's struggle, the cheap witticisms at the expense of the drunkard or the derelict make anything but pleasant reading as everyday diet. Sin may be news, as a modern essayist informs us; but it is a sordid policy to make it a daily source of amusement.

The managing editor of a widely-read Canadian daily was asked why his paper had dealt so extensively with the most brutal facts in connection with a New York murder trial. "Because the women demand that sort of stuff," he replied. If he were correct in that statement, then the women readers of that journal, let us hope, were not representative of our sex. He insisted that, in the encouragement of yellow journalism, women are greater sinners than men, and that the paper with most "horrors" on the front page, is that which is most popular among women.

During the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women, held in Toronto last June, Miss Agnes Laut, the well-known Canadian writer, uttered an impressive plea for higher ideals in journalism, showing how the women readers of a certain metropolitan journal forced the managing powers into dropping some objectionable features. These public-spirited women simply united in "boycotting" the advertisers in that paper, and, as everyone knows, advertising is what makes the editorial wheels go round. Then the advertisers, realizing the seriousness of the situation, descended upon the sanctum and insisted on the yellow tinge being subdued.

The woman of the household has a deep interest in the mental food, as well as the physical diet of the family. When the newspaper which lies upon the sitting-room table displays a front page dilating upon murders, suicides and the most sordid crimes, and provides once a week a colored supplement which is crowded with vulgarities at the expense of parents, teachers and all in positions of authority, the mental diet of that household will result in disease worse than any merely physical disorder. It is a woman's business to protest against this senseless and wrong exploiting and elaboration of the filthiest crimes. Write to the editor and let him know that you want news, not yellowness.

* * *

Convention of Women's Institutes

THE Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, held at Guelph during last month, was an occasion which proved once more the progress and broadening of this association. The prevailing spirit of good cheer and helpfulness was most invigorating and the Superintendent, Mr. George A. Putnam, is to be congratulated on the excellent order and pleasant variety of the sessions. About five hundred delegates, representing fourteen thousand members of this flourishing association, crowded the bright auditorium in Massey Hall and listened eagerly to the reports and addresses which showed how the work of the Institutes is being carried on in the remotest corners of Ontario. "For Home and Country" is the motto with which the members are consistent, and no more convincing proof of good citizenship can be given than is afforded by these delegates, who are sincerely bent upon making the Canada of the Twentieth Century the best-kept country in the British Empire. A report of the convention will be found elsewhere in these columns; but it may not be editorially out of place to refer to the practical tone of the meetings. Perhaps it was owing to the strong infusion of Scotch blood that anything resembling sickly sentimentalism or mere gush was conspicuously absent. The delegates were not anxious to listen to platitudes; they wanted facts and figures. The demonstration of labor-saving devices was attended by questions showing the keenness and business acumen of the audience. For years we have been hearing that woman is nothing if not emotional, that she can be appealed to, only through the affections. Even so wise a man as a British Columbia editor has recently declared that woman is all emotion. Such misguided authorities should attend the convention at Guelph and see the appreciation which attends upon common-sense and everyday suggestions. How to do the day's work efficiently and with economy of strength and funds, is the question of absorbing interest. In some respects, the convention seems like a vast exchange bureau of domestic information, with an executive force, organizing and unifying the ideas which have come from all parts of the province.

THE THREE WISHES

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Three things I covet for you, friend,
Hope when the dawn is grey,
Faith when the tide of noon is strong
And Love at close of day.

Three things to make your life complete,
Love making glad the dawn,
Hope beating back the mid-day glare,
Faith when the glow is gone.

Three things—and all the rest may go—
Faith when the dews lie deep,
Love when the pulse of life beats high,
And Hope to sweeten sleep!

* * *

The Late Comer

A THEATRE manager in Cleveland, Ohio, has decided to allow no late-comers to take their seats during the performance of the first act. He is a brave man and his experiment will be watched with interest. Canadian managers of theatres and opera houses are very indulgent to the late-comer and treat him or her as an entirely excusable offender. Of recent years, however, the managers in this country have awakened to their duty towards the punctual majority and have refused, at important concerts, to allow any number to be disturbed by stray patrons, who care not how they mar the effect of sonata or symphony. At Massey Music Hall, Toronto, this rule is strictly observed at the Mendelssohn Choir concerts and other events of that class during the season. It has been said more than once that woman is the chief offender in this regard and that she has no scruples about swishing down the aisle of the hall, disturbing the good music-lovers, and crushing past a dozen fuming citizens on her way to a seat.

CANADIAN GHOSTS and GHOST STORIES

THE SEQUESTERED HOME OF A GHOST

An Account of a few Alleged "Apparitions," Which Have Troubled and Perplexed Sober Citizens and Frequently Disturbed Communities.

By F. WILKERSON WAUGH

A belief in ghosts is one of the most widespread of popular ideas. It is possibly more common among the uneducated than otherwise, but is not by any means confined to these.

Canadian ideas on this topic are naturally very largely influenced by European traditions, but there are many local adaptations of these which are of interest to the ethnologist or folklorist.

The ghost conception is an extremely old one, being one of those which, in one form or another, is almost universal. Men no doubt began very early to speculate as to what happened in the case of death, and few races, apparently, have been so low intellectually as not to have formulated some ideas along this line.

Haunted houses are found in nearly every locality. It has been remarked that these are usually detached or isolated. A typical story of this variety is the following: A man and his wife lived in a village in Northern Ontario. They rented a house in which a man had been killed, using as a bedroom the room in which he died; but every night from twelve o'clock onward they could get no rest. The door of the room kept opening from time to time and would not remain shut. They were finally forced to make use of another room. A sister who came to visit them was put to sleep in this chamber, and came running down stairs in great alarm about two o'clock in the morning to ask who had entered her room, the door having opened several times as though some one were passing through. The man slept in the kitchen one night and saw a light enter the room and disappear into the ceiling at a certain spot.

The idea at once occurs that the refitting of the doors might have solved the mystery, although mice or rats may also have been concerned. The incident shows the extremely slight foundation required to found a ghost story.

The ball of fire frequently appears in ghost stories. An old lady tells of one which entered a house and rested upon the corner of a large chest in a certain room. Shortly after this one of the family died. A man tells of one which appeared to his mother as she was walking along the road after dark. The object moved along when she did, and stopped when she stopped. She was very much frightened, but finally managed to reach home alive.

There are several classes of natural phenomena which might give rise to this idea. Rotten wood, for instance, is said to give out phosphorescence. Meteors are sometimes unusually large and do not always strike the atmosphere at the usual angle. Will-o'-the-wisps or jack-o'-lanterns are said to be seen in marshy places, but this idea is often carried to ridiculous extremes. Regarding les feux-follets, or fi-follets, as they are called by French-Canadians, a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1882, remarks: The Devil leaves nothing undone to destroy the souls of dying persons. Let's suppose that the habitant's father, the bonhomme of the household, is taken suddenly ill. After reading his formulaire the habitant at once hurries to the stable to prepare for a swift journey to the priest's. But Satan has been there before him. The horses are covered with foam and utterly exhausted; the harness is broken, a wheel has been wrenched off the "voiture," and unless the habitant can borrow a neighbor's team, the journey must be abandoned for the night and the bonhomme left to run the fearful risk of dying without sacraments. Even if the vehicle is sound and the horses are in good condition, it's no easy matter to reach the priest's. Feux-follets suddenly appear in front of the team, casting a blue, white, or red light upon the road. These are the spirits of criminals or of bad Catholics, which Satan employs to do his work. The unnatural light scares the horses, and they stand shivering on the road, until the poor bonhomme is no more. The prudent habitant, however, provides against these Satanic machinations. When his gloomy majesty enters to tamper with the horses, or tie the harness, it's a point of honor with him to disturb nothing else. The habitant, therefore, takes care to place a bag of bran behind the stable door, the mouth of the bag open, and the bag itself so arranged that when Satan opens the door the bran is scattered over the floor. On seeing the mischief he has done, his majesty, whose orderly habits are worthy of all praise, at once begins to put each separate, individual hull of bran in its original position in the bag, a task which occupies him so long that he has not time to dose the horses, or remove the linchpin from the voiture. The feux-follets can generally be got rid of, if the habitant is a good-living man, by offering a prayer for all lost souls.

Some feux-follets, however, are past praying for, and a little stratagem is necessary in their case. One method of driving them away is to make the sign of the cross, and ask them on which day of the week next Christmas falls. This puzzles them, and they go off to consult Satan on the subject. Another method is to make a cross with the whip, leaving it in the middle of the road; still another, to stick a needle in the fence, and escape while the feux-follets are trying to creep through the eye. Once the priest's house is reached, the habitant is safe, for his tormentors dare not show themselves on the return journey. As his reverence is being driven at a rattling pace along the road, Satan and the feux-follets betake themselves to the woods and when the servant of God enters the chamber where the bonhomme is lying, they howl in rage and despair.

ANOTHER example of a natural phenomenon giving rise to stories of the supernatural is that of the halo. It is well known that this is caused by refraction of light under certain conditions. This causes the spots called sun-dogs. The moon may exhibit the same phenomena, the lateral rays, where the arcs intersect, being sometimes produced in the form of a cross. A French-Canadian acquaintance told with a great deal of awe of a display of this kind which he saw while coming out of a friend's house on Berkeley Street, Toronto, a number of years ago. The crosses were evidently well marked, for the old man was greatly impressed and looked upon it as a direct confirmation of the Roman Catholic religion.

The following story of a haunted hotel is told by a prominent civil engineer. He was reading one night sitting up in bed. It had reached about two o'clock in the morning, when the electric light, with which the room was illuminated, went out. This was only for a few minutes. In the meantime there was a faint ray of light shining through the window from a store across the street, which was lighted with gas; and inside the room in this light was standing a rather thickset and rough-looking man. The owner of the room rubbed his eyes and took another look to make sure he was not mistaken. The man had the appearance of a convict. His hair was short, and his face, while not thin, was rather pale, like that of a man who had been in confinement. The question was asked, "What do you want?" The man made no reply. The question was repeated, and still no answer. The man remembered that he had a large clasp-knife in a pocket in his clothing, which was on a chair a short distance away. Deciding to take the aggressive, he rose up quickly from the bed and repeated his question with considerable emphasis, adding that if the intruder wished for nothing to get out at once. Just at that moment the speaker noticed that there was another smaller man between the first one and the door. This man's face was weak and expressionless, though he looked as if he might be an ugly customer under the present circumstances. The two men were evidently bent on robbery. Considering it better to take the initiative, the occupent of the room aimed a blow at the man nearest him. His hand passed through the man's features without encountering any resistance. Just then the electric light was turned on, and the two disappeared at once through the closed door. The man telling the tale is not only resolute, but is deeply interested in psychological problems. The man threw the door open immediately but could see nothing of the two men.

Ghosts are often supposed to interest themselves in the disposal of treasure. A farmhouse in Western Ontario was once said to be haunted. The house was occupied, but strange noises were heard round the fireplace. A great many efforts had been made to solve the mystery, but without success. It was concluded at last that the ghost must have a treasure concealed somewhere about, and, acting upon this idea, the whole fireplace was taken out, including the flooring and foundation. The treasure was not found, and finally it became necessary to call on the services of a priest to "lay" the ghost.

A newspaper clipping states that the ghost of the husband of Mrs. Anna Vettera, of Columbus, Ohio, led her to a drain pipe under her Michigan Avenue home, where she recovered more than two thousand dollars in money. In a written statement made to a doctor the woman related how the vision of her husband appeared before her daily. One night she followed it to the drain pipe, where it hovered around. When she investigated, she discovered two cans, one inside the other. In the smaller one was the sum of two thousand dollars in bills. Whether this story is founded on fact or not is immaterial, as it illustrates current ideas and beliefs on the subject.

A certain class of stories are told with the object of disproving the ghost idea. A humorous account is given of a person who removed a corpse which some medical students had "resurrected," took its place and gave the marauders a fright when they came to get their prize. Another story of this type is told of a man who was walking past a graveyard at a late hour. This gentleman was walking briskly, which was no doubt quite natural considering that his imagination had doubtless been rendered sensitive by recent recitals of ghost stories. At any rate he caught the echo of a creaky voice which advised him to "go quick, go quick." He did not stop to question the advice, or to make any grammatical corrections in the ghostly language, but hurried home as fast as he could, to find that the noise had been produced by an untied shoe-lace.

A German-Canadian ghost is described as follows: Two brothers were sitting alone one evening in a room. One of the brothers began cursing about something, when a ghost suddenly made its appearance. This ghost was small and had a black head, the remainder of the figure being white. The ghost was apparently very obstinate and would not disappear until one of the brothers seized a Bible and read a verse out loud.

What might be called a "giant" ghost was seen by a man living on Manitoulin Island. He was returning home one winter's night at quite a late hour, and was half dozing off, when his horses shied at something along the road. He started up, and by this time was quite a distance past the graveyard, as the horses had begun to quicken their pace. He saw what appeared to be a man of great height (two or three times as high as an ordinary man) and another figure all in white. These were standing near the road and just opposite the graveyard. He saw them quite plainly, but did not turn back to investigate. He afterwards wished he had. Passing by the same spot some time later he took particular note that there was nothing which could have been mistaken for the ghostly figures.

In many cases ghostly appearances may be quite correctly attributed to inaccurate observa-

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THE GEORGINA HOUSE

By MURIEL FOLINSBEE

THE GEORGINA HOUSE

ON Beverley Street, Toronto, you may find the Georgina House, a beautiful residence for young women earning their own livelihood, named in honor of Mrs. A. J. Broughall, who was exceedingly active in its foundation. The directors are Rev. Canon Welch, the Provost of Trinity College, Mr. J. A. Kammerer, Mr. Noel Marshall, Mr. Dyce W. Saunders. The executive committee consists of Mrs. J. A. Kammerer, Mrs. E. B. Brown, Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mrs. A. J. Broughall, Miss Gertrude Brock.

Mrs. Broughall has for years taken a deep interest in the welfare of the girls who come as strangers to Toronto. Through her large Bible classes, she has been able to come closely in contact with their home life and has found in many cases, that it was not what it should be. She realized the need for co-operation among them in order that they might have greater social, educational and religious advantages.

A few months ago, she was able to put her plan into effect and the Georgina House, as a residence for girls, seems to be in every way a success. Even at present, there are a number of applicants who can not be admitted until the building is enlarged. It is expected that, in time, the house will be self-supporting.

Those who, by their generous contributions, provided the capital for the enterprise, can scarcely know the good they have accomplished. The girls appreciate the benefits they are deriving from the pleasant, home-like atmosphere, the wholesome diet, and above all the friendship and daily intercourse with women of culture. It is not easy for girls to come here alone and fight the battle of life. In a city like Toronto, competition is keen and there are many discouraging days for even the most expert and experienced. What must it mean to the new girl from the country or the small town, after a disheartening day, to go home to a dreary little room? Will it encourage her? Will it fit her for the following day? No, she will be just the loneliest and the saddest girl in the world. She will so miss her old friends and her old home associations. It will be a crisis in her life. She may look up and fight on; but on the other hand, she may begin to drift with the downward tide of the unsuccessful. She is worth helping. Those who have contributed the capital for the Georgina House, think that she is. They have conceived what it will mean to her to come home to a large, airy house where the soft, pleasant girl-voices will greet her. Sweet, wholesome girls they are! They can not help being so, under the guidance and supervision of women like Mrs. Broughall and Miss Major. How much they need mature judgment to guide them and how much they need the friendship of other girls! This friendship will rub off the rough corners; it will make them more resourceful and will increase their capabilities. Their difficulties and their loneliness will be forgotten; the house will resound with their laughter.

"If it's sanity your after,
There's no receipt like laughter."

To those who have not seen the house, a word or two of description will be interesting. As you may see from the picture, the building is a large, white brick with wide verandahs, well back from the street. There are lawns and pretty shade trees at the front and at the rear. The main entrance, at the side, opens into a large square hall and opening on the hall are the drawing-room, the chapel and dining-room. A green room, we might call the drawing-room; green walls, green rugs, green draperies at the windows, even green cosy corners. The green is relieved, here and there, by a chair or a pretty table with a bowl of flowers. In the right-hand corner as you enter the room, are the bookcases, and in the opposite corner, the piano. What girl can not be happy with books and music? The room is large, bright and in excellent taste.

The chapel is not large but it is a beautiful room and when the girls kneel there in prayer at seven o'clock every evening, they must feel near to that great invisible but potential Presence that guides their daily lives. Reason may teach them much, but Religion will teach them something beyond. It will make them love one another.

Worthy of special note, is the Rest Room. It was donated by a citizen of Toronto who wished to provide an attractive resting-place for convalescents or girls who were in need of rest. A very handsome room it is, with brass bedstead, dark red rug and draperies. In one corner is a small bookcase and on the wall is a steel engraving of that beautiful picture, "Rabboni." It means much to a girl who is not able to go home and has no home in the city, to come to this pretty room and rest.

A PRETTY CORNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

The dining-room is a long, bright room with many windows which look out on the lawns. It is furnished in light oak and makes a pleasant harmony in tan and brown. The linen is exquisitely white and the service is good. The meals are simple but wholesome. Arrangements are made so that girls who do not live in the house, may come in for luncheon or dinner.

The girls' own rooms are all furnished in white, though each room has an individuality of its own. Some of them are very dainty with pretty groups of photographs and pictures on the walls or the bureaus. Others are fragrant with flowers and suggest the idea that some foolish man has fallen captive to girlish charms. But girls were meant for flowers and pretty rooms and for all the sunshine and happiness that this old world can give.

In connection with the Georgina House, is the Georgina Club. Arithmetic, bookkeeping, stenography, and penmanship, also vocal and instrumental music, are taught when desired, while regular weekly classes are held in physical culture, elocution and English, dressmaking and cookery. The teachers are all professional and the girls are thus able to obtain excellent lessons at a very small expense. Girls who do not belong to the house may enter the classes of the club but the rates for them are higher. It is expected that in the near future, there will be a gymnasium and swimming-bath. The work is growing rapidly. The girls are glad to see this, for they realize that it is the successful outcome of their co-operation.

Ever since Adam and Eve ate the apple in the garden of Eden, it has been decreed that man shall live by the labor of his hands. While the sun shines and the day lasts, the great world works. At sunset, its throbbing pulses are stilled and each individual worker goes about to seek his rest or his recreation, finding his rest in solitude, his recreation in society. When the girls at Georgina come home after their day's work, they enter an atmosphere of culture and refinement. They are at liberty to retire to the privacy of their own rooms or to receive their friends in the pretty drawing-room. There are hardwood floors throughout the house and a merry little dance is sometimes indulged in. As the work progresses, the girls will be able to give pleasant social functions. They will meet only desirable people at Georgina for they will not care to know those who are not. By desirable, we do not altogether mean wealthy, nor do we altogether mean fashionable; we simply mean men and women of honest purpose.

Georgina is conducted under the auspices of the Church of England, although it is open to girls of all denominations. Special lectures are given on Bible study and mission work. Throughout the season, the subjects under discussion are: "A General Review of the New Testament," by Rev. Dr. Macklem; "China," by Miss J. Thomas, M.A., of Toronto University; "Church History," by Rev. F. H. Cosgrave; and "The Prayer Book" by Rev. J. S. Broughall, M.A.

As Mrs. Broughall says, it is hoped that the girls will receive greater benefits from the good influences surrounding them, than from any number of rules and restrictions. The Church wishes to protect these girls from harmful associations and to lead them to what is best and most

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ONE OF THE DAINTY BEDROOMS

MISS MAJOR IN THE OFFICE

A CORNER IN THE DINING-ROOM

Canadian Ghosts and Ghost Stories

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[illegible], a condition sometimes aggravated by "spirits" of another kind. The story is told of a man who, hearing of a haunted house, went to stay there all night and find out, if possible, the secret of certain noises. He was found at the foot of the stairs in the morning with his neck broken, and it was found that his coat had caught on a nail. Possibly there is a suspicion that [illegible] treatment may have had something to do with it. It was afterwards discovered that the mysterious noises had been caused by sheep seeking near the house for shelter.

Ghosts are sometimes sent as a punishment to men who have committed crimes. A young woman was on the way to the house of a sister who had just died. Along the road the horse's bit slipped out of its mouth without any apparent reason. The hired man who was driving jumped out and replaced the bit. It was necessary to undo some buckles to do this. Some distance farther along the road the bit broke in two. The same man was working in a barn at night when the machinery connected with a horse-power outside the buildings began to run at a great rate without any apparent reason, no horses being attached. At another time he was working in a workshop when a turning-lathe began to go in the same way. It was thought that the man had done something very bad at some time and was being punished in this way.

Warnings of approaching death are quite common. Among the mysterious visitants which make communications of this kind are birds fluttering against a window-pane, birds flying into a room, or in one window and out the other. A gentleman of English descent claims that a death in his family has always been foretold by a dove flying into a room of the house and disappearing through the wall. The death-watch beetle ticking away in some crevice is regarded as a supernatural communication, and a sign of the approaching death of a sick person or of some member of the family.

Many people tell of apparitions of friends which have appeared to them at a time which they have afterwards found corresponded to the time of death. A story of this kind is told by a prominent professional man. He had chartered a vessel to take a party north after the close of navigation. Contrary to his instructions, the captain had taken on board a large amount of additional freight, and it was finally found necessary to put into a bay near Tobermory, Ontario, to escape a storm which had overtaken them. Here the captain was paid off and the party took passage back to Collingwood on another vessel, which had also come into harbor during the storm. As they came within sight of their destination the captain, who was engaged in conversation with the chief of the party, began to boast that he hadn't had an accident in twenty years. He had hardly spoken when a grinding and bumping showed that they had run upon the rocks. During the night the water became rough and early in the morning the leader of the party put off in the ship's boat for help. He gave his men strict instructions not to leave the vessel, though the latter threatened to pound to pieces at any moment. While the leader was away, several of the party, including a man named Chadwick, got into another boat and left the vessel. Every man in this boat was drowned, some of their corpses not being found until the following spring.

It was found necessary to travel some distance before reaching a town or village. A tug was finally engaged to go to the relief of the stranded vessel. As plenty of help was available, the leader did not accompany the rescuers. The night following this, and before any news had been received from the vessel, the leader saw Chadwick distinctly standing near his bed. He spoke asking the man what was the matter, when the apparition faded away. He immediately informed his companions of what he had seen, and remarked that he knew something had happened to the men left upon the boat.

Ghosts which [illegible] are often met with in European folk-lore. These are the ghosts of people who have committed some misdeed, and are supposed to be paying the penalty. In the "Spectre Bridegroom," a Westphalian folk-tale, the ghost slays the head of all who pass the night in a certain castle. The first one who returns the compliment frees the ghost and is rewarded for his bravery with a large treasure. In Irish folk-lore we find ghosts of people who are damned attacking wayfarers at night, knocking them down and killing them, causing illness, sucking the blood of those who are asleep, etc. These present a close similarity to the jinns of Mohammedan countries and to the ghoul-like rakshas of India. The latter walk head foremost when in human form. They are often seen in daylight, and usually feed upon the dead. The jinn is also found in Indian folk-lore, where it frequently takes the form of an animal. In French-Canadian folk-lore, we find the ghost of La Corriveau coming down from the gibbet to attack the traveller, or to feed upon the bodies of the impenitent, which are hers by right. At sunset, doors were barred for fear of a visitation, and wherever this spectre was seen the spot was always accursed until the priest removed the bane. In British-Canadian folk-lore we seem to have a trace of the belief that ghosts can do bodily harm in the apprehension with which the possibility of such an appearance is always regarded.

AN example of a ghost condemned to pay the penalty for misdeeds is given in a tale called "The Haunted House on Duchess Street," by John Charles Dent, a Toronto journalist, now dead. The house referred to was torn down years ago. At one time it was occupied, so we are told, by a retired captain. This man had practically murdered a fellow soldier in the Old Country by taking an unfair advantage in a duel. As a result he was forced to resign, and on coming to Canada, took up his residence in the house on Duchess Street. This was the scene of drunken brawls and other disgraceful performances. Late one night, after one of these occasions, a shot and a heavy fall were heard. Later on, the body of the dog was found with a gaping bullet wound, also the man's body at the foot of the stair, where he had fallen headlong. Occupants of the house were afterwards disturbed by the howling of a dog, heavy footsteps, and drunken brawling. The apparitions of a man and a dog were both seen, showing a belief in animal apparitions. A boy living in Essex County told of seeing the ghost of a favorite dog which had died.

An aboriginal account of a malicious ghost is given by Canfield in "The Legends of the Iroquois." It is called "The Flying Head." There were many evil spirits and terrible monsters that hid in the mountain caves when the sun shone, but came out to vex and plague the red men when storms swept the earth or when there was darkness in the forest. Among them was a flying head which, when it rested upon the ground, was higher than the tallest man. It was covered with a thick coating of hair that shielded it from the stroke of arrows. The face was very dark and angry, and filled with great wrinkles and horrid furrows. Long black wings came out of its sides, and when it rushed through the air mournful sounds assailed the ears of the frightened men and women. On its under side were two long, sharp claws, with which it tore its food and attacked its victims.

The Flying Head came oftenest to frighten the women and children. It came at night to the homes of the widows and orphans, and beat its angry wings upon the walls of their houses and uttered fearful cries in an unknown tongue. Then it went away, and in a few days death followed and took one of the little family with him. The maiden to whom the Flying Head appeared never heard the words of a husband's wooing or the prattle of a papoose, for a pestilence came upon her and she soon sickened and died.

One night a widow sat alone in her cabin. From a little fire burning near the door she frequently drew roasted acorns and ate them for her evening meal. She did not see the Flying Head grinning at her from the doorway, for her eyes were deep in the coals and her thoughts upon the scenes of happiness in which she dwelt before her husband and children had gone away to the long home.

The Flying Head stealthily reached forth one of its long claws and snatched some of the coals of fire and thrust them into its mouth—for it thought that these were what the woman was eating. With a howl of pain it flew away, and the red men were never afterwards troubled by its visits.

Ghosts at sea are not at all uncommon. It is said that the ocean is haunted in spots, just like the land. An appearance referred to as "the ghost ship of le Maire" (near Cape Horn) was found by the United States Hydrographic officials to be merely a rock, which, under certain atmospheric conditions, bears a resemblance to a ship. Vessels upon which people have gone down and been drowned are said to be haunted and are regarded with aversion. A ghostly appearance described by sailors is that of St. Elmo's Lights. These are said to play about the masts and spars of a vessel and to foretell disaster. They are usually seen on the high seas, and are said to be most common in the "doldrums." They have been heard of, however, upon the Great Lakes. A number of years ago, it is said, a large schooner was sighted off Kingston, Ontario. This was in the fall. The masts and rigging were coated with ice and she very narrowly escaped being wrecked. After much exposure and hardship the vessel was brought into port. A sailor, in telling of the crew's experience, stated that lights had been seen playing about the rigging. This is said to be of the nature of an electric brush or glow. One sailor said that he had often seen it in the equatorial regions and that it seemed to be blown from one side of the vessel to the other. Only a couple out of a number of Great Lake sailors had ever heard of anything of the kind. This will recall to readers of classical mythology the story of Castor and Pollux, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition. These brothers, who were the offspring of Jupiter and Leda, were very affectionate. A storm arose during the voyage. Orpheus played upon his magical instrument and prayed to the gods. Presently the storm ceased and stars appeared upon the heads of the brothers. They were thenceforth looked upon as the patron saints of sailors. The lights had evidently at that time a much better reputation than now.

Another nautical phantom was that of "The Light on Tryon Bar." This was to be seen at Murray Bay or Malbaie in Quebec. A phantom ship was seen at times lit up with blue lights. Cries for help were also heard. To see this apparition was unlucky. The mare of one man who saw it took the strangles. A Berkshire sow belonging to another choked on a potato. Another poor fellow who saw it blamed it for the arrival of twins in the family.

The shadow has evidently played its part in the evolution of the ghost. For instance, we sometimes speak of "the shades of the dead." The Latin word "umbra" had a similar meaning. A German folk-tale tells the story of Peter Schlemihl, or the man who lost his shadow. He was supposed to have traded this to some supernatural personage for an unlimited supply of gold, but his life was made so miserable by the suspicion with which he was regarded that he was glad to exchange once more.

The savage, who is ignorant of the laws of the reflection of light or sound, takes an echo, a reflection of himself in the water, and also his shadow, as evidences of another self. Certain African tribes, such as the Zulu, will not allow another to step upon his shadow if he can avoid it. To make your shadow longer than his is to give yourself superior airs. The Basuto avoids the bank of a river lest a crocodile seize his shadow and in this way injure the owner.

An idea current among English-speaking people is that the dead will not rest well in their graves under certain conditions. We often hear it said that so-and-so would turn in his grave if he could hear or see certain things. A person must not weep or fret near a corpse, as this will worry it and bring a frown upon the face.

A man's limbs must all be buried together to insure his resting properly. Men have been known to preserve an amputated limb so that it could be buried with them. The Chinese are said to fear decapitation principally because it renders the ghost headless in the other world. If a person has a limb amputated it must be buried with the fingers or the toes extended, or at any rate, not in a cramped position, otherwise the person will suffer pain where the hand or foot should be. People have been known to dig up a limb to place it in the proper position.

A body must be properly clothed to insure its peaceful repose. The body of a pauper is stated by an Irish paper to have been dug up in order to furnish it with shoes. Jewellery and other trinkets are often buried with the dead. This may have merely a sentimental significance, but it is none the less a lineal successor of the custom which provided the corpse with food, weapons and clothing for its last journey.

The Huron-Iroquois name for bones, according to *Le Jeune*, in the "Relation" of 1636, was "atisken," or souls. The bones of those who died were carefully cleaned and preserved until the great feast of the dead, which was held every ten or eleven years. The bones or souls were then all buried with much ceremony in a huge common burial place. He remarks that some of these souls smelt a little stronger than musk. The bones of animals were all carefully burned to avoid giving offence to their spirits. It was also customary after killing an animal to ask his pardon for doing so. This was to appease the ghost. Many housewives carefully burn all bones left over from the table. There seems to be an idea in some cases that it is unlucky to throw them away. This sort of degeneration happens frequently in the case of customs of which the origin has been forgotten. The skeleton is frequently connected with ghosts in illustrations or descriptions of these apparitions.

A Story of Unusual and Tragic Occult Suggestion

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHEN I wished to write out an account of what happened to me and send it to a magazine which had offered a prize for true stories about strange things, Edward was crosser than I have ever known him to be. He said no one on earth would believe it, and, if anyone did believe it, it would be worse than ever because the Psychical Research Society would want to investigate, and he simply refused to have his wife investigated! Of course I could see the force of that, myself, for I should hate it, but it didn't make me any the less determined to tell about what happened; and finally Edward said that, if I liked, I might try my hand at making it into a story.

"But I shall have to say it's *true*," I told him, "because it *is* true."

Edward laughed. "They always do say that in a story," he said, "and the oftener you say it the less people believe it—it's a literary dodge, you know."

"But I'll have to tell them that it isn't a literary dodge this time," I insisted; but he only said, "All right, it doesn't matter in the least!" Edward doesn't seem to have a good opinion of the believing qualities of most people.

And now that I've got started I hardly know how to begin. I read a book on story-writing and it says: "Begin with the *story;*" but I can't. I have to explain things first. You see when I was quite a little child my mother and father were very much frightened by hearing little knocks and taps which seemed to follow me about. You couldn't tell where they came from and it was most annoying and I cried about it a great deal. At last mother took me to a great doctor and he said, "Nonsense," and when she said it was no such thing, he admitted it might possibly be some manifestation of electrical force (or some other kind of force) and was probably caused by my nerves being out of order. He told them to take me away somewhere where I would have lots of good times (and another doctor) and be kept so busy enjoying myself that I wouldn't be able to think too much. He said it was nothing, just too much electricity (or something else) and mother was not to be alarmed. Just then there were two sharp raps on the underside of his desk and he jumped nearly out of his chair, and I laughed! Mother was so mortified.

I got quite better after I had been away having lots of fun for a few months; and I had almost forgotten all about it when I met Edward. We loved each other in a way that I don't suppose anybody ever loved other people before and I was perfectly and absolutely happy. But somehow I didn't seem quite well. I began to feel like I used to as a child, jumpy and queer, and often Edward would say, "Whatever is the matter, dearest?" And I couldn't tell him. I could see that mother was anxious too.

One day when I was sitting in the parlor with Edward I felt strange and sleepy and seemed to dose off. When I woke up Edward was bending over me with a face so white that it frightened me. He said it was nothing, only he was afraid that I had fainted. But presently I noticed that he went over to the piano and looked inside and all around and changed its position a little and suddenly I remembered that when I was a child sometimes *the piano used to play!*

"Oh, Edward," I said, "did the piano play?" And though he wouldn't tell me I knew by his expression that it had, so I told him all about it and how it was caused by electric force (or some other kind) and how it meant that my nerves were out of order. And I felt it my duty to say that I would release him from his engagement if he did not approve of my nerves. And just then two very loud raps sounded from somewhere and I broke lown and cried dreadfully. And Edward—

Well, Edward wouldn't break our engagement, although, when I saw that he wasn't going to, I tried hard to make him see how wise it would be. He said that what my nerves needed was a big church wedding and a long honeymoon.

We had a perfect trip (I feel sure I could write a book of travel about it if Edward would let me try) and nothing at all strange happened until we were staying at Balmy Beach on Georgian Bay. We were on our way south and it was so lovely and cool there we decided to stay for a week. The "Royal Alexandra" is a big hotel all built of wood and it stands right on the lake shore with woods behind and all around it. The water up there is like water in a crystal bowl. I used to lie for hours gazing into it and seeing all kinds of visions. Only Edward didn't like me to do that—he said it was too much like crystal gazing.

One night Edward had to go in to Owen Sound on the last boat to attend to some stupid business and would not be able to be back before morning. I was horribly lonely, for it's so big and dark up there with the woods and the lake, so instead of going to bed at once I sat at the window and watched the moon rise. I don't know how it happened and if any one begins to question I only get confused, but suddenly I saw Clare Morris in the room with me. Clare used to be my chum at school and I loved her better than any one except mother. She died a year before I met Edward. I don't know whether I was frightened or not but I don't think I was. She wasn't like a ghost, you know, just *Clare* like she used to be.

"Suddenly I saw Clare Morris in the room with me."

"The hotel's on fire, Molly," she said. "Go and tap on the doors. Don't be frightened. You'll be safe."

I didn't move and she came a little closer and pointed with her finger. "Go!" she said, and then she smiled just as she always used to and added, "You see I remember how terrified you always were of fire—little Molly!"

Then somehow or other she was gone.

I went to the door and looked down the corridor. It seemed to me that there was a thin mist of smoke between me and the window at the end so I didn't wait any longer but ran down the hall knocking at the doors and calling "Fire!" When I came to the big doors which shut off the west wing a puff of smoke almost choked me but I remembered what Clare had said and I went on. I couldn't get to the end of that corridor, though, and it was one of the gentlemen whom my knock had awakened who carried me out and down the fire escape.

The whole hotel was burned but only three people were killed. When Edward came—they saw the fire in Owen Sound and the boat came over at once—he found me a heroine. But he was too glad to find me at all to be cross about it. I rather liked being a heroine—until they began to ask questions. The doctor, for instance, wanted to know where I saw the fire first and when I began to explain he said hastily, "Never mind. I shouldn't have bothered you with questions to-night;" and I heard him say to Edward, "Poor, brave child—the shock has been too much!" But after I had told Edward he saw to it that I wasn't questioned any more. I said to him:

"You ought to be very glad, Edward, for if it hadn't been for Clare I might have been burned."

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "*You* were awake and sitting at a window with a balcony and a fire escape just outside."

And somehow, if I hadn't known Edward better, I would have got the impression that he would rather have had all the rest of the people burned up than have me insist that I had seen Clare *really*. (The "Story-writer" says that it's not proper to underline many words, so I only underline a few that I simply *have* to.)

Anyway, Edward took me at once to some great doctor who talked to me (after Edward had told him things) as if I were a three-year-old baby or a harmless lunatic and ended by prescribing a voyage to Europe (and a European doctor). I was glad about the voyage because Edward works too hard in New York even though we don't need any more money. We decided to sail at once and I went to say good-bye to mother in Boston.

It was coming back that the strange thing happened.

When I got into the Pullman there were, for a wonder, only two people there. One was a man, a feeble, weakly-nervous looking man who had a big bundle of newspapers and fussed with them The other was a woman dressed in black. I wish I could describe her. She was so lovely I gasped, and so sad I nearly cried. She looked as I have sometimes imagined that my favorite heroine, Elizabeth of Austria, might look, only lovelier! I hoped she would speak to me, but though I wished it so much I didn't dare to speak to her first, and you can imagine how pleased I was when, after the train had nicely started, she got up and came over beside me.

Continued on page 7

A TRIO OF HANGING CUPBOARDS

The Consideration of an Important Addition to Furnishing

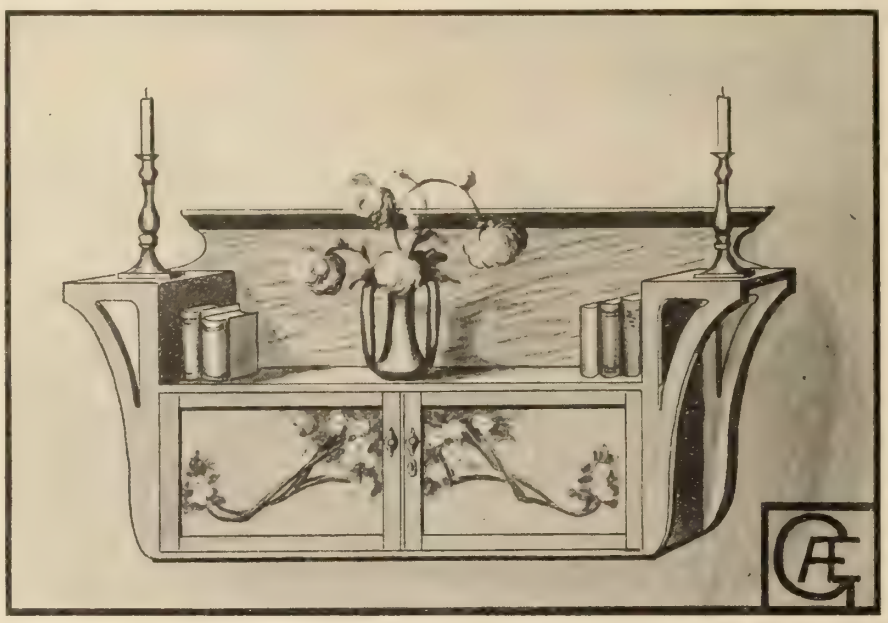
By ARTHUR E. GLEED

Many kinds of furniture, such as hanging cupboards, have much to recommend them in their usefulness to keep neat and tidy a number of small necessities, but they are unfortunately likely to prove at once a snare and a dust-trap when they are introduced into a room merely because they are pretty. Brackets, book-shelves, and bric-a-brac generally have all been so misused and overdone that it is somewhat dangerous to advocate anything to add to the already long list of useless articles that are a trial to the neat housekeeper. It is however, the abuse and not the use of such things that is the error, and once we are assured of the use of an article that is also beautiful, we have achieved the truly artistic.

Perhaps the most legitimate and likely use for a hanging cupboard is in the bedroom as a receptacle for bottles and toilet articles. The family medicine cupboard will doubtless be in the bathroom, but for individual use a small cupboard in the bedroom would be a convenience and its use should be conducive to tidiness. The example given is simple in design but could be made quite a decorative feature of the room if its coloring harmonizes. A useful size would be about eighteen inches high and twelve inches wide. The extended top forms a shelf which would be a good place to have a clock, as it would then be well in sight from any part of the room. The design on the door panel is based on the poppy, which being a medicinal plant conveys a symbolic meaning of the contents. An excellent way to execute the design would be to burn in the outlines with a pyro-etching point and then stain the various parts with oil stain. The burning of the outlines will prevent the stain from spreading beyond the outline and will give boldness to the design. The coloring should be in accordance with that of the room, but a rich and artistic effect would be got by staining the cupboard a dark green, making the panel a slightly lighter shade, with deep olive green for the leaves and stems of the design, and dull rose for the blossoms. Very little shading should be given to the design, as all decorative patterns look best in flat color, and all shading should be done by deepening the tone of the stain and not by using the pyro-etching point. The inside of the cupboard will need to be fitted with shelves, and the most suitable material for these is plate glass as it is so easily cleaned. Any glazier will cut the glass to exact dimensions, and with strips of wood screwed to the sides of the cupboard the shelves will be quite secure, and easily removed for cleaning purposes. A pretty finish to the cupboard would be a long, narrow cloth for the top shelf with the ends embroidered with a poppy design to match the panel.

The guest-room cupboard illustrated is intended for a similar purpose but is more elaborate, with its extended sides for books. It might with advantage be made on a considerably larger scale, and if about three feet high and eighteen inches wide, it would serve well to hold small articles such as a guest might bring, as well as a selection of toilet requisites. The decorative landscape on the door panel could be done in a similar manner to that of the medicine cupboard, and its coloring could easily be made to harmonise with any room. A good shade for the woodwork would be brown with a slight tone of green in it, the sky of the landscape might then be deep blue at the upper part, shading to green where it meets the bright red and gold of the sunset. The tall pine trees should have trunks of dark brown and foliage of bronze green. The mill should be dark brown and the foreground varying shades of green and brown, with high lights of gold for the sheaves of corn. All parts of the landscape should be in deep sombre colors to bring out to advantage the brightness of the sunset sky. The top of the cupboard, forming three shelves, offers a good opportunity to display some pieces of good china but they should be chosen with pattern and if possible without glaze, to go well with the dull finish of the wood.

The long horizontal cupboard is designed to accompany a writing-table, but could be made useful in many other places. A writing-table does not usually offer much accommodation for storage of letters, and such a cupboard as this placed on the wall above the table would be extremely useful as an extra place for letters, stationery, etc. A lock and key would ensure privacy and with the inside fitted with pigeon-holes and shelves it would hold all that most people would wish to keep by them. The long shelf immediately above the cupboard would be useful for reference books, and might also be a place for cut flowers. The small shelves on either side seem at once to suggest a pair of brass candlesticks, or more useful still would be two standard electric lights, which would light the table admirably. The woodwork should be stained a warm brown and the door panels olive green, the design of apple blossom in natural shades of pink for the flowers, light green for the leaves, and brown for the stems.



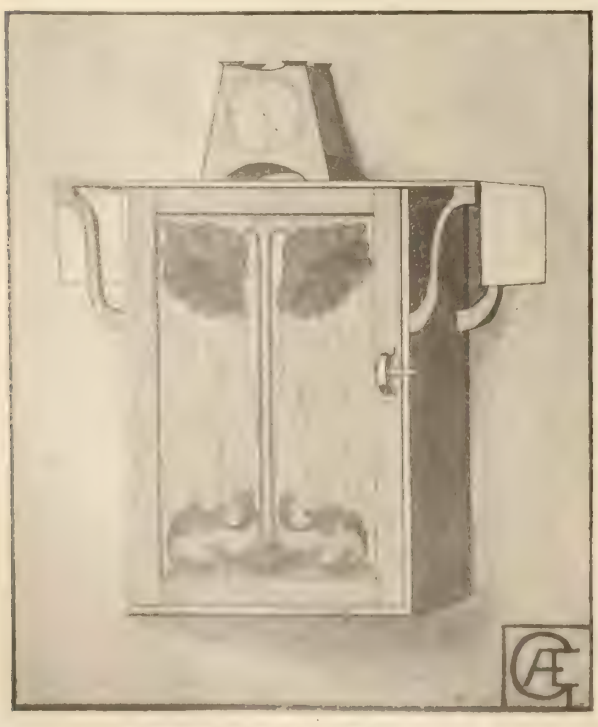
CUPBOARD TO ACCOMPANY A WRITING-TABLE

The construction of the cupboards is so simple that they should be an easy task for the amateur woodworker, or they could be made for a small sum by a professional carpenter, and the coloring and decorating be done to individual taste at home. Oak is the most suitable wood to use as it is not only strong and serviceable, but takes stain and dull polish beautifully. Wood half an inch thick should be used, except for the panels, for which a quarter of an inch would be sufficient, and where the cupboards have curved brackets these should be cut with a key-hole saw after marking out the curves on the wood. Oil stain is desirable as it does not sink into the wood so quickly as water stain, and is therefore more manageable when filling in the outlines of a design. Tube colors mixed with boiled linseed oil to the desired shade will give excellent results, and when this is thoroughly dry the surface can be a wax polish to bring out the grain of the wood. Even the metal handles and catches might be made at home, as they would be quite in keeping if constructed out of sheet copper in the simplest manner possible.

The best method of hanging such cupboards on the wall is by means of screws put through the back from the inside; they are then out of sight and can be screwed up tight, making a firm and rigid fixture. If the cupboard happens to be placed against wooden panelling there is no difficulty, but when fixing it to a plastered wall the exact position of the wooden scantling behind the plaster must be found and the holes bored so that the screws enter them, as mere lath and plaster is not strong enough to hold any weight.

Allowing that a small cupboard is a necessary addition to a room, there is no reason why it should not be made a distinct decorative feature, for the rich coloring that stained wood takes on will usually add new meaning to a simply decorated room, by repeating in richer tones the tints of walls and draperies.

The "small touches" of furnishing, like those of dress, form the element which contributes to the completeness and effect of equipment. The home-maker of good taste is as anxious to avoid a barren aspect in furnishing, as an excess of small ornaments. The hanging cupboard is an accessory which is more useful than any other feature in avoiding that accumulation of medicine bottles and cold cream jars which give bureau or dressing-table what the old-fashioned housewife calls a "cluttered" appearance. They can be kept in an orderly fashion, safe from dust or breakage in such a receptacle as a medicine cupboard, while the decoration beautifies.



HANGING CUPBOARD FOR THE MEDICINE

HANGING CUPBOARD FOR THE GUEST ROOM

The Story of the Sealskin Sacque

An Account of Its Origin and Manufacture

Photographs by courtesy of Fairweathers, Toronto

WHAT woman is there in the land whose eyes do not brighten at the sight of a sealskin coat? The extra brillance in her gaze may be a mixture of envy and admiration, but there is an evident appreciation of the silky beauty of such a mantle. Lucky the woman on whom Santa Claus has bestowed such a lavish gift!

The French, who have so many wise sayings, have declared that "il faut souffrir pour etre belle"—one must suffer in order to be beautiful. We women all realize that eternal vigilance is the price one must pay for even passable looks. Skin foods, regular exercise, massage and constant care are needed to keep that impertinent Old Time at a respectful distance. However, it seems exacting when one reflects that even what we call the lower creation must surrender life, in order that woman may be softly and richly clad. One does not like to reflect when eating spring lamb and mint sauce that a gay little animal gave up its frisky existence in order to contribute the delectable roast—but such is the relentless fact.

The story of the kid glove or the sealskin sacque takes one far away from the shop, in which one bends over a box of the very latest Paris styles in gloves or admires the rich gloss of the furs which have come all the way from Behring Straits or Russian forests, in order to clothe fashionable feminity.

There are seals—and seals. There is the Hudson, for instance, which really looks almost like the true and only Alaska and of which you can buy a handsome, "inexpensive" coat for two hundred and fifty dollars. The Alaska, however, is the ideal unto which every woman who aspires to a sealskin sacque hopes to attain. And such times as the Governments of the world have had over this very matter of the seal fisheries! Uncle Sam watches John Bull and also his friend, the Czar, that there shall be no encroachments on what he considers "American" fishing territory, away off beyond the most Northern possession of the United States. In fact, there is not a nation of Northern Europe or America which does not take an interest in those meek brown animals of the Behring Sea, which are the prize of the sealing vessels.

The Alaska seals live in the northern part of the Behring Sea. During the month of June they come down to the Pribiloff Islands for breeding purpose, and it is at this time that they are taken for their skins. The animals come ashore where the young seals are born. The young males are herded together by the older bull seals, and they are the ones who are killed for their skins, being known as the "Bachelor seals." They are driven off to one side, and are easily killed by being struck on the head with a club. The North-west Coast Seals that live in the Northern Pacific Ocean, are killed in the open sea, and, after killing, only about one out of three can be taken. When this is recovered, the other two sink in the water and are lost.

In former years, the Indian used to go after these seals in a canoe and they were killed by a spear; so that not many were killed each year. In recent times, the white man has sent out steamers equipped with steam launches. The men on these expeditions made a business of hunting seals, which they killed with rifles. The slaughter and loss of life was so great that the United States Government prohibited these skins from entering the country. The Copper Island seals are taken from the Kommandorski Islands, under the supervision of the Russion Government, in much the same manner as is done on the Pribiloff Islands.

After the pelts are taken, they are salted and packed in barrels and taken to the London markets. London, the centre of so much of the world's commerce, is also the greatest seal market in the world. There are certain firms which hold the secret of dyeing the skins and this process is used more than once before the skins are ready for open sale. The rich velvety brown, which is so much admired by all those who are interested in fur, is an acquired, not a natural tint. The lots which are sold in auction vary in quantity, from sixty to one hundred skins. These auctions are eagerly attended by the great buyers and thence despatched to various firms for distribution. All nationalities are represented at these sales, and only one city in Russia can compare with London as a market for these much-prized skins.

The making of a sealskin sacque is by no means a commonplace manufacture. A cloth coat or a fur-lined sacque is a small undertaking, in comparison with the making of this garment, which, when complete, is fit for any queen. The Eskimo away in the Arctic regions, needs to give little thought to such details as blocking and fitting. His is indeed, the simple life, though he is filled with seal and covered with seal. But the modern sealskin sacque of fashionable life is a complex and much-prepared garment. In any large fur establishment, the skins, ready to be chosen, are hung by the tail in close rows, representing thousands of dollars in value. We gasp with admiration at a tray of diamond rings, sparkling and flashing, while to the practical soul comes a realization of their value in dollars and cents. The vaults of the furrier are even more impressive in value, if less brilliant in appearance. There hang the skins which once belonged to those brown prizes of the far Arctic, ready to be made into clothing, which will satisfy the pride of the modern *miladi*.

The first process in the making is what is known as "matching." It is all very well to say that these are all sealskins and therefore all alike. Only the mere outsider, blind to differences of sheen and depth of coloring would be guilty of such a remark.

"Our chief man is one of the best in that department," the manager informs you.

"Does it take long to be able to do such work?"

"It all depends on the man," is the answer, the same which is made so often in the business world. "Some men would never learn how to match skins. It isn't *in* them. There must be the natural gift for observing such things. Quickness and keenness count for a great deal. Then a man must like the business."

HAULING GROUNDS OF THE FUR SEAL, ST. PAUL'S ISLAND, ALASKA.

There you have the philosophy, again, of all good workmanship—also an explanation of why there are so many unemployed. The man who has furs at heart and is willing to devote his best energies to "matching" is sure of obtaining all the work to which his skill is equal. The matching is an all-important step, as a mistake here would mean an imperfect garment, no matter how carefully the further steps might be taken.

The next feature in the making is what is known as blocking for repairs. The skins have certain flaws which only careful cutting, stretching and stitching can make into a surface fit for wearing. Consequently the blocking is needed to show just where the weak spots lie. The blocked skins remind one

KILLING GANG AT WORK, ST. PAUL'S ISLAND, ALASKA.

NATIVES DRIVING FUR SEALS TO THE KILLING GROUNDS.

[illegible] fashion of "doing up" the [illegible] skins, when they were stretched and [illegible] until they reached a condition of snowy [illegible] perfection. So the blocked skins are put to one side any discrepancies until their [illegible] thoroughly understood and provided for [illegible] ends.

The process of "glazing" is then resorted to, and the [illegible] woman, who has never possessed a sealskin sacque, but who has always known that sun and snow are not healthy for [illegible] and Alaska possession, is surprised to find [illegible] the fur is a necessary procedure [illegible] to be attained. The water is lightly and evenly applied [illegible] when the skins are ready [illegible] the process of repairing.

A girl who had been examining the skin of her Alaska seal coat, as it showed beneath a slightly-torn lining, once remarked: "Why, that skin looks as if it were made of little pieces. It's mended in ever so many places." She was not aware that such is the normal and natural appearance of every sealskin coat and that, the more "mending" is done, the better the garment will appear. The thread used is fine but strong and the stitching (of the double order) is done on special machines, worked by skilled operators. This part of the manufacture is, of course, carefully watched and inspected.

After the "repairing" has been completed, the skins are once more blocked, this time to the "pattern" or design of the special sacque or coat. The pins used in blocking are of extra strength and size, and the skins are now in charge of those who understand the more advanced stages of the making. Then the drying process takes place—a most important item on the programme. As one is initiated into this particular branch of fur manufacture, one realizes more fully the importance of "making haste slowly" in the finer work. Hurry or a "rush job" would be quite out of the question in such manufacture as this, and the careful drying must be attended to strictly.

The next operation is what is known as "squaring" the skins, or trimming them off to the pattern. Here there is little waste, and the heavy fabric which is being used makes the process one of the utmost precision. It is analogous to the dressmaker's "cutting out" and makes each piece of the design assume a form nearer to the outlines of a completed garment.

Then each piece of the "squared" pile must be taped by the machines, and thereby assumes a still neater appearance, much like the final binding on a dress seam. The taped and squared sections are now ready to be "joined up" and this process gives the impression of the ultimate product of all these manifold operations. The garment is now subjected to pressing, which is followed by "softening," until the skins appear to become as flexible as a kid glove. Then they are pressed once more. Here one becomes aware that there is much virtue in pressing the furry garment, just as we have found by experience, in the case of the cloth coat suit. The difference between the poorly-pressed and thoroughly-pressed material can be appreciated only by comparison, and the appliance of both strength and skill is necessary to attain the desired result. The final pressing gives a smoothness and finish which are a reward for all extra labor and care.

The coat is now ready for "shipping out." This looks like rather harsh treatment for such rich material, but it is [illegible] and dexterously [illegible] with steady [illegible] which beat out any short, loose hairs which would have proved a disagreement to the garment. This process [illegible] of careful scrutiny, and requires considerable practice before the desired effect is obtained. The coat is then made ready for finishing and lining.

About ten or [illegible] years ago, the matter of lining was taken up by the French furriers and discussed very thoroughly, with the result that rich linings became the fashion and have remained in style ever since. All the better cloth costumes are now lined with silk or satin, while, years ago, a sateen or farmer's satin was considered quite good enough for any costume. However, in these days, the lining is all-important and the woman who removes her coat in restaurant or hall, is not anxious to conceal the gleam of grey satin or fawn silk which the lining displays.

For fur coats, the lining is naturally of the best, and here we have a range as varied as individual tastes. The brocade linings are rich and costly, those in rose and pale yellow being extremely effective. Brocades were, at one time, esteemed the only correct lining for the sealskin sacque, but there is now a greater choice offered and suggested. The soft silks are very popular, the latest importation in these being one with shirred effect, although no thread is used in the shirring. These are sent in all the fashionable shades, *prune* and *taupe* being among the favorites.

After the lining has been satisfactorily adjusted and the small finishing touches have been given, the coat is once more thoroughly whipped out and glazed, the final "brush bath" resulting in a glossy softness which gives the sealskin its characteristic charm. It is now ready to be sent to the happy wearer-to-be, who will take years and years of comfort and pride out of this precious possession.

The matter of buttons is one in which fashion indulges in her cheerful vagaries, which lend irritation and interest to the course of feminine existence. For many years, "frogs" were the only proper fastening, with loops of heavy silk or satin cord. These frogs were imposing bits of manufacture, some of them almost saucer-like in dimensions. They were variously-covered, sometimes with velvet or plush, sometimes with the fur itself, although the latter made a cumbersome trimming. They were decorated with silk braid or embroidery, somewhat like the soutache of to-day.

During the last two seasons, even the heavier furs, such as sealskin and Persian lamb, have been adorned with buttons of jet, steel or silver with jewelled designs which are wonderfully brilliant against the dark fur background. The fashion in jet, which has been so insistent this autumn and winter has shown itself on the fur coats as well as on the cloth costumes and hats, glittering in black pins or buckles. A sacque of Hudson seal, for instance, is adorned with buttons, which are an elaborate trimming in themselves—jet with centres of rhinestone and stones of sapphire coloring. Jade has also been a favorite with chrysophrase as a close second. Coral, especially the pale pink variety, has been decidedly popular and makes a charming contrast to a setting of jet.

As a usual thing, a woman who is to be the fortunate possessor of a sealskin sacque is only too anxious to try it on, to do all the ordering, and watch the progress of its manufacture. Occasionally, however, the coat is ordered by a customer living some distance from the great centres and, in that case, a canvas shell is made, according to measurements, and is sent to the customer for fitting or alteration. While all the large fur establishments carry a stock of ready-made coats or sacques, the most satisfactory mode of purchase is by the individual order. As the wealth of the country increases, woman becomes more desirious of made to order garments and more exacting as to style and cut being slightly different from those in the show room.

Canadians have been exceedingly sensitive on the subject of furs. The reason for this is quite evident and explicable. This country was advertised for so many years as a land of snow and winter sports, that Canadians came to resent any reference to toboggans or mink as an insinuation that summer is an unknown season north of the forty-ninth parallel. The Princess Louise, when she was *chatelaine* at Rideau Hall, had but one photograph taken and in this Her Royal Highness was wrapped in furs and had her head enveloped in an old-fashioned "cloud." This photograph was highly unpopular with the Canadian public, who considered it a poor tribute to the climate. A few years ago, the Countess of Minto was photographed in a complete costume of furs and again the wrath of the Canadian arose over this "typically Canadian" appearance of the vice-regal lady.

However, it is time for us to recover from that sensitiveness about our fur resources and wealth. We should be proud of the fact that the tourists from the United States, who come to this country during the summer, are intent upon purchasing Canadian furs, whether they are spending the vacation in Montreal, old Quebec or Toronto. There is no country, save Russia, which can make a more lordly display of furs than this young Dominion, and there is no reason why we should be ashamed of our ability to go about in sealskin or mink, to say nothing of the humble beaver. We may well protest when the foreigner represents us as wearing furs in July, but we do not need to deny the lavish use we make of such garments during the months of winter. From the first of December to the end of March, furs are a feature of the fashionable costume and lend a seasonable richness and elegance to the Canadian woman's appearance.

There are various furs used in combination with the sealskin. For many seasons, mink was the favorite, many seal coats being made with collar and cuffs of mink. Then sable was called into service, but this was hardly a happy choice and was not long in popular favor. For the last two years, ermine has been extensively used in lapels or cuffs, with a muff of the same snowy fur. It affords a startling contrast to the sealskin, which looks all the richer for its white adornment. Many lovers of the sealskin prefer to wear no other fur with the Alaska product, considering that it is best, displayed in its own dark sumptuousness.

Whatever may be the outcome of the strife about the Behring fisheries, it is unlikely that we shall ever be without this beautiful product of the far northern waters. If we could behold the scenes on the shore of the Alaskan Islands, we might be disposed to wonder why all the slaughter is needed, just as we might shrink from roast beef or lamb chops if we witnessed the killing of the animals whose flesh furnishes the nourishing entree. But when we meet a bright Canadian girl, on a crisp afternoon in January, with her face glowing above the dusky richness of a sealskin collar, we appreciate the picture and merely admire the girl and the garment, admitting that "beauty should go beautifully bound."

A Fairy Tale for the Journal's Juniors

By JEAN GRAHAM

DORA FERGUSON was in a bad temper. That was not her usual condition of mind, but more than one unpleasant thing had occurred during the day. In the morning, Mrs. Ferguson told Dora that she might put on her new plaid dress and wear it to school. Now, that was delightful news, for, just two weeks before, Ethel Mills had appeared in a rustling new gown, a gorgeous light plaid, in which green, yellow and scarlet combined to make the beholder wink. Ethel had shaken out the folds of the fashionably stiffened skirt with a flourish that made some of the girls laugh and others mourn. Dora had smiled in superior fashion, but there was a sigh.

The next day she had laid siege to her mother's heart and her father's generosity to such good purpose that she was made the possessor of a new gown before evening.

"It's ever so much prettier than Ethel's, mother. This dark blue and green, with just a little dash of red, makes the sweetest plaid I've seen," she said in the joy of possession.

"Clothes aren't sweet," said Tom, who was two years older than Dora, and who considered it his duty to reprove and ridicule her, lest she should become vain. He was really proud of her dark eyes, and hair with a "real wave" in it. But all girls were foolish, he believed, and apt to become vain creatures, unless their brothers trained them properly. So Tom was very careful about praising Dora too much. As her eyes and hair were above reproach, he exercised his critical powers on her nose and mouth, declaring the latter to be "simply immense!" But if Dora dared to hint that Tom's tie was shabby or ugly, he was insulted, and his dignity would be ruffled for days. However, when he sprained his ankle, Dora was devotion itself; and Tom saved his money for a week to buy Dora a turquoise ring she had desired. Therefore she allowed his correction of her adjective to pass without notice.

It was with much rejoicing that she put on her new dress, and rejoiced in its rustle as she danced through the hall. Even Tom's sarcasm concerning "girls who were late for breakfast because they stayed too long before the mirror" failed to affect her. When she reached Miss Mortimer's Academy she was surrounded by admiring friends.

"Why, it has the new kind of puffs for the top of the sleeves, Dora," said one.

"It's one of the prettiest plaids I have seen. Those rich dark shades are such good taste," said Cora Hilliard, who was believed to be an authority on such matters, as she had spent one whole month in Paris. Dora was much impressed by this important official verdict.

"The collar is simply *elegant!* The button trimming at the back is just—cunning," lisped Elsie Graham.

In the afternoon, Dora was preparing to leave the French class-room, when her new plaid skirt caught on a sharp corner of her desk, and one of those ragged, three-corner rents, that are the despair of the neatest mender, showed itself to her horrified gaze. Her books were flung on the desk in no gentle fashion, and, if Ethel Mills had not been looking, I am sure that Dora would have been guilty of tears. She recovered herself in a moment, and went into the cloakroom, where her dress was pinned together by sympathizing friends. When she got home, she found her mother, and told her of the calamity.

"Never mind, dear. Put on your old dress, and this evening I will help you mend the other."

Dora's father was a well-to-do merchant, but Mrs. Ferguson believed that her only daughter should be taught to do things for herself. So Dora contemplated an hour of mending with unpleasant feelings.

Just then Tom came in. He looked rather solemn. "Dora, I took your puppy 'Sancho' downtown this afternoon, and lost him in the crowd on Clarence Avenue. It's too bad, but I'm sure he'll turn up all right."

Dora's uncle had presented her with a beautiful little dog the week before, and she had given Tom strict injunctions not to take it out. "I believe that you did it on purpose, Tom! and, of course, we'll never find him. You are horrid—just horrid!" she broke out.

Then Dora took up her books and fled to her room, while Tom remained to tell Mrs. Ferguson that he was afraid Dora had a dreadful temper.

How nice it is for a girl to have a room to herself! I have often wondered what an unfortunate maiden whose sister or cousin shares her room does when she wants to have a "good cry." Dora's room had a delightful cozy corner where four big pillows were piled, and to this corner she went for comfort. But she was not silly or a very "weepy" girl, and so, after three tears had dropped on the prettiest pillow, she sat up and rubbed her face.

"I suppose I might as well do that French lesson for to-morrow," she reflected.

Dora turned to "Les Trois Souhaits" ("The Three Wishes"), the next day's lesson. It was not difficult to translate, but it proved an aggravation of her woes. The well-known old story was about the poor woodman and his wife, to whom a fairy had granted three wishes. The wife, in a moment of thoughtlessness, wished for a black-pudding, and this so enraged the husband that he wished that the pudding might be attached to her nose. The pudding promptly obeyed his wish, and, despite his every effort, refused to be detached from the wife's face. So, in despair, the poor husband wished for the pudding to return to the table, and, behold! the three wishes had all been used. Then the fairy came back, and, in a provoking little speech, advised them to be content in the future with a humble lot.

"What a foolish story! It's so silly, for nobody would have wished for such stupid things. I only wish that a fairy would come to me! I would ask for *ten million dollars* first; and then I would wish to be the most beautiful girl in the world; and then I would like all my friends to be young forever! But there are no fairies. Only children believe in them now," and Dora sighed, as if her fourteen years was an advanced age indeed.

Of course, if Dora had been a proper young person, she would have desired goodness and knowledge rather than wealth and beauty. But I may as well confess that she was not a perfect girl—not much better than many of the girls we meet every day. Ten million dollars would buy a great many things. She would always wear a silk dress to school (of course, a beautiful young person with millions of dollars would not be troubled about her mother's opinion as to dress). After a while they would all go to Europe, and have a yacht inlaid with ivory and adorned with purple silk hangings like—like Cleopatra's barge that she had heard of in history that morning, and—but at this point her head sank lower on the cushions, and Miss Dora was soon in the land of dreams, where she had a strange journey.

She had started for school one morning, as usual, and when she opened the door leading to Miss Mortimer's hall, she was astonished to find that the entrance was a beautiful corridor, car-

Continued on page 1[illegible]

"Behold me! I am Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

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SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

[illegible] Castle, is urged by Carita, his [illegible] and Christabel, her step-[illegible]. Barry, her own son, is [illegible] paying foolish attention to Nancy [illegible]. Nancy is murdered and [illegible]. Barry is suspected of the crime [illegible] found. Barry revisits home by stealth and [illegible] money. He denies any knowledge [illegible] the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. [illegible] ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses [illegible] Ingram, who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. [illegible] is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in [illegible], and goes to Groome's hotel.

"MISS Cousins!" repeated Barry in great surprise; "I thought this was Groome's?"

"Was Groome's onst, sir, but there ain't been a Groome in it to my certain knowledge, no not this fifty year. Miss Cousin's father he married a Miss Groome, see, thet's 'ow it is, I believe."

"I see, so it's a lady at the head?"

"Yes, an' one of the right sort. Like to see your room now, sir? Number twenty-eight, Thomas, if you please."

The boots shouldered the portmanteau and stood politely by the lift to usher him in.

After the luxury of a hot bath and a shave he made his way to the coffee-room, feeling himself a better man. He found several persons breakfasting, and a small table laid for him near the fire. In the corner just behind him two ladies were leisurely making their way through the *table-d'hote* meal, and talking earnestly. The new guest, who had registered his name as Bertram Landeck, took his seat, spread his napkin across his knees, and was presently startled by a chance word.

"They say," observed one of the ladies with a very strong Scotch accent, "that they were even married on the sly. Simons himself doesna believe it, but there's several that does."

"It was a terrible thing, Auntie Bell," replied the younger woman with a quite perceptible sigh. "The poor girl was quite young, just three months older than I."

"And you knew Barry Ingram quite well, you say; how very interesting to know somebody like that! Most people in real life are so tame."

"There was nothing terrible about him, Katie, I assure you. He was just what onybody might ca' a bonnie lad—had a smile for everybody."

"His people must be in a dreadful way about him. Do you believe the report in the papers last night that he has drowned himself in the loch?"

"I couldna say, but I hardly think it likely."

Bertram Landeck lifted the teapot and filled his cup somewhat unsteadily. But the waiter was by his chair once more, bearing two covered [illegible]. "Sole, sir, poached eggs and bacon," he announced unctuously.

"Thank you. Bring me a paper, if you please. [illegible] *Telegraph* if you have it handy."

"Yes, sir, surely," said the waiter bustling away.

The voices behind the chair prattled on unintermittingly.

"The Cardyke folks are divided, some of them get quite angry about it. They were dis[illegible] on Sunday. You see, some think it was an accident, an' some thinks that there's a bit more to the story, and that we'll hae to hear the end of it yet. I'm of that way of thinkin' mysel', for though the puir [illegible] is buried by now, she was not all the [illegible] had far ower many [illegible]. This morning, Katie, my woman, [illegible] to one."

"I'm not likely to get the chance of more, perhaps even not of one," replied the girl with a little grimace. "Do you think there'll be anything more about it in the papers to-day? I'm fearfully interested in it, just because she was so young and pretty."

"It may be mentioned, but they have so many murders of their ain here in London, it takes them a' their time to get them in."

After they left the room, the man put down the paper. "I hope the breakfast is all right, sir," said the anxious waiter at his elbow.

"Oh, yes, it's first-class. Fact is, I think I've gone without too long, and when the food is before me I don't seem to care for it. But it's excellent. Who are these ladies, old frequenters of the house, evidently?"

"The big one is a Miss Cousins, sir, from Scotland; has a business place there, I believe She's a relation of the proprietors. She comes up three or four times a year for the fashions. We all like her, sir; a sensible lady, and kind to everybody."

Barry was very loth to leave the little oasis he had discovered in the wilderness of London, and his face wore a troubled look, as he pushed back his chair and left his partially consumed breakfast behind. He had not found any allusion to the Cardyke affair in the pages of the *Telegraph*. But Barry now read for the first time the news of the great bank disaster, and had seen his father's name mentioned as a heavy loser.

"I've got some bad news here, in this paper, waiter; I was afraid of it. It means that I can't stop here as I intended for several days. Be good enough to bring down my bag and get my bill. I am willing to pay for the room the same as if I had occupied it for one day."

"Sorry, sir; sure you can't stop?"

"I am quite sure; but I'll come back, William, I think your name is. Yes, I hope to come back. I like this place. It is homely."

From the coffee-room window he watched the two figures of the Scottish ladies crossing the quiet square, and waited until they were safely out of sight before he essayed to follow them.

The fugitive plunged from the comparative quiet of Bridgewater Square into the busy, bustling heart of the City, where the full tide of the day's work was now rolling through the streets.

He made his way to Liverpool Street station, where he left his bag in charge of the cloakroom, and sallied forth once more.

Apparently he had a definite object in view, for, pausing a moment in the thick of the traffic outside Broad Street, he asked a policeman the nearest way to Lower Thames Street.

The man answered him in pure Doric.

"You're from the north, too," said Barry, smiling a little in spite of his heavy heart.

"Ay baith me an' my mate," he answered readily. "Scottish yoursel', sir?"

Everybody seemed busy, and in a hurry; there was no room for the lounger, and the undecided person was immediately pushed to the wall.

Barry had taken a sort of vow that he would so redeem his life that he would prove to those who were blaming him now, with such just cause that he was not all bad, or even wholly careless and irresponsible.

It was part of that resolve which took him down into the very heart of working London, and brought him to the frowning premises of the North of Scotland Iron Co. There was nothing palatial or inviting about the place which was simply used as a showroom for the trade. A clerk with an eyeglass peered through a small aperture when he presented himself at the outer door and inquired his business.

"I've come in answer to an advertisement in the *Telegraph* this morning," he said eagerly. Can I see any of the partners or the manager?"

Barry's heart beat a little as he passed through the outer office to an inner passage from which several doors of obscured glass opened.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of a smart, middle-aged man with a keen, shrewd face and most penetrating eyes.

"Good-morning; you're after the job?"

"Good-morning, sir. I've called about the advertisement in the *Telegraph* this morning for a traveller."

"Yes; what's your name?"

"Bertram Landeck."

At these words the principal slightly but rather emphatically shook his head.

"Doesn't sound like a man for us, but what experience of the road have you?"

"I've not travelled before, sir; but——"

The principal looked surprised, even annoyed.

"Did you read the advertisement. It expressly stated that a man of experience was wanted, and one with some knowledge of likely customers."

"I've been in the iron trade some time, sir. I know most of the big firms."

"Um—in Germany or here?"

"In Scotland, sir," replied Barry as if surprised at the question.

"But you are German, your name betrays the fact."

"Only of German parentage, sir; I was born in this country. I have never been out of it."

"You're too young; we want a man that knows the ropes for such an important post. Sorry to have taken up your time and my own. Good-morning, sir."

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

STEPHEN, deeply pitying the plight of Mrs. Forbes, and Evelyn, called on them in their desolation and disgrace. Evelyn was in despair of her father's fate and he found it impossible to comfort her. He waited until Mrs. Forbes returned from the gaol, where she had been trying to cheer her husband.

Evelyn left the room. Her mother stood by the fireplace leaning her arm on the mantelshelf, her veil thrown back, while she smoothed her gloves in her hand.

"Im very glad to see you, Stephen," she repeated. "I am sure you have done Evelyn good. I am afraid I don't think enough about her in these terrible days. Her father occupies all my thoughts."

"How is Mr. Forbes?"

She remained silent a moment, dropping her eyes on the fire.

"He is very calm and quiet, but I can see that he anticipates the worst next week. Nobody will be honest with me about this thing, Stephen. What is the usual sentence in such a case?"

She looked at him in calm inquiry, as if assured that he would tell her the truth.

"I have been trying to explain to Evelyn, who asked me practically the same question, how much depends on extraneous things," he answered lamely.

"What do you think, about two years?" she persisted. "I mentioned it to my husband, but he shook his head, and, I think, looked at me strangely."

"Mrs. Forbes, I am afraid it will something heavier than that. It is better to be prepared."

"And where will they send him?"

"It may be to Perth or to Peterhead—I don't know."

"Well, wherever it is, I shall go there, Stephen, and spend the time till he comes out. He shall feel that I breathe the air of the same town, and that I am near, though he may not see me. This much I can do, and I will."

Stephen Ingram listened in an amazement that was absolute.

Until now he had not suspected any romantic attachment of this kind between the Glasgow financier and his wife. But now Eugenie Forbes' whole being seemed to breathe an undying and self-sacrificing affection which touched him profoundly.

"A man who has won such devotion needs no pity," he could not help saying.

She smiled slightly, though her eyes remained mournful as before.

"It has been passing strange, this experience, for me, Stephen. I don't know why I tell you this. I feel almost as if you were my dear son. But this great trouble has shown me my heart. Whatever he has been to the outside world—and, understand, I don't seek to absolve him from blame—he has been perfect to me. My one regret—and it will be an undying one—is that I have taken all his unselfish devotion as a matter of course, and have given him nothing in return."

"Yourself?" Stephen hazarded, inexpressibly touched.

A faint, almost derisive, smile curved the corners of her sad mouth.

"There is nothing more tragic in life, Stephen, than the might-have-been. My punishment now is futile regret over the years the locusts have eaten. Must you go already? Why such haste? Can't you stop to dinner and cheer us a bit?"

"Not to-day. There are people dining at home to-night. Do you think they would admit me to the prison if I called there on my way back to the station?"

"They might. They have been more than kind to me. I will let you go, if that is what you wish to do, though I have a thousand questions to ask. I suppose nothing has been heard of Barry?"

"Nothing."

"It is inexplicable, a greater mystery than ever. It is astonishing how selfish misery makes one. I had forgotten until this moment that there is sorrow at Tyrie too. How is your father and Mrs. Ingram?"

"Father has aged," he said, and immediately regretted the words as he saw the shadow gather again in her eyes.

Stephen was not surprised to find his request at the prison gate refused. The order from the governor for which he was asked not being forthcoming, he was about to turn away when the warder, attracted, perhaps, by something in his face, made a suggestion.

"The governor happens to be here this afternoon, sir. He went by a minute or two ago. Would you like to see him?"

Stephen assented, and the prison gate clanged behind him, leaving him in a small, bare anteroom, whose cheerless aspect sent a chill to his soul. The governor soon came in.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Ingram. I have met your father, of course. You know that it is unusual to admit visitors at this hour?"

"I did not know the hours, Colonel Colquhon. I have come from Mrs. Forbes, and, I must confess, acted on the impulse of the moment."

"You have not a message from her?" asked the governor, and his manner seemed to change and become more human.

"No; I am here solely on my own account. Our families have been very intimate, and I would like to speak a word of sympathy to him before he is removed to Edinburgh. When will that take place?"

"At the beginning of the week; but nothing is fixed. Mrs. Forbes has been here to-day. I saw here not much more than an hour ago."

"Yes; I was at the house when she returned. She is very grateful for all the courtesy that has been extended to her here."

"The circumstances are exceptional, and she is an exceptional woman," answered the governor.

The governor opened the door and, bidding Stephen a brief "Good-afternoon," consigned him to the care of a passing warder, who conducted him to that portion of the great building reserved for prisoners in Ewan Forbes' class. Stephen now visited the interior of a prison for the first time, and it was natural that the experience should depress him; but he felt an acute sense of pity and shame when the bolts were drawn in the cell allotted to the defaulting bank director, and he was ushered into his presence. At his wife's request, Forbes had been provided with some paper and a pencil, with which he was busily engaged when his cell door was thrown open. He stood up, and Stephen was surprised to see how well he looked, though his face had lost its ruddy color and the light had gone out of his eyes.

"This is very kind of you, Stephen," said Forbes formally.

"Not much kindness in such a simple act. This is the first time I have been in Glasgow since all this has happened. I have been at Buckingham Terrace."

A sort of spasm crossed the impassive face of Ewan Forbes.

"You have—and you saw my wife?"

"Yes; I had some talk with her."

"And Evelyn?"

Stephen nodded, and Ewan Forbes turned away at the moment, seeming to busy himself with his writing materials.

Suddenly he faced the visitor with a slightly defiant air.

"The long suspense will soon be over," he said brusquely. "Tell me what Eugenie said, Stephen. She is an angel of goodness here. How does she comport herself when the strain is off."

"As usual, with dignity and sweetness; but we are all glad, I think, as you are, that the long suspense will soon be over."

"I can't ask Eugenie much, Stephen, but you can tell me. What are they saying outside? Public feeling, I suppose, is all against me?"

Stephen nodded. It was useless to evade the point or to gloss the truth.

"I can hear them hounding a man to his doom," he said almost savagely. "I'm not the first man that has succumbed to temptation, and if the whole story ever comes to be written perhaps they may be able to apportion the blame a little more evenly. Stephen, my poor wife has a very shadowy idea of the probable result of the trial. Did she say anything to you?"

"Yes; she spoke of two years."

"Poor dear woman! poor dear woman!" he said, and his voice suddenly broke. "Forgive me, Stephen—it is that that unmans a man. He could face a howling mob, but he can't look in the eyes of the woman who has trusted him. It is very good of you to come, my boy; I am grateful for it. But—but we needn't prolong these sharp moments, need we?"

"I thought I'd like to tell you that you need not have any great anxiety about Mrs. Forbes and Evelyn. We shall all befriend them. I will make it my special care. I am on the outside of most things, but this is one I can do, to see that they are cared for."

"God bless you, Stephen. You wonder, perhaps, that I can take His name on my lips, but God's mercy is more tender than man's. Goodbye, my boy; I shall think of this when I am far away. Remember me to your father. He has been a good friend to me always, and I am sorry I have lost his respect.

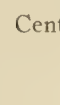
They shook hands in silence, and Stephen passed out. His accustomed tact and readiness had conspicuously failed him here. He felt that words were quite useless. His heart was heavier when he left the prison gate than when he had entered it. The price to be paid for wrong-doing had been driven home, and the fact that no man lives to himself was uppermost in his mind as he made his way to the station.

The lengthening day was waning when he got out at Cardyke station, and on the platform he encountered Josh Simons, the gamekeeper dressed in his Sunday clothes, a suit of ill-fitting black.

"Hulloa, Simons! going up to town?" he said genially.

"No, Maister Stephen, I've jist come doon."

"You have, eh? I did not see you at the Central."



"No; I was late. I jist got the train by the skin o' my teeth. Can I walk a bit wi' ye, Maister Stephen—unless you're drivin'?"

"I am walking, and I shall be glad of your company. I shall take the short cut, anyway. How are you getting on?"

"Very ill, Maister Stephen," he replied darkly as they stepped without the precincts of the little station and turned to the wicket which gave them a short cut through the fields and enabled them to avoid the village.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Simons. Anything fresh to trouble you?"

"No; but I canna bear the place since—since Nancy gaed away. It's like a haunted place. I've lost my nerve like. I've been up to the St. Enoch's Hotel this efternune to see a gentleman aboot a new place in the sooth country near Moffat."

"And have you been successful?"

"No; he wants a younger man. I'll tell Hastie aboot it. He feels jist like me. He's lost his nerve, too. He says that he canna pass by the Dell—ye ken the place I mean—without a shakin' comin' ower him. It's aboot feenished twa guid men this, Maister Stephen, and maybe I wadna be surprised if mair death come oot o' it.

"No, no, Simons; you must buck up," said Stephen cheerfully. "There are other sorrows in the world besides yours. I've been at a very sad house to-day, and then at the gaol, seeing one of the bank directors that are to be tried next week."

He said this to try and divert the keeper's mind for the moment from his own trouble.

"I heard them speakin' aboot it in the train," observed Simons, with a casual interest. "A heap o' puir folk seem to hae been robbit, and they should be punished for it. I say, Maister Stephen, has onything ever been heard aboot your brither?"

"Nothing. Well, I go off here. Good-day to you; try to get above it, my man. You may be certain of one thing: that the truth will out sooner or later, police or no police. It has never been known to fail."

He nodded kindly and passed on through the stile that gave admission to their own grounds. The light was waning now, but the air was soft and pleasant, bearing a hint of spring.

Everywhere the birds were twittering on the fresh young boughs, rejoicing that winter seemed over and gone.

Stephen was glad to be out of Glasgow, to breathe once more the fine clear air of the country, to be rid of the noise and clamor of the streets. He had not achieved very much by his visit after all, though he had decided one thing: that he would go to Edinburgh to be near the two helpless women through the terrible ordeal of the trial week.

It was almost five o'clock when he reached the house, and hearing that tea had been taken up to Madam's boudoir, he made his way thither, hoping and expecting to find his sister.

But Madam was quite alone. She now wore nothing but black, with a cross of jet on her breast, and her face seldom relaxed from its expression of settled gloom. All things were out of joint in the life of the butterfly mistress of Tyrie Castle, the only gleam of brightness the immediate prospect of getting rid of her stepdaughter. But even that her tortuous imagination had converted into a grievance.

"Are you all alone, Madam?" said Stephen pleasantly as he entered, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Yes; I am glad to see you back, Stephen; they told me you had gone up to town. What have you been about?"

"I have been to Buckingham Terrace to see Mrs. Forbes and Evelyn."

"Ah! how are they, poor things? I suppose they are feeling rather low at present."

Stephen almost smiled. It was impossible for Carita to comprehend or enter into a great sorrow; even her mourning for her son had a curious element of satisfaction in it. At least, it was a peg to hang her woes upon.

"They do not feel very bright, certainly."

"But how is it they are still at Buckingham Terrace? Surely it would have been more decent for them to have left such a large house and gone into quiet lodgings for a time."

"They will have to do that after next week."

"Oh, of course, the trial is next week. Well, I'm sorry for them; but, certainly, they all deserve punishment for such wholesale robbery. Just think of your father losing thirty thousand pounds through his faith in Ewan Forbes! Is there anybody in the world one can trust?"

"It will not make much difference to him."

"Won't it? I happen to know differently Why, Bracklinn was advertised in the *Herald* to-day, and he says I must dismiss at least three of the servants. I have never been extravagant, but now I shall have to be positively stingy to make ends meet. It is very selfish of Belle, I think, to insist on going away just now. It will be an additional expense."

Stephen could not refrain from elevating his brows.

"I think not. Belle says she will take no more than the allowance she has always had."

"Fifty pounds a year! Do you suppose for a moment she can live on that, or that your father will permit it? He has always been foolishly indulgent to her. For my part, I think her clear duty would be to stop at home and undertake Caro's education, to save the salary of the governess, otherwise she will probably have to go to Cardyke school."

"Let me get you some tea, Madam. I want to ask a favor from you," said Stephen, to change the subject.

"Well, what is it? I haven't many to grant nowadays; I am kept on such short commons."

"It will not cost you anything, Madam, except, perhaps, a little effort. Will you ask Mrs. Forbes and Evelyn down for a week-end? It is Belle's last Sunday at home, and they do want a little kindness shown, especially Evelyn. Will you do it, Madam, because I ask you?"

Her face hardened immediately.

"I would have no personal objections, I am sure. I am always as kind as I can be to the poor, and give a lot away, when I have it? but I am sure it would be most uncomfortable for Mrs. Forbes and Evelyn. Your father might even be horrid to them—because, of course, he has lost a great deal, and a man can't exactly forgive everything."

"I am sure he would be more than kind; they are innocent, Madam, don't forget it."

"Oh, well, I don't know. I think Mrs. Forbes might have had some idea, and they say a lot of the money went to the upkeep of Inverewe, just to bolster up her family pride. I have never liked her much, and I simply can't have them here on the same terms. I don't think you ought to ask it, Stephen."

"Perhaps not," he answered, and his usually kind voice had so cold a note that she might have been wounded by it.

Continued on page 23

How Titania was Outwitted

Continued from page 13

[illegible] velvet and lighted by [illegible] that hung from a crystal [illegible] Dora hesitated, not knowing what to do, a tiny [illegible] dressed in white satin, and wearing a gold fringed cap, appeared, and, making a low bow, said, "Her Majesty will see you in the Diamond Room."

"Her Majesty!" That was a strange name for Miss Mortimer, and why had Susan, the neat maid, been dismissed? It certainly was very dark for nine o'clock in the morning, but Dora prepared to follow the little page. On and on they went until she was almost out of breath. At last he stopped before a heavy curtain. The tinkle of a bell was heard, and then the page held back the velvet folds and said, "Enter, wretched mortal!"

Dora did not like this form of address. In fact, the little man, in spite of his satin garments, had not been brought up to be respectful. But there was not time to reprove him for his rudeness, and Dora timidly entered the Diamond Room. At first the blaze of light was so great that she was dazzled. But when she recovered from the first shock of splendor, she exclaimed, "Why, it's all diamonds!" The floor and walls were made of pure marble, and the ceiling was studded with diamond stars, which shed the light that had almost blinded Dora.

There was a rich divan covered with purple velvet at one end of the room, and on it was seated a little creature who was wearing a gown of white silk, fastened with small diamond pins. As Dora approached, this small woman said:

"Don't come too near! Do you know who I am?"

"No; I have not seen any one like you before If I were not sure that there are no fairies, I would be tempted to call you one."

"How do you know that there are no fairies?"

"Oh, no one believes in them nowadays, except very small children. I used to think that they really lived, but I know better now."

"Silence! Mortal, you are insolent! Behold me! I am Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

The tiny woman stood on the couch, with her eyes flashing and a wand outstretched.

Dora began to feel alarmed. Titania's eyes looked as if they were changed to green fire. So Dora tried to rush to the curtains, but found that she could not stir. She was so frightened at this that she tried to open her mouth to scream; but her lips were firmly closed, and she could not open them. Slowly the wand was lowered, and Titania said, "Now, who am I?"

"You are Titania, Queen of the Fairies," faltered Dora, whose power of speech had suddenly returned.

"You will do well to remember that. Do you suppose that, because the fairies do not wish to be seen by every common mortal, they have vanished from the earth and no longer have any power over human beings? I dare say you wonder why I have brought you, an ignorant child, to my home."

"Yes, Mrs. Titania."

"Don't say 'Mrs. Titania.' I am not a commonplace, everyday woman. Address me as 'your Majesty.'"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"That is better. Now, you understand that we know all about you poor mortals. Therefore, I know that you have had a trying day; and although you are by no means an excellent young person, still, I feel sorry for you. *I am going to grant you three wishes!* Whatever you wish for shall be given you. At the end of twenty-five minutes I shall return to this room and dismiss you. The wishing-time will then be over. You must remain on this couch during that time. Be careful about the desires you express!"

Titania vanished, and Dora flung herself upon the soft cushions. They were delightful, and she felt like going to sleep. But, of course, that would destroy the chance of future wealth. So she rubbed her eyes and tried to think. Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed, and Dora had not wished for anything.

"I have heard something about this before. I wonder if ten million dollars would be enough It would buy a great many dresses. I am sure Oh, how I wish that dress of mine had been mended!"

At that moment her plaid gown dropped beside the couch, more neatly mended than Dora could have imagined. But the sight of the mended gown brought no comfort to her heart.

"Oh, how could I have been so silly? I might have wished for money enough to buy hundreds of plaid dresses; and now I have only this old mended thing. But there are two wishes left. Now, I wonder what I had better ask next It would be nice to have money and beauty and be a singer like Jenny Lind. But I can't have all three. Which had I better ask for first—money or beauty? I'm sure it wouldn't be nice to have millions and—be as ugly as that Miss Harris. Perhaps I'd better take beauty next. Golden hair and blue eyes, like Fair Rosamond, would be attractive; but a dark, stately person, like Edith Plantagenet, would be more dignified. What a strange sound that wind makes outside—it is almost like a dog howling! Oh, I'm afraid my poor little Sancho is lost. I do wish he were here!"

At these words, a joyful bark was heard, and Sancho's soft nose rested on her hand. But Dora greeted him with such a burst of tears that the poor dog was frightened, and tried to comfort her by whining. The duet was so dismal a failure that Dora was forced to laugh, although she had only one precious wish left.

"What shall I do now? I am almost afraid to breathe, for fear of wishing for something silly. Now, I must be rich or pretty—or—or something. I wonder if it would be better to wish for health. There's pretty Maud Hanford, who has so much money, and she's never happy, because she's so delicate. Perhaps I'm all wrong and it would be better to have wisdom or goodness. But then, girls don't need to be wise, and I'm pretty good now. Goodness!—the time is going, and there are only three minutes left. I think ten millions will do, but how nice it would be to be a famous writer like Shakespeare or Tennyson! I must hurry, so I wish for—"

Just then a brilliant idea seemed to come to her, and Dora fairly shouted, "I wish for ten more wishes," as Titania entered the room.

The Queen rushed to the couch, and said: "What do you mean? I never heard of such a wish. The fairies will be shocked!"

"But you said that I might have whatever I wished for," said Dora, triumphantly.

Titania frowned, and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room. Dora could hardly keep from laughing, for the little form looked so funny whirling across the floor. The diamond ornaments flashed maliciously, as if delighted with their owner's plight. Dora had already begun to plan for her ten wishes, but she was rudely disturbed by the page, who entered and commanded her to rise. The Queen, at last, paused, and addressed herself to Dora:

"I must not decide this matter without reference to the King. It is a departure from the rules in fairyland. In the meantime, Ariel must see that you have refreshment. I shall see the King, and shall return to you after you have dined."

Titania left the room, and Ariel, the small page, also disappeared. In a few moments the door opened softly, and a black-faced fairy came in, bearing a tray. A small table tripped over to the couch, and the tray was placed upon it.

Dora was feeling hungry, and the dishes looked very tempting. She had not heard of a black fairy, and wondered if he had only stained his face. There was a silver plate filled with steaming white soup; there was a small pigeon-pie, and the tiniest mushrooms peeped from a pearl saucer; and, best of all, there was a brick of pink ice-cream. Dora partook of every delicacy, and then the black fairy disappeared with the lightened tray. Ariel came in with an emerald finger-bowl and a lace doily, which he most gravely presented. Dora felt very important, and only wished that Tom could see her.

At last, Titania returned, followed by the King, who looked very cross. He was dressed in crimson velvet, and wore a crown almost covered with rubies.

"So you are the presumptuous being who has dared to wish for more wishes," said he.

"Your wife the Queen said that I might have whatever I wanted."

"Well—well—well! A council of the fairies must be summoned, for such a thing has not happened before."

Just then the King rang a bell, and—Dora sat up to hear her mother say, "Dora Ferguson, it is dinner-time, and you have been asleep for almost two hours. You looked so tired that I have mended your dress myself."

Just then Tom appeared with a small, furry object under his arm.

"I've found your foolish dog. I don't believe anyone would want to steal him, and you needn't have made a fuss, anyway."

"But where are Titania, and the black fairy, and — ?" said Dora, in a bewildered way.

"You have been dreaming about fairies, eh?" Tom said, laughing.

Dora laughed too, and they went down to dinner in good humor. When they reached the dining-room, Dora found white soup awaiting them, and the most delicious stewed mushrooms.

"It's very queer," said Dora, as she went to sleep that night. "I'm sorry that I didn't get all the money, but I'm glad that I worried the fairies. I wonder if I'll dream about them again."

But from that day to this, Dora Ferguson has not met her Majesty, Titania.

Our Christmas Rebus

NEVER was there such a shower of letters in the HOME JOURNAL office, as came in answer to our Christmas Rebus, which, by the way, was by a Toronto contributor of much talent, Mrs. E. M. Gardner. The following is the author's solution of the picture, which proved so exciting to the young readers:

"Dear 'Journal's Juniors,'—As the glad Yule-tide is drawing near, we want to extend to you all, hearty greetings, and every good wish for a happy Christmas and a bright and gladsome New Year (or 1910). How sweet and holy are the thoughts and memories that cluster around about the Christmas season! When we are well and joyful ourselves, let us think of those who are not so fortunate, and help all we can to cheer and comfort them. We hope you have found pleasure and profit in our 'Nature History Rhymes" and will continue to enjoy them. Don't you think the HOME JOURNAL would be a fine Christmas box (or gift) for absent friends?"

There were many young people who translated the petitioning figure to mean "beg," but we, of course, have followed the author's rendering of "want." There were some amusing interpretations of certain figures which afforded abundant proof of the ingenuity of the JOURNAL's Juniors and gave the readers many a moment of enjoyment. Altogether, we have found the competition a source of much pleasure and thank all the clever young readers who sent in their solutions of the puzzle. We hope to publish, ere long, another such picture and trust that we shall hear again from our host of young friends. The prize of two dollars goes to Miss Miriam L. Marshall of Berlin, Ontario, who has our hearty congratulations.

The Third Passenger

Continued from page 9

"I wonder," she said, with the *sweetest* smile, "if you would help a person who is in trouble?"

I wasn't very much surprised because, as Edward is rich, we often have requests of that kind and Edward lets me give away all I like. It's by far the nicest part of being rich. So I said:

"I am quite sure I would."

"I am quite sure, too," she said, "but you may think that what I want you to do is strange."

"I hope it is," I told her. "Most things aren't."

She smiled again. "Oh, yes. Most things are!" she said. "Haven't you noticed it? But I must tell you what I want you to do for me as quickly as I can."

"We don't stop for a little while yet, do we?" I asked, but she paid no attention.

"If you will help me, I want you, when you reach New York to go at once to a little village called Streaton. It is about a hundred miles from the city. When you get there you will ask where Mr. Lewis Bond lives—any one will tell you. When you find the house ask for Miss Norma Bond and tell her that you have a message from her mother—no, better not. Tell her you have a message from one who loves her. She is to take the Japanese lacquer box in the study and break open the locked drawer. There is a letter there addressed 'To my daughter Norma.' Let her burn the letter with the seal unbroken. That is all."

"But—" I began.

"I will explain a little if you wish. You see, I am Norma's mother and I left that letter for her before I went away on a long journey. It contains knowledge which I thought she ought to have. But now I know that it doesn't matter—her not knowing, I mean. And if she does know, it will spoil her life. It will break off her marriage. You understand?"

I nodded. It seemed very interesting.

"I went away a year ago and since then no one has looked in the locked drawer, the key is lost, and it is thought to be empty, but before Norma is married it will be opened—"

"How do you know?" I asked rather timidly. I felt it was a question Edward would like me to ask.

"How? Oh—does it matter? The furniture is to be sold. Everything will be opened. And Norma must not read the letter!"

"Shall you go back yourself—for the wedding?" (I knew Edward would expect me to ask this.)

"No, I cannot. It is *impossible*. Impossible in a way that I cannot make you understand. But you believe me?"

"Yes—I—I am so sorry."

"And you will do this for me?" The train was slowing down and she seemed in a hurry.

"Yes—of course. I—oh—I can't! We sail for Europe to-morrow." I had forgotten all about it until that very moment!

And the next moment I had forgotten it again, for the lady nearly frightened me to death—she sank back in her chair looking ghastly white! Twice she seemed to try to speak and couldn't. It was just as if my refusing to go had almost killed her.

"Oh, *don't!*" I said. "I'll go—of course I will. Europe can wait. I'll *make* Edward let me." And I pulled my bag out of the rack and hunted for the smelling salts. When I found them and looked up the lady was gone! The train was just stopping. I ran down the aisle.

"Did she go out this way?" I asked the little nervous man. He did not answer at all but huddled up in his seat with a face like paper and, as the conductor came in just then, he fairly ran to him and hung on his arm.

"What's up?" I heard the conductor say in surprise, and the little man began to talk and gesticulate in the most ridiculous way. He seemed to be talking about *me*. I didn't try to hear what he said, of course, but when he seemed to have quite finished I asked the conductor if he had seen the lady in black get off at the last station.

"Why, yes, certainly," he said in a peculiar sort of way. "Don't you worry, ma'am. It's all right."

"But it isn't all right. She was ill—hardly able to walk alone."

"Never you mind. *She'll* be all right!" he said as if he were soothing a refractory infant. "Just you sit down and rest. Nothing will happen to *her*." And then he and the little nervous man went out.

I was never so perplexed and angry in my life, for the lady was certainly gone and I hadn't asked her half the questions which Edward would expect me to, and I was afraid she might have fallen and hurt herself getting off the train. And then to have the conductor and the nervous man act like idiots! However, I couldn't do anything except make notes of the things she had asked me to do so that Edward would see that it was really a matter of importance in a business way.

The nervous little man did not come back. I decided that perhaps he had taken a fit.

You can understand how eagerly I looked out for Edward at New York and, when I did catch a glimpse of him, how vexed I was to see the conductor and the nervous man talking to him in a very excited way. When he saw me he pushed them both aside and came to me and kissed me—a thing he almost never does at stations—so that I asked at once if any one were dead.

"No," he said, "but some people will be if they're not careful!" And he looked so fiercely at the nervous little man that he shrank away, looking more frightened than ever.

"I think that man is subject to fits," I said. "He had one in the train today. And, Edward dear, I want to break it gently—but I can't possibly go to Europe to-morrow!"

"Can't you?" he said quite mildly, helping me into the motor, and when we were nicely seated he began asking me how mother was and how all the aunts and cousins were and what kind of weather we had had in Boston, and it wasn't until we were at home and I had taken my things off and had some tea that he said:

"And now what's all this nonsense about not going to Europe?"

So I told him.

When I was quite through he seemed very thoughtful.

"Are you quite determined to go to this out-of-the-way place (which probably isn't there) and enquire for this absolute stranger (who possibly doesn't exist) and interfere in the affairs of this problematical family?"

I said I was quite determined. I explained that I had to. I had said I would and the lady expected it of me. I said she was the kind of person whom one would not disappoint for *anything*.

"Well, then," he said, "I think I had better tell you. That nervous looking man whom you thought had a fit is no less a person than Silas P. Roxborough, one of the hardest heads on Wall Street. And he thinks you are crazy. He says that all the way in the Pullman, until he couldn't stand it any longer, you were talking to *an empty seat*. It got on his

Continued on page 32

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WHEN THE TOWER GAVE UP ITS GHOST

The Story of a Wicked Spirit Haunting a Canadian Town

By C. M. STOREY

On the river's sloping bank and in close proximity to a battered old wharf, for generations had stood an old stone tower, grim and grey and argus-eyed, just beginning to be old enough to be of legendary interest.

Travellers disputed as to the purpose that had called it into existence—whether light-house, military post or windmill. At a short distance was the rejected nucleus of what had been a promising town site in early Colonial days, but had been thwarted by the caprice of a railroad. A few descendants of the original settlers and fewer newcomers formed a frugal, industrious, ghost-fearing community, with a parson and a doctor to advise them in things spiritual and temporal.

Strange stories were told of this tower—it had an alleged ghost as all properly equipped towers should have at its time of life. What this ghost's antecedents had been was interestingly vague, but the old folk told of a young French Count, who for some intrigue at court, real or suspected, had been sent to America, that overseas land of redemption. Arriving at Quebec, he travelled inland to Montreal, and journeying thitherward he succumbed to the lure of this wild, lawless life of the Coureur de Bois and abandoned himself to it. He married an Algonquin maiden as Indians wed, and every spring they, in company with other Indians and traders, went to Montreal to dispose of peltries collected during the winter. But there came a fatal springtime. The count's canoe led the flotilla and an Iroquois arrow came whizzing through the air and pierced his heart. He fell headlong into the river, and days after the body was washed ashore near where the tower was built, and was buried on the sunny side of the hill. Some one stuck a roughly-hewn cross in the earth to mark the spot, but this had disappeared long before the oldest inhabitant could remember. This is the story the old folk told and the young folk called it the ghost story.

Of course neither the parson nor the doctor believed in this ghost, and if they had only known it, there were two others, yes, three, who did not believe in it and could have told more than most people know about ghosts. These were Richard Balder and his brother, known as "the lad," who lived a little east of the tower, and old Kate, their accomplice in deeds requiring darkness and, at intervals a ghost for greater security.

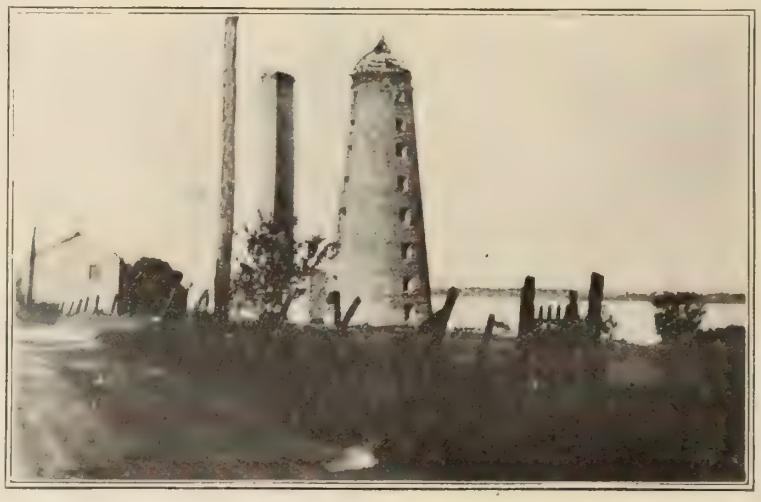
Morose and reticent, these two men had for years repelled all neighborly advances. A few years prior to our story the lad had married a pink-cheeked lassie from an adjacent settlement—much against his brother's will. The Towertonites expressed their approval of the bride and hoped she would win the brothers out of their retirement, but unfortunately the reverse occurred. She, too, soon began to shun her well-meaning and kindly-disposed neighbors and in less than two years, a victim of the baneful influence of the Balder homestead, they carried her to the little willow and live-for-ever clad churchyard where they laid her away with her secrets, not far from the spot where tradition [illegible] young Count lay.

Despite the attitude of the Balder men, their neighbors had no complaint to make of them. They [illegible] a few acres of not over-fertile ground, its chief product being vegetables, which they took to market once or twice a week. Hard-working [illegible] if they chose to live by themselves [illegible] perfect right to do so? If they retired [illegible] and rose at dawn, wasn't it a reasonable thing to do? Thus argued the charitable [illegible] of Towerton and went their various ways [illegible] the market gardeners to go theirs, little suspecting that it was the hand of "the lad" that carried the light up and down the tower ladders, and old Kate's voice that uttered the sepulchural notes that established the tower ghost beyond a doubt. The tower held a smugglers' secret with neither bolt nor bar to keep it.

Old Kate lived in a tumble-down shack within a shadow's length of the tower and was an invaluable ally. In Ireland, her reputation would have been savoury enough to justify burning her for witchcraft. In the Canadian town she was only considered a "little queer" and "not to be trifled with." She rarely left home and when the curious were attracted by the tower she was always on hand to point out the weakness of the ladders leading from floor to floor, if such the skeleton platforms stretched across at intervals could be called. If the visitor persisted there came spine-chilling tales of the last victim. If these were not effective, there was always the ghost—and who does not respect the sacred precincts of ghostly habitation?

The villagers had no curiosity regarding the tower. Like the poor, it had always been with them and they would as soon have suspected their own potato patches of containing a criminal secret as the tower. The only object in climbing to the top would have been to view the landscape; but the artistic temperament had not invaded Towerton yet. No, the secret was not likely to be discovered by the tourist. Being on the high road and open to all was a proof against unprovoked suspicion, but few would have been bold enough to take advantage of the opportunity these conditions offered.

The Balders were supposed to retire at dark;



THE HAUNTED TOWER BY THE RIVER.

but oftener they donned tarpaulin suits, partly for disguise and partly for convenience, and, stealing quietly down to the river, pushed out a rough but steady skiff into the swiftly running waters, pulling up stream till about half-way across the river. Then they would drift down at the will of the current, save for a guiding oar dragging in the water, till almost directly opposite the point from which they started. Here they would land and make their way up to the bank to a little hut not much better than the shack beside the tower, taking with them as many cans as they could safely carry back full in the boat. The ceremony of filling the cans and paying for the contents was conducted almost in silence, and then the two men, assisted by the "merchant," carried the cans back to the boat.

Returning with a load it was easier to breast the current and row straight across, and, as there was little fear of detection in the dark nights, which they selected for their visits across the river, little manoeuvring was necessary.

On reaching the shore, almost at the base of the tower, a low, hoarse cry like that of a loon sounded on the night air. The light in old Kate's window moved slightly back and forth. Then came the loon-like note again and Kate's door opened. She would emerge with a dark lantern in one hand and a sort of wooden cage in the other. These she gave to the men who had carried their load to the tower floor. The lad, slim, and agile as a cat, lantern in hand, would mount the rickety old ladders, carefully concealing the light that it might not appear through the apertures at intervals in the wall.

Reaching an upper floor it was the work of a moment to fix an oft-adjusted pulley in place and let a rope down to which the other would attach the cage in which he had placed a can. In this way they hauled to security coal oil and other commodities on which a wise government had placed a heavy duty.

When the goods were required for delivery the same process was carried out and the oil emptied into a barrel which could be carried to the Balder place in a boat. Arriving there it would be placed in a larger barrel and covered up with vegetables, ready for delivery at the store of their customer in the morrow's broad daylight. At first the contraband goods had been concealed on their own premises, but after one or two narrow escapes from exposure, at the old woman's suggestion the tower scheme was worked out.

This went on for two or three years, when one night a column of smoke was seen to ascend from Kate's garden. This was a danger signal. As soon as it was dark the two arrived at the tower, prepared, if necessary, to vacate the place, for while there might be no evidence to incriminate them they had no intention of leaving the stuff to be confiscated. Old Kate, though she never left home, had the faculty of finding out all the village gossip. When there was suspicion of anything wrong in the community she always knew it, and if it concerned her accomplices, gave warning.

This time the detectives had actually been at the tower—it was a case of suspicion, not mere curiosity, and only their excessive avoirdupois and the alleged unsafe condition of the ladders prevented discovery. They would probably return at daylight with some one venturous enough to scale the topmost ladder, though no one in the neighborhood could be found who would do it.

The men listened to the woman's story in silence, for conversation was not one of the factors by which Richard Balder and the lad had been successful smugglers for years.

The stock of goods on this particular occasion consisted of only a few gallons of coal oil, a web or two of cotton and a few pounds of tobacco. The older man, grim as the tower itself, was always the leader. To-night he communicated his plan to neither of his associates. Perhaps they guessed what it was.

In less than an hour everything was loaded in the boat and the tower left to the undisturbed occupation of the ghost.

To have kept the goods on his premises would have been to invite detection and punishment which was not to be thought of. They must be taken somewhere, and Richard Balder knew where.

All the evening heavy clouds hovered over Towerton and distant thunder portended the storm. It was a night for a masquerade. By eleven o'clock, the stuff had all been reloaded on the market wagon and the older man was on his way to the store of Jacob Kane, who was his partner, nay the instigator of his crime.

At midnight, the storm pageant was at its most brilliant stage. The rain was coming down as if out of the proverbial buckets, the sky was a constant glare of blinding light and the thunder, now close at hand, was growing more awful in its mutterings.

Jacob Kane had stayed late at his store that night and was just coming out of the door when Balder drove up.

"Man alive!" he exclaimed, "What brings you here at this time of night?"

"Reason enough," returned the other.

Seeing the contents of the wagon, Kane continued:

"You can't leave that truck here to-night. Don't you know the place is being watched?"

"As well find it here as at the tower. Come, lend a hand." He drove through the yard to the shed where he was accustomed to unload. Notwithstanding the deluge, Kane followed, but made no offer to assist. Balder, long accustomed to bear burdens threw the goods out of the wagon with little effort aand climbed in again.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE. A. PUTNAM,
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

The Annual Convention

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE City of Guelph at all times gives the visitor the impression of brisk business and solid worth; but, during the second week of December, it assumes an air of agricultural wealth and prosperity which leaves the mere shopkeeper from London, Toronto or Montreal seriously imbued with the idea that the farmer is verily the backbone of the country—and a backbone which is guaranteed against any grave disorder. It is the week of the Winter Fair at Guelph and tall, jovial men with fur-lined coats and fat pocketbooks are going to and fro discoursing on the merits of such stock as Ontario may well be proud to claim. Horses, beef cattle, dairy cattle, sheep, swine and poultry are discussed with fervor by men who have come from all corners of the province.

But there is something else going on in the Royal City, which is even more important than the Winter Fair. Behold, it is the annual convention of the Ontario Women's Institutes, which is meeting in Massey Hall on December 8th and 9th. There is a proud cluster of buildings on the hill overlooking the city, where stately dark avenues of snow-crowned trees make a picturesque guard. There is Macdonald Institute, where hundreds of bright Canadian girls are learning all manner of practical and scientific arts; then you come to Macdonald Hall, one of the handsomest residences in the broad Dominion, presided over by that charming gentlewoman, Mrs. Fuller, where the girls have the happiest times imaginable. If you wish to be a pessimist, you must keep away from Macdonald Hall, for youthful life is at its bonniest and hopefullest in that favored spot, and one takes away the pleasantest memories of beautiful rooms, spacious halls, pretty girls and — delightful dinners.

Then there is that substantial grey building, the Ontario Agricultural College, which everyone knows as the O. A. C., and which has done more good in less time than any other institution of its class. President G. C. Creelman is another incurable optimist, who would drive the blues out of a dyspeptic undertaker, and whose ability is equal to his good spirits. Beyond the O. A. C., we find Massey Hall and Library, where "the" convention is being held. The proof of the need and usefulness of the Women's Institutes may be seen in their amazing growth. Ten years ago, the membership of this order did not exist. To-day, there are fourteen thousand members of the various divisions, ranging from the chilly regions of Northern Ontario to the sunny districts of vineyard-blessed Kent and Essex. The farmer's wife has not been the only woman to benefit by these widespread societies. In the towns and countryside alike, the influence of the Institutes has been felt, uniting and benefiting women who have discovered a common interest in the variety of subjects discussed at the meetings. However, we must drop glittering generalities or there will not be a word about the convention.

In the first place, there was a larger delegation than has been seen at any other such gathering. The hall was filled—was packed, in sober truth, with women who had come from all the corners and counties of Ontario to tell what they have been doing, to hear what others have been doing, and to listen to the aggregated wisdom of the special speakers. Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, presided over the morning session on the first day and proved himself the right official in the right place. What the Department of Agriculture would do without Mr. James we shudder to contemplate. Ministers may rise and fall, Governments may go to triumph or defeat, but, so long as Mr. James is "Deputy," the Province of Ontario does not worry over the interests of agriculture. President Creelman's address of welcome and the reply by Mrs. Talcott of Bloomfield, opened the formal proceedings happily, while a review of the year's work by Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent, showed how wonderful and gratifying have been the growth and progress of these organizations during the last twelve months. A discussion regarding county conventions by Institute officers who have had experience in organizing and conducting such assemblies was the next and the closing feature on the morning's programme.

In the afternoon, Mrs. D. MacTavish of Port Elgin, who has been a strong friend and supporter of the institute movement, presided over the deliberations. Dr. Backus of Aylmer gave a paper on the important subject of "Environment." Then followed a very interesting feature in the convention, consisting of reports from various districts and discussion of difficulties met with in Institute work.

While it was plain that the work accomplished by the Institute is valuable in all communities, it was evident that, the more remote the district, the more important was the stimulus from Institute meetings. Renfrew was an instance where the good results had been most encouraging. An extremely bright and engaging speaker was Mrs. Graham of Brampton, who announced that the five hundred members in Peel County have set to work to open a hospital. In six weeks, they have raised over eight hundred dollars; so, the outlook is decidedly encouraging. If each of the five hundred members is actuated by the same spirit as the delegate who told of their plans, the hospital for Peel County will soon be ready to receive patients. An item of peculiar interest appeared to be the provision for delegates, who speak at the various smaller conventions. Some of these, it is alleged, prefer hotel accommodation to being entertained by an Institute member. This seems a strange choice on the part of the delegate, but, in that case, the expense should be assumed by the Department, not by the local Institute. Mrs. MacTavish, the presiding officer, put the matter on a commonsense and reasonable basis by stating that, in her many visits as delegate, she had always been entertained by members, and in a most satisfactory fashion. "However," added the presiding officer, "I am not hard to please. Bread-and-butter and a cup of tea will satisfy me."

Most of the delegates who gave their reports had the matter well-arranged and spoke so clearly and distinctly, that they could easily be heard. This is a circumstance of first importance. Canadian women are comparatively new to the business of addressing a public meeting and have hardly attained the self-control of an English woman speaker to whom political matters are everyday topics. But we are rapidly acquainting ourselves with parliamentary rules and are acquiring both ease and brevity in public expression of opinion. It makes no difference how good the material may be, if the manner of delivery is poor. To the credit of the Women's Institute delegates, the majority could easily be heard—and when they could not, the audience politely demanded repetition.

Mrs. William Bacon from Orillia, that picturesque Simcoe town, presided at the morning session on Thursday, December 9th. A decidedly interesting feature was "The Day's Work," taking up general plans for household management and work in country, town and city. Mrs. W. W. Farley of Smithfield was the first to deal with this everyday topic, and she handled the subject in an entirely practical manner. Five o'clock is the time for country rising, an hour which is somewhat alarming to the city housekeeper. Mrs. Farley's description of the day's work in the country differed in certain respects from that of urban conditions, but the essentials of system and good management were the same. In the farm home, the washing of milk pans, the looking after separators and such details are of daily importance, and must be attended to promptly. Mrs. Farley emphasized the theory that an hour in the morning is worth two at any other time. Dinner, she insists upon, at twelve o'clock, and this rule is not varied except under extraordinary circumstances. The speaker stated that in her experience, evening should be reserved for reading and recreation. It is bad management when household work is prolonged into the evening. Mrs. Farley's address proved so interesting that she was strongly urged to give her recipes for canned chicken and other delectable dishes. These, however, the HOME JOURNAL hopes to give its readers, by courtesy of the speaker.

Mrs. John Cumberland of Brampton gave an address on the same subject in a practical and humorous vein which would appeal to any audience. The men who complacently remark that women have no sense of humor ought to attend a convention of the Women's Institute, where they will hear many a sly bit of Irish wit or Scotch humor—sometimes, it must be admitted, at masculine expense. Mrs. Cumberland dwelt upon the disposition of work in the town home, declaring that she was in favor of Monday as wash day, if it were a fine day. However, she warned her feminine friends not to overdo the matter of system and order, as human nature is not merely mechanical, and there may be a crisis when adherence to rules is worse than foolish. The speaker divided the work of the week into: washing for Monday, baking bread and ironing for Tuesday, special baking or cleaning for Wednesday and Thursday, sweeping for Friday. Mrs. Cumberland mentioned several simple ways of saving labor in the laundry and in connection with "sweeping day," that event which is often considered drudgery. Mrs. Cumberland, although a resident of a town home, showed a decided preference for the country life and made her town hearers fairly homesick for the fresh air and wide fields of the regions beyond the city smoke. Mrs. Cumberland reminded her country hearers of the long drives which they may enjoy when feet and hands are tired, during which eyes are rested and brain is refreshed by communion with "God's own out-doors." Town advantages were not decried, but both speaker and audience appeared to sway in favor of the life of the country.

Mrs. W. W. Howell of West Toronto gave the third address on this subject, with a comprehensive grasp of its importance, since her experience has ranged over country, town and city. Mrs. Howell spoke of the household arrangements, for a family of five, where four are engaged in business and are depending on one woman's brain and hands for home comfort and sustenance. Breakfast, a good

A PLEASING RECEPTION ROOM IN A CANADIAN HOME.

Continued on page 32

EATON WAISTS AT PRI

T-80146. Waist of fine black lawn. The front and back are made with clusters of fine and large tucks; fastens in front with small covered buttons; shaped collar tucked, trimmed with frill of lace; long sleeves with link cuffs. A very desirable tailor-made style which has become very popular with neat, stylish dressers.

Sale Price **85c**

If by mail, postage extra **7c**

T-80133. Tailored Style Shirt Waist, made of striped cambric; the front is fastened with pearl buttons, has a wide tuck down either side, also wide Gibson pleat; top handkerchief pocket and white linen detachable collar; long sleeves with attached link cuffs; a popular style and easily laundered. Colors, white and black or white and navy stripe. (Tie shown not included.) ....

Sale Price **75c**

If by mail, postage extra **10c**

T-80126. Waist made of fine white lawn. The front is of fine all-over embroidery, trimmed with clusters of tucks to bust line, also extending down either side; attached collar and pointed sleeves, tucked and finished with edging of lace; buttoned in back and tucked .....

Sale Price **65c**

If by mail, postage extra **5c**

T-80132. Waist of fine quality whit lawn. Is made open front style; the front of fine embroidery with four ½-inch tuck also has row of embroidery down centre tucked collar and long pointed sleeves, edge with lace; back tucked.

Sale Price **75**

If by mail, postage extra **5c**

T-52101. Waist made of lustre; is fastened in front with silk covered buttons; has cluster of six full length tucks either side, also wide Gibson tuck which extends over shoulder and down back; detached collar tucked; long sleeves with neatly stitched buttoned cuffs; unlined. Choice of black or cream.

Sale Price **98c**

If by mail, postage extra **9c**

Waists are made in bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42.

Styles: T-80146, T-80133, T-80130, T-80032, T-80143, T-52122, and T-52101 are also made in bust size 44, and can be supplied at prices quoted.

T-80130. White Irish Linen Shirt Waist. The entire front consists of clusters of small and 1-inch tucks; is fastened with pearl buttons; long sleeves with attached link cuffs; detached white linen collar; back finished with tucks. This smart tailored style has become very popular (Tie shown not included.)

Sale Price **1.35**

If by mail, postage extra **15c**

T-80032. Waist of fine white lawn made in open-front style; front is formed of fine all-over embroidery in new ring pattern, trimmed with clusters of pin tucks to bust line, also has panel of embroidery down centre; shaped collar and long pointed sleeves, tucked, and finished with edging of lace; back trimmed with four ½-inch tucks, giving double box pleat effect.

Sale Price **1.25**

If by mail, postage extra **6c**

T-80135. Waist made of fine white law The front and back are formed of fine all-o embroidery in eyelet design, trimmed with cl ter tucking; attached shaped collar of embroid and lace insertion, edged with frill of lace; l pointed sleeves with panel of all-over embroid and tucking, finished with row of lace insert and frill of lace; buttoned in back.

Sale Price **1.4**

If by mail, postage extra **11c**

Our January and February Sale Catalogue Lists the Best Values We Have Ever Offered. Write for It.

THE T. EA
TORONTO

ES LOWER THAN EVER

T-52123. Japanese Silk Waist; front formed with panel of embroidered net and large tucks, also row of Valenciennes lace insertion and three full length ¾-inch tucks either side; a wide Gibson tuck extends over the shoulder; attached shaped collar trimmed with lace insertion and edged with lace; long pointed sleeves have trimming of tucks and embroidered net, finished with lace insertion and lace; buttoned in back and tucked; unlined. Colors, black or ivory.

Sale Price 2.25

If by mail, postage extra **10c**

T-80134. Waist made of fine white lawn; as all-over embroidered front in dainty design, immed with tucks and row of lace insertion ther side; long pointed sleeves and attached llar have rows of tucks, finished around edge ith lace; is buttoned in back and cked.

Sale Price 85c

If by mail, postage extra **6c**

T-80136. Waist made of fine quality white lawn. The dainty all-over embroidered front has trimming of cluster tucking and row of crochet lace insertion, also wide tuck which extends over shoulder and down back; attached shaped collar and long pointed sleeves, trimmed with tucks and finished with edging of crochet lace; buttoned in back, has box pleat down centre and cluster of fine tucks either side.

Sale Price 1.00

If by mail, postage extra **6c**

T-80143. White Linenette Waist made in new tailored style. The front has box pleat down centre and fastens through with pearl buttons; also has six rows of tucks and two wide shoulder tucks either side; long sleeves with laundered link cuffs; detached white linen collar; back finished with tucks. (Tie shown not included.)

Sale Price 1.00

If by mail, postage extra **15c**

-80088. Dainty Style Waist made of fine over eyelet embroidery; front has yoke and ped collar of lace insertion, edged with frill of e around neck; clusters of fine tucks give the ired fullness; long pointed sleeves finished h edging of lace; buttoned in back, and trim- d with two clusters of full length tucks either

Sale Price 1.59

If by mail, postage extra **11c**

T-80150. Fine White Lawn Waist. The front is made of new embroidery in the Italian filet effect, trimmed with clusters of fine tucking; attached shaped collar of Valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; back and long pointed sleeves tucked in clusters of small and large tucks, finished at wrist with lace insertion and frill of lace; fine hemstitched veining at shoulder seams and sleeves; buttoned in back.

Sale Price 1.95

If by mail, postage extra **11c**

T-52097. Waist made of fine **Brussels Net;** front trimmed with rows of Cluny lace insertion, also clusters of fine tucks to bust line, giving a yoke effect; attached shaped collar, tucked, trimmed with lace insertion and edged with Valenciennes lace; back and long pointed sleeves have trimming of lace insertion and cluster tucking, finished at cuffs with frill of Valenciennes lace; fastens invisibly in back; lined throughout with Jap silk. Colors, white or ecru.

Sale Price 2.95

If by mail, postage extra **12c**

T-52122. Black Taffeta Silk Waist. The front, cuffs and tucked collar are trimmed with silk soutache braiding in an effective design; front and back tucked in clusters of fine tucking; box pleat down centre conceals the opening; long pointed sleeves finished with cross tucks; unlined. In black only.

Sale Price 2.89

If by mail, postage extra **12c**

WAISTS 44 SIZE BUST.
The following styles shown on this page can be supplied in bust size 44:—
T-80146, T-80133, T-80130, T-80032, T-80143, T-52122, and T-52101 at prices quoted.

ON CO. LIMITED
- - CANADA

We Will Refund Your Money in Full if You are Dissatisfied with Your Purchase.

The Dressing Table

THE [illegible] dressing-table. [illegible] powder [illegible] sation whispered [illegible] You know, my [illegible] and paints"—[illegible] in these days. Paint [illegible] all of us who desire [illegible] shining nose and the perspiring brow. Rouge is something to be touched very gingerly, if at all; but powder is a daily necessity to the woman who wishes to soften the aspect of features with which Time is beginning to tamper.

The powder-box of olden time was of sandalwood or of papier-mache, and few women aspired to any receptacle more elaborate. To-day, the small cut-glass jar with monogrammed silver top is a prime favorite and most girls are not content until they add such a sparkling item to their toilet set. Recently there have been displayed some exquisite powder-boxes in delicate china, resembling Dresden in design. The prices for these range from three dollars up, and any of them is an ornament to the oak or mahogany of the bureau or dressing-table.

There is the miniature powder-box which the business woman or shopper places in her bag. It is made of ivory or ivorine, with the daintest bit of a puff, which just flicks the shiny nose or the gleaming cheek-bones with an effective touch of rice-powder, reducing them to a becoming velvety softness once more. Happy is the woman who knows when and how to apply this transforming touch! It makes all the difference between a complete toilet and that which leaves the small matters unfinished.

THERE is no such thing as an old woman or a plain woman any more, according to modern statistics. A writer in the *Elite Monthly*, thus encourages the young person who may be so discouraged as to consider herself plain.

There is no excuse for the plain girl not to look fascinating nowadays. Dress seems to be specially adapted for her requirements, and provided she devotes sufficient time and trouble to her appearance, she may pass, if not for a pretty girl, at least one that has a piquant fascination.

The plain girl must first begin with her hair. This must never be carelessly dressed, and it would be worth her while to go two or three times to her hairdresser and learn the secret of arranging it in a becoming fashion. She can keep it in order herself by massage and tonics, and her dressing-table should always be supplied with a velvet pad to be used for rubbing and polishing the hair.

Many plain girls bring out and strengthen the otherwise dull color of their eyes by wearing ear-rings of deeper hues. For instance, turquoise blue ear-rings seem to accentuate the tone of pale eyes, and girls with brown eyes may wear topaz ear-rings or stones with a shade of green in their depths.

Every plain girl should study carefully examine the color of her eyes to see if there are any "spots" in them, as to dress up to the "spots in your eyes" is one of the first laws of the beauty expert, and it is astonishing how much extra piquacy is gained by following this rule.

Of course, the best points of the figure should be studied and the right waist-line must be assured. If diet and exercise will not bring the measurements of the figure to the desired requirements, then the plain girl must wear gowns that will hide her defects. The present mode of dressing should prove a veritable godsend for the plain girl, as the straight "up and down" dress certainly prevents the revelation of any shortcomings in figure.

The girl with ugly hands can achieve wonders by giving a great deal of attention to manicuring and whitening them. She may also wear long sleeves with points that come over her knuckles, and at least her nails may be polished and made to look attractive even if her fingers are thick and stumpy. Moreover, the fashion of constantly wearing gloves on every possible occasion, even in the house, is distinctly to be encouraged, and there is no excuse for any woman nowadays to fail in being perfectly gloved.

IT is thought by many that it is impossible to have any kind of efficacious skin food or hair tonic except through a visit to the specialist. While such a visit is very much to be desired, and those who can afford it are to be considered fortunate, there are many remedies which any woman may have at home. Margaret Hubbard Ayer tells of several of these:

There are all kinds of very simple remedies which are so easily made at home that it would be farcical to ask a druggist to make them up. And these same old-wife receipts are often more efficacious, or as much so, as the most expensive prescriptions. One of the most splendid heads of hair I have ever seen had been restored to life and health by applications of sage tea and whisky in equal parts with a dash of quinine in the bottle. Tea is the basis of a great many hair tonics, especially sage tea, a tonic from which may be made as follows:

Garden sage (dried) ...	2 ozs.
Green tea	2 ozs.

Put the herbs into a pot which has a tight cover and pour over them three quarts of boiling water. Let simmer till reduced by one-third. Take off the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours. Strain and bottle. Wet the scalp with the lotion every night and massage vigorously. This tonic will stain the pillow unless the hair is dry before going to bed. It will also make light hair a shade or two darker.

Another home-made black-tea tonic is mixed in this manner:

Bay rum, 2 ounces; glycerin, 2 ounces; alcohol, 2 ounces; infusion of black tea, 10 ounces. Mix and perfume to suit. The tea infusion should be made very strong, say an ounce of tea to ten or twelve ounces of boiling water. Let it steep for twenty minutes, then stand till cool; strain and add the other ingredients; apply with a soft sponge to the roots of the hair. It will darken blond hair.

A home receipt for a hair tonic, a very pleasant lotion for naturally strong hair, and used by a family for many years who all had abundant and heavy hair which retained its color until long past middle age, is made of eau de cologne and castor oil, 16 ounces of the former and 2 ounces of the latter. Only the purest and strongest German cologne will answer for this tonic, and if it is of the proper strength it will dissolve the oil completely.

A tonic highly prized by a New England family, the formula of which has been handed down from mother to daughter, is called the Yellow Dock-Root Lotion:

Yellow dock-root	1 lb.
Water	5 pts.

Boil together till the water is reduced to a pint, strain and add:

Pulverized borax	1 oz.
Coarse salt	½ oz.
Sweet oil	3 ozs.
New England Rum	1 pt.

Add the juice of 3 large red onions and perfume with 1 ounce of oil of lavender and 10 grains of ambergris.

Concerning Work-Boxes

IT is reasonable, says a Montreal authority on "Housecraft," to suppose that work-boxes were introduced almost simultaneously with needles and scissors, and it is certain that these were in use 6,000 years before the Christian era. But our knowledge of the subject is so small that we can only surmise what the work-boxes of only 500 years back were like. The oldest English specimens actually existing are of the time of Queen Elizabeth; they originally belonged to the Royal ladies, and have an historic interest in addition to that inspired by the beauty and elaboration of the boxes themselves. In the King's collection at Windsor is a box with embroidered panels wrought by Mary Queen of Scots circa 1563, and among the treasures of Penshurt Place is another covered with needlework, typically Tudor in design, which was once the property of the maiden Queen herself. To the Tudor Exhibition held in 1890 Gen. Cranford-Fraser lent a work-box finely embroidered with figures representing Daphne, Narcissus, and Europa, which was stated to have been a gift from Queen Elizabeth to one of her maids of honor. These boxes are all large, and divided interiorly into many compartments and drawers, according to a mode which prevailed up to the very end of the seventeenth century.

Of the Stuart period boxes an early example, owned by the King, is believed to have been presented by Charles I, to Nicholas Ferrar's neices, the so-called "nuns" of Little Gidding, and so has a very special interest attached to it. In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, is a casket ornamented with embroidery in purl, which has the date 1655 painted on the silk lining of the front, which opens out door fashion, while a particularly good specimen of a rather later period is described and illustrated in detail in Old English Embroidery, by F. and H. Marshall. The outside of the last-mentioned box (the property of the late Lady Charlotte Schreiber) is covered with stump work of high relief embroidery of the most elaborate kind, and is dated 1677. A box of the same period, or perhaps a little later, is covered with the usual white satin and embroidered with colored beads, the design including those queer birds and beasts, insects and flowers customarily introduced into embroideries of this particular time, combined in this case with the figure of a lady holding a lily, on the lid, and another lady attended by a cavalier, on the front panel. Inside there is a tray lined with pink sarsenet and fitted with a long box-pincushion covered with pink velvet, the rest of the space being divided up into many compartments and drawers, within which are more "secret" drawers, none very hard to discover, and all disappointingly empty when the box came into the writer's possession! The sides of the "well" under the tray are, for some inscrutable reason, lined with panels of looking-glass. After the manner of its kind, this box evidently "contrived a double debt to pay," for it is fitted with pewter-topped ink bottle and sand holder.

After the reign of Charles II. work-tables to some extent superseded the less roomy, if more portable boxes, and Queen Mary's table, solid and practical, if just a little clumsy, is still to be seen in the State apartments at Kensington Palace. It is of walnut and of the same favorite wood were also made very many of the work-boxes of the period; but at least an equal number were lacquered in the Chinese style, according to the then prevailing fancy for things Oriental. These boxes were for the most part large and serviceable, and the decorations often pleasing, but they were but plain and homely things compared with the charming boxes that came into vogue towards the end of the eighteenth century. Of these the prettiest are of tortoiseshell ornamented with pique work in gold, silver, or steel, or with inlayings of ivory or pearl-shell, more or less elaborate, but invariably finely executed. Within the boxes are correspondingly dainty. The linings are usually of velvet or satin and in many instances the needle book, pincushion, and some other articles are further adorned with the most delicate embroidery. The fittings are mounted in silver, silver gilt, ivory, tortoise-shell, or pearl, and in the larger boxes, in addition to the usual scissors, thimble, etc., there are many beautifully carved ivory or pearl silk winders and reel-holders, shuttles large and small, tambour hooks and stilettos, tweezers, penknives, pencil and tablets, and always a tiny scent or salts bottle. Boxes so handsome and implements so frail are ill-suited to everyday usage, and hence it comes about that many of them still exist in wonderfully perfect condition.

Another and more businesslike type of work-box in common use during the last decade of the eighteenth century and the first two of the nineteenth, was sarcophagus-like in shape and covered with leather, generally red or brown in color, and simply tooled. The handles, lock plates and feet —claw or ball—were gilded brass and and the better class of boxes were lined with kid or satin, for which in the cheaper ones colored paper was substituted. These boxes were sparsely fitted in comparison with their smarter predecessors, and as they were meant to stand regular use, and evidently got it, even these scanty plenishings are too often lacking. An old leather-covered box retains a single specimen of its original fittings, to wit, a tape measure in a carved ivory case. This work-box is nicely made; its exterior is wine red in color, and it is lined with cream kid, the inside of the lid, however, being filled by a pretty little contemporary print on white velvet. A large box decorated with the imitation marqueterie in favor during the Regency, illustrates a form of "art" of which descriptions may be found, under the name of "Chinese Paintings," in the Lady's Book and similar manuals of the late Georgian period. The pattern, vaguely Chinese in character, was drawn on the smooth white wood of which the box was made, with a pen and black paint. Veinings and shadows were carefully put in, and the ground afterwards entirely filled in with black paint, leaving the design alone untouched, the whole being finally coated with white mastic varnish. Occasionally a little color was introduced in the design: the lid of the box in question, for instance, is decorated with a group of Chinese figures slightly tinted, although there is no hint of color elsewhere. The box stands on carved ivory feet, and inside it has a tray of many little compartments lined with pale blue satin. It belonged originally to the writer's great-grandmother, and was assigned to about 1812.

The Mystery of Barry Ingram

Continued from page 15

He drank his cup of tea without a further word, and almost immediately left the room. On the stairs he met Christabel coming up.

"Where have you been, and what has hurt you, Stephen? You look wretched."

"I've knocked against the nether millstone of Carita's heart," was all he said.

CHAPTER XII.

"GOOD-BYE."

CHRISTABEL took a last walk through the Tyrie woods, ending her wanderings at the Silver Strand. She be-thought her of the solitary man, living at the cottage in the clearing. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and she might just happen to find Simons there. She passed through the wicket, and before taking the woodland path to the clearing, turned aside almost involuntarily to the Lovers' Dell. She had not visited it since that dreadful day when the tragedy had occurred, and she could hardly have put into words the impulse that took her now. The young leaves were bursting on some of the earlier trees, and all the catkins were downy on the willows; while here and there a primrose peeped out, relieving the green with its starlike bloom.

The path leading to the Lovers' Dell had not of late been trod by many feet. After the morbid curiosity which always surrounds a place of crime or mystery had worn away it became a spot universally shunned. No more trysts were kept at the Lovers' Dell, and even the path which led through and beyond it was now overgrown with grass, with not a footprint to be seen.

There was still much gossip among the country folk regarding the crime and its chief actors. Christabel had heard from Stephen and others that Alan Hastie, the faithful lover, often haunted the dell in inconsolable grief. She therefore felt no surprise when she beheld a figure enter from the opposite side, a somewhat gaunt and pitiful-looking figure, with haggard face and pain-haunted eyes.

Her quick sympathy went out to him, and instead of immediately turning away, she took a step forward, and bade him a friendly good-afternoon. He stopped short, leaning on his gun, surprised at sight of her, but still more surprised that she should speak to him so kindly.

"I didna think there would be anybody here," he said in a somewhat husky voice.

"Neither did I," she answered cheerfully. "I am leaving Tyrie tomorrow, Hastie, and I am now saying good-bye to some of the old haunts. I don't know what made me come here."

Unless she had know the man, and been herself of a fearless courage, his sinister looks might well have alarmed her. There was even a wildness in his eyes which seemed to indicate a disordered brain. Christabel remembered hearing among other gossip that Jamie Barclay the under-forester had left the bothy where he had lived with Hastie, being unable to support his existence under the same roof with a man so sadly changed.

"I micht say the same, Miss Christabel," he replied in a low voice. "But come here early or late, you'll find me no far awa'."

"Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; but would it not be better for you to get a change somewhere—to seek another place?" asked Christabel gently. "What good will it do to moon about here? It can never bring poor Nancy back again, and after all, we have a duty to the living as well—to the memory of the dead——"

"Naebody minds me much, Miss Christabel. I have nae folks," he answered bluntly. "And as for gaun awa', I micht do that, even to the ither side of the sea, and it would draw me back again."

"Come, come; you have allowed it to master you," said Christabel, still not in the least afraid but only filled with intense compassion for him. I think you ought to go away without delay. I have heard that Simons is seeking a change, too; and though we shall be sorry to lose such a good man from the neighborhood, I am sure he is right."

"Simons may go, but where could I go that wad mak' me forget. I tell ye, Miss Christabel, there's things a man never forgets, and there's a hell he carries aboot wi' him to his grave."

She had now no doubt that grief had partially turned Alan Hastie's brain, but no thought of personal fear disturbed her.

"It was a terrible thing, and I have heard how fond you were of her, Hastie, but time will help. It does not seem so now; but——"

"No; and I tell you, it'll never help me, until—until——"

He stopped there, rested the barrel of his gun on the ground, and appeared to examine the trigger. Christabel, with a sudden fear that the tragedy was going to have a dreadful sequel, stepped forward quickly and fearlessly, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Hastie, what would be the use of that? I know what is in your mind. I see it in your eye, but would it *do* you any good? It would only increase the misery for everybody concerned."

"But it would put me ooten torture, Miss Christabel," he said simply.

"Perhaps not," she said quite seriously. "It is a wicked thing to do, and a coward's act as well. Put up your gun, and go quietly away home. Come up and see me in the evening. I am nearly certain I can get you a good place if you will promise to take it."

He shook his head, and a small, strange smile seemed to play about his lips.

"Ye are very quick. Miss Christabel, and I will own to ye that I had it in my mind to do it this very day. It's not the first time, either. I've been here at a' times, mornin', noon, an' nicht, but someway I never can. What for, do ye think? It's not fear. But it's jist as if something jogged at my elbow like, and wadna let me do it."

"Why, of course, it's conscience. Now look here, Hastie, is it a bargain? Will you give me your promise here and now that you won't use your gun against yourself?"

"No the day, onywey."

"Nor any other day; never in this world, Hastie? I won't let you go till you promise."

"What a heart ye hae, Miss Christabel. Mony a woman wadna bide here speakin' to a half-daft man."

"You wouldn't hurt me nor anybody, Hastie, except yourself."

"You think that?" he said eagerly. "But a man micht, supposin' the deevil entered intil him, and made him forget himself."

"He isn't going to enter into you, Hastie. You and I between us have got the better of him this time. Give me that gun, and come along with me. I'm going to see Simons at the Clearing."

"No' me. Me and Simons had words last nicht. He offered me a place he wadna tak', and a something seemed to come between us."

"I see, well, walk a little way with me, anyway. This is not a nice place, Hastie. There's a damp, close feeling about it. If it were on my land, now, I should have the trees cut down, and the place cleared away. It would be better for everybody."

(To be continued)

Table expenses and health.

YOU are interested in these things; both are important.

Last month we gave you the highest medical authority for eating more Quaker Oats; Sir James Crichton Browne, LL.D., F.R.S., of London; now let's consider the question of eating Quaker Oats from a practical, everyday point of veiw.

Dollar for dollar you get more food value in Quaker Oats than in any other food. You can prove this for yourself by actual tests; you'll find that as you increase the amount of Quaker Oats you eat, your health will improve and the cost of your table will decrease.

It's worth trying for the sake of economy but it's worth more from the standpoint of health and vigor, and you'll find that a big dish of Quaker Oats with sugar and milk (or cream) for breakfast or supper is perfectly delicious.

Quaker Oats is the one perfect human food, all nourishment, no waste; easily digested, good for all ages and within the reach of all purses.

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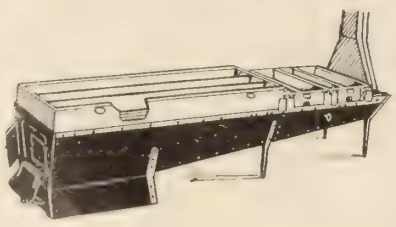

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From the Publishers

THE Christmas numbers of the various Canadian publications have met with wide and universal approbation. Nothing is more significant of the progress of the Dominion than the appearance of the various holiday issues of our own weeklies and monthlies. The *Canadian Magazine,* which is one of the best-known monthly publications in Canada is to the front with stories, poems and pictures which are a credit to the national talent in art and fiction. Mr. Bridle's "A Shacktown Christmas" is a "heartsome" description of conditions among our struggling, but not down-hearted newcomers. Mr. Theodore Roberts' "Herself," is a good sketch of Newfoundland folk, "By Light o' Moon" by Thomas Stanley Moyer is an unusual and vivid narrative, Mrs. Sheard's "The Pagan" is a charming child study, while "How the Gospel Came to Damsite" by Ward Fisher is a humorous and spirited chronicle. "The Art of T. W. Morrice" by Mr. Louis Vauxcelles is a well-written and illustrated article on one of the greatest of Canadian artists. The poetry by Miss Pickthall, Miss Kerr, Mrs. MacKay, Mrs. Blewett and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott is such as any magazine might be proud to publish. It is interesting, in this connection, to note how the feminine note rings clear. Mr. John Boyd, the Montreal writer, contributes "Shepherd Maid, Whence Comest Thou?" a poem from the French. Mr. T. O. Marten is the cover artist and has produced a jovial and realistic Twelfth Night design.

We quote from the poetic contributions, "On Lac Sainte Irenee" by Miss Pickthall:

On Lac Sainte Irenee the morn
Lay rimmed with pine and roped with mist;
The old moon hid her silver horn
In shadow that the sun had kissed.

One went by like a wandering soul,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the lake patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenee the noon
Lay wolf-like waiting by her hills;
No voice was heard but the sad loon
And the wild-throated whip-poor-wills.

But one went by on the bitter flaw,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the white man's law.

On Lac Sainte Irenee the moose
Broke from his balsams, breathing hot.
The bittern and the great wild goose
Fled south before the sudden shot.

One fled with them like a hunted soul,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the lone patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenee, the blue
Vast arch of night was starred and deep.
No footstep woke the caribou
Nor called the wolverine from his sleep.

The wild wind cried like a loosened soul,
And onward ever, by rapid and river,
Slipped the canoe of the lake patrol.

* * *

MISS ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG of London, Ontario, is a most energetic young journalist who edits *The Echo,* a weekly publication of social, dramatic and literary news. The Christmas number is a publication on which the feminine "chief" is to be warmly congratulated. She has sent out a messenger of cheer and good-will, thoroughly representative of the warm-hearted city from which it comes. If there is a more hospitable county town than London, Ontario, we should like to hear of it—and the *Echo* brings before us some of the happy scenes and bright spots of this city of good times. Stories, articles and poetry, with illustrations which are an indication of a rapid artistic growth are a delight in this holiday number. The colored supplement picture, "The Sewing Circle," is excellent. One can fairly see the interested or scandalized old women who are discussing news as they draw the threads. Mr. Arthur Stringer, a London old boy, contributes a sketch of his early days, which is humorous and entertaining. London femininity is noted for its talent and warm-hearted philanthropy, and the sketch of London women, given at length, with many daintily-arranged illustrations, is well worth a reading. Altogether, a "sister journalist" has done excellent work in this number.

* * *

THAT dear old friend, the Christmas *Globe,* has shown a smiling face once more with a vaster number than has been. There is a wealth of good things in poem and story, while the illustrations make the true Canadian swell with pride as he determines "to send this over to England to show them how we do things." Perhaps the unique feature from the journalistic standpoint is the article by Mr. M. O. Hammond, with spirited illustrations, of the buffalo drive in Montana last spring, when some splendid specimens were captured and brought to Canada.

The *Canadian Courier,* which is three years old, and has learned to walk across the continent, has a Christmas number of unusually high order, with a picturesque cover design by that clever Toronto artist, Miss Estelle M. Kerr, whose work, both in verse and sketch, is being generally recognized in Canada and the United States. The West and North receive their fair share of attention, but Ontario readers will probably take most interest in "A Christmas Party in 1850," a full-page drawing by David Thomson, full of quaint charm and graceful movement. There is a piquant variety in the contents, ranging from "The Ash Boy's Christmas Eve" to "The Red-Coats of Fort Pitt," by Augustus Bridle, to whom by the way is due much of the originality and effectiveness of this Christmas number. The *Canadian Courier* has travelled far since the days of 1906.

* * *

FREQUENTLY the question is asked by an anxious mother: "Where can I get a good kindergarten book?" The answer is at hand, coming from L. C. Page and Company of Boston, who publish "The Kindergarten in the Home," by Carrie S. Newman. While the seven chapters which compose the book treat of subjects which cannot fail to help and interest all those who are concerned in the instruction and development of the young—which includes nearly all of us, the various games of the kindergarten are interpreted in the light of their intellectual and emotional bearing and the writer shows most clearly the educational value of the play which exhilarates while it trains. Those who have considered the kindergarten exercises mere form will be enlightened by this excellent volume. The type and illustrations, the latter by Etheldred B. Barry, are a delight and rest to the eyes and complete the attractions of a book which many will find a friend.

Dainty Embroidered Lingerie

NOW that all the bustle and rush of the Christmas season is over, one's thoughts turn naturally to preparation for spring, which remote as it now may seem, will surely find us unprepared unless the wise virgins of the household

No. 5201

Stamped on Linen, $1.75
Stamped on Nainsook, 75c.

devote some of their time to the fashioning and replenishing of this portion of their wardrobe. Owing perhaps to the influence of the "White-wear Sales" and to the fact that the spring fashions for costumes and dresses are not yet shown, January seems to be the month for the planning of lingerie.

Hand-embroidered lingerie is in high favor and deservedly so, as the showy lace decorated garments are now classed as "cheap" and the most expensive French lingerie consists of soft, fine materials, embroidered with dainty designs and with perhaps the addition of fine lace medallions and beadings.

The woman does not live who could look upon these beautiful French models and not long

No. 5200

Stamped on Linen, 75c.
Stamped on Nainsook, 50c.

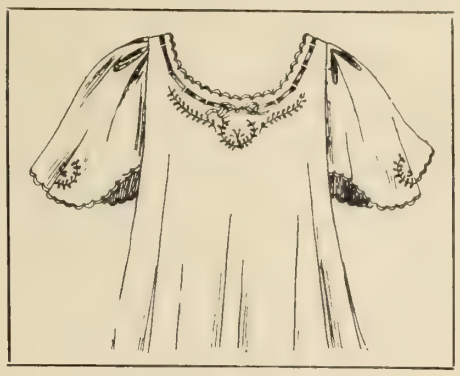
to possess some of these, and sighs when she looks at the prices marked. When she realizes that the only essentials needed to reproduce any of these lovely garments are fine materials, a little dainty embroidery and fine hand-sewn seams, she wonders why she has never before given her attention to this matter.

For trousseau gifts a piece of hand-embroidered lingerie is sure of its welcome and will appear of good advantage among more costly articles. Tiny initials or monograms may be interwoven or enclosed in wreath forms and give a very personal note to such a gift. A French touch is given by embroidering the first name written in script.

Complete matched sets consisting of a night-dress, corset cover, combinations, ruffled long or short skirts, can all be had, the designs stamped either on linen cambric, fine nainsook, or the cross-barred dimity which so suddenly sprung into favor. Fine qualities of any of these materials should be selected, and too elaborate embroidered designs avoided. These garments launder beautifully, and the embroidery consists of solid or over-and-over, or a touch of English eyeleting may be introduced. A word of warning here to the novice regarding the buttonholed edges which finish so many of these designs. These are to be carefully padded and very closely button-holed, keeping the edge firm and even, as otherwise the finished garment may be ruined if the buttonhole frays in repeated tubbings. After being embroidered these garments can be made up in any preferred way from the paper patterns which are now designed to meet every need.

Illustration No. 5201 shows a combination corset cover and short petticoat, which is a most useful garment. The skirt can be either long or short, the ruffle being either 12 or 15 inches deep. A pretty eyelet and ribbon design is embroidered on this dainty garment.

Illustration No. 5200 is a two-piece corset cover with a fitted back, and the design shows



1431—Night Dress.

Stamped on Linen, $2.50.
Stamped on Nainsook, $1.50.

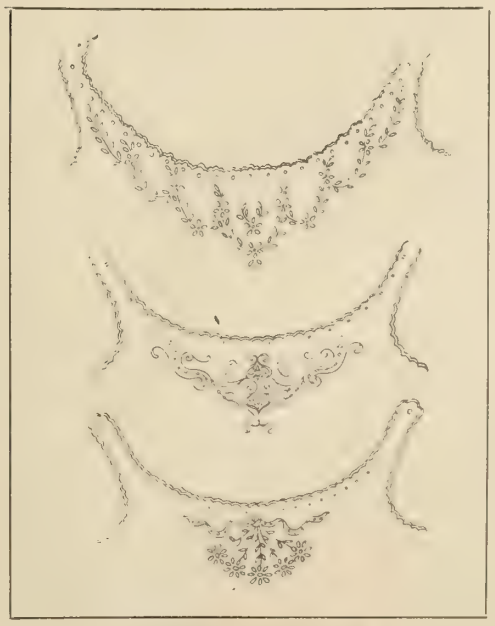
a pretty arrangement of daisies and bow knots. The daisies are embroidered in solid, padded embroidery and the bow knots filled with fine French seeding.

The "Slip Over" is a popular style for both nightdresses and corset covers, as they are so easily made up and drawn in with pretty ribbons to fit the figure.

No. 1431 is a nightdress of the slip-over variety which has a graceful design also embroidered in solid French embroidery.

Three very dainty designs are shown for slip-over corset covers, any of which can be easily embroidered. Complete matched sets can be had in any of the designs on this page.

Next month this space will be devoted to showing some of the latest and best designs for



Slip-overs, No. 1—3780
" " 2—3850
" " 3—1430

Stamped on Linen, 75c.
Stamped on Nainsook, 50c.

embroidered waists, dresses and costumes for spring.

If the articles illustrated on this page cannot be obtained from your dealer, write to Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L, Montreal, for further information.

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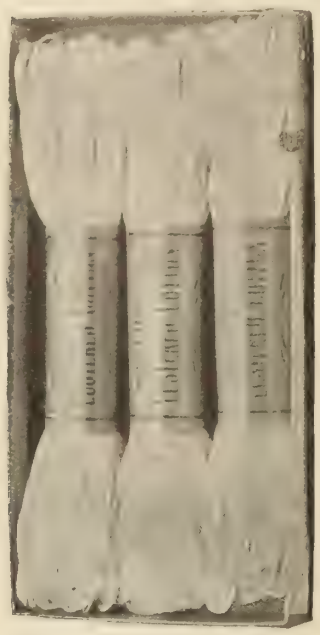

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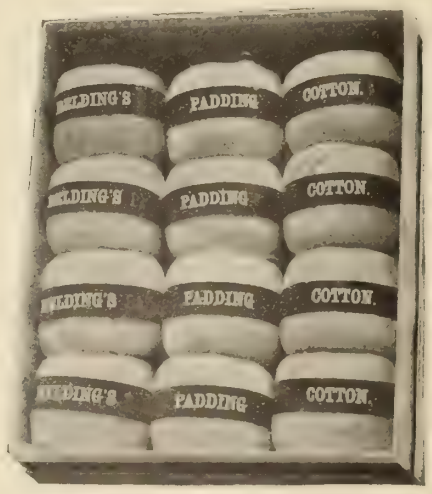

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"[illegible] song to the future,
To the years that stretch on ahead,
To the always a toast to the things that are
[illegible],
To life's books which have never been read.
But here's to what lies behind us,
To the heartaches, the failures, the tears,
We are better able for just such things,
To drink to the future years."

1910—GREETINGS.

HAIL bright New Year! Gladly we look forward to the vista of your fifty-two weeks of golden promise, to the three hundred and sixty-five pages of your days of hope and expectation! Joyously we turn the unsullied leaves of your unknown book, eager to discover the secrets as they unfold! Wonderingly we ask ourselves when, where, and how, shall the story end for us, when we have completed its twelve interesting chapters!

We welcome you, newborn year, to the annals of history whose archives will tell future generations of your grand achievements. Our hearts beat in response to the thrill of good cheer that ushers you in with ringing of bells and happy festivities. We look forward to the gladness and successes ahead of us while our eyes still turn backward over the failures and disappointments of the year that has closed behind us with all its opportunities.

We enter your portals with fresh energy, new resolves, anxious to prove our mettle, and we bravely face each day with hearts set for victory. As the leaves are turned, slowly but surely, we realize that "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The conquest seems easy at first, and the opening chapter ends with a ring of triumph. Then everything grows complicated, discouragements arise, a battle is lost, you are down, but courage, there is a fresh chapter about to begin, and all goes well again. The conflict grows sterner, the fight fiercer, the resolutions are lost sight of, and once again you are floundering. Then you plod on, in the words of the old negro melody, "I'm sometimes up and I'm sometimes down," and the months roll on, hoping, struggling, blundering; ideals shattered, treasure gained, new loves, new scenes, and friends; forward, march, when halt! The grand new year is growing old, is dying, and will soon pass out, its requiem sung, as now we pay that tribute to 1909, "Good old year, oft-times sad old year, farewell, ay, farewell!"

* * *

YES, the season to which we have looked forward with its good times, its gayety and presents is past, and we dare to take time to draw breath again. It really seems that for several weeks before Christmas, our exertions to accomplish an unlimited amount of work, keep our minds and bodies at high tension, so to speak. Judging from the energy we throw into all our preparations, and the determination that nothing shall be left undone when that glorious 25th of December arrives, one would think that time was going to cease to be after that particular day had come and gone. Sometimes I think it is well that such a happy occasion is the means of arousing our oft-times flagging spirits and spurring us on to duties that otherwise might be neglected. We make a desperate effort to have all unfinished work, either in sewing or house-cleaning effectually [illegible] our friends at a distance; we [illegible] shop, we make presents on the sly, late at night, when we ought to be sleeping. Then we bake and cook, and prepare and "fix" until the very last minute, and then await the dawn of the happy day with but one misgiving—that the dinner will come off all right, and everything taste just as we desire it should.

The week that follows is one of merry making, for school is out, and children must have entertainment. There are socials and church Christmas trees, skating parties and theatre going, all kinds of amusements for old and young, and the pleasant season glides by, and lo, we find ourselves with thirty one long days of January ahead. We draw a sigh of deep content when we remember the nice supply of cake and Christmas pudding, the mince pies and seasoned meats in store, and only the ordinary housework to do. We have freedom from all extras, and can enjoy the fruits of our summer's labor in the nicely-canned and preserved vegetables and fruits all ready for the table, so we find time to read the new books, the gifts of our friends, to try the new music, to sit and quietly admire our presents, a blessed leisure we have surely earned, and can duly appreciate.

* * *

I HAVE always attributed my habit of dividing up a day, week, month, or year, to my experience for almost a decade of years in the teaching profession, where one works by rule and timetable. I carried it into my housekeeping and unconsciously found myself consulting the clock upon all occasions, the result being a very accurate idea of just what time is necessary for a person to perform a piece of work. I am inclined to be systematic in the arrangement of my household duties, and each month has its specified work assigned to it. In every vocation there must be system, if success is to be attained. Why not in housekeeping?

I maintain that to conduct properly the affairs of a household requires as much planning and ingenuity as any other occupation or calling. I am well aware that many women cannot be systematic, not from any fault of theirs, but from force of circumstances; they have not an allowance to work upon, and are therefore deprived of their prerogative of contriving and scheming, and doing their work to advantage, and in season. If expenses are less, the amount doled out to them is in accordance, so they must needs wait the spirit of generosity in their liege-lord to invest in necessities other than those which cater to the appetite. So they plod on, often doing their serving when they should be house-cleaning, or washing blankets when they should be resting in a hammock. There are others who have not the natural ability to exercise system, and want none of it in their regime. They prefer the blissful enjoyment of their come-day, go-day methods of operation.

January, and the two following months are somewhat of leisure, inasmuch as no special work seems to call for special effort, and so I reckon on them for the house-serving. I reason in this wise—household expenses are lighter winter supplies in; the whole family clothed for the season; festivities over, the purse holds out longer; and so I replenish my bed and table linen, make a business of it, and then dismiss that kind of work until the same time next year. An old and very capable housekeeper once told me that by furnishing a complete change for one bedroom each year, your stock would always be in good supply, and it is an excellent rule to follow, as I can testify.

* * *

I SAID bed-linen, but I will confess I greatly prefer twilled cotton for sheets. It is not rumpled so easily as linen, and has not that cold slippery feeling that almost takes your breath away, especially when you are assigned to that spare bedroom that has known neither air nor heat since the last visitor put in a night of misery between those spotless white, and correspondingly damp and chilly sheets. In buying I know it is orthodox to buy ten yards for four sheets, but, whisper, I always buy eleven, and the extra nine inches on each allows the complete tucking under at the foot, thus keeping the bed more compact. It is wise to arrange that the four pairs of pillow cases each year may be of uniform size, suiting some one particular room. Then with four towels, a spread, dresser and washstand covers, and probable pillow shams, all requirements are met for the year. One new tablecloth and half-dozen napkins (which latter can be bought every second year, so the entire dozen may be of the same pattern), is sufficient to always have a goodly supply. It does not sound very "big," does it, so I will explain that I address those women who must necessarily do their own sewing, and in most cases their own housework; or, those who have a large family, and employ but one maid. The dearth of domestic service at the present day places the majority of us under this head; so it behooves us to bring our work down to a science, in order to economize our strength and forces to the fullest extent, and leave us spare time in which to improve our minds by reading and social intercourse. Our houses should be equipped with every labor-saving device on the market, and then we should avail ourselves of every chance of an outing, every opportunity for rest and recreation, so we will not become utterly submerged by the monotony of our daily lives, fossilized on the shelf, so to speak. We owe it to ourselves to bring forward the best that is in us of brain and beauty, but, alas! it certainly takes an effort to rise from the everlasting cooking of meals, and never-ending washing of dishes, the dusting, and minding of babies, to write out an essay on Handel or Mendlessohn for the musical society to which you belong, or prepare a subject for your club debate. As for taking time to beautify ourselves! Well that seems almost out of the question to indulge in it, yet we may cherish towards that end. We just rush on, looking for a leisure spell that never comes our way.

* * *

MY pen has been digressing, so we will return to the sewing. Sometimes a set of sheets may be worn thin in the middle, and their usefulness may be prolonged by tearing them down the centre, and top-sewing the outer edges together, and hemming the sides, which process takes longer than making the new sheets. Thoroughly overhaul everything pertaining to your beds. The blankets may need some attention, the spreads require darning in places, the pillows remodelling, the worn towels to be made into wash-cloths, and the cushions re-covering. The stronger parts of the old sheets make splendid dish-towels, the thinner pieces can be made into dusters or window cloths. The material being white, one can utilize the long winter evenings by dispensing with many little every-day needfuls. During the year I iron and carefully put away in a box all old prints and everything that is suitable for the purpose, unless I have time to dispose of it on my weekly mending day, and so I always have a supply ahead, neatly placed in tin biscuit boxes, on a high pantry shelf, floor cloths, stove pads, dusters, dish-cloths, etc., the contents of each box labelled on the outside. The little daughters of the house can take some sewing lessons on these latter articles, and feel proud of their ability to assist mother with her sewing. How can I be bothered with such trifles, does some one ask? It may sound trivial to some persons, who do not mind using unhemmed dusters, dish-cloths likewise, the kind that leaves a thread attached to the chair or dish, and I will admit it takes time, but on the whole, I think time is gained. There are women who toss everything pell-mell into an attic room, and must needs scurry through a heap of miscellaneous rags to find the necessary article, all wrinkled and dusty, while she who classifies the cast-offs, and has them ready for use, hies to her supply box, and rejoices in the thought that when spring cleaning is at hand, there are no old things lying about to vex her soul. When my neighbor telephones "Bring your work and come over," I roll up a little bundle, and while we visit, I am working away at something that does not claim too close attention, and so the pile diminishes.

My last thought is a suggestion for those women who love fancy work to try and accomplish something in that line during these winter months—some piece of lace or embroidery for which their soul has been hankering. It will make a pleasing variation in the sewing from the prosaic list just enumerated, and furnish needlework for the "Thimble Teas," so much in vogue at present. Keep it specially for such occasions, and for "pick-up" work when one feels in an unsettled mood, and so avoid the injury to the eyes, which often comes as a result of steady application to fine art in fancy sewing.

IN THE SHOPS

THERE is probably no other one thing that so influences and determines the destiny of woman as personal appearance. To meet this end woman must study her own style of face, coloring, figure, weight, size and height. Then again it will not do for a woman to wear a stylish gown and a smart hat and be "run over" at the heels, have a crumpled jabot, an untidy belt or just a tiny hole in the veil.

Spend less money on the suit and hat rather than have these small things shabby. The world admires and reveres a well-dressed and well-groomed woman and turns in disgust from the careless and untidy woman who is too indolent to make herself attractive.

The garments not visible to the outside world are usually the most significant to the woman herself. The lingerie supply should be abundant. The shops are full of marked-down goods at this time of the year. Lovely hand-embroidered underclothes—the daintiest possible things in the lingerie world—corset-covers, drawers, petticoats and night-gowns. Then there is the nainsook trimmed with valencienes laces, torchon or embroidery—styles, and plenty to suit everybody. While replenishing our underclothes we naturally think of lounging robes—and such pretty "comfy" robes the shops are giving us this year!

For the very cold weather when the rooms are not without a little draught there are the warm eiderdown gown in pale blue, pink, crimson and white, made with a turn-over collar and fastened at the neck with a two-inch long satin ribbon. Some are bound down the front with ribbon. These sell from a dollar and a quarter up.

Then there are the new cotton-crepe ones—such lovely patterns in all the Japanese colors and figures made in the kimono style and still more expensive ones in the Japanese silks with much the same patterns as the crepe gowns. Such a lovely one was shown in the palest blue silk with a black bird pattern and the wings touched with gold-faced down the front with the plain pale blue silk. What could be more comfortable to wear than one of these gowns with a pair of pale blue Japanese satin slippers for the tired woman's rest hours?

It is impossible for a woman to be careless about her petticoats. This is one of the absolute necessities of tidiness and at the price we see them in our stores ready made. A neat petticoat is within the reach of everyone. A black moire one with a scalloped frill sells at one dollar. The heavy black sateen with a deep frill much tucked at a dollar and a quarter.

Every color of silk skirt you can imagine! The newest style this year is a deep frill done in tiny tucks on the bias and very pretty they are, too. The petticoats to be worn with evening gowns are creations indeed—such beautiful things one feels inclined to wear them on the outside. One shown the other day was of white taffeta silk made with a deep fitted yoke to the hip line, an acordion-plaited frill of silk and over this an acordion plaiting of the shadow chiffon.

In giving our woman readers a few ideas of what we need to turn out a well-dressed woman, we naturally think of the shoes and stockings.

With such varieties of costumes it is not surprising that the hosiery has caught the spirit of the season and can produce equally as many beautiful colors in silk, lisle, cotton or cashmere.

A very pretty stocking is shown in either silk or lisle embroidered in gold and is very smart worn with a black net gown. Another is of any color embroidered with a large flower at the ankle only, still another done in tiny wreaths, spots or stripes. Our hosiery must match the color of the gown.

Even our boot-makers are taxing their ingenuity to turn out something novel. Kid, satin and silk are the correct evening shoes, elaborately worked in beads. Gold, glittering beads, are worn, everything glittering—even to our shoe tips. A novel shoe is of brown suede laced at the side, a splendid shoe to show the beauty of a well-shaped arched foot. There are many women who will always keep to the conventional good form of black shoes.

The uppermost question in many a hostess' mind at this particular season of the year is, "How can she make the tea-table most attractive?"

It need not be a very difficult question to decide when we have so many beautiful works of art in the linen and lace world to choose from. The Irish lace cloths are perfect dreams and would tempt any woman to buy who could afford these extravagances. The Irish linens and damasks are delightful in every imaginable pattern. These cloths are either square, round or oblong.

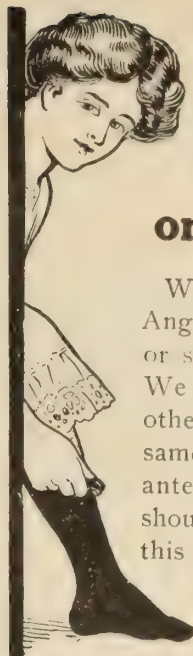
Table decorations this year take the same form as our gown decorations—glistening gold and crystals. Here is an ideas for a "tea" table that would surely satisfy a particular hostess.

One of the new lace cloths is about three inches larger than the table so as to allow the lace frill to fall a little over the edge of the table. Under this lace is a gold tinsel to shine through the lace, in the centre a large brass bowl filled with yellow chrysanthemums. At the four corners of the table are brass candle sticks with brass shades and crystal fringe.

Madeira embroidery is a favorite for table linen and all the colored embroideries for centre pieces and doyleys are coming in again. No piece of furniture, no picture, no bric-a-brac can add more beauty, charm or comfort to the appearance of a room whether drawing-room, dining-room, den or bedroom, than the sofa cushion. The material and designs have never been so lovely as they are now—exquisite and dainty, handsome and serviceable.

Some beautiful patterns are made in the burlap, canvas, and linen covers and worked in the rope silks or linen floss and the cushion edged with the new macrame cords. These cords are crocheted in any color or colors to match the work and most effective they are too. A dainty and most serviceable cushion for a bedroom is made of white linen worked in the very open eyelet embroidery, with a frill of heavy linen torchon. The cover to be put over any color suitable for the room intended.

Some of the smartest furriers are pushing the sale of seal-musquash for the coming winter; and for those who cannot afford really expensive pelts such as sable, ermine, and silver fox, it is undoubtedly a wise selection. Some lovely coats, scarf-stoles, and muffs are seen in this seal-musquash, often finished with collar and tails of ermine. Pointed fox will be as much to the fore as ever; stoles, for the most part, being very long, very broad, and very flat, and garnished with heads and tails in lavish profusion. Muffs will be large and flat to correspond, and mostly of the "roll over" persuasion.



Guaranteed to Wear Longer

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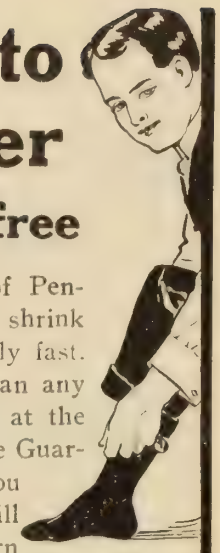

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Let us again remind you that we guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to outwear others. That means the best wearing hosiery sold anywhere.

The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They're Seamless

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate your feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these machines increase the wear resistance of Pen-Angle Hosiery and at the same time make them more comfortable—your ideal hosiery.

Make up your mind right now that you will never again buy hosiery with horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery.

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors. 44

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[illegible] given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, [illegible]. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR EVENING WEAR

EVENING gowns that are made with tunics are among the smartest of all things this winter. The two illustrated are graceful in the extreme. The one to the left shows one of the fashionable soft moire silks with trimming of handsome applique. The bodice portion includes one of the new deep-shaped girdles and can be made as illustrated or with yoke and long under sleeves as liked. When treated in this latter way it becomes available for daytime occasions. The tunic is an exceptionally graceful one. It is arranged over a foundation skirt to which the circular flounce is attached and the skirt can be made long or to clear the floor as liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 2⅞ yards of material 24 or 27, 1½ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of banding; for the skirt 7¾ yards 24 or 27, 5¼ yards 44 with 2¼ yards of banding. If the yoke and long sleeves are wanted 2¼ yards 18 inches wide will be required. The waist pattern 6522 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6509 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right shows a tunic of quite different sort that is made with a point at the front and one at the back. It also is arranged over a foundation and circular flounce. The bodice is an exceptionally attractive one with pretty novel sleeves. In this instance the material is crepe de chine and the trimming is embroidered banding and applique, the front portion of the waist being entirely covered with the applique. The sleeves and the frill at the neck are of chiffon in matching color. If this gown were wanted for daytime use a yoke could be added, making it high at the neck and cuffs can be used in combination with fancy sleeves or plain ones can be substituted.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 2½ yards of material 27, 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 44 for sleeves and frill; for skirt, 8 yards 27, 6¼ yards 44, 4⅜ yards of banding. The waist pattern 6515 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5997 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON GOWN

AFTERNOON gowns that are made with skirts that clear the ground and simple blouses are being much worn for everyday occasions and this one includes a number of new features. The blouse is closed at the left of the front and is made with a chemisette of contrasting material and the skirt consists of a smoothly fitted five-gored portion to which a straight plaited flounce is attached. In this instance cashmere

Blouse Pattern No. 6506
Skirt Pattern No. 6471

is trimmed with soutache braid and with silk banding and the chemisette is of moire velours. All materials adapted to gowns of the sort are appropriate, however, and if preferred banding or applique could be used in place of the soutache.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 27, 2 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 21 for chemisette, collar and cuffs; for the skirt 7¾ yards 27, 4¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 6506 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6471 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

WITH TRIMMING OF BUGLES

BUGLES are being extensively used as trimming this season and this gown shows them applied over net and this net is used for the trimming portions of the waist and for the banding on the skirt. The material of the gown itself is chiffon cloth in soft, creamy white and the bugles are gold on white net. The neck frill is made of chiffon. Altogether the gown is an eminently graceful and attractive one. The skirt in spite of its tunic suggestion is in reality extremely simple. It is made with a three-piece upper portion, which is finished with a wide tuck and beneath this tuck the circular flounce is joined to it. The bodice includes one of the new shaped girdles and is exceptionally effective and graceful. It can be made as illustrated or with yoke and long under sleeves as liked. For the trimming portions, applique or any pretty all-over material will be found appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the bodice 2¾ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 18 inches wide for the trimming portions and ¼ yard of chiffon for the frill, 1⅛ yards of all-over lace for yoke and long under sleeves if these are used; for the skirt 7¼ yards 27, 6 yards 44 inches wide, 2½ yards of banding.

The waist pattern 6528 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6527 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

FASHIONABLE MIDWINTER FROCKS

MANY midwinter frocks are being made with modifications of the cuirass, or jersey, idea. Here are two that are typical and that are beautiful each in its way. The one to the left is made of henrietta cloth with trimming of imitation Irish crochet lace. The same model can be made much simpler, however, by omitting the trimming portions and the extensions on the front as shown in the small view, and it consequently can be utilized for school as well as for more dressy occasions. The plaited skirt is straight and is joined to the cuirass portion and the closing is made at the back.

For the ten-year size will be required 5⅜ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide

Waist Pattern No. 6522
Skirt Pattern No. 6509

Waist Pattern No. 6515
Skirt Pattern No. 5997

Waist Pattern No. 6528
Skirt Pattern No. 6527

with ⅝ yard of all-over lace for the trimming portions. The pattern 6307 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The dress shown on the younger child is made of white serge with trimming of wide silk braid. In this case the cuirass, or jersey, is separate and is held in place by means of tabs that are buttoned into place at the under-arm seams and over the shoulders. The straight skirt is joined to a body lining and in this lining the sleeves are inserted. Cashmere, henrietta cloth, serge in all colors, chiffon broadcloth and the like all are appropriate, plaids and checks often are so made and combinations are well liked for dresses of this sort. The skirt and sleeves of plaid with cuirass of plain would be smart and practical, for it immediately suggests possibilities of remodeling.

For the ten-year size will be required 6⅜ yards 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with 8 yards of banding. The pattern 6517 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

* * *

WITH FINISH OF FRILLS

FRILLS finishing the front edge and sleeves of the blouse are among the novelties of the later season. This gown shows them used most effectively. They are made of mousseline and the gown itself is of one of the new moire silks piped with velvet. The sleeves are distinctly novel ones yet by no means over elaborate or difficult to make. The skirt includes many new features and allows a choice of walking or round length. The gown will be found appropriate for all materials adapted to so simple a style and both blouse and skirt also can be utilized separately, the skirt making an excellent model for the coat suit and the blouse a most satisfactory one for wear with the odd skirt.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, 1½ yards of ribbon 3½ inches wide; for the skirt 7⅜ yards 27, 6 yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern 6521 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6519 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure.

Pattern No. 6307

Pattern No. 6517

Waist Pattern No. 6521
Skirt Pattern No. 6519

* * *

PRETTY GIRLISH FROCKS

GIRLS are wearing extremely charming evening frocks this season. They are made quite simply and of various thin materials. The two illustrated make excellent examples. The one to the left is made of messaline and the only trimming is a little lace banding on the neck and sleeves. The skirt is straight at its lower edge and finished with a wide hem and tucks. The blouse is tucked after a most becoming and attractive manner. If preferred the skirt can be cut off and finished with a belt over which could be arranged a sash or fancy girdle. The waist also allows a choice of the square neck and three-quarter sleeves or of the yoke and cuffs which make it high at the neck and extend the sleeves to the wrists.

For the sixteen-year size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 24, 2½ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅞ yards of banding; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, 6 yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide. Both the blouse pattern 6140 and the skirt pattern 6248 are cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The second gown is made with blouse and skirt joined in semi-princesse style. In this case the skirt is made from bordered chiffon edged with a band of Liberty satin and the blouse is made of plain chiffon to match. Any pretty soft material is appropriate, however. The shirrings can be arranged over cords or finished in tuck style as preferred and if wanted yoke and cuffs can be added.

For the sixteen year size will be required 4¼ yards of bordered chiffon 36 inches wide with 3 yards of plain chiffon; or 10½ yards of plain material 21 or 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6518 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

COLOR METHOD AND THRIFTY DRESS

TO strike a dominant color and then to graduate in harmonious half-tones is a great secret of economy in wardrobe planning. There is no more extravagant and—usually—ineffective dresser than the girl with only a small allowance, who buys brown, black, pink, blue, and red indiscriminately. If at the beginning of a season, or a "sales campaign," what may be called color method is not adopted, even the most reduced prices mean a motley collection that neither go with one another nor with articles the purchaser already has.

Season and complexion are, of course, both considerations in a color scheme. Heliotrope is a useful choice where it suits. The keynote—so to say—may be struck in rich purple, or the bright fresh mauve tint specially grateful in spring and summer. Heliotrope as a dominent tint rules a charming group. In its richer aspect it runs through dim "wine" shades and blends with fawn ranging to cream. Mauve finds affinity with pronounced violet and every gradation, through dove-grey, from black to white.

Thus a girl who knows her own mind and orders a heliotrope coat and skirt, is "safe" if she buys parasol, millinery, blouses, hosiery, within her scheme. She has quite a list of tints, her accessories will all go with a white frock or cream. Yet green, blue, pink, and all clashing leading colors are forbidden. If she indulge in them, economy will vanish, and she will probably look much less well-dressed.

Blue tempts the blonde, but it is difficult to "live up to," as it rules a scanty group. Mole shades leading to biscuit-color are its best contrasts. As a rule, it is hard with black and insipid with white. On the other

Continued on page 31

Blouse Pattern No. 6140
Skirt Pattern No. 6248

Pattern No. 6518

BLACK KNIGHT

STOVE POLISH

You don't have to mix "Black Knight" Stove Polish.

There is no black watery liquid to stain your hands or dirty the floor.

There is no "hard brick" to scrape—no trouble—no waste—no hard rubbing.

"Black Knight" is a firm paste—ready to use—quickly applied—and shines quick as a wink.

It's as simple and easy to use as shoe polish, and a big stove can be shined with it almost as easily.

Perhaps your dealer does not handle "Black Knight" Stove Polish. If so, send 10c. for a big can, free postpaid.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED,
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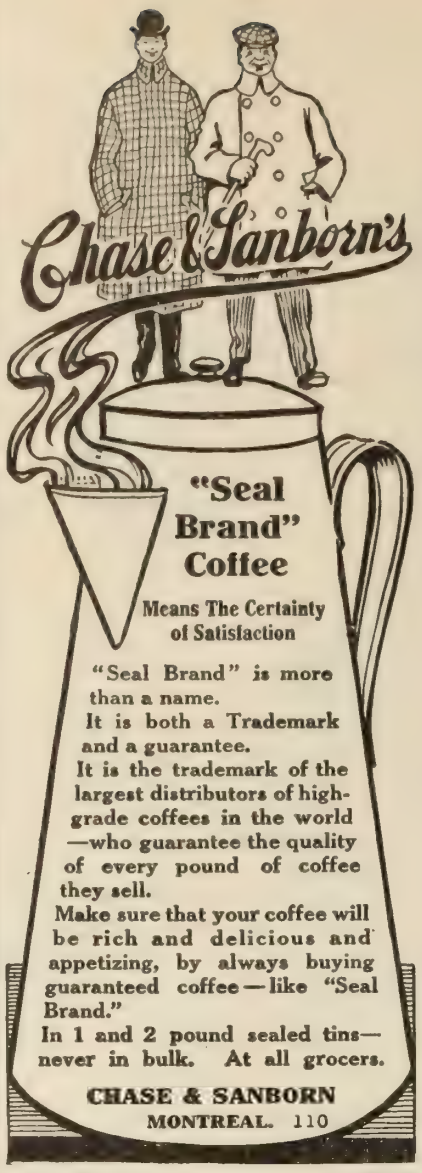
Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.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"Seal Brand" is more than a name.
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CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED
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When the Tower Gave Up Its Ghost

Continued from page 15

A flash of light revealed him standing upright in the vehicle, not a pretty picture by any means. His unshaven face was pale, the rain was dripping from the old soft felt hat, that had long since departed from the shape in vogue when it was made, and bedraggled locks were parted against his temples. Except for the light of purpose that shone in his grey eyes, he was anything but pleasing to contemplate. But a crisis had come in the man's life. He was no longer to be the tool of cupidity. To-night he was finding his lost manhood.

"You're a villain, Kane," he began, "and you've made another of me and of the lad also. You got a doting old man to sign a note on a worthless scheme and then threatened to turn him out of the only home he had ever known because he could not pay it. You cunningly suggested that his sons should pay something on the note by bringing stuff across the river for you. To save the old man we walked into your trap, and have never been able to get out of it, though we have paid the amount three times over. But I swear by the powers that are raging to-night that I'm done with it. I speak for the lad, too."

"You'll peach will you? Let me catch you! That's a fine game for two to play at."

"John Kane, you're a murderer, too. Because her husband was a smuggler and his home a smuggler's den, the lad's wife died of a broken heart and you're her murderer. Do you hear me? Her murderer!"

In his excitement he brought the whip which he held in his upraised hand down vehemently on the poor unoffending and already much frightened horse. With a bound the terrified and trembling brute cleared the enclosure and was out on the road plunging through pools of water that shone in the intermittent light, while his owner picked himself up off the bottom of the wagon where he had been thrown by the sudden movement.

Kane took in the situation instantly. Something had occurred to straighten this tool of his, so that it would no longer serve a crooked purpose, and it was doubtful if he could bring any pressure to bear on the case that would alter Balder's decision. It might be as well to let the matter drop, but the most imminent fact was the pile of smuggled goods on the ground beside him. They must be disposed of and at once. He was not, however, without resources, if the officers of the law would only give him time, and it was hardly likely they would be around on such a night.

He returned to the store for a key and scarcely had he entered when a flash of lightning, more blinding than any that had preceded it, was followed by a tremendous thunder bolt which gave a report as of an explosion. The ground shook and the interior of the store was almost as bright as day.

Kane's teeth shattered with fear, and he wondered if this could be the herald of Kingdom Come. The lightning had struck the shed and shivered the staves of the barrel, hence the explosion. Everything in the building was in flames. To make bad enough worse, the wind was rapidly rising and already a gale was blowing, but fortunately, in an opposite direction from the store and the rain had not abated.

Almost paralyzed at the turn things had taken, he gazed around him and then at the entrance. On the opposite side to that through which Balder disappeared, he saw the two officers who had visited the tower, trying to protect themselves from the rain under dripping umbrellas. Then he knew that only the explosion had saved him from detection and all that it meant—disgrace and punishment, for he had long been an object of suspicion. There would be no denying that oil had exploded but it was not likely that, under the circumstances he would leave American oil so exposed. Of course they would conclude that it was a Canadian product. Balder would be as silent as an oyster. He could count on that. The only thing to do was to try to save the adjoining buildings.

Others had discovered the fire. Church and factory bells were clanging out hysteric and discordant notes. Already the Bucket Brigade was forming, for this was long before the days of uniformed fire-fighting heroes, and with the assistance of the heavenly brigade that was pouring water as well as fire from the skies, the flames were soon "under control."

Meantime the trembling horse and his emancipated owner were nearing home. "Sounds as if that struck pretty close" was the passing thought and despite the inclemency of the night he gave himself over to reverie. The storm continued and the wind raged as if to show how terrible a night might be. Balder heeded it not. A sense of freedom left no room for terror. He was away back in the long ago, before Jacob Kane became his master, dreaming over again the far-away dreams of youth. Visions of the new house-to-be, and the Irish lassie that might have been his, and the ambition he had once entertained of being Reeve of the Township! (Men less capable than he had been so honored.) Then came dark days and his dreams were over, but now he and the lad would be free and live honest lives, mingling with their fellowmen. But what was that crash? A flash of light revealed the roof of the tower, lying in old Kate's garden. The wind had torn it off and the floors and ladders were rattling as if in a death agony. The tower gave up its ghost the night the Balders became honest men.

The Maid

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust the Cross of St. George; dust the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten the captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like the story from some old book, that battle of long ago;
Shadows the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

hand, rose-tints blend with many. Delicate "old rose," for instance, descends through pleasing degrees to soft dull reds and reddish brown.

Waist Pattern No. 6181
Skirt Pattern No. 6502

Smoke-grey is charming with pink in its most ethereal mood, as is the color of old lace and burnt straw.

"How well so-and-so looks in black," is a remark frequently heard, the reason probably being that the subject of it as a rule wears colors that clash. If the sombreness of all black is becoming on this account, what is known as "half mourning," with its opportunities for variety yet restraint from lapses in taste, is tenfold more. Monotony, indeed, is less a sin than incongruous mixture. The celebrated Madame Recamier always wore white, and a well-known Parisienne society leader deliberately chose to dress in shades of grey for the distinction it conferred. Asked whether she were not sometimes tempted to break through her rule, the Parisian lady replied that she sometimes felt inclined to, but resisted the impulse.

* * *

HANDSOME EVENING GOWN

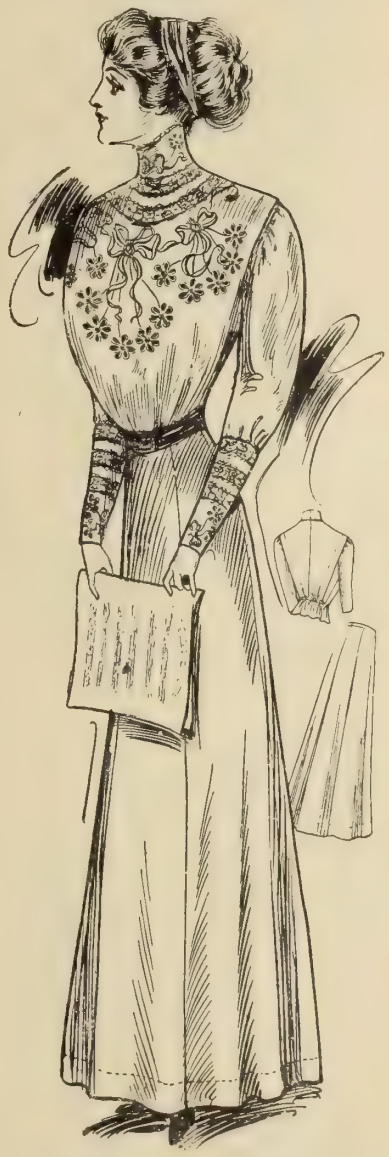
EVENING gown that are made with tunics and bodices of thin material and skirts of slightly heavier are among the smartest of all things this season and this one combines jetted net with messaline. It is trimmed with handsome jet banding, too, and is altogether exceedingly smart. The skirt is one of the very new ones with a simple pointed tunic that is essentially graceful and the bodice is draped after a most becoming manner. In this case the lower edge is finished with trimming but the backs can be joined to sash ends and this sash be brought round to the front and tied, if that effect is liked. Every material that is soft enough to drape the blouse can be used for the gown and it could be made of crepe de chine, crepe meteore or silk throughout quite as well as of the combined materials, but jetted, spangled and bugled nets are greatly in vogue and the gown as illustrated is typical of the best that the season has to offer.

For the medium size will be required, for the bodice 3 yards of material 27, 1½ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅛ yards 18 inches wide for upper portion and sleeves, ¾ yard of banding for the girdle; for the tunic 2¾ yards 27, 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6¾ yards 24 or 27, 4⅛ yards 44 for messaline or other material without figure or nap; to trim the tunic will be required 7⅜ yards of banding. The waist pattern is 6181, the skirt, 6502.

* * *

SIMPLE GOWN OF CASHMERE.

CASHMERE is a favorite material for afternoon gowns this winter and this one is embroidered with a most effective design. The daisies are all made as eyelets and there is banding of heavy lace in matching color used in combination therewith. If preferred the skirt can be made in ground length but many women like those that clear the ground for all simple occasions. The blouse has just one plait over each shoulder, making it full enough to be becoming, and can be made either with the sleeves illustrated or plain ones that are long or in elbow length. Any pretty, simple, seasonable material can be utilized for the gown, and the blouse also will be found most satisfactory for separate use, when it becomes adapted to silk, to moire, to linen and all waistings. The skirt is a plain seven gored one that can be made either with inverted plaits or habit back.



Blouse Pattern No. 6516
Embroidery Pattern No. 431
Skirt Pattern No. 6514

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3⅜ yards of material 24 or 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7½ yards 24 or 27, 3½ yards 44 inches wide for cashmere or other material without figure or nap, but if there is figure or nap 10 yards 24 or 27, 5⅛ yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern is 6516, the skirt, 6514, embroidery, 431.

* * *

A SMART, YET SIMPLE GOWN.

CHECKED materials are being much used for simple indoor gowns this season and this one is smart at the same time that it is eminently practical. It is made with one of the new blouses that is closed slightly to the left of the front and which includes a chemisette while its skirt is extended just enough above the waist line to do away with the need of a belt. In this case the chemisette is of moire velours and the trimming is silk soutache but the same model can be treated in various ways. Cashmere or light weight serge or any simple material would be appropriate with the chemisette made of any contrasting silk. The blouse also can be used separately, either with the coat suit or to be worn with an odd skirt, and when utilized in this way becomes adapted to all seasonable materials. Moire velours to match the suit with chemisette of the same material in white makes an exceedingly fashionable blouse and one that is practical as well.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 24 or 32, 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7⅛ yards 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 44 when made in walking length; 7¾ yards 24, 6⅞ yards 32 or 44 inches wide when made in round length. The blouse pattern is 6506 and the skirt, 6290.

* * *

FASHIONS IN BEAUTIFUL HOSIERY

ALL the new and beautiful colors of the season, which are subdued and refined in character, are matched in the hosiery that is sold

Continued on page 33

Blouse Pattern No. 6506
Skirt Pattern No. 6290

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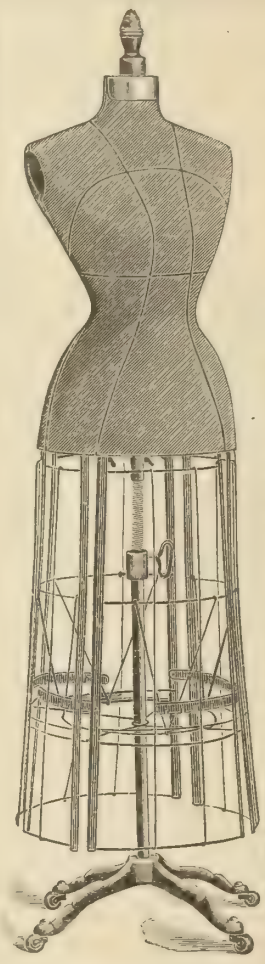

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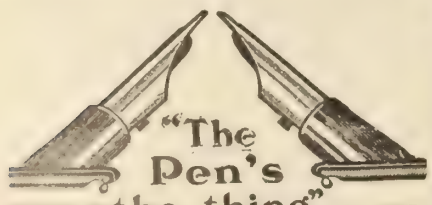

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The Third Passenger

Continued from page 17

nerves. The conductor also swears that you and Roxborough were the only passengers in that car—"

"He saw the lady get off—he said so!"

"He was humoring you—thought you were slightly delirious or something."

"Do you think I was slightly delirious—or something?"

"I think your nerves are badly out of order. You are going to go to Europe and get better."

"Do you believe that there was no lady, except myself, in that car?"

"Silas P. Roxborough says—"

"You prefer to believe his word?"

"Molly dear, be sensible."

"I am. I am very sensible. If I weren't dreadfully sensible I'd be too angry to ever speak to you again. As it is I only ask for leave to prove to you that I am telling the truth."

"You don't need to prove it. I—"

"No, you don't. You don't believe me the littlest bit. But if there is a place called Streaton about a hundred miles from New York, and *if* there is a man called Lewis Bond, and *if* he has a daughter called Norma Bond who is shortly to be married and *if* there is a Japanese cabinet with a locked drawer and a letter—you'll have to believe me then!"

"All right. I give in. I'll—I'll go with you, Molly." And he went right out to hunt up Streaton (if it was there) and to arrange about sailing on the next boat. (He was very much struck with the businesslike notes I had made.)

In half an hour he came back, looking rather worried and said that he had found a place *called* Streaton. He seemed to imply that the name was likely all there was of it; and when we got there and found that it was a place, he said it was a curious coincidence. He said Mr. Lewis Bond, whom we found almost at once, was a curious coincidence also, and Miss Norma Bond was a very curious coincidence indeed.

She was a pretty coincidence anyway, though not beautiful like her mother, and so happy looking that it gave me cold chills to think how all that happiness might have been wiped out of her face if I had gone to Europe as Edward, selfishly, suggested.

Edward left me alone with Norma and an old aunt, and, as gently as I could, I told her my message. I never saw anyone so astonished!

"But I don't understand!" she said. "This person who—who loves me—told you where we lived, and father's name and my name and about the old Japanese cabinet and—everything?"

"Yes!"

"And she seemed quite certain that there was a letter from mother in the locked drawer that we never could open?"

"Yes."

Norma suddenly burst into tears. "Oh, how dreadful! And we never dreamed! O Auntie, just think—a letter from mother! And now I'll never be able to read it—the cabinet and nearly everything in the study was burned last week when the reading-lamp exploded."

It was my turn to be surprised.

"Don't cry," I said. "You were to burn the letter unread, anyway, you know! Perhaps when your dear mother comes back—"

She cried so terribly at this that I stopped, bewildered And the little aunt got up and came over and petted her and looked at me reproachfully and said:

"Of course you don't know, but Norma's mother is but lately dead—a year ago. She felt it dreadfully, poor child."

It was Edward who thought afterwards about asking to see a photograph of Norma's mother. I looked at it a long time. And when we were on the train going home Edward said "Well?"

"It was very like her," I whispered. "Only my lady was ever so much more lovely and—more sad!"

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 19

substantial breakfast, too, is given at half-past seven, dinner at noon, and tea between six and seven o'clock, with cold meat for the last meal. Monday was the speaker's favorite wash day, Tuesday and part of Wednesday were devoted to ironing. Thursday, to "extras" in the way of baking and small household items, Friday, to the immemorial sweeping and general cleaning. Mrs. Howell spoke with saving common-sense of the necessity for relaxation and play, for giving scope to the lighter side of life. Work is not drudgery, but continuous, unrelieved toil eventually means a breakdown.

The three addresses were of much practical value, and were characterized by breadth and sincerity. Each speaker seemed desirous of learning from the others and this comparison cannot fail to do a great deal of good. The papers sent in to the HOME JOURNAL are frequently too "general" in subject and treatment. We receive quires of well-written material on "Home Influence," "The Mother's Training," "The Value of Education," which we promptly return to the writers. These subjects have been discussed again and again. No one doubts the overwhelming importance of home influence, no one questions the supreme value of a mother's training. What we want is a paper on practical topics, which will be of immediate use. We are paying Institute members the compliment of taking it for granted that they are earnest women of high ideals, who are convinced of the truth of these abstract questions. Wherefore, we ask once more for such contributions as these papers on "The Day's Work."

Mrs. Howell made a passing reference to the "servant problem," declaring, as many Canadian women would echo, that as the children grow older, the mother finds it advisable to dispense with domestic help. The present supply of servants in Canada is hardly of a desirable quality, and the woman who can do without a servant is fortunate indeed. However, the new movement in connection with women immigrants may work to the advantage of Canadian housewives.

"The Development of a Sound Body" was the title of the next address, given by Mrs. F. C. Hart of Galt, who dealt with the physical training of the young in a comprehensive and effective manner. The teacher can often detect a physical handicap where the parents have not noticed it. Many so-called "stupid" children are suffering from hardness of hearing or defective eye-sight, rather than from mental deficiency. Wrong habits in sitting at the school-desk are to account for ill-matched shoulders or hips. Individual drinking-cups and towels are being introduced into many of the schools and will prove a preventative of disease. The teacher who notices a general restlessness among the pupils may come to the conclusion that exercise or change of occupation is needed. Eternal vigilance is the price to be paid for health, and the rising generation cannot become strong and vigorous, unless it is given every chance to develop.

Miss M. U. Watson of the Macdonald Institute presided most efficiently at the afternoon meeting on December 9th, and took up the subject of "what the Macdonald Institute is prepared to do for the Insti-

Continued on page 34

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 31

at present. The rich shades of green, including verdigris and "bottle"; the strong tints of brown, among them mahogany and other wood shades; the rich blues of a dark and indefinite dve, and the many variations of mole are presented in what are called shadow stripes and in patterns of a more elaborate character inset with lace or embellished with embroidery.

Stockings as expensive as these necessarily must be are worn in the afternoon and evening. The lace used is, as a rule, fine Valenciennes or Mechlin, tinted to exactly the same shade as the stocking, and cut so as to cover the instep. Diamond shapes are admired because they give grace to the line of the foot, but lace embroidery stripes are also seen. Graduated sizes of diamond shaped and striped lace are favored because of their elegance.

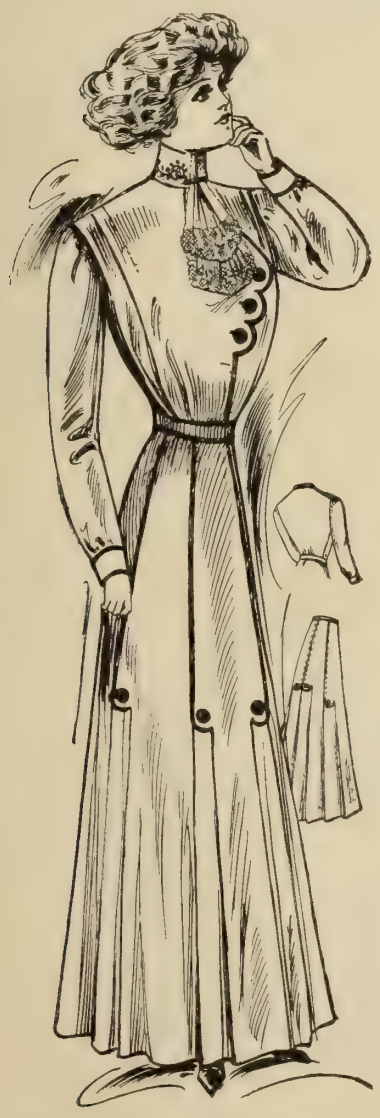
DELICATE EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery is in some cases allied to lace, and to materialize it floss silk and very fine gold and silver threads are used. There is nothing obtrusive about the embroidery; it, like the lace, must be of the finest and most delicate description. Designs taken from the samples of old-time workers and other rare pieces of ancient brocade are faithfully copied by the embroiderer.

* * *

A SIMPLE USEFUL GOWN.

THE simple gown that is made in such style as this is always in demand. In this case the material is cashmere and it is trimmed with piping of silk, but light weight serges are being much used for gowns of this sort; there are numberless novelty materials and mixtures of wool and silk that are admirable for such purpose, and for the trimming either pipings or banding or soutache can be used. The waist is one of the new ones that is closed at the left of the front but includes regulation sleeves. It is unlined and can be closed with buttons and buttonholes or invisibly as liked. The skirt is one of the prettiest of the short ones with plaits at the seams that provide becoming flare.



Blouse Pattern No. 6500
Skirt Pattern No. 6410

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3½ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6½ yards 27, 4¾ 44 inches wide. The waist pattern is 6500, the skirt is 6410.

* * *

A GRACEFUL KIMONO.

KIMONOS are among the necessary garments and new ones are constantly needed. Here is a pretty, graceful and attractive one,

Pattern No. 6448

which involves almost no labor in the making. It can be made with pointed or plain sleeves, and it can be trimmed with ribbon or with bands of material. It can be made from Oriental cotton, as in this instance, from lawn or from challis, from French flannel, from cotton crepe, or India silk, or from any material that is adapted to negligees of the sort.

For the medium size will be required 6⅝ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 6 yards 32 or 4⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 5¼ yards of wide and 10½ yards of narrow banding to trim as illustrated. The pattern, 6448, is in sizes small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust measure.

* * *

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

AMONG the features of fashionable development is the recent revival of the long waist.

To produce the effect of an extended line from below the bust to the hips is, of course, more or less a matter of corsets, or of the perfect fit of a very deep waist-belt, but the couturiere is already making every effort to convey this idea in the matter of her evening models. In the case of a stout figure it is very difficult to gain the right effect, and even the most careful boning and cutting of the gown and corsets, often fails to suggest it in its entirety, but with a slight, firm and rounded figure, the idea is easily carried out.

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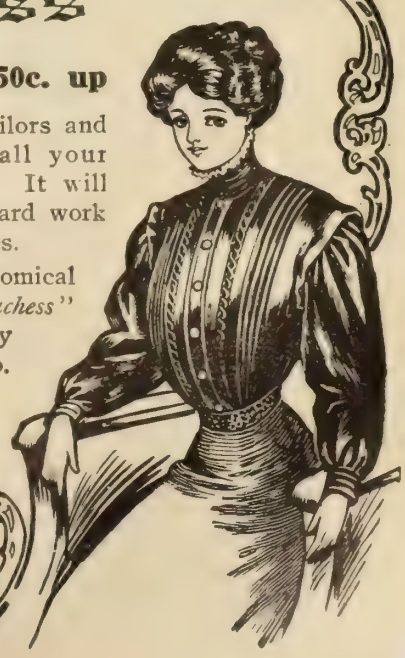

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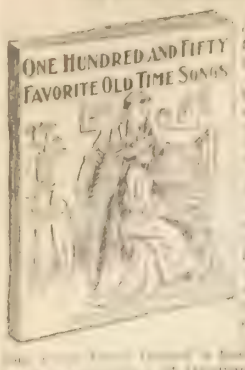

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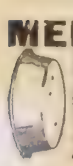

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MATTERS MUSICAL

NATURALLY the music-loving public of Canada turns to the cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts in Massey Hall, Toronto, as the great events in choral work during the month of February. This year's programme promises to eclipse in certain aspects former achievements by an organization whose motto appears to be *plus ultra*. The subscription list has been filled with more than the usual celerity, and the crowds, which have become proverbial, will doubtless pack Massey Hall to the very last row in the upper gallery.

On Monday evening, January 31st the choral work will embrace Brahms' masterpiece, "The German Requiem," and shorter numbers by Grieg, Lassen, Tschaikowsky and Gavaert. The soloists in the "Requiem" will be Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Claude Cunningham.

The orchestra will present Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, and the Love Scene and Brangaene's Warning, from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner.

On Tuesday evening, February 1st, the choir and orchestra will perform Cesar Franck's noble Psalm 150, The Triumphal March and Epilogue from Elgar's "Caractacus," and *alla capella* numbers by Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Bantock, Sir R. P. Stewart, Gavaert, Lotti and others.

The orchestra will contribute the following:—D'Albert's overture "Der Improvisator," Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Macbeth," op. 23; Mendelssohn's Nocturne and Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "The Bee," Schubert-Stock; "Humoresque," Dvorak-Stock, and Rhapsodie "Espana," Chabrier.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, February 2nd and 3rd, there will be given Gabriel Pierne's dramatic legend, "The Children's Crusade," for four solo voices, children's choir, adult chorus and large orchestra. Soloists, Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Mme. Mabel Sharp-Herdien, Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. Marion Green.

On Thursday afternoon, February 3rd, there will be an orchestral matinee, Frederick Stock, Conductor. Soloist, Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, Pianist. Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; Symphony in C minor *Adagio-allegro appassionata; Scherzo; Andante; Finale,* Frederick Stock; Concerto No. 1, in E flat, piano and orchestra, Liszt, Siegfried's Rhine Journey, from "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner.

The greatest popular interest is being manifested in Gabriel Pierne's "The Children's Crusade," for the undertaking in connection with this production involves dramatic possibilities which will add to the Mendelssohn Choir record another distinct achievement in choral art. Dr. Vogt is in the busiest and most strenuous of his work, but no one doubts that the outcome of this season's cycle, not to mention the Buffalo and Cleveland concerts, will be more laurels for this much be-wreathed conductor.

* * *

AT the Toronto Symphony Orchestra concert on February 14, Fritz Kreisler, the violinist of fame, will play, and on February 18 Dr. Wullner, the singer par-excellent of German lieder, will appear in Massey Hall. Dr. Wullner's engagement in Toronto last year was cancelled lest his fame was not sufficiently spread in America to assure him proper patronage here. That obstacle is now removed.

* * *

THAT clever journalist, Miss Amelia Warnock, better known to readers of *The Mail and Empire* as "Katherine Hale," has composed a national song, for which Mr. J. W. Garvin has arranged the music. Miss Warnock's poetic talent has been proved by the quality of her contributions to various periodicals and her present venture in song-writing deserves the appreciation of her fellow-countrymen. One critic mildly suggested that the words are decidedly imperialistic—but they are all the better for that. We cannot have a sound national spirit, if we ignore or despise the origin of our institutions. Contempt for the past is no preparation for a glorious future. Therefore, we are glad to find in the song of this young Scottish-Canadian the dual loyalty of the people of this Dominion. This new contribution to our national songs is published by the Primrose Company.

* * *

THE Schubert Choir entertainments will be held on February 21st and 22nd, when in addition to the choice selections of the choir, the Pittsburg Orchestra will play Brahms' monumental C minor Symphony.

For the concerts of the People's Choral Union the artist is not definitely announced yet. These, with several other entertainments for which arrangements are not yet completed, and the succeeding Symphony concerts, and those of the Oratorio Society, also diverse recitals. Quartet and trio concerts will make the New Year very rich in the musical world.

* * *

THROUGHOUT Canada there are many women's musical clubs, which contribute in no small degree to the local appreciation of music and have helped to create an interest in choral work and music of the better sort. These clubs are requested to send to the HOME JOURNAL information from time to time regarding their officers, programmes, special concerts, etc., as Canadian women, in all parts of the country, are interested in the development of musical taste, and are anxious for hints and suggestions as to the formation of such clubs and the carrying out a successful season's programme.

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 32

tutes." The variety of inquiries sent in to the Macdonald Institute showed the confidence reposed in the authorities at the head of that worthy institution. The next feature of the proceedings proved to be of immense interest to the entire audience. This was nothing else than the "demonstration" of several labor-saving devices, such as the dustless sweeper and alcohol iron. Miss Watson showed, to the satisfaction of the most sceptical, that the dust disappears, as if by magic, when manipulated by the vacuum cleaner, while the alcohol iron is a saver of an infinite number of steps.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy gave an address on "Nerves" which was a tonic in itself and which we hope to reproduce in a number of the HOME JOURNAL. The combination of cheeriness and good sense which permeated Dr. MacMurchy's address appealed to the audience with a force which was evident in the host of appreciative faces. It made a fitting close to a convention which was marked throughout by the pleasantest spirit of helpfulness and good-will, giving a foretaste of Christmastide joys. Just as important as the addresses themselves were the small conferences of delegates, during which recipes and household confidences were exchanged freely. Many a matron went away from the convention with an added enthusiasm for home-making and an increased store of strength for the day's work.

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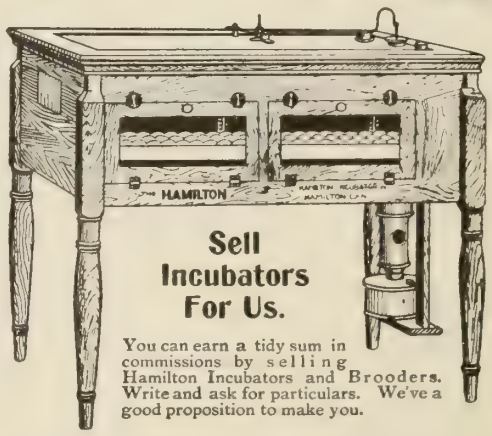

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Editor's Chat

OUR MARCH NUMBER is sure to please the feminine fancy, for it will simply blossom in a variety of spring styles and fashions. As our women readers are aware, the spring gowns, coat suits and hats are settled in the minds of the *modistes*, months before the violets bloom and the wildflowers are gathered. Hence, the woman who desires to plan a spring costume must become acquainted with the modes which are to prevail, in time to decide on the fashion which will be most becoming to her individual style and most in keeping with her financial resources. In our March number, will be found not only a glimpse of the costumes which will come with the months of spring, but also the styles in millinery, hosiery and other details of the feminine wardrobe. Our September issue was favorably received as a fall fashion number, but March will fairly surprise you.

THE PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION, announced in our Christmas number, has aroused interest among those who enjoy "camera conflicts." Thus we hope to receive from all quarters contributions which will prove the excellent quality of the products of Canadian photography. The competition of 1909 proved most successful and we anticipate even finer results from this contest.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1910

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Editor's Chat

Competitors will kindly remember to write name and address of sender, also designation of photograph on each entry.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS now include all provinces of the Dominion. We are always pleased to consider manuscripts and are especially desirous of securing good illustrated articles. Stories are invariably welcome and we are always looking out for new Canadian talent. We are in daily receipt of inquiries from would-be contributors, and these may be generally answered here. Manuscripts, unless very legibly written by hand, should be typewritten and should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. No letter need accompany contributions, but the latter should always bear the name and address of sender.

THE CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB is a department which is rapidly increasing in interest and membership and we trust that our girl readers appreciate the effort we are making to meet their needs and desires. Correspondence on any subject of interest to girls will be welcomed by the Secretary, who has taken up the work of this department with an enthusiastic belief in the value of the girl subscriber or contributor.

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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President 59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

Emphasizing the Heroic

THE remarks made on this page last month concerning the influence which women may exert in lessening yellow journalism have met with encouragement from several of our readers. In connection with this subject, it is interesting to note that "Pharos" of the *Globe*, who is the centre of a most interesting Circle, instituted, by way of protest against the prominence given to brutal, mean, selfish and cowardly acts, a collection of brave deeds. The list presented on the first Saturday of the year showed a goodly array of such golden deeds as made the reader feel that the bright side of Humanity's shield is radiant indeed. We are glad to know that "Pharos" is to continue the anthology during 1910 and will probably present us in another year with a still more convincing list of worthies. No one denies the existence of dark spots on this old Earth, of sordidness where there should be nobility and gloom where there should be sunshine. But we are not going to keep sane and helpful by dwelling continually on crime and misfortune and exhibiting the small and sinful traits in our human nature. The anthology of brave deeds is a healthy record and we hope it may be kept faithfully.

* * *

Meeting an Emergency

AT this point, however, we are reminded of a condition in Montreal which shows both the selfish and the self-sacrificing aspects of humanity. This city, as every Canadian knows, has not the best of civic administration, although there are few towns or cities in the country which can afford to throw stones on this account. During this winter there has been a typhoid epidemic in Montreal that has been a disgrace to the authorities. As the *Standard* remarks: "Typhoid fever is a preventable disease; but in a large community, like a city, the preventative measures must be on a commensurate scale, and they can only be carried out by the authorities that regulate or perform the great public services, such as supplying water, removing garbage and providing sewers."

However, the private citizens of Montreal rose to the occasion in a manner worthy of the best traditions of Canada's greatest city. When they learned that the facilities of every hospital were taxed to the utmost and that many cases were still uncared-for, an emergency hospital was hastily secured and as well equipped as possible, to afford shelter and attendance to the sufferers. Lord Strathcona, whose gifts are manifest in every quarter of Montreal, came with characteristic promptness and liberality to the rescue and many other Montreal people showed a commendable public spirit in providing funds to meet the emergency. However, it is time that the aldermen of that city developed the semblance of a civic conscience.

* * *

Overdone Charities

SOME of the merchants of Stratford, Ontario, have united in protest against the continual demands made upon them to buy tickets and contribute towards a variety of "objects," charitable and otherwise. This is a matter in which women are often to blame. Ticket-selling is an operation which demands qualities that are not always to be desired. Most women shrink from the undertaking, but reluctantly take a dozen tickets to sell when they are assured: "It is for a good cause." There are appeals made and measures taken which are hardly in keeping with good taste, but which are excused on the ground that such methods are needed to attain the desired end.

The rapacity of the feminine seller at the fashionable bazaar or "Carnival of Nations" has long been a subject for newspaper jest. This became such an abuse that conditions have altered for the better, and it is possible to buy either a pin-cushion or a glass of lemonade for a reasonable sum at the entertainment in behalf of the hospital or the sanitarium. The manner in which some women virtually demand that the merchant or the lawyer shall buy tickets for every entertainment under the sun is both offensive and undignified. Ticket-selling is not to be condemned altogether, but it should certainly be carried on with no view to intimidation or unpleasant resentment, should the man in the case refuse to buy.

The feminine instinct to aid the distressed is amiable and entirely benevolent; but too often a woman fails to see that the means to be used should be in keeping with the worthy end. In these days, we hear much about what woman may be able to accomplish by way of purifying politics. Let her begin with charities.

* * *

The Necessity for Play

THERE was one warning which ran throughout the addresses at the recent Guelph convention—to take thought for the "play" side of life. This was an indication of the serious impression that this is the age of overwrought nerves and that women are too apt to lose sight of the homely adage: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The saying applies to Jane, also, who needs a bit of brightness to enliven the rounds of small duties. This is not to say that work, in itself, is dreary or merely an obligation. It is one of the blessings, whatever the original curse may have been. But unrelieved work becomes a burden which eventually proves too much for weary shoulders, and a breakdown means that the nervous energy is never fully restored. There are many foolish housekeepers who have the idea that it is lazy to rest, that it is silly to spend a few hours in recreation. There is infinite variety of nature, so far as the necessity for play is concerned; but we all need a degree of relaxation. The farmer's wife, more than most of us, needs to take into consideration that the "system" which ignores the wear and tear of constant toil is misapplied. Human nerves are not made of brick and cement and will give out long before they should, if common-sense does not prompt us towards a little nonsense now and then.

There used to be a rigorous idea that play in itself was an evil and laid the foundation of a frivolous character. This mistake accounted for many girls and boys leaving the farm for the (supposed) brighter life of the city. It is absolutely necessary to include fun and frolic in home life, if it is to be many-sided and to develop a symmetrical character.

GRANDMA'S VALENTINE

Lace paper, torn and faded,
The edges dull and brown!
But what a lovely white it was
When Grandpa went to town!
He saw its dainty splendor
'Way back in 'Fifty-Nine,
And thought it just the very thing
To send his Valentine.

There lingers yet upon it
The fragrance of the rose;
The gleam of ancient satin
Its inner folds disclose.
The perfume of a happy past,
Of love the tender sign,
Still hovers o'er the faded edge
Of Grandma's valentine.

Preserved for half a century,
While nations strove and fell,
Its crumbling leaves and pictured flowers
Of olden homage tell.
Fairer than sheen of jewels
Or riches of the mine,
Blushes the faded rose-tint
Of Grandma's valentine.

J. G.

THE PSYCHIC PHRENOLOGIST

The story of how Three Investigators were entertained by this Profession

The phrenologist is by no means so much sought in the modern city as he was a decade ago. The "bumps" are not exploited so freely as in the day of the mighty Fowler, yet there is in this dawn of the Twentieth Century a decided interest in affairs of the hand, head and heart, as set forth by palmist, phrenologist or clairvoyant. Humanity is naturally bent upon learning something about its own characteristics and probabilities. The present article is concerned mainly with the adventures of a trio of investigators who set out to discover for themselves what a "psychic phrenologist" — for thus the gentleman advertised himself — had to tell them.

The first to enter the august quarters of the scientific reader of the head was a married woman of gentle mien who prepared to hear just what the various elevations and depressions on her prettily "coiffed" head might betoken. The psychic phrenologist, Mr. Headley, as he shall be called, was a gentleman of medium height, slender form and sprightly manners. He ran his hands hurriedly over the "client's" head, spending hardly more than three minutes in the operation and then spent his energies in expatiating on health, disposition and adaptations.

Strange to say, this gentleman dwelt at length upon matters of diet and general physical condition. He began his exhortation with a dissertation on nerves.

"You are nervous," he said firmly, gazing solemnly at the fair subject. "You want to do everything in a rush. Your great trouble will come from nerves. If you wish to overcome this difficulty, you must walk more slowly and eat more slowly. Be careful of diet. Do not indulge in pork and bacon. Take life more slowly and all will be well."

In this strain did the worthy adviser continue, for fully half an hour, dilating upon matters of diet until the air was filled with warnings as to what to eat and what not to eat. The subject of this counsel was also informed that at the age of eighteen she was decidedly ambitious and had wide and glorious dreams of the future. With these few vague and glittering generalities, the client departed, to give place to an unmarried feminine investigator, who had added her mother's wedding ring to the store of jewellery on the significant finger of the left hand, in the hope that the psychic gentleman might notice the golden band and be misled.

THE professor greeted her with a buoyant air of certainty and spent a few fateful moments in passing his hand over her head, coming in contact with two or three combs and a hair net as he did so.

"Now," he said briskly, "I'll talk to you on the subject of your general characteristics and your health. Your head indicates," he continued, "that you are a very simple subject."

"Yes," murmured the subject amiably.

"Not at all complicated at all—just a few strongly marked qualities. Now as to your health." There was a long pause, and the subject, who was comparatively robust, gazed at the scientific man inquiringly.

"You have," he said solemnly, even as he had to women. "You have a high-strung organi You do things with a rush. You must learn to take life more slowly. You know we have all only one life to live."

The subject assented cheerfully to this solemn statement and the phrenologist continued:

"You were [illegible] in your youth"—a safe statement to make about most members of the human race.

Then followed a series of generalities, which would be a matter of certainty about the majority of us. We all like to be told that we are sensitive, artistic, fond of music, of a psychic temperament and sure to succeed if we will only not work too hard. This scientific gentleman, not content with describing the qualities of the person he addressed, ventured upon predictions and also references to the former life. Encouraged by slight suggestions in speech or manner, he becomes quite confident in statements of this nature. For instance, he gave this subject to understand that she was a forlorn widow, her unfortunate spouse having departed from this world after a long and painful illness.

The third experimenter with Mr. Headley's art, was a business man, who sought the psychic gentleman's services and thus narrates his experience.

HAVING a desire to look into the future and find out what good things or otherwise were in store for me, I visited this phrenologist, who is also reputed to be gifted with sufficient foresight to give psychological readings. The person who was to conduct me into the unseen and to divulge my future, proved to be a man of medium height, smooth-faced, rather high forehead, and was dressed in a smoking jacket and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers. He welcomed me with a very decided English accent, which led me to ask him if he were not a native of England. This question brought forth the reply that he was born in the United States, partly educated in England, and returned to the United States at a later date. His father had been a Church of England clergyman and had educated his son with the intention of his entering the ministry. He served three years as a curate in Great Britain, where his belief changed to that of a spiritualist, then to theosophy. The spirit again seemed to change his views and he is now a member of the sect known as the New Thought Church.

Passing a tape line around my head, to obtain the size, he immediately told me that I had a head above the average in size, a fact that I had already known from the size of hat I have always been compelled to wear. Fingering my head gently, he made notes on a pad, sat down in front of me and started to tell me several things that I was already aware of and others that he was quite safe in saying to the average man. Among them was that I was better fitted to earn my living by the use of my brain than by my hands. It was quite evident that he had judged from my hands that I had done little manual labor for some time, and he was quite safe in making the guess.

He said I had a keen perception, was quick in passing judgment and could keep a secret; my body was physically all right and any trouble that would arise would be from my nervous system.

So far, I was aware of everything that he had told me. The part that interested me the most was the psychological reading. Although he did not tell me when he divided the two readings, yet I was made aware of the fact by the attitude he assumed and the closing of his eyes. I became rather nervous, as I felt I was face to face with my whole future. He certainly told me things that I never knew before, and I am still busy trying to find out if they are true, and to find out who the persons are to whom he referred.

One of the first things he told me was that a woman entered my life with a purpose, when I was between the years of eighteen and nineteen. As I had many acquaintances among the fair sex about that time, I confirmed his opinion when he asked me if this was not right. He went on to tell me about this woman keeping in my life and he then described her appearance. She was rather a well built woman, with a straight nose, firm but not thin lips, passably good-looking and of fair education. I became anxious about this time, to know the color of her hair. He told me he was unable to say, as the picture he saw, was like looking at a photograph. This woman had remained in my life and her presence even overshadowed that of my wife. The startling news was imparted to me that she thought even more of me than my wife, and that should events so shape themselves that it would be possible for her to become my wife, she would even make me more happy than the person whom I favored by making my wife. I tried hard to think of some woman that I had a secret with, but I had to tell him frankly that up to the present my mind was open and I had no secrets with any person. He then described the character of the person whom he insisted was mixed up with me. Some man in her younger years had entered her life and things had been very uncomfortable for her. In fact, he told me that she had at some time been married and that she was either divorced or was contemplating a divorce. This set me thinking, and to obtain further information that I might be able to identify my fair companion, I asked him to again describe the person, that I might recognize her when I met her. He informed me however, that the picture had gone from his mind, and that he was unable to give another description of her. This was the part I was most anxious to learn, as this was a revelation and something that I really should know, as any man has a right to know when a woman enters his life, with a "purpose," more especially as inside of two years' time that woman would become my wife and make me more happy than I am at the present time, owing to her knowing my disposition better than my wife does.

The phrenologist would insist that in certain years which he named, a very dark cloud had hovered over me, and that I had either a very severe illness or death in my immediate family. I contradicted him in almost every year that he named, until finally I told him that just about one year ago, trouble of this nature had visited me. He was then quite sure of it and told me that he knew something of this nature had happened at some time.

He told me that my wife and I did not get along very well together. This was owing to our dispositions being at a variance; that we sometimes had our spats, but that we made up and she pretended that she thought a lot of me. He was away off in this case, as we have yet to have our first quarrel. He could not describe the appearance of my wife, neither could he tell me anything regarding my family.

In my business affairs he said I would make a great success of the business in which I am now engaged; that I had the proper amount of energy and push, and that all I needed was capital. This appeared to me to be a very safe guess with any man.

I felt when I handed him my dollar, that he had given me much to think about, but very little definite information as to my future, and I intimated that I should have liked to learn more.

When leaving, he gave me a very pressing invitation to attend his lecture the following Sunday evening, but as I am still busy trying to find out who the woman is that entered my life, I did not have time to attend the service.

THE conclusion to be drawn from these experiments, so far as Mr. Headley is concerned, is that this psychic phrenologist ventures on ground which is comparatively safe, both in personal observation and in advice as to health. It is entirely natural that a young person should be ambitious. Consequently, to inform the mature man or woman that he or she was ambitious in youth is a mere platitude. It is quite safe to conclude that a boy of eighteen was somewhat enamored of a member of the opposite sex, also that a girl of eighteen was admired by one or two juvenile adorers. There is nothing "psychic" about such a revelation. In fact, any ordinary observer of human nature would be in position to make the same statement.

As to health observations and warnings, the same might be noted. In each case, only the most general and vague remarks were made, with an air of wisdom which Solomon might have envied. Everyone knows that the modern malady is nerves and that it is perfectly safe to tell any citizen of Canada in the Twentieth Century that he or she must avoid nervous strain in order to keep in a healthy condition. The advice as to diet was also such as any ordinary observer of food values or effects might give without money and without price. The remark that one requisite for business success is capital is also one of utmost commonplace. The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is fairly safe to be a psychic phrenologist.

WESTERN EXPERIENCES OF AN "UNDERGRAD."

A Graphic Account of the Trials and Compensations of Pedagogy in a New Land

By "MISS TEACHER"

ICELANDIC PUPILS LEARNING "FIGURES"

ONE evening last March, as I sat at my study-table in my Kingston boarding-house, preparing an essay on Goethe's "Faust"—which essay was to be written in German script as well as German language and handed in to the professor the following morning—I paused to read over, for the seventh time, a letter I had received that very afternoon. No! It wasn't a love letter,

FAMILY IN FRONT OF TWIGGED FENCE.

but a plain business communication—but oh! how exciting the severe type-written lines were for me. Listen! This is what charmed my eye: "We have pleasure in informing you that we have to-day engaged you for the position of teacher in the P—— S. D. No. —— Sask.; duties to commence May the first and continue for six months, at a salary of seventy dollars per month straight. This school is situated at a distance of ten miles east of S——, a station on the —— branch of the C. P. R. There are twenty-five pupils enrolled, with an average attendance of twenty. Board may be secured at a distance of from one to one and a half miles from the school, at a cost of about twelve dollars per month. The residents of the district are Americans and Icelanders, and the secretary, Mr. P——, will meet you at S——, if notified the date of your arrival there. They receive mail from S—— every Friday."

Now, didn't that sound somewhat alluring? It certainly made me feel that fortune had smiled favorably on my quest for the position of "school-marm" out in the "wild and woolly West." But you may ask—"Whatever could induce you to think of leaving your home in that pretty town beside the St. Lawrence River—and your parents and brothers and their motor-boat, not to mention other attractions—and go and bury yourself out in the prairie where conditions are vastly different from those to which you have been accustomed?" Well—I can scarcely define what the inducement was—but the "Lure of the Labrador Wild" wasn't in it for a minute with my longing to follow a famous man's advice and "Go West, young man." Tales of the experiences of several fellow-students who had ventured out to Saskatchewan the previous summer, had certainly had an influence on my plans; and that love for adventure which slumbers more or less in us all, had seemed to suddenly awaken within me, and the call had to be obeyed. Last and not least was the thought of all the wealth I should be able to bring back, and how many added pleasures would come to me because I had made money of my own. What a vision was called up of new gowns and other finery so dear to the feminine mind—of many books I had long wished to call my own—of operas and good concerts—and of the future pride I would have in telling my father that *this* year he would not need to set aside so much money for my college expenses. So I had made application for a school, through a western teachers' agency, and this was the result.

Behold me, then, one fine spring morning, bidding a fond farewell to the home-folks and setting off on my journey—quite alone. When it came to the last, I really felt faint-hearted—but it would never do to show the white feather—so, outwardly calm and inwardly quaking, I waved my last good-byes. However, fortune smiled favorably on me, for when I boarded "No. 95" that evening in Toronto, I found to my great surprise and satisfaction that there were three boys and one girl from my college, who were also going west to teach. Maybe we didn't have a good time! We all suddenly felt as if we were related and it was wonderful how we all excelled ourselves in entertaining each other. Probably the re-action from the recent exams., as well as the stimulus of the unknown experiences we were going to have—had much to do with it. The journey began to look as if it would not be such a lengthy undertaking, after all. It was very interesting to observe the country in Northern Ontario, as we sped along. Everything seemed so strange. To begin with, the weather was vastly different from what we had been experiencing the last few weeks in Kingston. There it had been warm enough to doff one's furs and go along with one's coat flying open, and already the tennis courts were as green as in summer. Here the earth wore a white mantle and the many small lakes and rivers presented an expanse of ice. Often the tortuous rivers were so swift that they were quite open and the black, rushing water stood out in strong contrast to the white

AT THE SLOUGH, WHERE OXEN ARE WATERED.

land. Nothing could be seen from the car-window but hill after hill, surmounted by scrubby bushes and the tall, naked trunks of trees that had been destroyed in some forest fire—quite a difference from our scenery at home among the Thousand Islands. There, to be sure, it is rugged too, but the trees are larger, broader and more picturesque, while here they were regular darning-needles in shape. At all the divisional points where stops were made, we got out for a sprint along the platform and inhaled deep breaths of the welcome fresh air. Many strange, uncouth men were on the platform and the station was surrounded by very few houses, which were often very crude in architecture and had no grounds of their own worth mentioning; apparently the houses were erected just wherever the owner had taken a notion, and the limits of the street would have been hard to locate. Between these stations the wilderness was unbroken, save for a few Indian tepees scattered along the course of the railroad.

At Winnipeg I was sorry to have to part from my friends, but my way was by another line. Here I keenly felt the want of friends to talk to; after such a jolly journey it seemed hard to have to console one's self with magazines and writing post-cards. To look out of the window wasn't very entertaining either, for the land lay flat as a pancake on either hand, with spots like pimples to represent the houses. Here and there were little pools of water which we would name "duck-ponds" at home, but here they went by the name of "sloughs." The railroad boasted a fence on either side but the rest of the country was quite untrammeled. The absence of trees was very noticeable. To be sure, away against the horizon, one could see bush, but on near approach it proved to be of small growth. After several hours had passed, the land became more rolling and boasted many little knolls or hills and some small-sized trees. Finally at a late hour that evening, S—— was reached, and when I stepped off the train and looked into the faces of so many strange men, it was quite consoling to have one of the most refined-looking step forward and speak my name. He was the Methodist minister with whom I was to stay until someone from my school came for me the next day.

Right here I must digress to mention how a good idea came to me. About a week before, as I sat "cramming" away for my exams., the thought suddenly entered my head: "If only you had friends in S—— with whom to pass your first night in a strange land, instead of going to a hotel! Seeing that you haven't, why not write a letter to the Methodist minister at S—— to meet you and arrange for your accommodation at the hotel or some good boarding-house?" No sooner thought than done. I seized my pen and wrote a hasty letter addressed merely to the "Methodist Minister" of S——, for I didn't even know his name. And just the day before I started on this journey, back came a prompt reply, with the comforting news that I would be met and taken to the parsonage. And I was certainly well cared for and much more comfortable my first night in Saskatchewan than was a fellow-student who had arrived at this same town about a week before. Like myself, she was a stranger in a strange land, and in some way, someone directed her to a poor boarding-house, instead of to the one hotel which was really a very good one. But this boarding-house proved to be no place of rest for her, and she spent the night on the floor, with the window wide open. I believe she intends adding a chapter to Seton-Thompson's book, "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Next morning, about ten o'clock, my kind host came into the house with a foreign-looking man in a great bearskin coat. He was a German, recently come from Austria and could speak but broken English, but the minister had already found out that I was to board at his home, which was two and a half miles from the school. This

SOME ICELANDIC PUPILS POSING.

last bit of news didn't tally with what I had been given to understand, and I began to have inward doubts about the rest of the alluring news that I had taken for the gospel. However, I was

[illegible] ready for my long drive and saying a cheerful good-bye to my new friends, I mounted the lumber-wagon and climbed up to the spring seat beside my future landlord, and as I didn't feel very secure away up in the air like that, I unconsciously hung on to the seat with both hands for which fact the minister has many times since chaffed me. After getting my trunks at the station, a lad of apparently sixteen (I found out later he was only thirteen) offered himself to us and he was engaged by Mr. D—— as one of his [illegible]. I remembered the information that I would speak a little German and was promptly flooded with a torrent of eloquence in that tongue which left me not much wiser than before, save I guessed to be not the German that I spoke, but a sort of dialect used in Austria, where he had spent four years before.

However by degrees, by speaking a mixture of German and English, we three managed to carry on a conversation. Imagine my consternation to learn that his home was twelve—not ten—miles from town, that the school was two-and-a-half miles distant in another direction, that no children went from his house and I would have to walk the distance quite alone; also instead of Americans and Icelanders, my pupils were all Icelanders except two Norwegians—some of these had previously lived a few years under Uncle Sam's Venetian blind, so in a distant way were entitled to be called Americans.

We wended our way very slowly and frequently had to make wide detours to avoid bad places in the roads. The mud was of an inky blackness and up to the hub in many places. We met a few Galicians driving behind their oxen, saw three houses and as many fences on our way home. I also saw some "cute-looking" little animals much resembling chipmunks, which Mr. D—— said were gophers, and several flocks of wild ducks. It was a cloudy day and the air was cold and raw, and the elevated swaying seat on which I sat, had soon reduced me to a state of dizzy numbness. Having no rug to protect my knees, the wind was able to penetrate to my very marrow. How thankful I was, that at the last moment, my mother had insisted on my taking along my fur neck-piece, which I had decided to leave at home. Here, in this wintry-like atmosphere, it was more than welcome, and when finally some flakes of snow began to lazily fall down, I felt as if I had been transported to a different climate indeed. After three hours of very slow and tiresome driving, during which time the country became more and more desolate, I began to feel about as blue as it was possible to feel, and mentally compared myself to Uncle Tom taking his last drive through the swamps to Legree's plantation. However, I was determined to look cheerful outwardly, even if I should die in the process.

But there is a limit to everything, and the drive at last was ended and we drove up to a neat frame house surrounded by quaint sod-roofed mud-plastered outbuildings and curious twig-fences. In front of the door was a kindly-faced motherly German Frau of about fifty years and I felt quite at home the minute I saw her. Her English was very poor, but her welcome was very hearty and on going indoors I met her mother, a bright old lady aged eighty-three. The interior of the house was fairly shining and I felt glad to know that I was to have such a good housekeeper for my landlady. I was divested of my wraps and given a seat beside the pug-stove in the corner, and cheese-cake placed before me, so I would not feel too hungry before I received my dinner. Then Mr. D—— came in with a neighbor and Mrs. D—— went to the cupboard and produced a bottle and a small glass and after the men had partaken I was invited to have some from the same glass. However, my temperance principles prevailed and I declined with thanks.

After dinner I went upstairs to unpack my things and found I had a pleasant large room to myself, and best of all, the window looked [illegible] so I could see the glorious sunsets. Mrs. D—— asked if I did not want to rest a while, and proceeded to make my bed ready. I wish [illegible] When she took off the [illegible] counterpane, there was disclosed a huge, billowy, striped feather-bed. Pulling [illegible] two monstrous pink-[illegible] on top of each other (it would take four ordinary pillows to make one) and [illegible] coarse hand-woven linen sheet [illegible] which made the [illegible] I had my doubts about being able to sleep *under* a feather-bed, but my [illegible] night and all succeeding nights were as good as if I were in my own good bed at home [illegible] I had two ordinary-sized ones substituted that very night.

The next day being Sunday I was able to get a much needed rest. When I had decided I would arise and pushed back my feather-bed, Mrs. D—— called "Fraulein" through the curtain and when I bade her enter, she brought in a basin of warm water, which custom she kept up for the first month. When I descended, the whole family were seated around the table, singing German hymns to the accompaniment of an accordeon. I was given a book and invited to join and did so, and we sang for an hour. Then a chapter from the Bible was read and soon after dinner was ready. In the afternoon I sallied forth with my camera to "shoot" some of the many quaint bits I saw around. The oxen being watered at the slough afforded one picture and another one was of the family in front of the curious twig fence beside the house.

The next morning I was driven over to my school in the lumber-wagon. We wended our way across the prairie, making our own trail for the most part, around sloughs and bushes and hills, and finally after a forty minute ride we were there. As it was only half-past eight, no one was in sight, and as the building was still locked, Rudolf left me and my books standing disconsolately outside. But as soon as he was away, I found a window that would shove up and soon I was inside. There the desks and everything were in confusion, so I kept myself warm by arranging the desks in rows and winding up the clock and hanging it in its place. By this time a man arrived to open up the school and he seemed quite surprised to find me already within. He proved to be an Icelander and the chairman of the School Board, but could talk English fluently and soon we were becoming acquainted while he made a fire in the stove. Several children then appeared. Two were little Norwegian girls who had never gone to school before and could not speak a single word of English, then there was an Iceland girl taller than myself and three little Iceland boys, one of whom was just seven years old and did not understand a single word I said to him.

Finally homeward bound I turned my steps and "All alone was I." The prairie was "a surface dappled o'er with shadows flung from brooding clouds," and it certainly was a gorgeous afternoon. But although all nature looked pleasant, my way home did not seem attractive. To begin with, I soon lost all sign of the slight trail made by the wagon, and so I had to rely on my own sense of direction, which, never before tested on the open prairie, did not make me feel very confident. The first large slough almost dismayed me. First I went one way, then another, but couldn't find any road, so finally in desperation I plunged right ahead and got past, though with wet feet. Then ditto, ditto, a good many times until I began to think it must be time to see some sign of my boarding place. I looked in every direction but none of the distant houses looked like the one I had left that morning. So I went ahead in the direction I felt must be right. At last I caught sight of the first human being I had seen since I left school—a man was sowing grain in a distant field, but between us were some loose horses and cattle. Fear made me brave, and I went past them until I was near enough to hail the man and ask him where the D—— farm was. He stopped and listened, but apparently my wild questions were as so many vacant sounds to him. However, he waited until I plunged through a swampy piece of land, and when I got there, I found he was Rudolf, and that I had been going in the right direction all the time. So I felt quite proud of myself and soon after was safe at home.

The next morning I was again driven over and took a good look at my bearings so as not to get lost this time. More Iceland pupils were present and I felt that the work would surely prove very interesting. It seemed strange in the extreme to hear them playing in the school-yard and not be able to understand a single syllable they uttered. In school they used English, but once out, they quickly returned to their native tongue. Their dress was like that of any other Canadian children, except that they wore primitive Iceland moccasins instead of ordinary shoes. Some of the children did not understand a word of English, so it was quite a problem how to teach them, but necessity soon devised means. When school was dismissed, I helped the girls to sweep up the school and then began my homeward jaunt all alone again. This time I had no difficulty in seeing the trail and so proceeded quite leisurely. Spring was in the air all around me; the frogs in the numerous sloughs were "singing" and a few birds, too, were making themselves heard. Some saucy black crows were perched on the tree tops and overhead a hawk was circling round. On several hill tops in the distance, large herds of cattle stood out prominently. They seemed to be surveying me too, but the distance calmed any rising fears. The loneliest part of my walk was within a mile of the school-house. Here the way was completely shut in by a succession of small clumps of bushes—but the thought that this place was too remote from anywhere, for any tramp to be around, made me feel quite safe.

Again, the next morning, I was favored with a drive over to school, but Rudolf made me feel quite nervous all day, by his tales of prairie wolves that had been around the school during the winter and which were likely still in the vicinity. So all that day I felt as if I would find some sitting down waiting for me to come along. Coming home I kept a sharp watch for "enemies" of any description, but saw none. But from this on, the lonely walks were only a source of terror to me, and always I reached home completely exhausted by both the physical and nervous strain. But in other respects the first week passed along very quickly and then Friday came—a red-letter day for me, for did not the weekly mail arrive then and with it letters from the home-folks and friends in the outside world, which seemed so far away now? How good those letters looked to my eyes! And I read and re-read them until I almost knew by heart what they contained. Then I climbed up into my window and gazed at the wonderful sunset and watched "a sympathetic twilight slowly steal" over the prairie.

How I First Achieved Fame

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, the well-known Canadian writer, contributed to the columns of "The Echo" (published in London, Ontario) an account of his early days which will be of interest to many.

The editor of "The Echo" has very flatteringly asked me to confess "How I First Achieved Fame." This I can relate to "The Echo" both openly and appropriately, for it was in the fair city of London itself that eminence first crept upon me. It came about when I was an indolent, obstreperous and altogether unregenerate pupil in the old Wortley Street School, for it was in the room which was ruled over by "Mack" (and I like to use the old name of those old years, for a great deal of gratitude and affection and genial memory cluster about that respectfully yet familiarly curtailed cognomen of "Mack"!) that I became the cynosure of all eyes and the envy of the young, through inventing, in sooth, the "Stringer Shake."

This "shake" will need some explanation. And here it is: As spring turned into summer, and the days grew hot, every seeker after knowledge in the old Wortley Road School would begin to remember that The Cove was only a five-minute sprint from the school-gate. Instead of thinking of blackboards and the three R's, we used to think of the pellucid yellow waters of that delectable and frog-haunted body of water. We thirsted more for its oozy banks and its diving-raft than we did for Knowledge. We watched the clock-hands creep round to four. Then came the scramble, the mad Marathon, the eruption of shrieking boys through the school yard and down the Cove Road for the swimming-hole, from whence we were wont to emerge, two, sometimes three, hours later, with woefully blue lips, a troubled conscience and a puff or two at some punk-wood to keep down chills and fever.

Now, it was my habit and device, after much thought and much experimenting, to prepare for that Coveward migration long before the stern-eyed pedagogue who presided over our education ever dreamed. The process would begin sometime shortly after three, each afternoon. It consisted in the loosening of a shoelace here, the releasing of a button there, the liberation of some cumbersome article of clothing somewhere else. This, mark you, was all done surreptitiously and cautiously, with no open or apparent mental digression from the grave subjects before an equally grave roomful of students. But it resulted in this: a metamorphosis that seemed truly miraculous, a disrobement that was incredible, an adamitic emergence from the trammels of apparel that left me famous among my kind. From the moment the school-gate was past there was never a second's interruption in the race to the water. I don't think a Longboat could have outstripped us. Yet the moment I arrived at the brink of that swimming-hole I was able, by one quick shake and wriggle of the body, to cast off every shred that cumbered and clothed it, and to take a running long-dive (which sometimes miscarried to what we rudely but appropriately termed a "belly-whopper") in between the water-lily pads and the mud-turtles that sunned themselves on the drifting log-ends. I have often wondered what good fortune it was that kept me from shocking and painful disaster, when called up to the platform by the quite unsuspecting "Mack" on occasions when that fateful hour of four had drawn dangerously near; just as I have often wondered why, following the line of my early and natural bent, I did not develop into a "lightning-change artist" and seek a lucrative and highly honored career on the vaudeville stage!

THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

The story of the Triumph of a Nobler Nature

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON, Illustrated by Lester J. Ambrose

IT was apparent that a family row was imminent. Such had been distressingly frequent of late and the angle at which the Senator held his paper, the aggressive turn of his waxed moustache, the cup of untasted coffee, were unfailing signs to his two daughters.

A third imperious summons clanged from the Japanese gong in the hall, followed by a leisurely descent of the stairs and the belated entrance of Graydon Hilary.

"Morning, dad! Hello, girls! Bully day!" He dropped into his chair, flicked his serviette, and made a quick survey of the somewhat depleted table. "Bacon and liver—*again!*"

He replaced the pewter cover and filled his glass from a Wedgewood pitcher in which fragments of ice clinked musically. A long drink partially restored his equanimity.

"Coffee, Louie, if you please—clear. Pass the toast, Sis, if the pater doesn't want it all."

The Senator lowered his paper and pushed his cup to one side. The movement was suggestive, and Graydon Hilary devoted himself to his simple breakfast. A trailing fern from the centrepiece dangled in front of him; he broke it off and tossed it over his shoulder.

"I'd like to know, my boy, how long this thing is going to last. You were with that woman again last night."

"Supposing I was, dad. You've had my opinion once on that subject—and on Mrs. Westrope personally. Do you want it again?" A sudden color burned in the son's smooth oval cheek, but his eyes failed to meet his father's keen glance.

"No, but I do want to know how long you are going to bring unfavorable criticism upon your family by your—your association with a woman like Mrs. Westrope. She has lived in the town three years—her husband is a myth—and I have yet to hear a single good word of her."

"As I told you before, dad, it's the narrow prejudice of a lot of old cats and the men who are afraid of their claws. She's a good sort notwithstanding the fact that she was placed on the social *index expurgatorius* in being blackballed by your highly respectable Country Club."

There was a feeble ring to young Hilary's defence, a something lacking that the other was not slow to detect.

"That is not your true opinion, my boy. If you don't already know, you at least surmise that Mrs. Westrope is not a good sort—nor a good woman. You've begun a chase that can only end in your downfall and—the game isn't worth the candle."

The Senator rose from his chair and gazed into the depths of a small aquarium whose golden treasures flashed iridescent in the morning sun. The girls had quietly withdrawn. He turned abruptly, his face a shade paler than usual, his trembling hands clasped behind him.

"Graydon, you are my only son but unless you will listen to the advice of an older man—of one who has your deepest interests at heart—well, we have come to the parting of the ways."

He watched the handsome, boyish face of his son as he sipped his coffee and nibbled the crisp toast.

"You have come completely under the charm of this woman—a creature with whom you'd be ashamed to have your sisters associate. To pay your gambling debts you have sold your violin for a mere pittance—regardless of the hundreds that I paid for it."

The delicate, whimsical face glanced upward, an unasked question gleaming in the fine eyes.

"It is unnecessary for you to know how I found that out," continued his father. "After years of study you have given up your music—the one thing through which your shallow nature touched the deeper meaning of life and now—what is to be the end?"

"It strikes me that you're horribly melodramatic," cried the boy with unveiled passion, as he pushed back his chair and drew a cigarette from its case.

"There is tragedy enough to form the basis of a drama," replied the Senator quietly, more of genuine regret than of anger in his voice. "But it has come to a choice, Graydon. You must either drop this woman and retain your place as my son or—you must seek a future elsewhere."

Young Hilary arose and faced his father with a look of hot defiance. His hand rested on the back of his chair and the unlighted cigarette trembled between two slight fingers.

"The choice is quickly made then. I absolutely refuse to be governed by such meddlesome tyranny as you choose to exert, and until I have some better reason than yours I refuse to drop Mrs. Westrope. As for my future—which I suppose means *your* money—well, money be hanged!"

He was gone. With a quiet gesture of despair the Senator adjusted his pince-nez and, with unseeing eyes, crumbled a fragment of bread into the gleaming fish-bowl. The protest was in vain.

. . . . . .

"Since I am the cause of your expulsion from Eden, the only thing for you to do is to come here—for the present, at any rate."

"From Eden to Paradise—that's rather a reversal, dear Mrs. Westrope." Graydon Hilary smiled into her eyes but a look of seriousness therein successfully parried the deeper meaning of his words.

"It seems the only thing to do, Graydon, and yet, perhaps you are running too great a risk." She thoughtfully twirled the rings upon her finger. "You see, my reputation is plentifully bedaubed with local color—mainly red—and you are *very* young—pardon me!—with a future before you. Your talent is exceptional—you've already made a fair name in a professional way—and possibly it isn't right to besmirch it at the very outset."

"Look here, Mrs. Westrope—Candida. Let us cut out that kind of rot. I am twenty-four—a fairly reasonable age, you must admit. I've chosen between two paths. The one leads to you, the other to—to the nursery and the pap-spoon."

His hearty, boyish laugh brought a smile to Candida Westrope's thin lips, and the entrance of a maid with a huge silver salver was welcomed by both.

The firelight gleamed upon the tea-table whose spindly legs sank deep into the fur of a Polar rug. Mrs. Westrope sat in a low Moorish chair and adjusted the gleaming glass and delicate china with slender, well-formed hands. A gown of filmy material accentuated the girlishness of her figure, the loose sleeves partly disclosing a smooth, firm arm. Her hair was coiled in a coronet of braids and her grey-green eyes held in their depths the smouldering fires of intense feeling.

Hilary's glance followed her every movement, silent, unmistakable adoration limned upon his features.

"You see, the pater is so unreasonable——"

"Tea?"

"Tea, please. If he would only listen——"

"Lemon or sugar?"

"Sugar, thanks. He doesn't understand——"

"One or two lumps?"

"One—plenty. He is so eternally prejudiced——"

"Strong or weak?"

"Oh, I see. You are parrying! You don't want to hear about my troubles." He spoke childishly and the reproach in his tones touched her. Leaning over, she pressed his hand with warm, friendly fingers.

"It is not that, dear boy, but the whole thing is so serious and I don't want you to say things against your father that you'd regret later on. It is the mother in me that speaks."

"The mother! My dear girl, you've never had a child and you're only twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight in years and a hundred and twenty-eight in experience. However, if you are willing to take the risk—to live in the very blackness of the Gorgon's shadow—well, it can at least do me no harm—*now*."

"I consider myself honored in being admitted as a member of your charming household, dear madam, until my stormy skies show signs of clearing. In the meantime, may I have another cup of tea?"

A low hum of voices in the hall proclaimed the arrival of other visitors.

"Ah, dear Colonel—so glad

"I WISH THIS COULD GO ON FOREVER."

[illegible] And Teddy—he ever [illegible] Teddy. [illegible] ave enough for a few hands at bridge. [illegible] surely five o'clock is the [illegible] must [illegible] thing to drink, and [illegible] Hang the [illegible] please, Graydon.

"It is [illegible] to see [illegible] and I [illegible] I'm going to see [illegible]

"Why, [illegible] you can't call at such an hour! And if you go, do you think it will [illegible]

The younger Miss Hilary regarded her father [illegible] its litter of maga- [illegible] brilliant Japanese [illegible] rmations.

[illegible] at the Westrope's— [illegible] dinner and settling down [illegible] I can't see the boy going [illegible] and I'm going to intercede [illegible] ght to headquarters. She's a [illegible], in spite of everything."

[illegible] or arose with an air of finality; the [illegible] of the door announced his exit a [illegible] later. It was a cold night and he [illegible] glad to find himself in Mrs. Westrope's dim- [illegible] hall. On receiving the information [illegible] that she and her guest were at the theatre, he asked if he might wait. He was shown into a large drawing-room whose air of general comfort and evident good taste came as a surprise. Sunken rugs of misty blues and greens covered the floor. Quaint brasses gleamed upon the bookshelves and round rosewood table. On the mantel-shelf were rare ivories and priceless bronze, odd pottery and many candlesticks. Through a curtained arch he could see the cosy den with its cushion-laden couch, its crackling fire and atmosphere of good cheer. There was nothing vulgarly tawdry in the whole equipment.

As the maid disappeared he gave a sigh of relief and sank into a comfortable chintz-covered chair. His temples throbbed mercilessly and, rising, he turned low the glaring gas to a quiet half-light.

Overcome with drowsiness and a sense of bodily comfort, he became oblivious of all externals. A light laugh and the sound of his son's voice aroused his dormant faculties. They had returned and were as yet ignorant of his presence. In a moment he was wide awake, an unwilling spectator of their doings. His first impulse was to make his presence known; his second, to slip quietly into the snow-wrapt night: his third, to wait and learn.

"It was good -especially the Dream-Song," a low, musical voice was saying, and with some grim fascination he watched the slight figure as she slipped off her opera-cloak and stood before the fire. One foot rested on the fender and as she pulled off her long gloves, the flashing of many jewels marked the light movement of her hands. She was dressed in a black lace gown, her gleaming neck and arms accenuated by the contrast. Around her throat was clasped a necklace of barbaric splendor. Hilary stood beside her, puffing small rings of smoke into the scented air. He sent a bluish cloud into her face and laughingly she sank into the cushioned settle. In a moment he was beside her, leaning towards her, his handsome face aglow. He threw his cigarette into the fire.

"Candida," he almost whispered, "I wish this could go on forever. Do you know, I have *lived* during the last six weeks!" The passion in his tones made the silent watcher wince painfully.

"Dearest—can't you see—you must know that I love you? I have given up everything for you and now I want you to give me something in return—your love—a return of my coin in kind."

His voice was feverishly low as he slipped his [illegible] ar and drew her face to his. He [illegible] her upon the lips and a half moan escaped [illegible] the latter.

"[illegible] with a sudden concentration of [illegible] herself from his arms. She [illegible] her face was pale, her shadowy [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... all wrong! I suppose [illegible] led you on, too.

[illegible] dear, please. Let us talk [illegible] I don't love my husband [illegible] But I love you so much [illegible] to the inevitable end of [illegible] I wanted you from your [illegible] myself for that be- [illegible] we shouldn't be [illegible] of Madam Grundy. [illegible] ... as I have done. [illegible] ... was so happ[illegible] ... ard of this end- ing, but [illegible] ... plaintively, and the Sc[illegible] ... throb of sympathy.

"You see, [illegible] I wanted to save you from myself [illegible] could [illegible] of I could see more of you [illegible] you with me. I didn't love you then or [illegible] let you come to me as I did. It was foolish—it was weak—but it was womanly."

"Candida, I don't care for anything but you. Life is barren—meaningless——"

"No—no. Listen to me for a while and then you may speak if you wish to. Your whole life is before you, dear boy. Your talent is exceptional. You care for your work and your future more than you do for me—if you'd only realize that. I am a woman and my love for you is the ruling passion. You are a man and your bigger interests lie outside of your love for me. No—it is true! I can give you my love but I can't accept yours. I can give you a woman's truest friendship and—I can give you something else."

Haltingly she walked to a corner of the room and, returning, placed a violin-case upon the settle beside him. Without comprehending he looked up into her face.

"It is yours," she said. "I bought it back from the dealers with the money that you've lost to me in cards. I put it all aside for this very purpose. And now, boy, if you love me I want you to take it and make the best of it and of yourself. I'm not all bad and, remember, I am your friend always. Your success will be my glory because I'll be able to feel that I hold a small part in it. And to-night I want you to play for me—as you used to. The music is here. Come—the Venetian love-song! It is the first I ever heard you play."

She gave him the notes upon the piano and in a few moments the full, rich tones trembled through the room. To the silent watcher it was all wonderful beyond words—the soft passage from the cloyed atmosphere of passion to this exquisite calm of crystal emotion. The cosy room faded into nothingness and in its place was the soft, mystic radiance of Venetian nights, the purling of waters beneath slow-moving gondolas, the faint tinkling of mandolins, the heavy perfume of flowers.

Beneath the wondrous touch of his son's bow lay the power of a passion purified and transformed into something divinely potent. The crimson had died from his face; his art alone held control of the soulful eyes, the delicate, sensitive mouth, the strong, slender fingers. Candida too had fallen under the witchery of his magic bow. The last note trailed into silence and her fingers slipped from the keys. She arose and placed her hands upon his shoulders. There were tears in her eyes.

"Candida, you have given me a new lease of life, and you've told me some plain truths. I was a cad to speak and act as I did to-night, and yet I am not sorry, for now you know. And even though you cannot give me the greatest gift—yet, I know too."

"Spoken like the man that you are, Graydon. And, to-night, that I may know you are in earnest, I want you to go to your father—good fathers are scarce, dear—and tell him the whole thing. Place your future in his hands and, remember that I am your friend always."

A figure stepped from between the Bagdad curtains.

"And mine, too, Mrs. Westrope—if you will. I've been an unwilling listener to all you've said. I want to thank you for your interest in my son, and I want you to forgive me for my former attitude towards you. I see my mistake and I offer you my friendship—if you care to have it."

Candida Westrope placed Graydon's hand in that of his father and retained one of each in her own.

"United we stand—you know the rest!"

"Friends *always*," laughed the Senator with the faintest quaver in his deep voice.

Antique Furniture

By DORA C. RIDOUT

OUR houses are often ugly and ungainly on the outside through no fault of our own, but the interiors are ours to make or mar according to the power that is in us. We live in a rich age—rich because we have centuries of art to look back upon, and from which to draw models for our own use. This is in truth no period of destructive productions, so that we are free to choose from the past what most appeals to us. We are taking, as it were, a resume of the world's work both in literature and art. But in selecting therefrom we should be clever and careful. Not only must the styles we choose be suited to our way of living, the various periods should not be mixed.

The writer visited a house not long ago which was typical of the age, in the grand conglomeration it presented. It belonged to a multi-millionaire, and was perched on a hill surrounded by farm land. The structure was wooden and of no particular architectural pretentions — low, rambling and verandahed. We motored out, and on arriving, the door was opened by a smiling Jap. The hall was dark, but one soon became aware of beautiful Persian rugs, of that peculiar blue shade so valued by connoisseurs. Moorish chairs, and Oriental hangings, and suggestions of sandalwood and myrrh. A narrow white enamelled stairway led us upstairs and here we were shown into a room which was a complete copy in every detail of the period known as Louis Fifteenth. There was the low dressing-table, with its highly decorative oval mirror, and the accompanying gilt chain, delicate and graceful in design. A three-fold screen with Watteau panels stood in one corner, while placed in correct positions about the room were elaborately wrought inlaid cabinets and commodes. The gilt sofa and chairs were covered with the blue flowered brocade so much admired in those days. The whole spoke charmingly of the time of boudoirs and artificiality.

Next we were led across a narrow, unpretentious hall into a room which might have belonged to the First Consul himself, so perfectly Napoleonic was it. The contrast was very marked. The style in furniture was as dissimilar in character as were the regimes they represented. The chairs were straight and severe in outline, depending upon the rich coloring of the mahogany and ormolu mounting rather than an inlay or lacquer. Almost all the furniture in the room was ornamented with these metal decorations, in gryphon shapes, sphinx, eagles, bees. Where there was carving it was more massive. The bed was solid and boxlike, and showed much beautiful wood, while over it hung a silken drape caught once in the middle and hanging in simple lines over both ends. Above a small desk was a picture of Napoleon beside the cradle of his infant son. The color scheme was the strong blue which since those days has been called "Marie Louise."

The next room was Dutch, and so on throughout the house. The setting in every case was as perfect as is possible in modern times. Everything matched, save the hostess and ourselves. And so it became evident that though the various continental styles and periods may be interesting from an historical point of view, yet Anglo-Saxons are safer in drawing their models from English designs.

We might go back to Gothic, Elizabethan, Jacobean and Queen Anne periods, and find beauty and suitability in all. But let us now examine such well-known makers as Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, firstly because of their charming character, and secondly because some of us may be lucky enough to possess a piece or two handed down to us from our Eighteenth Century ancestors.

Chippendale began as a wood carver, but so artistic and original a workman was he, that before long he had set up a shop of his own in St. Martin's Lane, London. In a few years it became the rendezvous of a fashionable and brilliant company who flocked there to admire and discuss the latest design. In 1754 he published a book illustrated with his own drawings, which of course, is exceedingly valuable in distinguishing his work.

Although Chippendale followed in some respects the prevailing French designs, yet he created a style of his own. His chairs were much plainer in outline; the back was broad at the shoulders, tapered to the waist, and sloped gradually inwards to the ground. The centre backs were carved in many ways, the best known device being the ribbon pattern, which Chippendale himself greatly admired. The front legs were more massive than the back, and curved outward at the foot, terminating in famous claw-and-ball foot. These chairs were mostly made of mahogany which only came into common use in 1720. Card-tables, tip-tables, four-post bedsteads, mirrors and cabinets are among the many articles which were turned out of the little workshop. Of course, now it is well-nigh impossible to obtain any of the original pieces, but for those lucky few who have them it will be interesting to know that two Chippendale chairs were sold lately at Christie's for one thousand pounds and a tea-caddy ten inches square for fifty-two pounds.

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IN THE LAND OF FLOUR AND FURS

An account of a Woman's Journey through Canada to the Arctic

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron, whose speeches and stories have made her known from her beloved Pacific coast to the Eastern shores of this Dominion, has come into fame once more. Miss Cameron's latest book, "The New North," has just been issued from the press of D. Appleton and Company, while the lady herself has recently sailed for England, there to take a position on the London *Daily Mail,* one of Lord Northcliffe's flourishing publications.

Miss Cameron is a daughter of Vancouver Island and is proud of the fact. Also, as was mentioned in this magazine some months ago, she is of Scottish descent and is not anxious to conceal her preference for the heather. She taught school for years and having set certain trustees at defiance, retired from that profession to enter upon the wider field of journalism and exploration. Miss Cameron has succeeded, as few of us have, and has gone on such far journeys and written such glowing chapters as set us wishing that we too might heed the call of the Red Gods. The very headings of the chapters are bits of travel talk.

So we set forth with the first account, "The Mendicants Reach Winnipeg," with a nice new map of the author's route opposite the beginning of the story. Miss Cameron is fond of a snatch of poetry to give the prose a fillip, and the verses which preface the chapters are veritable songs of the road, with Kipling or Stevenson flavor. Thus she announces her purpose of travel:

"We will take the great waterways, our general direction being that of all the world-migrations. Colonization in America has followed the trend of the great rivers, and it has ever been northward and westward—till you and I have to look southward and eastward for the graves of our ancestors. The sons and grandsons of those who conquered the St. Lawrence and built on the Mississippi have since occupied the shores of the Red, the Assiniboine, and the Saskatchewan. They are laying strong hands upon the Peace, and within a decade will be platting townships on the Athabasca, the Mackenzie and the Slave."

Of the Hudson's Bay Company, which furnished information as to the contemplated journey, the writer remarks: "This concern has been foster-mother to Canada's Northland for two hundred and thirty-nine years. Its foundation reaches back to when the Second Charles ruled in England—an age when men said not 'How cheap?' but 'How good?' not 'How easy?' but 'How well?' The Hudson's Bay Company is to-day the Cook's Tourist Company of the North, the Coutts' Banking concern, and the freshwater Lloyd's. . . . They plan your journey for you, give you introductions to their factors at the different posts, and sell you an outfit guiltless of the ear-marks of the tenderfoot."

Winnipeg the Wonderful naturally arouses the enthusiasm of those who like men who do things and appreciate towns which grow by leaps and bounds. "This city," declares Miss Cameron, "is the greatest grain market in the British Empire and from it radiate twenty-two distinct pairs of railway tracks. Architects have in preparation plans for fifteen million dollars' worth of buildings during the coming year. The bank clearings in 1903 were $246,108,000; last year they had increased to $618,111,801; and a Winnipeg bank has never failed." Truly the "buckle of the wheat belt," as Miss Cameron calls the capital of Manitoba, is a jewelled buckle, set with gems of the first water. Then comes the westward journey to Edmonton, all the way marked by prairie towns. "In England it takes a bishop to make a city, but here the nucleus needed is a wheat elevator, red against the setting sun."

It would be delightful to linger over Miss Cameron's descriptions of Edmonton or Calgary; but the way is long and the first part of the northern expedition opens with the journey from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing. "This little ridge where the harebells grow divides the drops of rain of the noon-day shower. Some of these drops, by way of the Saskatchewan, Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, will reach the Atlantic. Others, falling into the Athabasca, will form part of that yellow-tinged flood which, by way of Great Slave Lake and the mighty Mackenzie, carries its tribute to the Frozen Ocean. These last are the drops we follow."

There follows the trip down the Athabasca one hundred and sixty-five miles to Grand Rapids to the music of

"Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!"

The ninety miles of rapids which ensue make those of us who have surveyed Lachine and the Cedar Rapids from the deck of a swaying steamer feel that we have lived in vain. On reaching Lake Athabasca, there is caught the first glimpse of Fort Chipewyan. Of this far post the writer says: "Fort Chipewyan is the oldest post in the North, and every boulder of red gneissic rock,

AGNES DEANS CAMERON AT FORT RAE MISSION

if we could interrogate it, has a story to tell. Peter Pond, of the North-West Company in 1778 built a post on the Athabasca River thirty miles to the south of the lake."

The wide stretch of Lake Athabasca, with its beautiful, picturesque Fond du Lac affords a tempting prospect, and we share with the writer the fascination of the ultimate woods, with their "worn north trails of the trapper beaten as hard as asphalt with the moccasins of generations." Then the voyagers are once more away, on "the magic road to Anywhere," and after much water and more mosquitoes come to Fort Smith, where a splendid steamship, *The Mackenzie River,* has been launched. Slave River and Great Slave Lake are the next scene of travel and beyond Great Slave Lake, forty-five miles down the Mackenzie River, they come to Fort Providence, "as strongly French in its atmosphere as Hay River is British." From Providence to Simpson, one hundred and fifty miles down the Mackenzie, brings them to Fort Good Hope, on the magic rim of the Arctic Circle.

The writer's comments on the people and places, in this far corner of our inheritance, are rare and illuminating. "Talk of civilizing these half-breeds of the North! They have that gift of repose which we know nothing of, which we may hope to attain after we have lived through automobiles and airships and when many incarnations will have allayed the fever of that unrest which we so blatantly dub 'progress.'"

What a wonderful world it is, to which this woman traveller opens our weary city eyes! "Three thousand miles of waterway, forest-fringed and rampart-guarded, and of its treasures the world knows naught! They await man's development and acceptance—banks of pitch, wells of oil, outcroppings of coal, great masses of unmined salt, mineral wealth uncounted and unguessed." As the "Ramparts" of the great river come in sight, the reader shares the writer's enthusiasm and hopes that "one day a Canadian artist will travel north and paint the Ramparts, some poet, gifted with the inevitable word, here write the Canadian epic. . . . The setting of the picture is that ineffable light, clear yet mellow, which without dawn and without twilight rises from flowing rivers to starless heavens, and envelops the earth as with a garment—the light that never was on sea or land."

One expects nothing but frost and snow on the edge of the Arctic Circle—but what is found? "We wander out into the midnight daylight where with dogs and Indians the whole settlement is still a stirred-up ant-hill. Splendid vegetable gardens are in evidence here—potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages. Should we reach the North Pole itself, we would expect there a Hudson's Bay fort, its Old World courtesy and its potato-patch." When we are assured that from the shrubbery outside the "Little Church of the Open Door" comes the perfume of wild roses, we are soundly converted to the Arctic Circle.

However, it is the Eskimo whom we find the most interesting feature in the Arctic landscape, for, as the writer assures us, "he is the one man without a master on the American Continent. . . The Mackenzie River Eskimo is a man who commands your respect the moment you look at him, and yet he is withal the frankest of mortals, affable, joyous, fairly effervescing with good humor."

Miss Cameron gives us an enlightening description of these people of the far places who, in some respects, put our civilisation to shame. One is reminded, when reading of their oily and happy existence, of Emerson's sage remarks on "Compensation." Certainly the Eskimo's lot, as depicted by his latest chronicler, is by no means to be despised. He appears to lead a fairly contented life, even if he has a strenuous conflict with walrus and seal. In fact, it would be far better to lead the life of the Eskimo than to be an Italian laborer in one of our large cities. The slum-dweller is a miserable being in comparison with these free and fortunate children of the Arctic Seas.

The return journey is even more full of interest than the trail to the North. The party leaves Chipewyan on August seventeenth and proceeds up the Peace River to Vermilion. This district affords an immediate prospect of agricultural progress to the settler. "On the Mackenzie, swarthy forms are in evidence, Cree and French is spoken on all sides, there are no fields of waving grain and the dog is the only domestic animal. On the Peace is an essentially white race, cows, chickens, trustworthy old nags, porridge for breakfast, 'the tongue that Shakespeare spake,' rendered in an accent born far ayont the Tweed."

We have all heard of the flour from Vermilion, though our grandfathers would have laughed at the idea of wheat in the Peace River country. Yet we realize what an aristocratic old settlement it is, when we read that people were at work there in 1792. "The first thing to meet our eye," says the writer, "is the red roof of the flour-mill of the H. B. Co., a picture of progressiveness, set in a living frame of golden wheat, the heavy heads nodding to the harvest. . . . The flour-mill that we now inspect is the most northerly wheat-mill on this continent, and it has been running for five years. . . . For thirty years, wheat, oats, barley, and vegetables have been grown in Vermilion, not as an experiment, but as regular commercial crops. Cereals are sown late in April or early in May, and the harvest is gathered in August. More than once, wheat has matured in eighty-six days from seed-sowing to seed-garnering. . . . Vermilion, in its soil fertility, ts modernism, culture and arrivedness, is a source of recurring marvel and pleasure. If a handful of people four hundred miles from a railway, as the crow flies, and seven hundred miles by actual practical trails, can accomplish what has been done, into what status

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SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

[illegible] Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his [illegible] Stephen and Christabel, her step-children [illegible] Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated, [illegible] foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the [illegible] Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds [illegible] suspected of the crime and cannot be found. [illegible] by stealth and Christabel gives him money. [illegible] knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape to the Irish Mail. A Bank disaster ruins the Forbes [illegible] and distresses Mrs. Ingram who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. Mr. Forbes is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in London and goes to groome's hotel. Barry finds Scottish acquaintances at hotel and departs. Christabel, [illegible] time after Nancy's funeral, indulges in conversation with Alan Hastie, the keeper.

"MISS CHRISTABEL, is it true that ye are agaun to London to seek for Maister Barry?"

The suddenness of the question greatly surprised her.

"Well, not exactly, because you see we are not even sure that he is there," she answered. "But what makes you ask that?"

"He has never been heard of, has he? You've never heard at Tyrie onything aboot him?"

"Nothing; it is a complete mystery, and sometimes we all incline to the belief that he is at the bottom of the loch. Mrs. Ingram holds that so strongly that she always wears a black frock now, but I cling to the hope that we may hear something about him yet."

"But it will be London, if he is alive?" persisted Hastie.

"We don't know, we only think he may be there. It is the place where everybody hides. We really don't know what to think, Hastie. It looks like guilt, doesn't it?"

It was somewhat of a relief to Christabel to speak out quite openly to one like Hastie, who though intensely interested, was on the outside.

"It looks like it, maybe, but things are never what they seem," he answered, unexpectedly. "What I should like to do, would be to go to London wi' ye, Miss Christabel, and help ye to search. Maybe ye have a bit of garden that I could work in. I wad seek nae wage only my meat."

Christabel had now no doubt whatever that sorrow had partially unhinged the brain of the man walking by her side.

"There will be no garden where I live," she said a trifle sadly. "Probably I shall have to live at a Settlement House."

"What's that?"

For a moment Christabel was at a loss.

"It's a sort of institution where workers among the poor live together and go out to help others. But even of that I am not sure. I am going just for a few days to a quiet, little hotel I know of in London, and then I will decide."

"Then you would hae no use for me?" he said dejectedly.

Christabel cast a half-smiling, half-compassionate glance at the big, somewhat uncouth figure walking by her side.

"Certainly not; and you would never be able to live in London, nor in any big city after the [illegible] the wild things. Stick to it, Hastie, and do take my advice and let me seek [illegible] situation." I believe she added with a slight blush, "Then I might be able to get you a [illegible], in Ireland. He is there at present. My brother Stephen could write to him."

Hastie shook his head.

"I thank ye kindly, but I'm tired o' the gun," he answered. "Can I tak' it now, Miss Christabel, I gang oot [illegible]"

She hesitated a moment before she returned the weapon.

"I have your promise, Hastie?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Christabel. I'll no dae awa' wi' mysel' yet, onyhow. It's very guid o' ye to tak' so much interest in a worthless fellow like me."

"I have never heard that you are worthless, Hastie, and I don't believe it now. Good-bye. I'll write to you after I get to London, if you will promise to write to me."

"Yes, Miss Christabel."

She hesitated a moment, and then offered her hand. But Hastie's color rose, and he took off his cap, as he shook his head.

"No, but I winna forget that ye wad hae shaken hands wi' me, Miss Christabel. It'll maybe help me yet."

So saying, he grasped the gun and plunged once more into the depths of the wood. Christabel continued her way towards the cottage in the clearing, her mind lifted above the grey of her own thoughts.

The man interested her, the intensity and passion of his nature, and his evident suffering appealed to her very strongly. She could not help speaking of it to Simons whom she found in his kitchen at the cottage, drinking his tea.

"I've come to say good-bye, Simons," she said as she stepped through the open door. "I suppose you have heard that I am going away?"

"Yess, miss, I did hear it, and it wasna guid news for ony of us," said Simons, rising to his feet. "Will ye come in and sit down?"

"I haven't time, thank you. You look very comfortable here, but still, I think it may be wise for you to leave a place full of such painful associations."

"I havena got a job yet, Miss Christabel, but I daursay one will turn up. Whit wey did ye come?"

"Round by the loch and past the dell. A strange thing happened, Simons. I met Alan Hastie wandering about there all alone with his gun, looking the picture of desperation and despair."

"He's never aff the place, and that's gettin' on my nerves, too, Miss Christabel. I wad be feared to say what I think oot lood aboot Alan Hastie."

"I can guess, I think? You think his conscience is at work?"

Simons nodded emphatically.

"He kens more aboot the thing than we think, that I could swear."

"You would not go so far as to say he fired the shot, Simons?" hazarded Christabel, leaning against the lintel of the door.

"I wadna go so far, at least, as to say it oot lood. If he fired them, it micht hae been an accident. We have that to think on—"

"You don't believe that grief for your daughter could make such a change?"

"Not that kind o' change. He was very fond o' her, I grant, but this is mair than common sorrow, like. He aye seems to me like a man pursued. He was here last nicht, and him and me had words. I doot I forgot mysel', and said some things I shouldna; I was sorry for it after, because him and me's saye been freens, but the vera thocht that he micht hae had a hand in it, and let anither be punished for it, mak's my bluid rin cauld. I canna be the same till him. It's mair than can be expeckit of flesh and bluid."

"I wonder what will be the end of it? Do you know what I think, Simons? That Hastie will put a bullet through his own brain one of these days if nobody keeps an eye on him."

"We dinna want ony mair bluid in the Cardyke woods," observed Simons grimly. "D'ye mind Jamie Barclay, the forester, that used to lodge wi' Hastie in the bothy?"

"I've heard the name. I don't think I can have seen the lad."

"He said Alan was terrible. He couldna bide wi' him ony longer. He has hardly ever sleepit since it happened, and is aye mutterin' to himsel'. If it's no' a guilty conscience, it's a very oncommon grief."

"But we can't do anything. It's the duty of the police, and not ours, Simons, to hound them on to what may very easily be an innocent man."

"I'm in two minds aboot it, whiles, I'll be drappin' a word to the sergeant one of these days, I doot."

"Take care you don't make a mistake; well, good-bye, Simons, I hope to hear that you have a good situation soon, and that time is dealing gently with your sorrow."

"Thank ye, Miss Christabel, very kindly. We are a' wae that ye are leaving Tyrie. It's no' the best that's left."

Christabel shook her head, and with another good-bye passed on her way.

Not caring to return by the haunted path to the dell, she passed on through the thicket immediately in front of the keeper's cottage, and presently came to the wider spaces of Cardyke park, from whence she got an exit by the lodge gate to the high road.

Just outside the gate she met Miss Cousins, the dressmaker of Cardyke, returning from a fitting appointment at a customer's house.

"The very person I wanted to see," she said joyfully. "I was sorry you were out when I called yesterday to pay my account. Tell me, is it Bridgewater Square where your cousin's hotel is? I forgot to write it down."

"Yes, Miss Ingram, it is Groome's Hotel, Bridgewater Square. I made bold to write to her the other day after our talk, and she is very pleased and proud at the idea of having you there, even if it should only be for a very few days."

"I am only too glad to know of such a place recommended by you," said Christabel, as she noted the address in the little memorandum book she always carried in her pocket.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the Thames Embankment.

"LADY WELLDON presents her compliments to the Lady Superintendent of the Hermitage Mission, and would be much obliged if she would send one of the Sisters to call upon her this afternoon, if possible, at 83, Prince's Gate."

The sister in charge at the Hostel in Beringer Street, Regent Street, regarded this note with a somewhat perplexed expression on her face. She was a middle-aged woman, with a strong, sweet face, behind which lay a history.

"Welldon, Welldon — now, who is Lady Welldon?"

She knit her brows a moment, and after brief meditation arrived at some conclusion satisfactory to herself. She nodded and smiled, and then rose and, opening a door which communicated with a smaller room, asked the sister cutting out some garments at a table to come in.

"Look at that, Christabel? What do you make of it?"

Christabel Ingram, who had now been a year in London and was one of the props of the Hermitage Mission, ran her eye over the sheet of small, delicately perfumed notepaper upon which this summons was traced in a woman's handwriting.

"Who is Lady Welldon?" she naturally asked.

"I couldn't think for a moment, now I remember. She was one of last year's hostesses —in fashionable society, I mean. Her husband has immense works somewhere down Bermondsey way. He gave thousands to charity and endowed a hospital—for that he was knighted. Just when they got all they wanted he died suddenly. I have heard since that she is inconsolable."

"She will help us, you think?"

"I am sure that must be the meaning of the note. You had better go out, dear, this afternoon."

Christabel nodded and noted the address on the hanging tablets at her side. The year had changed Christabel but little, except, perhaps, that her face wore a more peaceful and contented expression. She had found her niche, undoubtedly, and had lived through a very busy, eventful year.

About three o'clock that afternoon Christabel, in the sober garb of the sisterhood, entered an omnibus going out Knightsbridge way. She

alighted at Prince's Gate and sought for number eighty-three. She found the house to be one of the largest in a fine row of mansions facing the park, and its magnificence within fully came up to expectations. The manservant ushered her upstairs at once as if she were expected, and presently Christabel found herself in a small but elegantly furnished boudoir, where she was left for a few moments alone.

Presently a woman like an upper servant, who proved to be Lady Welldon's own maid, opened the door.

"Lady Welldon begs you to excuse her receiving you in her dressing-room, where she has been lying down. She has not been very well to-day. Will you come this way, if you please?"

Christabel followed the woman along the softly carpeted corridor to another room, where a middle-aged lady was lying on a couch drawn up towards the fireplace.

She had no beauty, but rather a harsh face, which looked inexpressibly sad. Her eyes were keen, however, and she fixed them on Christabel's face. Something in her look and bearing seemed to please her, and she stretched out a very friendly hand.

"Thank you so much for answering my note so promptly. I am afraid it was a little vague. Are you Miss Cresswell herself?"

"No; I am one of the sisters. They call me Sister Belle. My name is Christabel Ingram."

"You are a lady, I can see. Do you take up this work for love of it? I suppose there is no money in it?"

"Oh, none. All the sisters have a little income of their own—I mean, as much as will defray their personal expenses—so that the mission funds are not encroached upon."

"I see. And how comes it that you have given up your life to this sort of thing? You are young and attractive. Had you a disappointment?"

Christabel could not forbear a smile at this blunt questioning, and yet she did not feel that she resented it. Lady Welldon's manner was bad, certainly, but there was a ring of honesty about it which impressed Christabel favorably.

"No, I had no disappointment, but I was not needed at home," she replied, with equal frankness.

"You are Scottish — your tongue betrays you."

"Yes; my home is in the neighborhood of Glasgow."

"Well, and do you like this work? Don't you find it terribly depressing?"

"At times it is, especially when we don't have enough of money to relieve the distress we come in contact with—that is the most depressing of all."

"I suppose you hoped, when you got my letter this morning, that I would offer to help?"

"We certainly did hope so, Lady Welldon," replied Christabel, with a smile.

"Well, I will help; though that is not my immediate object in bringing you here. Yesterday afternoon I read an article in one of the monthlies on the waste of London life. It dealt with the poor people who wander about the Embankment at night. If what the writer says there is true, it is really terrible. Have you ever been on the Embankment at night?"

"Very often."

"In the middle of the night, I mean, when all the seats are occupied by these poor creatures whom the policemen are perpetually moving on?"

"Yes; often. Someone I loved very much has been lost, Lady Welldon, and I have gone there sometimes—in fact, I go regularly to see whether I can find him there."

"How terribly sad! What happened to him? Did he sink down, as so many of them do, through drink?"

"No. It would be a very painful story, Lady Welldon. I would rather not tell it now."

"Ah, well, you will excuse my asking. You don't know anything about me, of course, but I will tell you something. I am a woman who has lost everything in this world she cares about. I had a husband and child. Both are dead. There is nothing left but money. I must spend that. I should like to help, if I could, to stem this terrible drift of which that man writes in the magazine."

"Wherever you give it it will be welcome, Lady Welldon, and—and blessed," she added simply, feeling so much moved that her ordinary reticence seemed to fall away from rer.

"Yes; but I want to see for myself. The writer makes mention of the Hermitage Sisters in his article; that is why I wrote last night after I read it. I want to go down there and see for myself. Will you take me?"

"I could do so, of course, Lady Welldon."

"When?"

"Any night."

"To-night, then. Will you come here to dinner, and we can set out together?"

And so it was arranged.

Shortly before nine Christabel returned to Prince's Gate, and after a small but exquisitely served dinner and some further talk over their coffee they got ready for the midnight expedition. Lady Welldon covered her black dress by a long coat lined with fur and trimmed with astrachan, and shortly after eleven they entered the neat one-horse brougham which came to fetch them. It was a night of bitter cold, a north wind driving the snowflakes before it, the sky of inky blackness, though the cheerful lights of London somewhat relieved the general gloom. When the carriage drew up just beyond Westminster Bridge and they stepped out a little shiver shook Lady Welldon, in spite of her enveloping furs. The place and the scene seemed so desolate, with the black river yawning like a gulf in front of them, the snowflakes scudding through the air and resting on the boughs of the sparse trees.

Lady Welldon turned to her companion, at the same time gripping a roomy black satin bag in her two hands.

"Loose change," she explained. "It isn't any use coming unless one can do something, and we can at least pay for a night's lodging for some of them."

"Let us go over and interview that big policeman," suggested Christabel. "He has turned his lantern on us, anyhow, and is regarding us with suspicion."

"Why, I thought every policeman in London knew you!"

"When did I claim such notoriety?" smiled the sister. "Let us cross the road. He's waiting for us."

He was, with a very odd expression on his face.

"You do the talking, Sister. Policemen always terrify me; and though I have never done anything very wicked in my life, I am sure they would like to apprehend me. You do things so naturally you disarm suspicion."

The sister took her companion's arm and piloted her across the now slippery roadway. They were a little beyond the brighter glare of lights from the bridge and the great sweep of Westminster, but the constable's brilliant lantern turned full on their faces helped to relieve the gloom.

"Good-evening, constable," said the sister cheerfully. "You don't know me, I suppose?"

"I haven't seen ye afore that I mind on," he answered, with an accent which delighted the ears on which it fell.

"Oh, you're Scottish; so am I. I'm one of the Hermitage Sisters, don't you know?"

"I ken the uniform, miss, of course. Is it somebody you're seeking?"

"Not exactly—to-night, at least," she answerer, but it seemed as if a slight shadow fell across her sweet face. "This is Lady Welldon; she has come down with me to see for herself that there really are so many of the lost here, and she wants to invite them to a supper."

"The nicht?" asked the policeman bluntly.

"No; one night soon. She wants to get some idea of the number."

"If ye tell them what's on, sister, you'll get them in their thoosands. Guid news as weel as bad travels quicker on the Embankment than ony ither place I've ever seen."

Lady Welldon made no remark as they crossed the road in a slanting direction once more and came to the greasy pavement running parallel with the Embankment wall. They stopped presently at the seats about Cleopatra's Needle, on which were huddled many forms, some of them almost bent together, none of them sitting up, alert or on the watch.

Several heads were lifted as the dull eyes looked in momentary inquiry at the two figures, but no one spoke. The wretchedness of the scene, the apparent dazed apathy of the poor creatures, part of the great drift of London life, had the effect of terrifying the rich woman, who had never in her life faced the facts of poverty and misery, but had resolutely kept all unpleasant things away from her until overwhelming sorrow had awakened her heart.

"Shall you speak to them, Christabel?" she asked hurriedly. "Do you think it will be safe? They don't look as if they would comprehend what anybody said. I almost wish I hadn't come."

Christabel drew her forward, and touched the arm of a poor woman who was sitting at the extreme end of one of the seats, her head half hanging over the arm.

"Garn!" she growled. "Lemme alone, carn't yer. I ain't doin' no 'arm to naybady."

She drew herself up angrily, expecting to see the policeman and to hear the eternal mandate to move on. But when she observed the two ladies her manner instantly changed and she became the servile and whining beggar waiting with outstretched hand for a copper.

Lady Welldon dived into the bag of loose coin on her arm and produced a silver piece, over which, however, Christabel's fingers instantly closed.

"No, no, that is far too much. A sixpence is quite enough. Don't! I assure you that for sixpence, or less, she can have both bed and supper and breakfast."

"Take the bag, Christabel, and disburse the contents. I should give it all away at once. Poor creature, she looks dreadful—hardly like a woman." Christabel offered the sixpence, which was instantly closed upon with wolfish eagerness.

"If you want a meal—a good supper—on Friday night," said Christabel clearly, "come to the shelter at Larcombe Street at ten o'clock. Yes, all of you. Here are the tickets."

Christabel took the bundle of tickets, held with a rubber band, from an inner pocket, and gave one to each. By this time the whole of the loungers were aroused at the prospect of something in store for them, and to each was given a small dole to purchase shelter for the night.

Lady Welldon would not touch them. She stood behind the sister, whose year in London had somewhat accustomed her to such sights; she eyed them furtively, however, appalled by the depths to which human beings could sink.

"I had no idea such things really existed," she said breathlessly as they turned away from the Needle to walk to the next seat. "And how you can bear to go so near to them and to touch them as you do I can't comprehend. I am filled with nothing but disgust and fear."

"I am used to it, dear," said Christabel quietly. "Did you see the hunted look in that man's eyes—the older man, who hung back a bit? He has sunk by his own misdeeds, I am sure."

"But surely they have all done that? That poor wretch of a woman looks capable of anything."

"There are heaps of sad stories on the Embankment, Lady Welldon, and there is a surprising proportion of these poor creatures who have sunk through no fault of their own. Here's another batch. Shall we go on as long as the money lasts?"

"Yes. But the thing that seems so dreadful to me is that this is less than a drop in the ocean. I suppose this is no exception? If we were to come to-morrow night should we see just the same thing?"

"Yes; and every other night throughout the year," replied Christabel, with a sort of quiet mercilessness. "You challenged me, you know, Lady Welldon, to prove to you that things were so bad. You are convinced now?"

"Oh, quite; and I should like to go home now and lock my door and forget that such things exist."

"That will not be possible, I fear. Come, and let us get the bag emptied."

The next seat was full also, and when they approached a figure nearest bounded to its feet. It was a man, wearing an overcoat very shabby and thin, and the holes in his boots were pitifully in evidence. He had his hat drawn well over his brows, from which his eyes looked out furtively as if suspicious and ill at ease. But some attempt at respectability, even at cleanliness, was there, which always touched Christabel more than anything. Her heart warmed to the man or woman who went down with a struggle, fighting to the last.

"Don't go just yet," she said in her quiet, kind voice. "We are friends. Won't you take from us as much as will give you a clean bed to-night and a good breakfast?"

Something in her voice seemed to arrest his attention so that he was rooted to the spot. Christabel took another step so that she could see the face on which the light of the neighboring lamp fully shone.

Then she gave a little cry. It was not Barry's face, but another, which she had last seen in the spring setting of the Cardyke woods.

"Hastie—Alan Hastie!" she said, almost trembling. "Whatever has brought you to this?"

CHAPTER XIV.

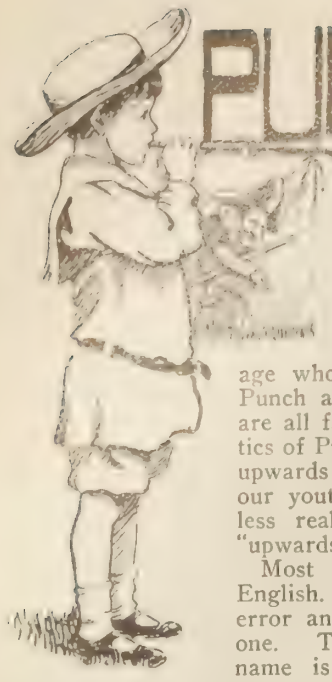
The Night Side of Life.

ALAN HASTIE looked round a little wildly, as if he would have fled the place. But Christabel laid a firm, detaining hand on his arm.

"No, you don't go like this. I heard from home, of course, that you had left the neighborhood. What tempted you to come to London?"

"You ken," he answered in a sullen whisper.

Continued on page 3.



PUNCH AND JUDY

The Story of this Fascinating Traveller

By ESTELLE M. KERR

I SUPPOSE there is nobody in this enlightened age who has never seen a Punch and Judy show. We are all familiar with the antics of Punch from our youth upwards — but especially in our youth. He becomes a less real personage in the "upwards."

Most people think he is English. It is a common error and not a surprising one. To begin with, his name is English and his wife's name is English too, or possibly Irish. Toby, too, has an English sound. If anybody told you Punch was an Italian, you'd punch *him*, wouldn't you! And yet he is. I've met him in France and Italy, and many other countries, but that doesn't prove anything; everybody knows that Punch is a traveller, he's always on the go! I never knew him to stay more than a week in one place, and that only during fair time. The question is, where was he born? And the answer, Italy. "Then how does he come by his name?" you will say, and I tell you he has changed it. Many people change their names when they come to a new country. Some of them have done something they are ashamed of in the old land, and want to start life afresh; but that wasn't the way with Punch. Not that he had never done anything to be ashamed of, but he was a hardened old villain.

I once knew two Frenchmen called Blancpied, brothers, who came to America, settled in different parts, married and forgot about each other, but they both grew tired of their name, for the Americans couldn't pronounce it, not even their own wives; so one of the brothers translated the name and called himself Whitefoot, and the other ended by spelling it the way the neighbors pronounced it, Blumpey; so if you met Mr. Whitefoot and Mr. Blumpey, you would never dream they were brothers, would you? That is the way with Punch. He is Pulcinella in Italy, Polichinelle in France, and Punchinello in England. Only, as that is too long a name, the English-speaking people call him Punch.

Now, don't blame Italy for Punch's bad manners, for I tell you he is thoroughly cosmopolitan. The Italians have not a monopoly for wife-beating, indeed Punch has degenerated since he came to our country. In the puppet shows of Italy, he fought with allegorical figures of Want and Weariness, as well as with his wife and the policeman; he was on intimate terms with the Patriarchs, he sat in the lap of the Queen of Sheba and had dukes and queens for his companions. He cheated the Inquisition, as well as the common hangman.

Punch does in Rome as the Romans do. But he always keeps his Roman nose, you will say. There again, you mustn't blame Italy for his looks! He was not a Roman, but a Neapolitan, and was much better-looking in his native land, than he is in our country. There he wore a mask on his face, a white smock and trousers, and a Neapolitan grey felt hat. In fact, he dressed just as Puccio d' Anniello, the Father of all Punches, dressed before him.

Sometime in the Seventeenth Century, a company of strolling comedians set up their stage in a little town near Naples, and started to entertain the people with their jests and capers. The jokes were old, the clown was stiff, and the spectators began to yawn when a funny little man who cultivated a vineyard on the mountainside, and had driven to town with a wagon-load of grapes passed by, and seeing the players he stopped, returned their jests with nimble wit, and soon had the entire audience convulsed with laughter, not at the players, but at himself.

The comedians were very much provoked at first, but seeing what great talent the little man possessed, and that his droll appearance alone made everybody smile, they begged him to join the company. The life appealed to Puccio d' Aniello—for that was his name; he was tired of his vineyard, and longed for travel and excitement, so he went with them from place to place, and all the people flocked to see him. He became so popular that at his death, a masked actor took his place and imitated his voice and manner. In course of time puppets were made in his likeness and called after him, so that he still played on mimic stages, at all the Fairs in Italy, and delighted the people, young and old. This miniature Puccio d'Aniello had a hooked nose, like a beak, a squeaky little voice, and was of a very timorous nature, so the people said: "He is like a little chicken!" and his name gradually changed to Pulcinello, from the Italian "pulcino," a chicken.

The original puppet was a cowardly, boastful country clown, given to knavish tricks and shrewd sayings; the Punch that went to France, developed a hunchback and became extremely witty. He was introduced into France during the reign of Louis XIV. and was hailed with delight by the French people, who used him as a medium for political satire. The "Letters of Polichinelle to Cardinal Mazarin" excited attention, and puppet shows were seen nightly in French country villages, where people listened eagerly to the witty remarks of Polichinelle, and learned the latest news from court. Judy was called Joanne, and a cat was sometimes used in place of Toby.

Punch went to England with King William, retaining the hunchback he had acquired in France, but little of the wit. He became very domestic, quarrelling only with his wife and ordinary tradespeople and his programme has varied but little in the course of generations, though in one of the early English productions a pig was introduced who danced a minuet with Punch.

The Punch and Judy show is now a British institution, and therefore is most conservative. We would be surprised and shocked if Punch began to talk politics or do anything different from what he did when our grandmothers were children. In Italy the puppet theatres are very numerous, and other characters rival Pulcinello in popularity, but with us our own funny little British Punch is the king of all puppets and will always have first place in our affections.

* * *

PEGGY'S VALENTINE

How a Small Girl got an Unexpected Blessing

DABNEY'S drug store in Mereford had the most beautiful valentines in the window — hearts of blue forget-me-nots, hearts of roses, hearts of violets and hearts of ivy-green. Four small girls stopped on their way from school, to look at the lavish display, and sighed over the beautiful valentines which made the window "almost as good as Christmas-time." There was one which was especially gorgeous — a pink frosted dove on a cushiony card of pale blue satin.

"That must be nearly fifty cents," sighed Della Martin. "I wonder if any of the boys in our form will have money enough to buy it."

"Tom Gibson may buy it for Grace Linton. She always gets such lovely valentines. But then she's so pretty!" sighed Peggy Lee.

"But she knows it," said Bessie Mitford.

"She couldn't help knowing it," said the loyal Peggy, who had a heartfelt admiration for Grace's blue eyes and golden curls. "She's the prettiest girl in the school."

"Well, I don't believe Tom has money enough to buy that valentine," concluded the practical Bessie. "Of course, he works on Saturdays in Wilson's store, but he'd have to save up a long time for a valentine like that."

"Grace got ten valentines last year, and I believe my brother Ted is going to give her one this year," said Della Martin. "I was teasing him about it the other night, for I saw a pink valentine hidden away under his ties, and when I asked him about it he was awfully angry and said I was always sneaking around. I'm sure it's for Grace because he gets red every time we say that she's a pretty girl. I'd be perfectly satisfied if some one were to send me those two little cupids with the lovely frosted wings."

So they all admired the dove to the satisfaction of their hearts and then departed for the rink where Grace Linton was cutting all manner of fancy figures in a style which brought an increase of envy to the hearts of Bessie and Della. Was it not enough that Grace should have beauty and fine clothes, with furs that were the best in town? It seemed a shame that she should also be able to skate backwards and do figure eights and "rolls" in a way to make the less dexterous wonder how one shiny pair of skates could carry out these icy experiments. Peggy Lee, however, refused to join those who were criticizing and remained spellbound in admiration of Grace's fanciful feats.

There came the twelfth of February, when there were rumors of valentine parties and of "comics" which were to be inflicted on certain unpopular characters.

"We're going to send Sarah Roberts such a funny one," announced Bessie Mitford, as she was having tea at Peggy's. "You know she's the crossest thing you ever knew. She lives with her Aunt Nancy, who takes in laundry work, and I bought a funny valentine to-day of a girl hanging out clothes, which looks a little like Sarah. It's a dreadful scarecrow with hair all flying and an old purple petticoat on."

"Don't you think the poor girl has some excuse for being cross?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Perhaps. But she says the rudest things all the time and made fun of me yesterday because my shoes squeaked."

"She has dreadful clothes," said Peggy thoughtfully. "I know she has a horrid disposition, but don't you suppose that she has loads of trials?"

"Just think," continued Mrs. Lee, "what it would be like to have no nice clothes, no dainty things to eat—no mother."

Bessie looked reflective and Peggy began to wink painfully. "I'll tell you," said the latter. "I've got five cents to spare. Suppose that you and I put our money together and get a nice ten-cent valentine for Sarah."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," said Peggy's Cousin Ralph, who was eighteen years old—almost grown-up—and was visiting Canada for the first time. He came from the West Indies and was in Peggy's words "ever so much politer than the young men in Mereford."

Bessie regarded Cousin Ralph with great respect and yielded at once to his superior opinion. "Very well. Perhaps that *will* be better and the poor thing will be so surprised."

So a pretty daisied heart was sent to Sarah Roberts, who actually showed it to Bessie and Peggy on St. Valentine's Day and forgot to be disagreeable when they told her how beautiful it was, and thawed, in the sunshine of their friendliness, into a likable girl.

But when Peggy reached home that night with skates "chuck full" of snow and cheeks like Killarney roses, she found a white parcel beside her plate, tied with blue ribbon.

"I wonder if it's a valentine," she said, in delightful anticipation.

"You'd better open it," said her father with a chuckle.

With trembling fingers she untied ribbon and parcel, and disclosed—the wonderful pink dove, on a blue satin resting-place.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" exclaimed Peggy. "I wonder who could have sent it."

"He must think a great deal of you," said Cousin Ralph.

But to this day Peggy has not found out who sent the prettiest valentine she ever saw.

CANADIAN GIRLS' ... CLUB ...

AS you go around among your friends I wonder if you hear the remarks that many subscribers are writing to us—they say they feel independent now of foreign magazines, they are glad that Canadian women have a magazine of their own. Everywhere is a pride in THE HOME JOURNAL because it is a Canadian magazine.

And doesn't it seem that as the Dominion grows stronger and richer, we Canadians take an increasing pride in our country—in the railroads that, boldly forcing their way through unsettled lands have carried civilization with them, in the grain fields of the West—the granary of the Empire; in the increasing growth of manufacture and commerce? It is certainly a worthy pride, for it is the pride of doing and accomplishing, winning by brain and energy, not merely pride of heritage.

The HOME JOURNAL is just one of these industries, forcing its way ahead in spite of the opposition of foreign magazines, having heavy losses by constantly keeping its size and quality just ahead of its patronage; recognizing that the understanding and sympathy and unity of a country of such wide territory depend upon its literature.

Entirely aside from energy that demands an outlet and the desire for the money to be earned, it would seem that the working members of our Canadian Girls' Club should feel a special pride in the HOME JOURNAL and determination to widen its usefulness. Many letters I receive express just such a feeling, probably many who do not speak of it feel the same way. *What does it matter to us?* Perhaps nothing in the way of business. We do not trade on such a sentiment, the liberal payments are for all alike, and are open to all of our girl readers—yet we like to think there is such a feeling.

We have some specially attractive offers at this time, and hope that every girl that is interested and is not now enrolled among the workers, will write us.

Very sincerely,

SECRETARY, CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB.

* * *

OUR girl readers will, of course, be interested in our photograph competition, which closes on March 1st. The third prize of five dollars is offered for the best photograph of a girl's room. It ought to arouse a keen competition among all the JOURNAL girls, for most of you have a camera or can prevail upon a friend to help in securing a good picture of your room at its very best. Some girls are fortunate enough to possess a sitting-room or studio, as well as a bedroom. These also are eligible for the competition, although such a room ought to suggest in some way the feminine individuality of the possessor. We have received, from some of you, descriptions of rooms which sound most charming, such as a "blue room" and a "rose room"; but pictures, or rather photographs, are what we require at present.

One of our girl friends has a room which is a perfect rest and refreshment. The girl's name is Violet and, strange to say, her appearance and personality are in keeping with the name. It is so dangerous to give a girl baby a flower name, for she is more than likely to develop tendencies which are not at all in keeping with the namesake. I know a Daisy, who is an excellent athlete and who would like nothing better than to go on a hunting expedition in British Columbia, or with Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in a dash for the Arctic Circle. Sewing she does not care for, and domestic duties generally are not included in her catalogue of things desirable. Of course, it is most sad that a Daisy should be of this temperament, but such is the truth regarding her proclivities. Then there is a Pansy who is anything but thoughtful, in spite of her name, and who is just a fluttering butterfly girl—and there is a Lily who has the ardent temper and brightness of a rose. However, *this* Violet is in keeping with her name and has made a point of having everything in her room to accord with her floral fancy.

Curtains with a dainty violet border, a hanging-cupboard with violet leaves entwined in decorative effect and a set of toilet silver, engraved in violet design are worthy of the care and expense in the planning. After all, a girl's realm is well worth the extra dollars. Many a girl who spends most of her allowance on clothes has a room which is cheap and tawdry in furnishing and decoration—not a good book or picture to be seen. In the next two months we hope to receive many a "counterfeit presentment" of a girl's room.

HOCKEY TEAM, 1910, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL

New Amberol Records by Slezak

Leo Slezak, the great tenor, now sings for you in the Edison Phonograph the same famous arias from the Grand Operas that the New York audiences pay $5.00 a seat to hear. Just how great a singer Slezak is, is told in the following remark, quoted from the New York World the morning after a recent appearance of Slezak at the Metropolitan Opera House: "Caruso now has a rival."

Slezak has made ten records for the Edison, comprising the principal tenor songs from the more prominent roles of his repertoire—so that, while the New York opera goer pays $5.00 a seat to hear Slezak in one opera, with the Edison Phonograph and Amberol Records you get Slezak at his best in his ten best roles, including Otello, Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Rhadames in Aida and Rodolfo in La Boheme.

Only on Amberol Records can you get a full length rendering of these great arias—and only on the Edison Phonograph do you get Amberol Records. Hear these great Slezak Records at any Edison dealer's today.

Edison Phonographs $16.50 to $240.00 — Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) $ .65
Edison Standard Records - - .40 — Edison Grand Opera Records - - .85 and 1.25

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

The Piano You Can Depend Upon

is certainly not found in hastily constructed instruments, whose chief merit is the commercial endorsation of some well-known artist; nor an instrument whose artistic value is a secondary consideration.

PIANOS that bring permanent satisfaction to the purchaser are those made by men *who know*, whose life has been spent in the manufacture of artistic pianos; such an instrument is the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

whose reputation is world wide and gained solely through *merit*.

Nearly fifty years of honest endeavor is the record of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano

Send for our new Booklet on
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Your present instrument taken as part payment, and liberal terms of payment can be arranged for the balance.

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog,
  Yet in a shed at home
And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog
  That didn't roam.
  He lay on the porch, or chased the stray—
  The tramps, the burglar, the hen away;
  For a dog's true heart for that household beat
  At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man,
  And didn't stay
  To cherish his wife and children fair.
He was a man;
  And every day
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.
  He thought of himself at the close of the day
  And cigar in his fingers, hurried away
  To the club, the lodge, the store, the show,
  But he had a right to go, you know—
He was a man.

* * *

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"HE went his way, and I went mine," were the explanatory words of poor little Mrs. McLachlan, the victim of her husband's perfidy. And that is the keynote of thousands of domestic tragedies one reads of in the daily papers, whose columns tell us of death by hanging, drowning, razor, or carbolic acid. The bitterness of such a mode of living becomes greater than human strength can endure and so the poor, tried soul cuts loose from its cruel thraldom, and through the gate of suicide escapes what, to it, is worse than death.

It has become so common that we read unmoved, many terrible happenings, and only when the crime is singularly atrocious or pathetic, do we devote our attention, or expend our sympathy, as in the recent outbreaks in Ontario, and the above-mentioned. He lived his own style of life, and she lived hers, and in heart and purpose were as far apart as the poles. She centred her interests in her children, and found her solace in religion; he sought his pleasures outside his own home, and enjoyed the society of women other than his wife. And so the terrible crime ended it all, severed the hateful ties that bound them together, sent her to an untimely grave, and branded him as a murderer.

The world reads, makes a nine days' wonder of it, and rushes along, while all around the same silent tragedies are being enacted, hearts slowly breaking; lives being lived apart, but the gall and wormwood of it all are hidden away beneath the stoical surface of the stern-visaged [illegible] man, who carries his hurt in silence, [illegible] to intrude, or drowned in the fascination of a [illegible] life, steeling the heart, cover[illegible] bearing the mask of happiness, [illegible] fastened with its deadly grip, and hope fled, tenderness all gone [illegible] the thought is [illegible] it is true, because we [illegible] it and pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

"D[illegible] you mean it?" is [illegible] what you want? [illegible] a young wife to her husband, looking straight into his eyes from across the table [illegible] with him for the neglect of her, leaving her to spend long evenings, while he enjoys the [illegible] companions of old, [illegible] the time of his life [illegible] when far into the night. Do you want to do it, you say, live your own life, as it [illegible] you have mine? Let us understand each other, for I am willing, though it means one of three things for me: the grave, the asylum, or another roof. It is not my idea of married life, for I always pictured us as sitting around our [illegible] hearth, reading and revelling in the happiness of each other's company, having mutual interests, and ready for any entertainment we could enjoy together. But this way of living is contrary to all my ideals of home life. To sit alone hour after hour waiting and watching; to strain my ear for the sound of your footsteps, which I learned to love so well, when you thought the hours all too short that you spent with me, it crushes me; it is killing me. So I am willing to accept anything, so long as it relieves suspense, even to a final blow to all my fond expectations." She was in deep earnest, and he realized it, which probably saved two lives from being wrecked on the reef of what some are pleased to call their freedom, their liberty to do as they please after they are married the same as before they were pledged to each other for life. There is no domestic rock which blasts the happiness of so many homes as that of neglect—the husband who finds his enjoyment anywhere but by his own fireside; the wife who leaves her home and family for outside pleasures and gayeties, until her husband believes that his chief attraction in her eyes is his ability to furnish her the wherewithal to follow the pursuit of fashion and vanity. Misunderstandings arise, and are never explained away; quarrels ensue, and there is no desire to straighten them out; pride on one side, resentment on the other, so the gulf widens, reproaches fall unheeding, sarcasm loses its power to cut, they are learning to forget. She drives out in her carriage with attendants, envied by less fortunate women; he steps from his automobile, and goes up to the door of the brown stone front, the picture of prosperity, and then—Yes, beyond it is cold and lifeless, and cheerless, despite the grandeur of the surroundings. No brightening of the eye to welcome him, no relaxation of the set muscles as he unsmilingly greets her! All is over between them, the hearts have become callous to love's emotion, they are living their own lives.

* * *

NOT long ago, a company of women were discussing whether or not it were advisable for persons of exactly opposite temperaments to marry, or should they choose one who had the same aims in life, like dispositions and qualities of mind. It was conceded that, while in all probability life might run more smoothly were the couple always in harmony with every point at issue, still it might not be beneficial to the upbuilding of the individual character for this constant unanimity. It certainly has an agreeable sound, this gliding along the matrimonial path in mutual sympathy, and is well worth coveting. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Professor at the Breakfast-table" says: "The idea that in this world each young person is to wait until he or she finds that precise counterpart, who alone of all creation was meant for him or her, and then fall instantly in love with it, is pretty enough, only it is not Nature's way. It is not at all essential that all pairs of human beings should be, as we sometimes say, 'born for each other.'"

Sometimes a man or a woman is made a great deal better and happier in the end for having had to conquer the faults of the one beloved, and make the fitness, not found at first, by gradual assimilation. There is a class of good women who have no right to marry perfectly good men, because they have the power of saving those who would go to ruin, but for the guiding providence of a good wife. "I have known many such cases." I am glad he wrote that, and I believe—well, I think I believe all of it—and I, too, have known such cases. Occasionally we come across the marriage where they were "born for each other." They are rare, remarkably so, but they do exist, for I have seen it proven, homes where the most perfect harmony existed. "In all the years of our married life, my husband has never once spoken a cross word to me, in fact, he has never even looked cross at me," said a happy wife to me, and I know she spoke the truth. Think of it, Heaven on earth as it must be! But alas! too few can testify!

* * *

MANY a time have I marveled at the incongruity of matrimonial alliances, the jolly light-hearted man treating life's problem as a huge joke, tied to a serious, economical wife, who sees only the practical side of things; and again the tight-fisted, domineering husband tyrannizing over a gentle, timid woman. I have puzzled over the why and wherefore of the handsome husband and the plain wife; the homely, austere man, and pretty, frivolous woman; the educated and talented united with the ignorant and commonplace; the vile with the pure; but the solution was always elusive. Joined in wedlock, and no two characteristics alike! Religion linked with infidelity, the ignoble with the true, what power has drawn them together? How is it possible for them to conform, to assimilate? What does it mean?

It means, ah, the sometimes cost of it, the giving up of one's own pleasure and inclination to suit the taste, the ease of another; to deny one's self the proper rights, even to resign what one believes to be the duty; to yield; to compromise; yea, even to bury one's identity to meet the whim of another! Yes, that is what it means, oh, man, or, woman, and how we quail to face the situation!

We don't choose to solve the problem of this inexplicable law that seems to attract opposites; we don't want to remember that happy wedded life depends on two great promoters, congeniality and unselfishness; we forget our marriage vows to "love and cherish" each other always; we chafe and fume over each other's faults, often inwardly, 'tis true, but will not accept that process of assimilation whereby we might drift into calm seas. Instead we drift apart, the distance always widening, silence, resignation settles upon our countenances, martyr-like we endure the years together, love is lost, the cord is snapped asunder, and

> What silences we keep year after year,
> With those who are most near to us, and dear!
> We live beside each other day by day,
> And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
> The full sweet word that lies, just in our reach,
> Beneath the commonplace of common speech."

* * *

WE often require direct antagonism to bring out the best that is in us; the indolent man needs the energy of his wife's disposition to spur him on; the strong character upholds the weak; the sordid nature should have generosity to offset it; and so on down the catalogue of virtues and vices, and thus men and women are helped and led. Example is stronger than precept, 'tis said, and so the gruff and uncouth become kind and refined, the cross and irritable grow gentle and patient. The moulding is done unseen and unnoticed, but looking backward over the years, remembering the rough and rugged path, the cup so bitter to our taste, we see our mistakes, they stand out distinct in our past, and we know the remedies were what we needed, for we understand that every scar was of intrinsic value in character-building.

The great majority of us move on in the even tenor of our daily struggle with the husbands and wives we have chosen, we agree to disagree on many things, sometimes matters look serious, but we "kiss and make up," and start afresh. We take for granted that our partners love us, although they never take time to tell us so, we study their likes and dislikes so long as it does not inconvenience us too sadly, and thus we jog along, and fight shy of divorce courts. We are horribly shocked when people call marriage a failure. We women keep house, raise the family, have some little glimpses of society, pleasure and travel, and the men, bless 'em, why they supply the bread and butter, and—let me use the words of a man (a man, mind you) in writing to a correspondence column conducted by a man—"Between our tobacco and whisky, clubs and gambling, we are becoming a very degenerate race." Hard on them, eh? Well, anyway, it was not "my man" they meant, nor yours, no indeed, dear fellows, they're all right.

Making Allowances

THE subject of the allowance is a vexed question in many households and often occasions a serious difference of opinion.

"At last, Harry has consented to give me an allowance," said a matron of several years' experience to an unmarried friend.

"What is the difference?" asked the spinster, who is earning fifteen dollars a week and seldom troubles her head about finances.

"Oh, it's the greatest difference in the world. You see, I know now just how much I have to depend on and I can plan things and count on saving just *so* much and it's perfectly lovely."

Does a man ever realize just how humiliating it is to a woman to ask for money? She simply hates to do it. Of course, some women become callous to the situation and do not care how many shrugs and grunts there are, before the cheque or the bank-note is forthcoming. There are husbands who seem to have grasped the awkwardness of this situation and lose no time in having a serious talk over the financial situation and arranging for a stated allowance. Then there are wives who seem to take endless time and experience before learning how to make the allowance "last" and who are decidedly stupid in not being able to apportion the requisite sums for household expenditure.

There is another allowance aspect which is sure to agitate the family circle as soon as the girls begin to grow up. Each girl, as she becomes a woman, feels the need for independence and her own purse. Then comes discontent, while the struggle is going on for parental recognition of a daughter's needs.

A writer in *Farm and Dairy* says: We hear a great deal in these days of the lure of the city, and the craving for unhealthy amusements which draws young people there. Now the subject "How to keep the Boys on the Farm," has been pretty thoroughly discussed, so let me say a word for the girls.

In nine cases out of ten, it is no longing for mere pleasure, nor is it any innate depravity, as some good people would have us believe that takes country girls to the factories and offices in the cities. It is simply the desire, natural enough too, for money of their own which they may spend as they please.

The remedy is simple enough—why not try it? Make your daughter a regular allowance. Believe me, she will be satisfied with much less than the hired helper who would be a necessity should the "siren call" strike your home. Moreover what hired help could take the place of the daughter of the house? The girl who gives you cheerful service day after day, who attends to the thousand and one duties of your house as a matter of course, who entertains your guests—in short the girl of whom you are proud enough when you take time to think about it.

Make your daughter as independent as the city worker, give her an allowance as her right, not making her ask for every cent she spends as a favor on your part, and I believe very few country girls will have any desire to leave their comfortable homes for the crowded "hall bedrooms" of a city boarding house.

MANY of our readers will be interested in the opinions quoted above, and we should like to hear from them on these subjects—both as to the wife's allowance and that accorded the daughter. It is a subject which needs consideration from all sides, for one of the most serious disturbances in the domestic circle arises from dispute over financial matters. The extensive entrance of women into commercial life has caused more or less unrest in home circles. Yet home seems the natural sphere for woman and most girls, if taken into the financial confidence of their elders and given their share of the family profits, would show a much keener interest in their work and their expenditure.

Married women, when talking about "how they manage" almost invariably touch upon the matter of allowances and compare notes as to financial policy. Let us hear from our HOME JOURNAL readers on this momentous subject. The experiences of the older matrons in the disposition of the allowance would, no doubt, prove helpful to the younger home-makers.

The men, also, will not be debarred from expressing an opinion on this matter, since they are Chancellors of the Exchequer. Money is a mighty force, after all, and the home cannot be built and cannot be "run" without dollars and cents. Consequently, we wish you all to write about the family purse.

THE ANNIVERSARY—*THE LADY'S REALM*

The popular reason for eating

Quaker Oats

A BIG dish of Quaker Oats for breakfast or supper with sugar or a little milk or cream is perfectly delicious; it is economical and wholesome.

These things furnish the popular reason for the tremendous consumption of Quaker Oats, exceeding all other oatmeals combined and greater than the consumption of any other food sold in packages.

The appetizing appearance, the rich, delicious flavor, the satisfaction of eating body-building, wholesome food, and the great economy of it have been the things that won the millions of friends to Quaker Oats.

The family that eats frequently and plentifully of this delicious cereal is sure to be a family remarkable for good health and vigor; the baby, the school boy and girl, the college chap, the business man, the housewife and the old folks, all, will gain steadily on such food.

Economical, delicious, strengthening.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough

WHEN YOU BUY

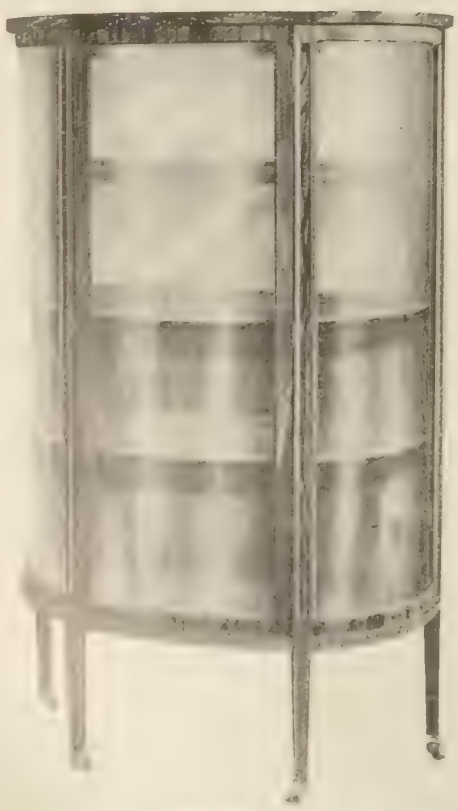
FURNITURE

You may just as well buy the Best

¶ The most expensive furniture is not always the best, as it is often too massive, gorgeous and entirely lacking in artistic design.

To know it is genuine look for our shop-mark on every piece, it is your guarantee

¶ The "Better Make" of "Canadian Quality" furniture is filling a long felt want in homes of refinement and good taste. This make is intended for those desiring to furnish their homes with "out of the ordinary" kind of furniture.



¶ The three pieces we show here give but a faint idea of the extent and exclusiveness of our make. As no furniture merchant can be expected to carry all of our pieces on his floor, we have prepared a PORTFOLIO OF PHOTO-GRAVURES showing over 100 of our pieces. This handsome book can be seen at all stores handling our furniture. Orders can be placed from it almost as satisfactory as from the furniture itself.

WE HAVE TABLE AND CHAIRS TO MATCH

Toronto Furniture Co.
Limited

TORONTO, CAN.

Furniture—Good and Bad

THE question of furnishing is, next to the building of the house itself, the most important in the eyes of the home-makers. The fashions which have held sway over dining-room, bedroom and drawing-room are an interesting history in themselves and afford a commentary on varying tastes and tendencies.

The colonial days in this country saw the solid old pieces which our forefathers brought from the Old Country and set up in humble homes which formed the nucleus of a nation. These old pieces are now being eagerly sought, and fortunate is the possessor of heirlooms in the form of colonial furniture. The high bureau, the four-post bedstead and the ponderous sofa belong to that substantial age when anything cheap was regarded with doubtful eye.

Curiously enough the modern taste appears to be returning to the colonial style. With the fondness for the colonial in architecture comes the desire for colonial designs in furniture and equipment. Even the old-fashioned leaded panes and the glass door-knobs and handles have come back in all their transparent charm.

* * *

THERE was a time when it seemed as if we were doing our best to over-decorate and carve every article of furniture, when scrolls and flowers appeared everywhere and the dusting of the furniture became a burden. Such atrocities may be seen in the illustrations accompanying this article which exhibit this craze for elaborate devices at its crudest. The more small jig-saw work could be crammed on head-board, wardrobe or bureau-top, the greater was the artistic triumph. Then there was the glad era of the red plush upholstery which was painful to the eye and a lurking-place for dust and germs.

A simpler style has come into fashion, and we hope it may abide, for the comfort of dusting day is great when there are no crevices to dive into, no wreaths and scrolls to polish into respectability. On the page opposite is a bedroom suite showing the simplicity and dignity of the favorite modern styles. The lines are severe, yet there is a grace about each piece of furniture which gives an air of completeness and congruity to the suite. The various pieces harmonize charmingly and afford an illustration of modern comfort and simple ease, which are in delightful contrast to the vulgar over-decoration of the earlier types. February is the month which the department stores of our large cities have selected for furniture sales. There is no doubt that many housewives will plan to devote some time and attention to furniture additions during the third month of the winter. The girl who is preparing for an April or May wedding will also be interested in the furniture floor. May the housewives, whether bride or matron, avoid the snare of tawdry decoration and choose the dignified severity.

There is a greater variety of pieces displayed on the page opposite than belonged to the old-time bedroom set. The writing-table is nearly always found in the modern bedroom, while the somnoe is an article which fashion has lately decreed and which makes a most convenient addition to the comforts of a room. A small table may be used instead of the conventional "dresser" and a pretty stool is a desirable adjunct. However, in this connection, the size of the room should be carefully considered. In the ordinary small bedroom of the city, there is a stern necessity for economizing space. Hence the pieces of furniture in such an apartment should be few and carefully chosen. Above all the appearance of over-crowding should be avoided. It is not necessary to expend a large sum to have a suitable suite.

A GAUDY-LOOKING HEAD-BOARD

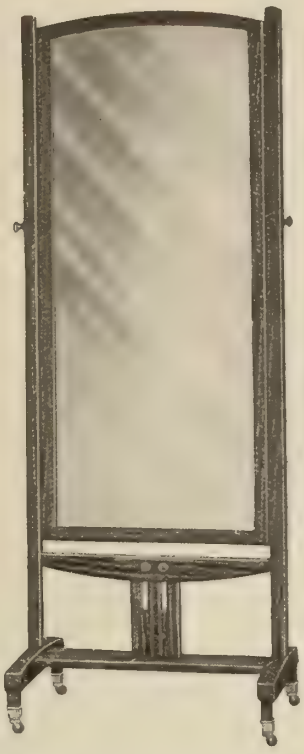
AN OVER-DECORATED BUREAU

FLASHY STYLE OF WARDROBE

A Dainty Bedroom Suite

Illustrations Showing the Best of Modern Taste in Furnishing

A Handsome Chiffonier.



An Effective Cheval.

An up-to-date Bureau.

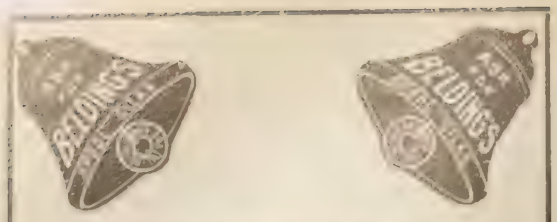
A Neat Bedstead.

A Simple Dressing-Table.

Dainty Writing Table.

A Somnoe.

A Convenient Table.



BELDING'S DENTYSILK

(PATENTED IN CANADA)

DENTYSILK is a new name for an old and valued Belding product. This waxed Silk, for cleaning the teeth by passing it between and around them where the tooth-brush cannot reach, has been used for fifty years, and millions of yards per annum are consumed.

Dentists use it and recommend it; yet, peculiarly, most people seem to regard it as a dentist's tool or perquisite, and do not employ it at home.

Such home use is easy, and will avoid many a trip to the dentist's and many a bill for "repairs" to the teeth. The resulting cleanliness keeps the mouth sweet, the stomach in better order. It improves the health as well as the appearance.

Perhaps the only reason why the many advantages of daily use of Belding's waxed Dental Silk have been lost, was that people thought it was unhandy and that they must find a clean place to keep it, also to have something to cut it with, since it is far too strong to break in the hands.

Our new pocket container, now labeled DENTYSILK, solves all this perfectly.

Ten yards are coiled in a little 10c. box about the size and shape of a quarter dollar coin. The end leads out of a hole in the middle and tangling is impossible; absolute antiseptic cleanliness insured.

Also there is a little projection, near the hole. Pull out the six inches or so needed, pass it around the projecting "knife," and the piece in your hand cuts off clean, leaving the other end caught and held. Thus is formed a small loop between the hole and the knife, secure from unwinding, yet ready at a touch of your finger for pulling out the next piece. There's no trick in cleaning the teeth with it—it's easier than a tooth-brush and far more thorough.

Now, with DENTYSILK in its patented container you have this great help *always clean, and always ready for instant use.*

Only silk of Belding quality is strong enough for the fine thread which will pass between the teeth, to have strength enough to do the cleaning. The silk is treated with pure vegetable antiseptic beeswax, which makes it draw easier and clean better.

It is the only way by which you can clean the spaces between your teeth. After a few days use of DENTYSILK you will never be without it.

Sold in Drug and Department Stores and direct by mail.

BELDING, PAUL & CO.
LIMITED
Silk Manufacturers
MONTREAL
Salesrooms:
Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

Embroidered Shirt Waists

EVERY spring new materials and ideas for the indispensable embroidered shirt waists are brought forth. These designs are now to be found for all varieties of waists from the very elaborate sheer lingerie waist with its beautiful design of fine French embroidery and dainty touches of lace, to the strictly tailored waist of the plain linen with the turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match. The color note is very fashionable for these waists, and a touch of which may be introduced into the embroidery, or a madras with dainty colored stripes on white ground, and embroidered in white, makes a waist which is suitable to wear with tailored suits, and is both smart and useful.

No. 5082

Embroidered Lingerie Waist
Stamped on Linen, $1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75c.
Lustered Cotton 5c. per skein

The designs for these waists are simple and consist of embroidered collars, cuffs, and one or more stripes for the front of the waist. There are numerous materials to select from for these embroidered waists such as linens, sheer handkerchief lawns, plain and cross barred materials, cotton crepes (which are so easily laundered and useful) and now come in all colors. These designs may be simple or elaborate as one prefers, and embroidery worked on good material fully repays one for the time spent on it.

No. 5385
Waist with Ruffle

Both long and short sleeves will be fashionable, the former belong to the plain or tailored waist, and the three-quarter sleeves slightly full are always pretty for the dressy lingerie waists.

Another fancy which is sure to be popular is the embroidered ruffle and collar which transforms a plain shirtwaist into one which may be worn on dressy occasions. These ruffles are illustrated on this page, and may be embroidered on either soft lawns or linens with a dainty scalloped border, or they may be hemstitched and embroidered with a simple design of rings or dots in either white or colors.

Both braiding and embroidery, or combinations of these, will be fashionable this season. A new variety of braid is known as the "Rat Tail Braid" which will replace the soutache which has been so fashionable. This consists of a round tubular cord which is pliable and easily sewn, and has a handsome, silky finish.

The French models are responsible for the touch of color which has crept in slowly but surely, and one has to admit the charm and variety of the finished models. Thus a touch of coral pink, delicate mauve or blue for stems and seeding on white embroidery, on handkerchief, and other sheer linens gives a most pleasing effect, and has a dainty charm of its own. On the heavier goods the color scheme is given by outlining dots or scrolls in suitable shades, giving the connecting touch to the costume with which it is to be worn.

Women of good taste realize that the sheer blouse elaborately embroidered and lace trimmed is not in good taste when worn with plain tailored costumes, or for street wear, but to-day so many different materials are to be found which bridge the gap between the above mentioned blouse and the severely plain tailored one, that every woman who is deft with her needle can gratify her desire for suitable waists for every occasion. Touches of Irish Crochet can be successfully combined with French embroidery, and the fascinating but very expensive French waists show dainty hand-sewn tucks, and fine beadings as a finish to the collar and shoulder seams.

No. 2106

Tailored Waist
Stamped on Linen, $1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75c.

The French embroidery which is used on the embroidered waists is almost too well known to need further description. One point we wish to emphasize, and that is a simple, graceful design, well worked, is far preferable to an elaborate pattern carelessly embroidered. The best results are obtained by using a smooth Lustered Cotton for the embroidery. The padding, which must be carefully placed, is put in lengthwise of the design, and the satin or surface stitch laid across this, each stitch lying close to the preceding one.

Next month we will describe some of the newest suggestions for embroidered costumes and dresses, which will be very fashionable for summer wear.

If these articles cannot be obtained from your dealer, for further information address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited (Dept. L.) Montreal.

Linen catalogue of the latest spring designs will be sent on receipt of 10 cents.

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE Ontario Chapter of the American Guild of Organists is now fully organized, with the following officers: Dean, J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.; Sub-Dean, Edward Broome, Mus. Doc.; Secretary, T. J. Palmer, A.R.C.O.; Treasurer, H. A. Wheeldon, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.), F.R.C.O.; Registrar, W. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O.; Librarian, Richard Tattersall; Auditors, Alex. Davies, M.D.; Norman Anderson, M.D.; Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.; A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; E. Hardy, Mus. Bac.; James Galloway, A.R.C.D.; G. D. Atkinson, C. P. Hunt, A. A.G.O.; J. W. F. Harrison, T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac.; W. H. Hewlett, Mus. Bac., are also members. The chief proposition in connection therewith, the formation of an international body, says the *Mail and Empire*, was made practicable through the action of the powerful American Guild of Organists of the United States, which body, at the suggestion of a number of leading Canadian musicians, secured legislation to amend its charter so as to change the name of the Guild to "American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada." The position of absolute equality demanded by the Canadian organists who have had the matter in hand and which has been accorded is a tribute to the high esteem in which the profession in Canada is held beyond the borders of this country. The Canadian chapters instead of being affiliated with a "foreign" body, have entered into an important international movement on a basis which is certain to prove of mutual advantage to the profession on both sides of the international boundary line. The prominence which has already been accorded many of our most able Canadian composers, whose published church and organ works are largely used across the border, cannot fail to be emphasized through more active intercourse between the musicians of the English speaking portion of the continent. International recognition of successful candidates in the examinations of the guild will also prove a strong factor in the growth and activity of the guild.

* * *

AT this particular season, when that part of the musical public, especially interested in choral work is looking forward to the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, it may be interesting to many, to review briefly the history of the Champion Choir and its conductor.

The Mendelssohn Choir was first organized in 1894, but the perfection to which it has attained has probably been the gradual working out of many years of an intensely musical bent developed by industry and intelligence.

Dr. Vogt is a Canadian, but of German parentage. His father was a skilful organ builder. At twelve years of age the son was organist in the little Lutheran church in the village of Elmira, and ever since then he has been more or less associated with church choirs. In 1885 Dr. Vogt went to Leipzig, Germany, where for three years he studied piano, organ and harmony. There was the old historic church of St. Thomas where long ago Bach conducted the choir and produced some of his divine music for the first time. There also Mendelssohn revived that music, and there Dr. Vogt received the inspiration that led him to undertake in Canada such work as was still being done by that splendid choir.

He arrived in Toronto in October, 1888, and accepted the position of organist and choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. There he effected such an improvement in the style of choral singing that very tempting inducements were held out to him to take up musical work in the United States. He, however, organized his Mendelssohn Choir, and while he was leading it on to victory over thorny as well as flowery paths, his professional duties increased to such an extent that he was obliged to resign the leadership of the church choir which he had held for eighteen years. That left him more time for the work of the Mendelssohn, and as a result of his labors he now presents to the world an organization that allures critics and lovers of music not only from the great cities of the United States, but from the musical centres of the world beyond the sea.

From its first modest concert in Toronto in 1895, its field of choral performance has been steadily enlarged, and in 1907 five concerts were given in Toronto, one in Buffalo and two in New York. The choir achieved a great success in Chicago in three concerts, when they were the guests of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. Europe remains as a future scene of their endeavor, but there are many ways and means to be considered before a Mendelssohn steamer will be chartered for a trip across the Atlantic. Dr. Vogt's ambition is equal to his perseverance and, no doubt, the Choir will some day sing in Albert Hall.

The realm of interpreted music is one in which woman may fairly claim equal honors with man, and it is a gratification to all Canadian women interested in music to know that their own sex has contributed materially to the success of the Mendelssohn Choir. In the production of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, a work which introduces choral tests that would be a snare to any choir not tremendously in earnest, the soprano voices proved nobly equal to the occasion. The work demanded by such an organization is of the most exacting, but the feminine members of the Choir are quite as devoted to practice and rehearsal as those who belong to the tenor and bass sections.

* * *

CONCERNING Mrs. Geddes-Harvey of Guelph, the Toronto *Sunday World* says:

The town of Guelph seems to have been pervaded with some very subtle, artistic influence, for three distinguished names in music are associated with it. Mrs. Roberta Geddes-Harvey, whose work bears the stamp of much refinement and originality, has to her credit a long list of musical compositions, and her latest production, "Salvator," was probably the first oratorio written and published by a Canadian. Before its publication it was performed in St. George's Church, Guelph, and on December 3, 1907, in Chalmer's Church, Toronto, under the direction of Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bach. It is a massive structure and teems with delightful bits of melody and harmony and inspiring choruses. "It Was a Winter Wild," brings one to the first Christmas, and then the mystic beauty and grandeur of the theme are adequately dealt with and the splendid finale reached in the thanksgiving chorus, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed."

In 1902 Mrs. Harvey composed an opera, "La Terre Bonne," which achieved considerable success, and among her other works are notably a minuet, "Old Time," an organ march, "L'Esperance," "Deux, Chausonettes," "The Noble Life" and "Silver Clouds," the duet "Parting," and several anthems, choruses, and very pretty songs, "Our Own," "Wayfarers," "Good-Bye My Summer," "Song of the Leaves," "Wild North Sea," "The Daisy's Answer," "A Song of Hope," "Sweet Jessie McRae" and "Baby's Evensong."

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE. A. PUTNAM,
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From Various Branches

FROM Miss E. A. Skimmings of Goderich comes an account of the progress of the Women's Institute in that locality. There was a "tea biscuit" demonstration some time ago, given by Mesdames Strough and Bogie, and as Mrs. Bogie is a representative of the teaching profession, she reflected great credit on the aptitude of "school-ma'ams" in domestic science. Everything necessary for the preliminary work was on a large table—flour, butter, baking-powder, salt, milk (sour and sweet), rolling-pin, bake-board, pastry bowl, sifter.

Mrs. Bogie filled her quart sifter with Port Albert flour (make no mistake) in which she put a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of soda, one pint of sour milk, and a lump of pork dripping which she first rubbed through the flour, before adding the sour milk. In a few minutes the dough was deftly rolled out and cut with a "Purity" biscuit cutter into shape, then deposited in a pan in the Oddfellow's range. Mrs. Strough then followed suit. She used sweet milk, London baking powder, salt and butter for shortening. In a few minutes the tea biscuits were served with lovely fresh butter, good tea and cream.

Before the demonstration, the secretary, Miss Salkeld, read an article on Christmas gifts, while Miss Skimmings gave a piano solo. Then followed two recipes—one for grape jelly, the other for pumpkin butter, which will be found among the culinary conceits of this issue of the HOME JOURNAL. Miss Iris Warnock added musically to the interest of the occasion.

The Scarboro Junction Branch of the East York Women's Institute is in a flourishing condition. There were twenty-five members present at a recent meeting held at the home of Mrs. A. Bolton, a promising number when one considers that this branch was organized in January, 1909. The subjects discussed were apples and home-made candy, each member bringing samples and recipe. Miss Calender gave a good paper on apples also a recipe for using all the different kinds of apples, from the earliest to the latest. After some music was enjoyed, the candies were introduced and a tempting array they made. There were about fifteen different [illegible] and recipes for each. Mrs. F. Walton, the secretary-treasurer, reports a visit from a few members of the Highland Creek Branch at the meeting which was a source of pleasure to the Scarboro Junction [illegible]

Mrs. [illegible] Islander of North [illegible] of the work in this branch [illegible] is doing good work in Durham County. There is much discussion at these meetings on subjects relating to home comfort and progress being taken up.

"So far, the meetings are having a good influence [illegible] our views, making us [illegible] acquainted with one another, broadening our minds and giving us something else to think of besides our own little selves. The members of the different churches are brought together as they never were before."

Mrs. M. L. Robertson of the Strat[illegible] Women's Institute remarks: "What may we not do to improve the social life of the country? Here is the task of the first magnitude. How much we can do, to make rural life more attractive and thus stem the tide of exodus that flows so continuously city-ward, no one knows—for, as yet, the task has not been tried. In our little home branch of the Women's Institute, we realize the benefits we derive from the meetings which are held monthly, although sometimes we are slow to see the effects, and, of course, we have our difficulties. But we know that we are working together for the benefit of our homes, and our difficulties are only opportunities to test ability. We fully realize that we are working for the strongest forts of the nation, and as we discuss the problems of the home together, we receive encouragement from one another."

Mrs. W. Buchanan of Breezy Brae, Ravenna, is the president of the local branch of which Miss E. Buchanan is secretary-treasurer. This branch in Centre Grey appears to be thriving, if one may judge from the programme of the year's work. For January it consists of: Thoughts on the opening year, weekly programme of work and a paper on winter egg production.

The Women's Institute of the Echo Bay branch was organized some time ago and is in a healthy state, but unfortunately, as Mrs. G. W. Wilkinson, our correspondent, remarks, the numbers are few. "We seem," says this officer, "to have missed the knack of gathering or interesting a great number. The women on the farm, especially, seem to be difficult to reach and we should be grateful for hints along the line of interesting and attracting them. I notice in your last issue a subject for discussion, and it is one which we as an institute have discussed largely. We meet, as do a great many, from home to home, and when it comes to the busy mother of little ones, it is a task too great for one pair of hands to serve refreshments to a roomful of women. This consideration has debarred mothers, really anxious to attend, from joining us. We have arrived at a happy medium and leave the matter entirely to the hostess of the day to serve lunch or not. Sometimes a plate of fruit is offered and again quite a nice lunch, or a favorite candy is sampled or we meet and have such a good meeting that refreshments are not thought of until we reach home. These suggestions may help some other institute."

The secretary of Grand Valley Institute, S. I. Tibbett (Miss or Mrs.?) sends a bright account of progress in that part of the world. At the Christmas meeting, a prize was offered for the best essay on Women's Institutes and this was won by Mrs. T. C. Hamilton, the ex-president. From it, we quote these suggestive sentences: "To women, more than men, there is danger of becoming narrow-minded when we live to ourselves. At church we meet those of our denomination, but in gatherings like this we meet and become acquainted with others whom it is a pleasure and benefit to know. Those who know much should give us the fruits of their knowledge; those of us who know little should be willing to learn. Good housekeeping does not always mean good home-making; but we know that good home-making always means good housekeeping." The correspondent gives us the cheerful information that the Grand Valley branch has forty-eight members and holds regular monthly meetings, while the officers intend to give prizes in order to interest the girls of the community.

A CANADIAN GIRL IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

Winter Home Amusements

FROM a paper, "Home Amusements for Winter Evenings," read at Ravenna Women's Institute by Mrs. McNeill, we quote the following:

The fact that such a subject is placed upon the programme of our Women's Institute, shows that the question has been deemed of sufficient importance to be worthy of discussion. And I believe that which gives it importance is the effect that home amusements have on the character. That to which we give ourselves most heartily affects our character most directly and deeply. And to what do we give ourselves more heartily than to amusements? And where should we find a better field for amusement than in the home? The chief purpose of a home is not to have a mere stopping place for a family but rather the greatest character-training school on earth. In that training, amusements play a chief part, for are we not so constituted, to desire pleasures instead of pain?

Any one who has studied children even casually, will have observed that one child will entertain himself while another is at a loss unless directed or aided by the company of others. To find amusements for the first class of child is an easy matter. For the second class the problem is greater. To such a nature the necessity of company may develop into a habit of thinking that to be amused he must seek it away from home. But the most fatal mistake that can be made in the mind of anyone is to believe that his best source of amusement cannot be found in his own home. We have mastered a most important problem in home amusements when we have taught ourselves and our children that the most interesting and lasting pleasures may be provided at home. If you will but consider the matter you will realize that any game will afford the keenest pleasure in proportion to the spirit we put in it. It is not therefore so necessary to have an elaborate list of amusements as to make those we have interesting. And nothing, perhaps, makes a game so interesting as to have the parents join heartily in it. This may cost thought and time, perhaps, on the part of the parents. But surely anything is worth while which puts within reach of a parent so important a factor in character training. It is a well-known fact that Charles Dickens knew how to entertain children if anyone did. With his own and other children he was always a prime favorite. On one occasion when some important visitors called, his servant who answered the bell, on going to call his master, found him engaged in a pillow-fight with his children, and so covered with feathers that he had to be vigorously brushed before being presentable. It is this spirit of youthfulness and sympathy that is the very genius of home amusements—the form they take being secondary. As to the nature of amusements, their mental and moral tendencies should be considered. For mental recreation there is a vast field of material to be found in books and reading. To stimulate a desire for reading should be one of the chief aims of the home. A well dressed back and an empty head

Continued on page 32

IN THE SHOPS

AS the social season becomes gayer and brighter, with the advent of midwinter amusements, the busy housewife and mother begins to plan for herself and her daughters festivities which make this season enjoyable. Then comes the consideration of what is to be worn, for the hostess herself, as well as the debutante daughter, must be well gowned.

It is not possible to look one's best in "dowdy" evening or dinner gowns and always remember "fine feathers make fine birds." And where is the woman or girl who does not want to look her very prettiest and best?

Most beautiful are the materials and trimmings shown for the evening gowns this season. Such exquisite French bead and crystal trimmings to form almost anything possible to use, such as guimpes, overdress or panels. One shown recently and just opened, among many others imported from Paris, ready to cater to the exclusive buyers, has a low waist effect with shoulder straps. The entire waist is of pearls and crystal beads with a medallion of net here and there. This net is embroidered solid in amethyst silk. The shoulder straps are finished with a two-inch pearl fringe.

An exquisite evening gown could be fashioned out of cream satin, a tunic skirt of white net, embroidered in amethyst silk with pearl fringe round edge and the low bodice of satin finished with this beautiful garniture before described. A less elaborate but most useful gown is the black one. No woman can afford to be without at least one in her wardrobe. So many changes can be made that few would recognize the same costume.

A handsome black silk net is made with a full gathered skirt, low bodice of tiny tucks, short cape sleeves, a folded wide belt of tulle fastened on the left side with a large jet buckle. Jet fringe is around the neck and at the bottom of short sleeves. The same gown could be made most effective, worn over old rose satin petticoat, crush belt of rose satin, and satin slippers of the same shade—or even any color most suited to the wearer.

Then for the daughters of the house there are all sorts of sweet, dainty frocks. A very stylish little dress was made of the new turich silk in white ground with a tiny pattern of pink rose buds. A young, fair girl could wear this to great advantage and look like a dainty bit of Dresden china. Wear pink slippers, stockings, gloves and a wreath of wee rose buds in the hair.

Here is an idea for the younger miss. A white mull dress is worn over a pale blue slip, the full gathered skirt made with three frills edged with valenciennes lace. The waist, of very fine tucks and valenciennes insertion is cut with low, round neck and short sleeves.

The additional necessaries for this frock, to add success to the appearance of the young wearer, would be, pale blue wide silk sash with fringed ends, a bandeau of blue ribbon across the front of the hair fastened on one side with a rosette, white stockings and slippers with small rosettes of blue ribbon. The woman or girl who cannot look well in an evening gown this season is a hopeless bit of femininity, for the designers have given us so much latitude. A woman may wear almost anything and wear it in any style and not present an extraordinary appearance.

While we are speaking of woman's appearance let us say something about our hair. Why will the majority of women be careless about their hair, for a woman's hair is her crowning glory, appearance and beauty? We all know the woman who is too indifferent careless or indolent to ever change her coiffure, not because she thinks the old way most becoming but because she doesn't care.

The average woman tries to make the most of herself. So, for goodness' sake, when your hair does grow thin don't screw up the few remaining strands into a tight, hard "bob" at the nape of the neck, or crown of the head, and be satisfied, but buy more hair if you haven't enough of your own, and pin it on, and do pin it securely and where it is the most becoming and see how it makes you look ten years younger.

Even the men of your family will wonder where and how the change has been made in your beauty, age and appearance. Your hats will have the same surprise and will feel better balanced, firmer and a thousand times more becoming. The present style of hair dressing is flat on the top of the head, low at the neck and close to the head—no more distinctly false curls pinned out half a yard from the head and half a dozen different shades. In all the shops we find every imaginable addition our coiffure needs to make us attractive — switches, fronts, "bobs," curls, braids and a whole and most fascinating "wig" if necessary.

It is not surprising that as the colder weather is upon us, shivering humanity should be looking for furs and fur bargains that usually commence about the first of the year. No woman is really comfortable nor does she look comfortable without some piece of fur added to her out-of-doors costume. Alaska sable has been in great demand this season and is within reach of most people's pocket.

A cross-over tie may be bought for seven dollars and a half. A longer tie with head and tails for trimmings costs fifteen dollars. Large sable pillow muffs are from ten dollars up.

Black lynx is a very popular and most becoming fur but comes much more expensive. A lynx stole very wide with head and tails at the back and tails and paws at the ends comes at forty dollars. A large pillow muff with heads and paws for trimmings at forty dollars and up.

Very smart and stylish are the Persian lamb sets, hats, stoles and muffs, and range in prices from twelve dollars and as high as twenty-five dollars apiece.

A great favorite fur this year is otter, for those who can afford to wear it. An otter jacket with collar of silver fox, a muff and hat crown to match makes an ideal choice for a smart appearance.

Here are a few things we come across in looking through the busy stores. A good guaranteed French kid glove in any shade for one dollar and up. A Russian calf handbag, the most fashionable bag used at present, with a German silver frame from two dollars and a half.

Stockings must match our gowns this year and are for sale in any wanted color and at any price.

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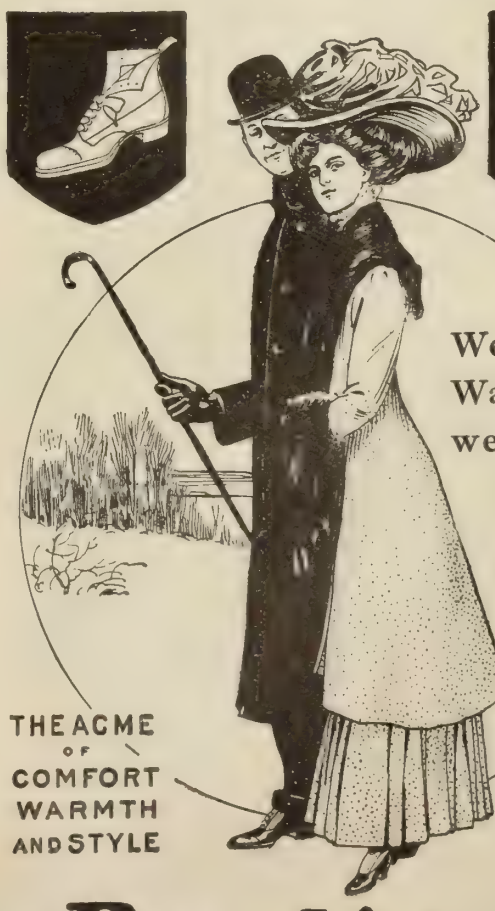

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GRACEFUL EVENING GOWNS

THE evening gowns of the late winter are exceedingly charming. Here are two that are typical. The one to the left is made of embroidered chiffon trimmed with pearl and crystal banding. The blouse is made with the square neck and short sleeves that are so well liked this season and the simple seven-gored skirt is tucked over the hips. If liked, the yoke and long sleeves can be added, making the gown available for daytime use. It will be found suited to every material that is thin enough to be tucked successfully and the blouse can be made of one throughout or of one material for the lower portion and another for the tucked upper portion and sleeves. For the yoke and long sleeves any pretty all-over material will be found appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 21, 2¼ yards 27 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2⅜ yards of applique, 1⅞ yards of all-over lace for yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt 8½ yards 24, 7 yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide for material without figure or nap, but if there is figure or nap 9½ yards 24 or 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern 6545 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown illustrates one of the prettiest of the tunic skirts and an exceedingly attractive draped waist. The material is soft finished satin and the trimming is narrow bands of fur. For the centre portions of the waist and the short sleeves beaded net is used and they are finished with beaded applique. Altogether the gown is a singularly graceful one. The skirt is made with a plaited flounce that is joined to a foundation and over this foundation the tunic, including the box plait at the back is arranged. If liked the skirt can be made with a high waist line and in walking length. Also the waist can be made high at the neck and with long sleeves if preferred.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 2½ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, 1⅛ yards 18 for the centre front and back portions and the short sleeves, 1⅞ yards 18 for the yoke and long sleeves when they are used; for the skirt 9½ yards 27, 7¼ yards 44 inches wide; to trim the entire gown 5½ yards of banding. The waist pattern 6540 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6455 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

WITH THE FASHIONABLE RUSSIAN COAT

RUSSIAN coats are among the smartest of all things for late winter wear. This costume shows a simple, attractive one combined with a skirt that is plaited below a smoothly fitted yoke. The material is broadcloth and is trimmed with soutache applied over a simple design combined with a wide, flat band. There is a yoke of lace and the sleeves are cut off to three-quarter length. The coat is a practical one, however, and can be treated in a number of ways. The sleeves can be extended to the wrists, the yoke can be omitted and the coat made perfectly plain, as shown in the small view, or the neck can be cut out to reveal the gown worn beneath, or the yoke can be braided or treated in any similar manner. The blouse portion and the skirt are separate, joined beneath the belt, so that making and fitting become simple matters. If narrow material is used both blouse and skirt portion can be seamed at the back.

The skirt is made with a plain five-gored upper portion that extends well over the hips and the plaited flounce, which is gored and attached to it.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 6 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 3½ yards 52 inches wide with ⅝ yard 18 for the yoke and the collar; for the skirt 7¾ yards 27, 4¼ yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6542 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6471 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

THE FASHIONABLE VELVET

VELVET is being extensively worn this season and it makes really ideal princesse gowns. This one is Mediterranean blue in color and is trimmed with black and combined with chemisette of cream-colored net dotted with gold beads. The velvet is of the chiffon sort and takes really ideal lines and folds and the gown is altogether one of extreme grace and charm. The model is simple, however, and it will be found appropriate for such materials as cashmere and henrietta cloth quite as well as for the more costly ones. It can be made either with or without the train and with or without the fancy over sleeves. For a simple afternoon gown the plain long sleeves only made of the material will be found satisfactory. For a slightly more dressy one the long sleeves could be made of chiffon in color to match the gown while the chemisette only is of white, so that there are many possibilities to be found in the design.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 18 yards 24 or 27, 8¾ yards 44 for velvet or other material with up and down, but if

Blouse Pattern No. 6545
Skirt Pattern No. 6539

Waist Pattern No. 6540
Skirt Pattern No. 6455

Coat Pattern No. 6542
Skirt Pattern No. 6471

Pattern No. 6536

there is neither figure nor nap, 13 yards 24, 12 yards 27 or 6½ yards 44 inches will be sufficient. For the chemisette and long sleeves 1¾ yards 18 inches wide will be needed.

The pattern 6536 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

* * *

SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST GOWN

SHIRT waist dresses are always needed. This one will be found adapted to washable materials and also to simple wool fabrics. In the illustration it is made from one of the new inexpensive printed wash fabrics but linens are charming and varied this season, poplins are to be much used for the early season and thinner materials include a long list of beautiful lawns, batistes, dimities and the like. If an entire gown is not wanted the skirt can be used for heavier material and the waist for thinner. The skirt is a plain seven-gored one that can be made either in round or walking length and with inverted plaits or habit back, and the waist is of the tailored sort laid in wide tucks at the front with a plain back.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, or 32, 3½ yards 44 when there is no up and down, but if there is figure or nap 10 yards 24 or 32, 5⅛ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The waist pattern 6450 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6514 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch waist measure.

* * *

A CRACEFUL GOWN AND A SMART SUIT

GOWNS made of foulard or other thin silks with slightly draped skirts are much liked for afternoon occasions. This one is exceptionally graceful and attractive yet quite simple withal, while the skirt gives a suggestion of the favorite draped or over skirt idea yet is circular, the right side simply over-lapping the left to form the drapery. The over blouse is one of the very newest, made in sections which allow effective use of contrasting materials. In this case the under portion of the blouse is made of heavy all-over lace while the guimpe is of net embroidered with silver. Simpler materials can be used, however, for the guimpe is entirely separate and can be made from lace, net, silk or lingerie material as liked. For the under portions of the over blouse any pretty contrasting material is appropriate or if better liked it can be made of one material throughout.

Blouse Pattern No. 6557
Skirt Pattern No. 6544

Blouse Pattern No. 6555
Skirt Pattern No. 6066

For the over portion of the over blouse will be required 1¼ yards of material 21, 1⅛ yards 32, ⅞ yard 44 inches wide; for the under portion 1⅛ yards 18; for the guimpe 4 yards 18; for the skirt 8½ yards 24, 6¼ yards 32, 5¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern of the over blouse with guimpe 6555 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6066 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The suit shown on the figure to the left combines a perfectly plain tailored coat with one of the very latest skirts, which is made with each alternate gore cut to form panels and is exceedingly smart and chic. With it is worn one of the new over blouses of chiffon in matching color, the guimpe beneath being made of Persian silk; and waists of this sort are among the very latest and smartest to wear with street costumes. The over blouse is absolutely simple, cut in one with the short sleeves that are tucked to be becomingly full. Any guimpe that may be liked can be worn beneath, and the guimpe would be quite correct made from plain silk, from net or from simple lingerie material. The skirt is eight-gored and each alternate gore is made plain at the upper portion but plaited at the lower.

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse 2⅝ yards of material 21 or 24, 1⅞ yards 32, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8¼ yards 27, 5 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide. The over blouse pattern 6557 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6544 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

* * *

SMART FROCKS IN SEMI-PRINCESSE STYLE

THE semi-princesse frock is a very charming one and a well-deserved favorite. Here are two, one designed for the slightly older, one for the younger girls. In the illustration the older girl's frock is made from canvas linen with trimming of soutache and buttons and the yoke is of all-over embroidery. The same model will be found appropriate for wool materials, for pongee and for all fabrics of the sort, however. It can be made dainty or perfectly plain with all the trimming portions omitted and the dress may be high at the neck with the collar of the material, so that the model is adapted both to the dressy frock and to the everyday useful one.

For the sixteen year size will be required 7¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 6 yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard 18 for the yoke. The pattern 6535 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The young girl's dress is made with straight plaited skirt that is joined to a jersey or cuirass portion. It can be made with double sleeves or with single, long or short sleeves as liked, and it can be made high at the neck or low so that this dress also can be made available for a great many occasions and a great many different materials. Pale blue cashmere with trimming of the material embroidered by hand makes the dress illustrated but it would be charming made from linen or poplin or from any other suitable washable material. With the trimming and the sash omitted it becomes the plain dress shown in the small view. With low neck and short sleeves it becomes the dressy one shown in the back view. The quantity of material required for the four

Continued on page 31

Waist Pattern No. 6450
Skirt Pattern No. 6514

Pattern No. 6535

Pattern No. 6534

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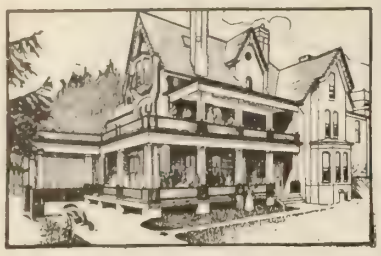

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WE have it on excellent authority that

"Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second, War."

As the sands of the sea, have been the books on love—its science, its art and its final mystery. Philosophers, poets and novelists have given their thought and fancy to this immortal theme, only to leave something more to be said. When, on a cover of old rose and silver, one reads the title, "Hints for Lovers," there is a faltering hesitation. Will it be cheap flippancy, idle cynicism or saccharine sentiment? It will be none of these, for the author's name is Arnold Haultain, and no one who has delighted in Mr. Haultain's "Two Country Walks in Canada" and "The Mystery of Golf" will doubt for a moment that "Hints for Lovers" will prove as wide a ramble as the first, as whimsical a "game of links" as the latter.

In truth, the various aphorisms with which more than three hundred pages are filled, prove more than entertaining reading. A woman hardly knows whether to smile, weep, become angered or feel flattered by the various illuminating lines concerning feminine wills and ways. There are fourteen divisions of this volume and among them may be found such enthralling topics as girls, men, women, lovers, courtship and engagements, all of which are treated with a delicate seriousness, with a smiling sophistication which may sometimes pique but which never offend. The author has excelled in the most subtle task in the world. There is but one fault to find and that is with the title. Such a flower-strewn *via amoris* should have a less prosaic name than "Hints for Lovers."

True philosophic reflection appeals to the thoughtful in such words as these:

"The young think love is the winning-post of life; the old think it is a turn in the course. Nevertheless, it is a fateful turn."

Those who delight in the playful analysis of the masculine attitude will smile slyly at such an admission as this: "What a man doesn't know about a girl would fill a Saratoga trunk; what he does know about her would go into her workbox."

There is subtle scholarship in the contents of these chapters on the most elusive of all emotions, yet never does the author allow his aphorisms to "smell of the lamp." Wit, humor, and a certain plaintive appreciation of the "still, sad music of humanity" make this volume one of the most unusual contributions to the history of the heart. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.)

* * *

FROM William Briggs, Toronto, comes an interesting compilation by William T. Robinson, entitled "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds." The work has been carefully and discriminatingly done, with an avoidance of the trivial or the commonplace. Best of all is the healthy optimism which permeates the volume. "It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things" is a saying with which one may well begin the year.

From the same firm come two volumes of pioneer, one might say missionary travel. "Through Five Republics on Horseback" by G. Whitfield Ray is an account of wanderings in South America, the five particular scenes being the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Paraguay, Brazil and Uruguay. The writer depicts the natural features of these Latin countries as possessed of great charm but gives a somewhat gloomy picture of the ignorance of many of the inhabitants. The latter is true, as he informs us, of certain districts only. The Argentine Republic is described as a land of wonderful fertility, and Rev. John F. Thompson is quoted as declaring: "Argentina is a land of *plenty;* plenty of room and plenty of food. If the actual population were divided into families of ten persons, each would have a farm of eight square miles, with ten horses, fifty-four cows, and one hundred and eighty-six sheep, and after they had eaten their fill of bread they would have half a ton of wheat and corn to sell or send to the hungry nations." This book gives the reader a rapid but comprehensive view of the southern half of our American continent.

"The Broken Trail," by George W. Kerby, is a collection of western sketches. The clerical author informs us: "These incidents form some of the more outstanding experiences of my pastorate in the West. There are three of these novelettes, as they may be called, for they are longer than the average story. "A Son of Holland" gives a depiction of a sturdy type, a man who triumphs over the odds of circumstances and affords another instance of the conquering dominance of the Dutch pioneer. "The Desperado" is a somewhat bloodthirsty narrative of a young criminal who paid the extreme penalty for his offences and left a warning letter to those whose youth was yet unspoiled. This is the strongest feature in the collection and the narrator's sincerity makes a deep impression on the reader.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland's "History of the Union Jack and Flags of the Empire" is sent out in a suitable scarlet-and-gold cover. This is the third edition, revised and extended, with index. Mr. Cumberland invests the flag story with color and picturesqueness and his book is a valuable contribution to historical and patriotic literature. We are fain to conclude with the writer:

"There is something marvellous in the world-wide influence of this three-crossed flag of the parent nation, whose sons have followed its ideals through all the centuries. Sometimes they have made mistakes, or blundered into difficulties, but undaunted, masterful and confident, have profited by the hard-won experience, and progressing with the march of time, find at the beginning of this twentieth century that they 'have builded better than they knew.'" This is a book which every British household ought to be glad to add to the "standards."

* * *

EVERYONE who read it remembers "Jimbo," that queer fantastical tale of the little frightened child and his magic dreams. Now, comes "The Education of Uncle Bob," another volume by the same author, whose name is Algernon Blackwood. Indeed, this is a wonderful book, a story which will be foolishness to the worldly-wise, but a spring of living water to those who would believe in the things which are unseen and eternal. Paul Rivers comes back to England after twenty years absence, a man who had spent his days and nights in the forest until the wilderness had become his own. He finds himself awkward and constrained with the "grown-ups," for he has kept the spirit of eternal youth; but the children make friends with him and admit him at once into their own charmed circle. "Nixie," his elder niece, becomes his dear, familiar friend, and it is the story of their exquisite comradeship which gives the story a fragrance, as of woodland depths. This is a book which may not become a "best seller" but which will be treasured as a rare gem by those who catch its innermost gleam. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

year size is 4¼ yards 24 or 27, 3½ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide with 3½ yards of banding and 2½

Pattern No. 6459

yards of ribbon for sash. The pattern 6534 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

* * *

A HANDSOME JERSEY WAIST

WAISTS in jersey or cuirass style continue all their vogue. They are very pretty made from jersey silk and also from everything that is soft enough to cling to the figure. This one shows one of the new chiffon moire silks braided with soutache and is exceedingly rich and handsome in effect. It will be found equally available for wear with the skirt to match and for use with odd ones. It fits the figure perfectly, it is graceful and it is altogether desirable. If liked the neck can be cut out in either square or round outline and the opening filled with a chemisette. If braiding is not liked trimming of any pretty sort can be substituted. Simple bands over the seams are effective and easily applied. Such a cuirass together with a straight plaited skirt joined to its lower edge makes an exceedingly practical and exceedingly smart gown, and for the skirt either wool material in color to match or plaid or striped material with waist of plain will be found satisfactory as well as the entire gown of one fabric.

For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 2⅛ yards 32 or 1¾ yards 64 or 72 inches wide. The pattern is 6459, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust.

* * *

FASHION NOTES

Dark sepia is the most stylish shade of suede footwear.

Among the new purses, the square ones are popular.

In silks, brocade is the ultra petticoat material at present.

Seal plush coats, made up after real seal models, are in demand.

Cerise, a shade so popular a few years ago, is again to the fore.

A novelty is a coat sleeve laced the entire length with a silk cord.

Newest hairpins are square topped instead of having tops with curves.

Ribbon sashes are appearing with full length ends and a puff rosette.

Short skirts may now be used for the most elaborate daytime occasions.

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—and all the faded curtains, cushion-covers and other things—come out fresh and glowing—when you use the new soap-dye—

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No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

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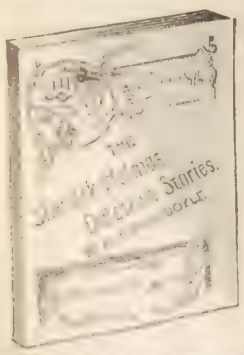

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Women's Institutes

Continued from page 29

do not fit well together. The back must be clothed, of course. It is just as imperative that the mind be suitably equipped. When we stimulate a desire to read we have overcome one of the greatest difficulties in home entertainments. Not only because of the mental stimulus, but the world of books opens up to us such a vast and varied source of amusements that may be applied in so many ways. For instance, we may take some of the more recent and popular books, such as "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and find, in the reading of it aloud by the member of a family, a source of intense pleasure. Then we may discuss it and form cuttings for the different characters to be recited by members of the family. And even a dramatic representation on a small scale might be attempted. As the interest grows we might take up biography, history and poetry. He who has cultivated a desire to read good books will never want for a friend to wile away a winter's evening.

In considering the moral tendencies of amusements, some by their very nature must be eliminated. Each home must decide this for themselves. Happily we can leave out all amusements whose effect may be regarded as harmful and even all doubtful ones and yet have plenty left. All games that constitute a test of skill or wit are stimulating. But where there is stimulus there is always the necessity for self-control. Any one who has learned to accept defeat gracefully has added an estimable quality to character. Any one who feels the keen rivalry of a contest and has learned to surpass the baser elements of his nature, even if it be only in a game, has become stronger morally. The game which affords no test in this way was hardly stimulating enough to be worth while. Some parents prevent their children from indulging in certain kinds of games because they foster, they say, quarrelsomeness or cheating. In all these instances the fault is not so much in the game as in the child, and the game may become in the hands of a wise parent, the very agency needed for teaching the child to overcome its weakness.

* * *

Concerning Refreshments

MRS. WILLIAM ELLIOTT of Galt sends the following communication on a subject which appears to interest many branches of the Women's Institute:

"In the December issue of the HOME JOURNAL we note an article inviting discussion on serving lunch at our Institute meetings. Of course we easily see the path which lies so open for such hospitality. Our meetings being held in private homes, the hostess ever awake to her duties, feels badly if not permitted to give 'a cup o' kindness' before the meeting closes. Not in a spirit of rivalry, do I think for one moment, will any of our Institute members serve elaborate lunches—it is what *they* take pleasure in and they desire to serve all alike. But to avoid hurting any person's feelings, the matter could be thoroughly discussed at a meeting and a decision arrived at, not in any case making it compulsory to do so. But it will in a great many cases relieve the hostess if it is decided by the Branch not to serve lunch. The chief objection which we South Waterloo members see to serving lunch is, it keeps the meeting too late. A meeting commenced at 2.30 should close promptly at four o'clock. Then the members can have a little social chat and disperse.

"In almost all our branches there is a resolution in the minute book not to serve lunch. Sometimes a thoughtful hostess will have a refreshing drink or a piece of cake she wishes to serve "just to refresh the body as the mind has been refreshed," and

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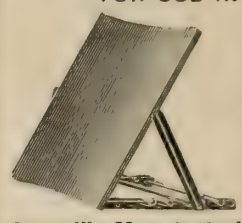

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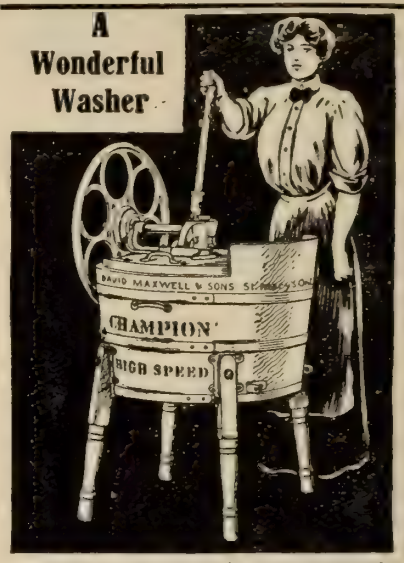

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will serve it quickly, apparently unconsciously—not delaying the members much longer. But it is on a hot day or a very cold day such thoughtful acts are appreciated. The members depart, feeling a little kindlier to that hostess in particular and the Branch members in general, because they have had a little 'cup o' kindness' thrown in when they did not expect it. When meetings are held in halls, there cannot be any excuse for serving lunch, excepting on special occasions, when the Government Delegates or the District Officers are our guests. Then it does us all good to indulge in the social cup o' tea and a *few* sandwiches and a *little* cake."

* * *

THE Women's Institutes of Ontario are looked upon by the American Home Economics Association as one of the most effective means of reaching home makers and giving them instruction in domestic economy in the broadest sense. In recognition of the excellent work which has already been done by the Institutes, the superintendent, Mr. George A. Putnam, has been elected a councillor of the American Home Economic Association for a period of five years.

The Women's Institute annual report for 1909 is now ready for publication and copies have already been sent to all secretaries and a considerable number of members. Copies will be sent to other members as fast as possible. Institute officers will do well to solicit members during the winter series of meetings, and all members whose names are received during the winter or spring months will receive a copy of the report and of a bulletin on "Flours and Baking," which is soon to be issued.

* * *

THERE is no subject of more interest to the farmer's wife than the matter of poultry raising. In a recent report of the Farmers' Institutes, an account is given of the success attained at Hillside Farm, about a mile north of the city of Toronto, owned by Mr. L. H. Baldwin.

"Beginning with incubation, the proprietor states that there is undoubtedly much to learn in artificial methods. Probably much of the failure to make poultry farming an assured success can be attributed to improper methods of artificial incubation. Too many chicks dead in the shell and too high a mortality with those that hatch out is, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, attributable to improper development during the period of incubation. Lack of stamina and vigor in breeding stock must be taken into consideration, but in all probability this condition began in the parent stock at the time of their incubation.

"Incubators vary considerably — even machines of the same make. However, from personal experience, Mr. Baldwin inclines to favor the radiant machines rather than the diffusive, believing that something may be learnt from Chinese methods of incubation which provide absolutely no ventilation except when the eggs are taken out of the ovens for turning or cooling. The Chinese usually secure a sixty to seventy per cent. hatch, while our averages range from forty to fifty per cent. with chicks not nearly so healthy as theirs. By way of further explanation, we are referred to Prof. Graham's test of the atmosphere under setting hens, indicating a high percentage of carbon dioxide, which condition obtains throughout the hatching period.

"About the middle of March set the incubator going so as to produce chicks about the first week of April. Put any brooding hens on china eggs till the chicks are hatched; then transfer the chicks to the care of the hens. Any that may not have such care must go into the brooder. This method will reduce much of the care and attention that the chicks require during the busy season, and this part of the work—care of the brooder—is the most trying and exacting of any work connected with poultry raising. Farmers should pay more attention to increasing vigor and productiveness in their stock rather than to go into it more extensively. They should make use of any available space which may not now be used, or which may at the present time be used for poultry, provided these spaces are suitable. There is no better place for a hen to spend the winter than around the barnyard, but several things should be considered in adapting these places for henhouses, amongst which may be mentioned cleanliness, dryness, freedom from drafts, and plenty of fresh air. It is also necessary to allow fowl to secure plenty of exercise and plenty of suitable dusting facilities."

* * *

IN a recent issue of *Suburban Life*, a writer tells how to grow the German and English varieties of ivy at home.

For a growing green which is beautifully decorative in the home in winter there is nothing more satisfactory than ivy. There are so many artistic ways of arranging the ivy, and the English variety particularly is so hardy that it cannot fail to grow. Artists have painted it and poets sung of it—the romantic ivy green.

With a pot containing the ivy standing on a table, floor or shelf the creeping branches may be trained in any direction about the room. Have the vine clamber up the window casing, and the green and leafy screen through which you can look out upon a wintry landscape will make it seem less bleak. Stand the jar containing the ivy on a bracket shelf at one end of the mantel and let it wander, with skillful training, up over mantel and walls, stray tendrils drooping gracefully over pictures and the like.

Ivy may be trained over the archway which divides rooms, and no portieres will be needed. There is also the more delicate German ivy, which requires gentler handling. It will grow effectively without soil. I saw one growing in a large bowl of water—the kind of glass bowl used for small aquaria. The ivy grew over the sides of the bowl, festooning itself in tangled masses of vivid green, which gave a living beauty to the whole room.

In the Land of Flour and Furs

Continued from page 13

of producing activity will this whole country spring when it is given rail communication with the plains-people to the south? . . . Everything on a Vermilion dinner-table is produced in the country, with the exception only of tea, coffee, sugar and pepper. The country furnishes beef, pork and fowl all locally matured; home-cured ham and bacon; every known variety of hardy and tender vegetables; home-made butter; bread made from flour grown and ground on the premises; pies whose four constituents—flour, lard, butter and fruit—are products of the country; home-made cheese; wild honey; home-made wines; splendid fish caught from the Peace, and a bewildering variety of wild game."

This book is one of exceeding interest and value. It is enlivened by many a story of fun and adventure, for Miss Cameron is blessed with humor and a sense of the dramatic, which would make any tale of travel as entertaining as any romance. May the best of good fortune attend her in the Heart of the Empire!

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SPREADS LIKE BUTTER
You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.
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Ask The Housewife
She will tell you that Windsor Salt does not get "lumpy"—nor "cake" in glass or silver.
In homes of refinement,
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has long been the universal favorite for table and culinary use.
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Ask your dealer and be sure every section bears
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for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis Colds, Diphtheria Catarrh.
Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.
It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.
Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.
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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.
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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE MENDETS
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D. Collingwood, Ont.

DECORATE YOUR HOME

The advent of Spring is the signal for remodelling the house, and the usual house cleaning.

The dirtiest and most tiresome work is paper-hanging and replastering—patching the plaster walls where they have cracked or chipped—replacing the torn and discolored paper. Dirt—dust—germs in everything.

Really it surprises me how people will stand a repetition of this drudgery year after year.

I stopped it five years ago. I had become tired of the papering and of continually fixing the plaster—tired of the dirt and the dust. I tried painting the ceilings and walls—but no relief—paint will not prevent the plaster cracking, and the dust and small pieces from falling.

At last, after trying most everything, without any improvement whatever, I called in my friend the METALLIC MAN. He showed me photographs of metallic ceilings and walls in many fine residences and stores. I was surprised at the great number of artistic designs, and they are so easy to lay—why I laid mine entirely by myself in a very short time, and what a relief—no more dust—no plaster falling—no vermin—so clean and sanitary—and more, ***absolutely fireproof***. I went right down and had my insurance rate reduced. "Every sheet of Metallic laid increases protection from fire," said the Insurance Man.

My friends remark on the handsome appearance of the rooms—each one different, for the designs are so artistic and varied—pretty scrolls—dainty checkered patterns or deep massive effects—any style desired.

They are so easy to keep clean—soap and water makes them like new again, and a little paint gives you a new ceiling at a very small expenditure. Metallic will save you labor and expense every year.

Send measurements of your rooms to the Metallic Roofing Co.—they will give you good suggestions and designs.

—THE PHILOSOPHER OF METAL TOWN.

—WRITE US, THE MANUFACTURERS—

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

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Seeds of Undoubted Purity

Among the newest and best varieties of seeds and plants listed in our 1910 catalogue are the following: Chrysanthemum, Well's New Early Flowering Single Hydrangea, Arborescens Grandiflora Alba Impatiens, Holstii Liegnitzia Sweet William Scarlet Beauty, Sweet William Pink Beauty, Linnia Red Riding Hood, Four Grand New Sweet Peas of "Spencer" Type.

Send for our Catalogue giving full description.

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STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

Are noted everywhere for their PURITY and RELIABILITY

Don't run the risk of spoiling your whole season's work by using cheap or inferior seeds. Our policy has always been to get the very best regardless of expense. And our standard reputation of

Steele, Briggs' Seeds

all over Canada is evidence of honest quality. Send your name and address for a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue for 1910. It tells all about good seed.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED

TORONTO HAMILTON and WINNIPEG

MY LADY'S GARDEN

WHILE there is not much actual work that can be done in the garden in February, yet there are many things which can be done indoors that will be found to make things work easier when the actual planting season arrives. If you have not received your spring catalogue from the seedsmen, send your name and have one mailed to you at once.

You should plan now just where you will plant your flower beds and your vegetables next season. By making a careful plan you should be able to estimate just about the amount of seeds you will require and the proper varieties. Order them at once before the spring rush begins. It will give the seedsman a chance to put up your orders correctly and will greatly relieve the rush of the spring season.

During the long winter evenings is the best time to plan improvements for the garden. We should endeavor to change the appearance of the garden every season. While it may not be necessary to change the general outline, yet by a change in the location of the different vegetable and flower beds one is led to believe that it is not the same garden that was seen last year.

Do not buy bargain packets of seeds. Buy only from reliable dealers that from years of standing have proved their honesty in selling only high-class seeds. It is better to buy a few more seeds than you require than to be short at the time of planting.

If you would like some early annuals you could sow them inside during the latter part of February. Such annuals as petunias, verbenas and other slow germinating varieties will receive a much earlier start if planted in boxes in the house.

So much enjoyment can be had out of a hot bed that it is a wonder that every person with a garden does not provide himself with one for spring use. They are so inexpensive and easily made that they will pay for themselves the first season. If you have not the sash available, you can procure it from manufacturers who make them especially for this purpose. A few old boards and a couple of loads of manure are all that is required to produce abundant crops of early lettuce, radishes, onions and cress and at the same time afford room in which to plant flower seeds or the rooted cuttings for an early start.

* * *

LOOK over stored root crops in the cellar. With the approach of spring they are liable to rot rapidly. Open the cellar doors on fine days and admit as much air as possible. Pick out and destroy diseased specimens.

Hardy annuals can be sown indoors or in the hot-bed the latter part of February. The seedlings will be ready for transplanting as soon as the ground is warm enough.

Canna roots should be sorted over and divided and placed near the light to enable them to get an early start.

Prune fruit trees and grape vines during February.

Fertilize lawns, vegetable gardens and asparagus and rhubarb beds.

There is so much to be done when the planting season arrives that it is always best to get as much as possible of the early work done before the snow leaves the ground. Some of this work can be just as well done in February as a month later.

* * *

WHEN SPRING SHRUBBERY BRIGHTENS THE GARDEN

BUYING NOVELTIES.

MANY enthusiastic horticulturists have been deceived into buying so-called novelties advertised in seedsmen's catalogues. The demand for something new has had the effect of encouraging many seedsmen to list as novelties in their catalogues, seeds and plants that have long since been discarded as useless and others reintroduced under a new name. Canadian seedsmen as a rule are not as bad offenders in this matter as seedsmen of other countries. In fact, many of the seedsmen in Canada have come out honestly in this matter and stated candidly that there is very little in the line of novelties to offer.

One can scarcely call to mind a dozen of the novelties which have been introduced during the last ten years, that have really been an acquisition to horticulture. That some of our Canadian seedsmen still list novelties in their catalogues, arises from the fact that the public demand something of this nature and unless the catalogue contains something special in the front, it is thrown aside

as being "the same old thing as last year," and the catalogue of a competitor taken up and the novelties advertised therein purchased for the coming season.

A well-known Toronto amateur gardener was badly deceived last year. He looked very carefully through an English catalogue that listed something supposedly new in the line of asters. The seeds were ordered, planted and the plants carefully tended to their flowering stage. The flowers came and the aster was easily recognized as the common variety that grows on almost any hillside. In fact, there were hundreds growing within a stone's throw of this gentleman's garden. Another novelty that deceived him was the catch fly, which is one of our commonest Canadian weeds.

A person cannot go very far astray in sticking to the old and well tried varieties. Let someone else try the novelties. If they succeed, there is plenty of time next year to profit by their experience. If the novelties do not prove successful, then you are saved considerable expense.

THE GLOWING BEDS OF AUTUMN

* * *

UNKNOWN ANNUALS.

HOW many of us on going into a garden are able to identify more than about ten or twelve annuals? The average garden will not contain even that number of annuals although there are dozens equally worth a place in our garden as those we consider our standard annuals.

When we plant asters, phlox, verbenas, nasturtiums, petunias and snap dragon, we seem to think that we have just about reached the end of the list of those annuals that are worth a place in our garden. When you get your catalogue for this season, look it over and make a list of some of the annuals you have not tried in former years. Buy some seeds from your seedsman and plant them this spring. You will be surprised at the results. You will make new friends that are just as worthy of a place in your garden as any of the above mentioned plants.

* * *

THE BEST CANADIAN WILD FLOWERS FOR TRANSPLANTING.

NO country in the world produces wild flowers as abundantly as Canada. There are so many that are worthy of a place in the hardy border that the following paper, prepared by Miss M. E. Blacklock, and read before a meeting of the Toronto Horticultural Society, will be read with interest and will prove a source of much valuable information.

(1) I place the hepatica at the head of my list because of its beauty, perfume, earliness, and ease of cultivation. It will flourish almost anywhere, though it will do best and look the prettiest under some deciduous shrub or tree—little groups of them under shrubbery being the most charming way to grow them.

(2) The bloodroot (sanguinaria canadensis) is another easily naturalized wild flower, and its leaf-enfolded buds soon push their way out of the earth in spring. When the flowers expand, the contrast between their snowy whiteness and the salmon-pink stems and veinings of the sea-green leaves is very beautiful. Later the leaves grow rather coarse, so it is well not to plant too many.

(3) Well worthy of a place in our shady garden nooks are our two native dicentras. The squirrel corn (D. canadensis) is a duplicate in miniature of the bleeding heart (D. spectabilis) of our gardens, except that the flowers are white instead of rose color and are very fragrant and more refined in every way. The other ("saving your presence" as an old Irish woman used to say) the Dutchman's breeches (D. cucullaria) has flowers of a creamy yellow and no perfume, though it is the prettier of the two. If you pick off a blossom and turn it upside down you will understand the application of the popular name. The airy fern-like foliage of both is so alike that it is difficult to tell them apart, but the squirrel corn has roots like two or three large ripe peas, attached to each other, while the roots of the other are shaped like the pointed grains of pop corn and formed into a little clump. Plant them in sandy leaf mould.

(4) The trillium is a most valuable addition to our gardens. It is readily transplanted, uncomplaining as to soil, and blooms as freely as in its native haunts. The large flowered one (T. grandiflorum) turns from pure white to a deep rose before it fades. It is a very beautiful flower. The red one (T. erectum) is scarcely pretty enough to be worth growing, though some people admire it. The painted trillium (T. erythrocarpum), white with purple stripes at the base of the petals, is apparently quite common in Muskoka.

Continued in March issue

Type of Sweet Pea. Countess Spencer Hybrids.

Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 15c, ¼ lb. 30c.

Established 1856

If you wish an up-to-date Vegetable or Flower Garden the coming season, you must have

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Because it contains the most complete list of Vegetables and Flowers, together with many striking novelties. Simmers' Field, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have for over fifty years been staple with the best farmers, market gardeners and critical private planters. When you buy seeds you naturally expect them to germinate. This is an absolute necessity, but the most important point is the quality of the vegetable or flower produced. Simmers' quality seeds cover this, because we buy from acknowledged specialists, and we spare no expense in procuring the best seeds for germination and productiveness.

It tells you about them in our Seed Catalogue for 1910, which is FREE for the asking. Write at once.

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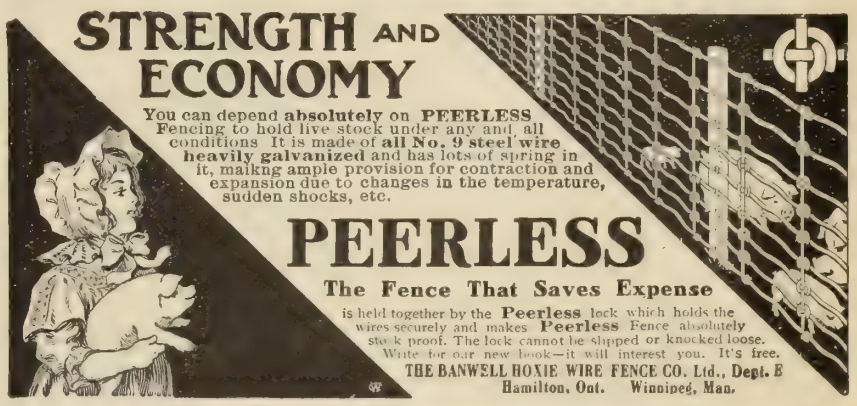

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is held together by the Peerless lock which holds the wires securely and makes Peerless Fence absolutely stock proof. The lock cannot be slipped or knocked loose. Write for our new book—it will interest you. It's free.

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IN 1906

This photograph shows beneficial effect of a completely balanced Fertilizer (containing Nitrogen, Phosphoric Acid and POTASH) on flowers.

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GIVES BIGGER YIELDS OF BETTER QUALITY. IMPROVES COLOR OF FRUIT and FLOWERS and PROMOTES MATURITY.

This important "Plant Food" can be obtained from all leading seedsmen in the highly concentrated forms of MURIATE and SULPHATE of POTASH. Write for full particulars and copies of our FREE publications, including "Fertilizing Orchard and Garden"; "Fertilizing Root Crops and Vegetables"; "Artificial Fertilizers, Their Nature and Use"; "Potato Crops in Canada," etc.

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Tired?——Nature's Sweet Restorer

Abounding in stimulating goodness, a most healthful and pleasing beverage. Its sustaining and invigorating qualities are beyond dispute.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Insures sturdy health—a thorough enjoyment of the crisp winter weather.

To serve at this season — heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Delicious! Try it.

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MADE IN CANADA
Pure—Wholesome—Economical
It is used by all the large Bakers and Caterers, as well as by the best home bakers and cooks. Food products that are produced in clean factories are best.
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

Lace Washing at Home

WHEN lace in its many delightful adaptations is as much in evidence in our toilettes as it is at the present time, the question of washing or cleaning it at home becomes one of considerable importance, on the score of economy, as well as for the sake of preserving the lace itself. Of course, many people prefer to send their special treasures to be dry cleaned by experienced and reliable firms, and for valuable laces, which require such attentions only at very long intervals, this is doubtless the best plan; but for the more ordinary laces that are in constant use there remains the possibility of home cleaning or washing, which saves the rough handling at the laundry.

Lace which is only slightly soiled may sometimes be satisfactorily cleaned by rubbing lightly into it a mixture of equal quantities of fine salt and flour, leaving awhile, then shaking the powder out, and, if necessary, brushing with a soft clean brush, and dry magnesia will sometimes serve the purpose, used in the same way.

Generally, however, except where the lace is made up with colored materials that do not soil so readily, and it becomes advisable to try cleaning, washing is more satisfactory, and many kinds of lace, if carefully treated, will emerge looking nearly as good as when new, even after many washings.

To begin with, the lace must be examined, and any necessary repairs made, for, with the utmost care, there is danger of small holes being converted into large ones. Then, for the washing, make a lather by shredding plain white or yellow soap into boiling water, and when this has cooled somewhat, dip the lace in, moving it up and down, pressing with the hands and half squeezing until all the dirt is removed. Be careful to avoid any semblance of rubbing, wringing, or even definite squeezing, for the delicate threads snap most unexpectedly, and destruction lurks in even a suspicion of rough handling. Rinse carefully in several tepid waters, and if the lace is to be deepened in shade, put the tinting material into the last of these, to which also should be added any stiffening that is to be used other than starch.

Carefully strained coffee or tea may be used for the tinting, on the old-fashioned plan, for very effective tones can be obtained by the use of a few crystals of the permanganate of potash, that is probably kept in the house for flushing the drains. These dissolved in water will give pinkish tints, which, however, soon change on exposing the lace to the air, to cream or brownish tones of corresponding intensity, and when the required depth is obtained the solution can be kept for use on future occasions, when it will have itself changed from pink to a brownish color. It should be remembered that a very few crystals will suffice, and experiments may be made with a piece of old muslin until the required shade is obtained; if it has not already changed, the pink will become cream under the warm iron.

For ordinary purposes the lace will be stiff enough if ironed while still wet, and those home laundresses who have not tried this method will be surprised to find how well it answers. For some very fine laces that require a little more "body," milk is good. Dip the lace into it after rinsing in tepid water, squeeze lightly, and roll up in a piece of soft white cloth, and iron when partly dry. For a greater degree of stiffness dissolve a little sugar in the final rinsing water, or pour some gum arabic solution into it; the quantity of either will be small but the degree of stiffness required will regulate it, two lumps of sugar being generally sufficient for about a pint of water. Some people prefer to use starch, and in that case the lace should be put through rather stiff hot starch, then rinsed immediately by dipping up and down two or three times in a bowl of cold water, which helps to preserve the clearness of the lace, especially if it has a net foundation. The starch may be prepared in the ordinary way, and then strained through muslin, or it is better if mixed to a paste with a little cold soft water, then thinned somewhat, and finally boiled in a glazed jar or enamelled pan until it is clear and thick; thus prepared it maintains the light, clear, transparent character of the lace or muslin. When only slight stiffening is desired a little cold starch mixed to a cream may be put into the last rinsing or tinting water, and will be found effective.

After either of these processes the lace should be squeezed very carefully, or, better, pressed between the hands, for in definite squeezing the fingers may easily rupture the threads, then shaken out, beaten lightly between the palms of the hands (while a helper holds it suspended and spread out), then pulled very carefully into shape, the edges receiving special attention. Be sure not to use the finger-nails in this pulling out, or tears will be almost inevitable; the thumb and finger-tips will do the work quite well after a little practice. When quite ready for ironing lay the lace carefully in a clean cloth, rolling it up as each article or piece is added, so that it can be gradually unrolled, and the articles taken out in turn when the ironing is in process.

For ironing use a soft blanket folded several times, covered with a piece of fine soft white material, nainsook for preference; lay the lace on this, right side downwards, and turn the nainsook up over it. Press lightly with a moderately hot iron until fairly dry, then remove the nainsook covering, and iron the wrong side of the lace itself, taking care to keep the edges in good shape, threads straight, etc., and continue until quite dry. After a little practice the left hand will grow expert in manipulating the lace while the right hand wields the iron, and it is on this manipulation, together with the previous pulling into shape, that the success of the ironing very largely depends. Without it, or, indeed, with any want of care in the ironing process, lace ties and sleeves assume ugly shapes, edges and scallops lose their beauty, threads take all sorts of unlovely curves.

(To be continued)

Culinary Conceits

Tested Recipes

Grape Jelly.—Use in the proportion of two-thirds grapes and one-third apples. The grapes that are part green and part ripe make the best jelly. Cover apples with water and cook until tender. The apples need not be pared. For the grapes, use just enough water to prevent them from sticking. Drain the fruit but do not squeeze. Use equal parts of juice and sugar, and cook only a few moments.

Pumpkin Butter.—Cut the pumpkin in as many pieces as you like, taking out all the seeds, after which the pieces are cut into dice like citron. Leave the rind on, so as to enrich the "butter," then cover with water to which a little salt has been added and boil until soft. Strain and put back the juice into the kettle. Have nice tart apples pared, cored and quartered and put into the juice, adding sugar enough to form a jelly, and a little more water if necessary. Then cook until thick like marmalade. Before taking from the stove, add any spice you like.

Franconia Fudge.—To make this, put one-fourth of a cupful of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add two cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk and one-fourth of a cupful of molasses. Heat to the boiling-point and let boil seven minutes. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, and stir until melted. Then let boil seven minutes more. Remove from fire, beat until creamy and add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half of a cupful of nut meats cut in pieces. Pour at once into a buttered tin, and mark in squares. This candy is very good without either vanilla or nuts, while in their places one-half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon may be used.

Chocolate Dominoes.—Mix thoroughly together one-half of a cupful of pecan-nut meats, one-half of a cupful of English-walnut meats, one-half of a cupful of figs cut in pieces, and one-half of a cupful of dates (from which stones have been removed), forced through a meat-chopper or finely chopped. Add the grated rind of one orange, one tablespoonful of orange juice, and one square of melted unsweetened chocolate. Toss on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar and roll to one-third of an inch in thickness. Cut into the shape of dominoes, using a sharp knife. Spread thinly with melted unsweetened chocolate, and decorate with small pieces of blanched almonds to imitate dominoes.

Lemon Shape.—Two ounces of arrowroot, six ounces of loaf-sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon grated; mix with one pint of boiling water. When cold, add the yolks and whites of three eggs well beaten, and boil all together well; then pour it into a mould and let it stand till the next day. This is a delicious sweet, and very nourishing.

Fish Paste.—Bloaters, smoked salmon, shrimps, prawns, lobsters, anchovies, are suitable for paste. Take the flesh of the already dressed fish, carefully bone it, and divest it of skin, fins, etc.; season it plentifully with spices, and pound it in a mortar; add to it a small proportion of very fresh butter and, when quite a smooth paste, press it down well into pots and cover with a layer of clarified butter. Tie them securely from the air, if intended to keep for any length of time.

Cream Tarts.—Line tart pans with a rich, short crust, and bake until brown. Whip a cupful of cream until stiff, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, flavor with vanilla, and, when the tarts are cold, fill in with cream. Set in a cold place until ready to serve. Just before serving drop a spoonful of jelly or preserves on top of each tart.

Chocolate Caramels.—Take two cups of granulated sugar, half a cup of milk, two ounces of butter, and three ounces of grated, unsweetened chocolate. Place in a saucepan over the fire, and boil to a crack. Then add one teaspoonful of vanilla and pour in shallow buttered pans. When cool, cut into squares and wrap in buttered or wax paper.

Dainty Tea Scones.—Take one pound of flour, two ounces of sifted sugar, one heaped teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, one egg, beaten, one breakfastcupful of sweet milk. Mix dry ingredients, stir in egg and milk. Stir quickly until the dough is nice and soft. Turn out, roll lightly, cut into rounds, and brush with milk. Bake in quick oven until they turn pale brown. Split open, and spread with butter or raspberry jam.

Cheese Toast.—This is a capital way to use up stale bits of cheese or bread that will not do for anything else. Cut the bread into rounds and fry in boiling fat. Grate the cheese very finely, flavor with a little cayenne, white pepper and salt. Mix it up well with the beaten yolk of an egg. A very little milk may be added. Pile this mixture on the rounds of fried bread, and put into the oven till it is set. Serve very hot. If liked, a little tomato sauce may be added when beating the cheese and egg together, but it is quite as good without.

Antique Furniture

Continued from page 10

Hepplewhite and Sheraton came after Chippendale, and were making furniture about 1780. It is sometimes a little difficult to distinguish between them, for though they were both original, they were not above copying each other's work. For those who wish to study the differences, two excellent books are recommended—Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old Furniture," and Helen Churchill Candee's "Decorative Styles and Periods."

The chief feature of the new styles was that all carving on the legs was done away with. Curved legs were replaced by slender, tapering ones. In Hepplewhite they were four-sided, while in Sheraton they were round. Both used the carved shield backs with variations, though those of Sheraton were the most delicate in design. Frail, spindle-legged sofas and sideboards became general.

Though we cannot now furnish our house or even a room with these charming old pieces, yet here and there may be found cabinet-makers who are artistic enough to follow faithfully the old designs, and produce almost facsimile of them. Mention should be made of the Adams Brothers, architects and decorators, who had such an effect upon the designs of the Eighteenth Century. It is interesting to note that Robert Adams was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1792.

What Mamma Said.

"Mamma wants a package of Lemon Jell-O and a package of Strawberry Jell-O."

Groceryman: "I suppose something else wouldn't do, would it?"

"Mamma said be sure and get

JELL-O

because she's got company and she wants to visit 'stead of working in the kitchen, and everybody likes Jell-O."

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BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

THE RURAL CITY.

The story is told in Toronto that a certain workman laborer was in the habit of annoying his fellow-workmen by murmuring them constantly that the city work is better done in London. Whenever he made this remark, the others would slyly ask:

"London, Ontario?"

One day a new workman joined the gang and the Cockney workman proceeded to say:

"This ain't like London."

In utter innocence the newcomer asked:

"London, Ontario?"

This was more than the man from Great Britain could endure. Raising his voice and throwing aside his pick, he replied:

"No—I mean London at 'ome wot 'arf the world comes from."

* * *

IN 1910.

Father's in his airship
  Gone to spend the day,
Looking after loans and bonds
  In Europe, o'er the way.
Mother, who likes comfort,
  And does not care to roam,
Is shopping via wireless,
  In Paris, at her home.

Brother, who in deep seas
  Has a coral grove,
Is going in his submarine
  Among his crops to rove.
Uncle, in the navy,
  Who's left his ship a span,
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes
  To join her in Japan.

Sister, who's a suffragette,
  Has worked reforms so rare
That even the ward meetings
  They open now with prayer;
And when, tired by their labors,
  She'd body rest and soul,
She goes to spend for pleasure
  A week-end at the pole.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

It was easy enough to see that the man in the centre of the trolley car with a scowl between his eyes was bored to death with the subject, and it was easy enough to see that the little man opposite was determined to make him more trouble. Therefore, no one was surprised to hear the query:

"Sir, you probably read the papers, and I should like to ask you if you think Doctor——?"

"I won't answer you!" snarled the other.

"Sir, you won't, but you look like a man who thinks deeply on such questions, and I wanted to ask——"

"Ask me nothing!"

"If you feel that way about it," continued the little man, "I am hurt myself, but still feel a desire to express my opinion when asked for it, and so ask you, if you think that Commander——?"

"Don't know! I wouldn't answer!" shouted the man with the scowl.

"You did not know, so I hope you would change your mind. You look like a man capable of giving an unbiased opinion and while I don't want to annoy you I would like to ask what you think of the statement that——"

"I don't think! I won't think! You are annoying me, sir, and there are limits beyond which you must not go."

"Sorry—very sorry. I would not willingly annoy anyone, but I thought I might perhaps ask you whether you thought Dr. Cook or Commander Peary took——?"

"Stop, sir!"

"Took a spare white shirt along with them to put on when they discovered the Pole!"

"No! Never!" shouted the man with the scowl; and he got up and left the car.

* * *

PLAYING HEARTS

* * *

WHEN THEY KICK.

It is said that among Billy Sunday's converts in an Eastern city was a stripling of a horse jockey, a rider in the running races. At the close of the revival a conference was held, in which all was not harmony. Several speeches were made, pro and con, and the spirit of some of the participants was heated. Finally, the little jockey was asked to express himself. He said: "Well, friends, I don't know much about religion, for I ain't had it long; but I know something about horses, and I've allers noticed that when they're kickin' they ain't pullin'."

* * *

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Little Robert and "Jim," the grocer's delivery man were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for "Jim's" coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"

* * *

NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

Lucinda stood in the presence of two famous surgeons who had just assured her that her present condition demanded an operation and that unless it was performed within a short time she would in all probability die.

Lucinda listened respectfully.

"I'm jes as much obliged to you gen'mans as I can be," she assured them, "but ef de deah Lord has done made up his min' to call me home I thinks he kin translate me widout no assistance."

* * *

WITHOUT HIS HOST.

When the new boarder went into the dining-room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes; quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. See! I'll bet I can live here for a month on end without being asked for a shilling. Watch me banter her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

* * *

WOMAN'S WORK.

"It's a perfect shame!"

A fair feminine face looked up petulantly from the work upon which its owner was engaged. It was an old coat, minus the buttons.

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "you shouldn't complain. You know, it is said that as a man sows, so shall the woman reap. Well, similarly, as the man rips, so shall the woman sew."

"You don't understand!" retorted his young wife. "I don't complain of doing the work, but I do complain of the careless way the tailor sewed that button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you."

* * *

APRIL AND DECEMBER—*Life*

* *

MARRYING IN HASTE.

An English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody. One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress, "we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you, but, ye see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."

* * *

TOOLY LURAL!

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the Judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* * *

WHEREABOUTS OF HONEY.

Luther M. Burbank, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey that bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear and in a stage whisper stammered:

"'Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir.'"

* * *

THE TALE THAT TAFT TOLD.

While spending the winter in Georgia, before his inauguration as President, Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said:

"Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied:

"You remind me of the story of Brer Jasper and Brer Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shilo Baptist Church, although avowed enemies.

"Brer Jasper died and the other deacons told Brer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

"Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and Sisteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'"—*Uncle Remus' Magazine.*

* * *

A WOMAN'S DIPLOMACY.

It was the Chicago man's turn, and he told this one:

"Diplomacy, you know, is a remarkable agent. The other day a lady said to her husband:

"'James, I have decided to do without a new fall dress, and with the money it would cost I shall have mother here for a nice long visit.'

"James turned on her excitedly. 'What, wear that old brown cloth thing another season? I guess not!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'You go right down to your tailor's to-day and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain!'

"The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile."

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OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS:—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take $50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones)—all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmakers' bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for $100."

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Every mother wants her children to be well dressed. Many are not able to have the sewing done by a capable garment maker, and the ready made garments are far from satisfactory. Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

The Author of this Course

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago, Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystalizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all of the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not however, of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "HUMAN LIFE" published at Boston, Mass.

A Practical Demonstration

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:— BROWNSVILLE, VT.

I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me.

When I started taking your lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well.

Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking and have been very successful, having made a silk-waist suit, two skirts, two jackets and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed to-day, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much.

After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student. Miss Emma J. Pierson.

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Editor's Chat

CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS are surely making their way among their own people. We are in constant receipt of letters expressing the correspondents' pleasure in being provided with a journal for CANADIAN women. In this country we have the monthly publication, the *Canadian Magazine*, which is more prosperous than ever, several Canadian weeklies of a national tone, and many publications making special appeal. No one will disparage for a moment the excellent style and contents of the publications coming to us from the United States; but there is a feeling that "our own" productions deserve a greater share of public support than they have received.

AN EASTERN CORRESPONDENT says: "I did not realize that the HOME JOURNAL is so entirely Canadian as you describe and I appreciate your efforts to make it a success. I entirely agree with you that we all, both men and women, should do what little we can, or whatsoever we can, to further Canadian interests and especially so, perhaps, along journalistic lines. In Canadian book-stores, all over Canada, I make it a point to keep enquiring for Canadian publications and where necessary, as it generally is in a new place, to ask why the American magazines

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PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

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NOTICE—Subscribers in sending in change of address should give the old as well as the new address. Please notify promptly if your Journal does not reach you.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1910

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Editor's Chat

are so much more prominently displayed than the Canadian."

CANADIAN STORIES are especially welcome, and we are gratified to learn that Mrs. MacKay's "The Third Passenger" proved of interest to many of our readers, who will be glad to know that we have arranged to publish at an early date another story by this talented writer. In this issue, will be found the first instalment of a series of sketches for our younger readers by Miss Pickthall. "Running Rabbit" will make many friends before he comes to the close of his career and will probably absorb the attention of older readers, as well as the juniors. Mrs. McClung, whose "Sowing Seeds in Danny" proved such a delightful book and who contributed to one of our summer numbers a bright sketch of her childhood in the West, will give us another of her inimitable narratives of life in Newer Canada.

OUR PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION will not close until Saturday, April 2nd. This will give opportunity for some early spring "snapshots" as many camera enthusiasts prefer to wait until winter's disappearance before trying their skill. We have received some excellent specimens of photographic art and are anxious that each section of the competition should be well represented.

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THE supreme test of a piano's worth is NOT its tonal beauty alone. It is the **permanence** of that beauty.

And not one piano in ten can pass that test. No piano can pass it that is not built as every MASON & RISCH Piano is built.

For a piano, in the showroom—where it is at its absolute best—may seem to have a mellow, rich, resonant and liquid tone. But—

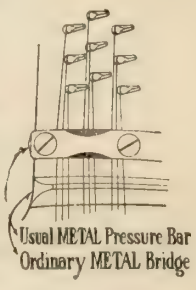
—that is **only** seeming; for very few pianos will hold that tone very long, **outside** the showrooms.

The one piano you can take delight in hearing in the showroom and at home as well, has a tonal beauty that **endures**. And the larger picture here shows **why**.

See those "Separate Agraffe Screws." Notice how they hold the three strings which make up each note in the middle and upper registers—

Those three strings cannot separate. They cannot alter their positions. They cannot be made to vibrate so as to affect the strings of any adjacent note—nor to affect each other.

That MASON & RISCH difference sets this piano apart from the others. The **others** clamp their strings down with a "pressure bar"—a piece of **metal** that looks like this—

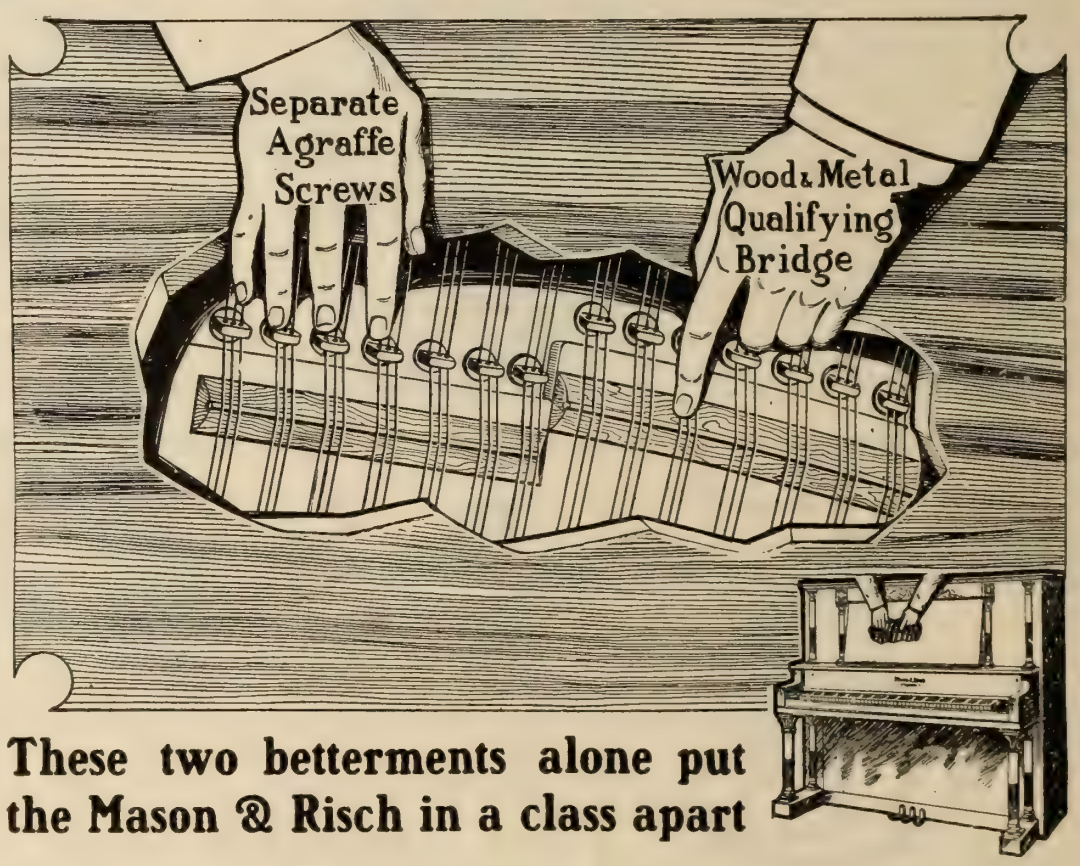


And that **metal** pressure bar carries sound waves, magnifies them, gets the vibrations of one note confused with those of another note—blurs and muddles the **true** pitch of **every** note—

And therefore a piano so fitted can **never** sound a note **purely**. But the MASON & RISCH separate agraffe screws make it impossible to sound any note **otherwise** than purely and clearly.

So that one improvement insures **exact** tone; insures **clear** tone; insures **tone color truly rendered.**

See now how the MASON & RISCH "Qualifying Bridge" (refer to the large



These two betterments alone put the Mason & Risch in a class apart

picture again)—see how that insures tone *richness*—tone *beauty*—and tone *PERMANENCY*.

That Bridge is made of *wood*. In other pianos it is made of *metal*—

And a *metal* bridge carries sound waves—causes stronger notes to drown weaker ones—blurs tone—sets up sound vibrations in the metal bed-plate of the piano—has the same faults in greater degree, that the metal pressure bar has.

That is why other pianos sound "tinny" after a little while. That is why they show that harsh metallic tone—quality you dislike so.

Of course you don't notice that tinniness in the showroom. You can't, because they have "picked" the hammers—the felt cushions that strike the strings. They have made them soft and woolly, so they strike the strings *gently*—until the woolliness wears down and the hammers get hard again!

But the MASON & RISCH hammers need no "picking"! The *wooden* Qualifying Bridge, and the Separate Agraffe Screws *keep* each note true—give each note its right value.

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It is not too technical for you to understand with one reading. And you should surely read it for—

Unless you do, you cannot *know* why tone-beauty and tone-permanence—the essentials of a piano worth while—are most surely found in the MASON & RISCH—the "Piano with a Soul."

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At Eastertide

THE observance of Easter marks one of the most significant festivals of the year. The union of the Pagan rites, in celebration of the opening of the Spring, with the Christian commemoration of the crucifixion and resurrection has imparted to the season a joyousness shadowed by tragedy. Recent custom has given to the week following Easter Sunday a festive atmosphere which accords with the spirit of the opening year—for it is the first touch of warmth, the first breath of fragrance which form the real New Year. We have come to associate with this Easter season the symbols of suffering and of rejoicing, the Cross and the wealth of fresh Spring blossoms which mean the earth's renewal. Yet there need be no fear that in the more trivial observances of the days succeeding Passion Week, the deeper meaning of Eastertide has been forgotten. It signifies the eternal hope which is the saving of humanity, the rising from the tomb of failure or discouragement, the realization that there is ever a new life which holds infinite possibilities. The bells which chime so joyously on the morn of Easter Sunday but remind us of those words which have been called "the most tremendous ever uttered"—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

* * *

A Woman's Protest

THE remarks made in these columns last month, regarding civic administration in Montreal, were not ill-advised, if one may judge from the letters from Montreal citizens addressed to their own papers. A recent correspondent of a Montreal weekly, signing herself "Disgusted Mother" protests against the many abuses which have contributed to sickness in that city. She cites the instance of undesirable mattresses, stuffed with rags and bones, which she has bought in all good faith. The epistle concludes with the following decided and vigorous sentiment:

"I am only a simple housewife, but I know enough to know that the Health Department in this city wants a stick of dynamite to waken it up to a sense of its responsibilities."

Every household in the community is disturbed when the civic authorities fail to look after the health of the city. Year follows year, test follows test, there are yards and yards of talk and wrangling about filtration and hydraulics—but little is accomplished. Then comes an epidemic of typhoid fever, the city authorities look wise and grieved, and a few awakened mothers and fathers say—"Whose fault is it?" The mills of the Gods grind slowly, says the old proverb. But they are expeditious in comparison with the movements of the average civic representatives and occasionally overtake them. The health of the city is the business of all of us, and the sooner men and women in every Canadian town or city arouse to the importance of having clean milk and (comparatively) pure water, the better for the country. Disease, which might have been averted by proper food and drink supplies, is a disgrace to the country and is a blemish on our civilization.

There was a time when plague was called a dispensation of Providence and an epidemic was regarded as a "mysterious visitation." We are more honest in these days and call laziness and dirt by their proper names. The recent elections in Montreal, in which women assisted to turn out officials who had made administration a farce, have proved the determination of our First City to have a decent Board.

ATTRACTIVE RECEPTION ROOM IN COUNTRY HOME
See article "A Remodelled Home"

* * *

When Woman Travels

CONDUCTOR REYNOLDS, who played such a brave part in the accident near Webbwood during this winter, reminds us of how well such officials usually conduct themselves in time of stress or danger. One hears a great deal in these days about the rights of women, and truly whatever woman desires, by way of political power or representation, she is likely to get. But one must reflect, in estimating her privileges, upon the almost unvarying consideration which she receives in this country in time of peril or trouble.

The woman who is traveling, whether by land or sea, is always given first place, if endangered passengers are to be rescued. To the credit of British and American officials, this rule knows hardly any exceptions. In recent French disasters, the case of the sinking La Borgogne and the instance of the fire at the charity bazaar in Paris show a startlingly different record, but one can hardly argue a decline in Gallic chivalry from these two deplorable lapses.

The growing disinclination of man to offer his seat in a street car to a woman strap-holder has been the subject of frequent comment. However, even in our crowded cities, the general attitude towards woman is such that she feels herself, to all intents and purposes, a protected member of the community. There are, of course, sad exceptions—but usually the woman traveller fares well, and has little to complain of in the matter of consideration.

* * *

A Departing Ordeal

WHO does not remember the old-fashioned spring house-cleaning, when the house seemed so forlornly upset and the smell of suds was everywhere? For a fortnight, at least, meals were a matter of hash and scraps while the house was "aired" so thoroughly that nearly every member of the family acquired a cold and suffered accordingly. However, the days of a general orgy of soap and water with carpets up and the dust flying in all directions, are departing—and none too soon. With vacuum cleaners and dustless appliances for all manner of household renovation, the terrors of the general housecleaning have departed.

EXIT TELEPHONE

By D. McL. WRIGHT

"MY dear, the telephone *must* go! They are raising the rates again, and I will not pay an extra cent to retain in my house an instrument which is so great a nuisance, calling me out just as I am counting on a much needed nap, encouraging the children to waste time by chattering nonsense to their friends, and enabling *you* to ring up my office when I am adjusting the rubber dam on a patient, merely to ask, 'William, shall I spank the baby? He has just swallowed your gold stud;' or something equally ridiculous."

"When will this bugbear be removed, dear?" meekly inquired Mrs. Pullem.

"Some time during the next two weeks," calmly replied her husband.

At last the telephone was gone, and the large house somehow seemed empty without it. The children felt as though they had lost a friend, while their mother appreciated as never before the blessing which had now taken its flight.

A few days after its removal, just as Doctor Pullem was engaged on an important filling which he could not well leave, his office phone rang, and he reluctantly took down the receiver to hear a small voice pipe, "Hello! Is that Doctor Pullem's office? Is it the Doctor speaking? Will you please tell Dolly and Polly that I hope they will run over this evening and bring their skates, as some of the girls are coming and I want them to join us in a skate on our pond? Sorry to trouble you, but I couldn't get the house; Central says you have had the telephone taken out. Good-by!"

It was with no very gentle hand that the innocent receiver was restored to its place, as the Doctor returned to his work.

Scarcely had he taken his instruments up before there was another ring. This time a grown-up voice greeted his ear. "Is that you, Doctor? It is Miss Tryon, the dressmaker, speaking. Hope I've not disturbed you, but I want you to tell Mrs. Pullem that I can not possibly fit her dress till to-morrow, and that I'll let her know what hour to come. I tried to get the house, but found there's no telephone there now."

"Bother!" thought the Doctor. "Hope this sort of thing won't continue."

He was allowed to finish that job in peace, but during the afternoon there were sundry interruptions, at the most trying times, all telephone calls for the house.

Fearing his memory would play him false when charged with so many trivial messages, he was obliged to take time to jot them down on paper.

After delivering them on his return home that evening, he thought he detected a twinkle in his wife's eyes as she quietly remarked, "You must have spent a great deal of time at your 'phone to-day."

As it was a particularly gay season socially, many were the calls after this fashion that came to his 'phone. "Hello, Doctor! Please tell Mrs. Pullem that I want her to take a cup of tea with me to-morrow, between five and six." And—"That you, Doctor? Too bad to have to call you up, but I hear you have no telephone at the house now, and I wish Mrs. Pullem to spend the evening with me. Tell her to bring her work, as I'm having a few ladies in." Again—"Doctor, will you please ask your wife for the recipe of that delicious cake she makes? She promised it to me so that I can serve it at my next 'tea,' which I intend giving day after to-morrow. Tell her to save that time for me. Don't forget the date, and perhaps you won't mind 'phoning me the recipe early in the morning, just as soon as you reach your office. Good-bye!"

To each and all of these calls the harassed man replied as politely as he could on the spur of the moment, but he began to grow apprehensive and dread the sound of that quick, sharp ring. What would come next? He was destined to find out.

On one occasion Mrs. Goodwin called him from an important operation to charge him to let his wife know that the regular meeting of the Missionary Society was postponed until further notice, for the minister's wife had the grippe and couldn't possibly have it meet there.

He had now purchased a blank book for the items of news he was expected to give to his wife. He carried the book in his pocket and mechanically snatched it out and held it in readiness each time the bell rang. Once, while he was striving to deliver these messages, Mrs. Pullem sweetly said, "Dear, don't you think these women take up a *little* more of your time at the 'phone than I used to do?" "Yes!" almost escaped him, but he caught himself in time.

It would never do to let his life-mate triumph over him even in this small way. So, whatever he felt on the subject, he kept manfully to himself, and faced each day with the vain hope that things would grow better.

A most annoying feature of the situation was that people finding they could not ring him up at his own home called up the neighbors and asked them to get Doctor Pullem to come to their 'phones; so he was often compelled to leave an interesting book and go out to converse with those he wished to avoid.

One morning a prominent man from a neighboring town came into his office, and, as he had always entertained Doctor Pullem when he had chanced to be in the vicinity of *his* home, the Doctor asked him very cordially to dine with him that evening. To be sure he had always notified his wife by telephone when he intended bringing visitors to a meal, but now he would have to take her by surprise, though he didn't think she would mind very much. As the hour for dining approached, he, with his distinguished friend, entered his home, and after disposing of his guest's hat and coat, the Doctor left him in the library while he sought his wife. As he told his news, her horrified expression grew more intense, and she cried, "Oh, William! What shall I do? I quite forgot to send the meat order when the children went to school this morning, and when they came home in the afternoon, Dolly complained of such a sore throat, and Polly had fallen and hurt her knee so badly that I hadn't the heart to send either of them out. Thinking you wouldn't mind for once, I have only soup and dessert prepared for to-night." The Doctor groaned. "Haven't you any canned stuff in the house?" "No, I used the last yesterday," answered Mrs. Pullem, now almost in tears. "Oh, if only I had had the telephone, this wouldn't have happened!"

There was no help for it, so they made the best of the situation, and shared the limited menu with their guest. As they sat at table, did the ghost of a wish that the telephone was still in the house flit across the Doctor's mind?

Next day, while seated at his office desk, Doctor Pullem suddenly remembered that he had left an important document at home which was required to catch that day's mail, or it meant ruin to the financial scheme which he was then negotiating. On consulting his watch, he found that only fifteen minutes remained before the mail closed. His first impulse was to telephone his wife to let one of the children bring the paper down immediately, as they would be leaving for school in a few minutes anyway. Then the bitter recollection that the telephone was a thing of the past in his home came to him like a flash. He saw that he must do his best to procure the letter in time by going for it himself. Was there time? In his excitement he rushed out without hat or overcoat, and ran swiftly towards his residence, coat tails flying in the breeze.

Several of his friends gazed at him in astonishment, but he heeded not, nor lessened his speed till, panting, he arrived at the house, let himself in with his latchkey, and was running off with the precious paper, when his wife called, "William, what's wrong? Where's your hat?" He waved the document wildly, shouting out, "I forgot this! It must catch the mail!" Snatching up an old hat which he had given the baby to play with, he made his escape with these words ringing in his ears: "Knowing we have no telephone here, it is a wonder you'd forget so easily!"

However, he accomplished his purpose, the letter reached the mail in time, and a while later he was thinking complacently of this, when there came the much dreaded, sharp ring of the 'phone.

An agitated voice broke on his ear. "Doctor, Doctor! What is the matter? Is Mrs. Pullem ill? Can I be of any service? I saw you rush out of your office and run wildly toward home as though life depended on you getting there. Do tell me what's the trouble!" "Nothing, my dear madame, I assure you. I was intent on procuring a letter which I had forgotten," exclaimed the surprised man. "It might have been better to leave that telephone in," he muttered to himself, as he hung up the receiver.

Scarcely had he begun to work for his next patient, when the call came again. Horrible fate! It was Mrs. Longham! When would he be able to escape from her?

"Oh, Doctor! I called up the first minute I thought you'd be back in the office. I would have asked for the house, but I know you've had the telephone taken out. Mrs. Meddler told me that she saw you tearing through the streets just now in the direction of your home, without your hat and overcoat, and noticing no one, though her husband called to you, and she is sure, yet, just positive, that your baby must have been burned or badly scalded, for she knows nothing short of this would make a man of your calm, deliberate manner rush through the streets in that style at such an unusual hour of the day. I want to tell you how awfully sorry I am, and let you know that I have a salve which acts like magic on burns and scalds, given to my mother by her grandmother's grandmother—no, perhaps not actually *given* to my mother, as her grandmother's grandmother would scarcely be alive in my mother's time, but, to be more correct, the salve was handed down from one generation to another, till it came to my mother, and she gave it to me." Here, the lady pausing for breath, the Doctor took advantage of the chance and got this far—"My dear Mrs. Longham, I am not in need of such a salve—" when she broke in with—"Well, I suppose by this time your family physician has applied something to the scald, but if it does not prove effectual, just call me up and I will let you have my formula. Tell your wife she has my sympathy, and I do hope the little dear won't suffer much. How did it happen? Was he playing near the stove?" In desperation the Doctor shouted, "It didn't happen at all, the baby wasn't near the stove, he isn't burned or scalded, therefore I don't need the salve! I merely forgot an important letter and was going for it before the mail closed." "Oh," in a disappointed tone, "is *that* all?"

The Doctor now heartily wished that empty space on the wall at home was once more filled by its former occupant. Why, he was losing not only temper, but time, which was money to him, since that once despised yet innocent instrument had departed. And, worse than this, his dreams were often haunted by imaginary calls from his office 'phone, which he was always trying to answer, but could not.

One stormy night, being utterly worn out in body and mind, he had retired early, but at midnight he was suddenly aroused by his wife's voice calling, "Quick, William, the doctor! Baby has a dreadful attack of croup, and my remedies seem to fail."

After hastily drawing on a few garments, Doctor Pullem plunged out into the blinding snowstorm which was now raging.

Snowdrifts seemed to have assumed the proportions of mountains while he had been sleeping. He waded through them as quickly as he could, and, chilled to the bone, at last found himself at the family physician's door, only to discover that he was not at home, but had left home on the late train. On ran the desperate man to the next doctor's, to find that he, too, had had a sudden call. Every physician in town save one was visited with the like result. Suppose he also should be away. Maddening thought! He covered the long distance leading to this doctor's abode, almost crazed with anxiety, cold and fatigue. He was not doomed to disappointment this time, and the two men were soon hurrying towards Doctor Pullem's house.

"Thank God, I was in time!" ejaculated the good physician, when he saw the little sufferer grow easier under his skilful treatment.

After his departure, Doctor Pullem, repentant from the depths of his heart, turned to his wife, exclaiming, "My dear, I shall notify the company to-morrow to put the telephone in its proper place again."

Mrs. Pullem would not have been human if she had refrained from saying, "You don't think the dear old thing is quite such a nuisance as you once considered it, do you, dear?"

Strange how radically a lord of creation can change in a short space of time! Just seven days from this midnight episode, the Doctor's office 'phone rang, and he wasn't a bit cross when his wife's voice inquired, "Dear, shall I wash the baby's hands or put on his gloves before I take him out?" Nay, he was positively glad to hear this query, and responded in a pleased tone:

"Whichever you like, sweetheart."

"Thank you," she replied, "then if it makes no difference to you, I don't think I'll do either. I only wanted your opinion on the subject."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor to himself, "pretty good little woman she is, to take no greater revenge than that!"

The Art of George Frederick Watts

By KATHERINE HALE

THERE is a great English painter, George Frederick Watts, who takes his place with two others that make the strongest trilogy in modern art, speaking as they do for music, poetry and painting — Richard Wagner, Robert Browning, George Frederick Watts

Watts is the outstanding figure in the art of the Nineteenth Century; born in its beginning —1817—he lived through its close, and even long enough to catch the meaning of the new one.

He does not remember the time when he did not draw, and seems to have been influenced from earliest childhood by serious things—unchildlike perhaps, yet, after all, tinged with the mystery of that "fairy quality" which makes all real childhood lovely. The tales of Homer and of Scott mean more to some children than set games and amusements and Watts always kept, down to his very last day, the dreaming, imaginative heart of a child.

He went to the Academy schools but only stayed a little while, never caring much for or absorbing what is known as "book learning." In London, he wandered perpetually in the Greek Galleries of the British Museum, staring at the Elgin marbles, from which he always said he learned his art. "There," he would say, stretching out his hand towards the Ilyssus in his studio, "there is my Master."

The great singularity about Watts is that he stands absolutely alone. He is not connected with any of the groups of the Nineteenth Century and has neither followed a school nor founded one. He is neither mediaeval, nor classical, is not a realist nor a Pagan, neither, of all things, a religionist; he, the most mild of men, has never yet been anything but Watts. He has "followed the gleam" like some great modern Merlin, has escaped all atmospheres and intoxications. "He stands," says the critic, "as he stood in the studios of Europe, gazing but not copying." He lived through Early Victorianism and Ruskin, and the great Pre-Raphaelite time, and Whistler, and so many others, and was utterly unmoved. "He belongs," to quote Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "to that older race of Bohemians, of which even Thackeray only saw the sunset; the great old race of art and literature who went ragged because they were really *poor*, frank because they were really *free;* and untidy because they were REALLY forgetful."

Yet, to me, Watts belongs to an age which is much older than this—the age of Orientalism when he was truly, as his intimates always called him, "the Signor."

When Watts was barely twenty he had three pictures in the Royal Academy; one was the portrait of Mrs. Constantine Ionides, the wife of his first friend. Then he gained a scholarship by his first historical work, "Caractacus," and went to Italy. There he found a new patron—the famous Lord Holland, with the whole of whose great literary circle he made rapid friends. He painted the portraits of most of them. And then it was that he mapped out, mentally, the definite programme of what his life was to be. It was two-fold: First to express great *public ideals* in paint—to tell people something about their duty to themselves and their fellows through the medium of form and color; and secondly, to preserve to posterity the portraits of his great contemporaries of "the wonderful century."

The whole story of his life and work is therefore to be found in the remarkable body of nearly three hundred canvases in which he carried his ideas to completion.

Every step in a career uneventful in action helped Watts to the fulfilment of his dream. Four years were passed in Florence, with the Hollands, and a few radiant months among the Islands of the Ægean, and the shining plains of Asiâ Minor, added warmth to his maturing vision.

Lady Holland arranged a marriage between Watts and Ellen Terry when the latter was a

STATUE OF "PHYSICAL ENERGY," MUSEUM GARDEN, COMPTON

young actress of eighteen. Who can say what the result of this was in either life? Both lives so brilliant, and so alien! At any rate the serious Painter, then middle-aged, was no mate for the gay and blooming child. It is said that an innocent escapade, while serving as his model for "Clytie," was the last straw, and a divorce brought to an end the most dramatic episode in the Painter's life. Many years later Watts married again.

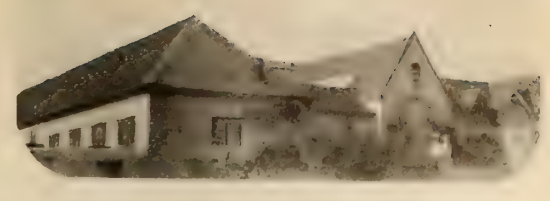
His work may be divided into two classes: the Portraits—that great array of the greatest men of the age which may be seen in the

A PICTURESQUE CORNER, COMPTON

National Gallery at London—and the Allegorical Pictures which have won his widest fame.

Here the artist's vision has embraced all periods and all epochs from the dim creation to this day. He has pictured Greek legend and the Romance of the Round Table, the stories of Ariadne and Orpheus, Diana, Paolo and Francesca, and Sir Galahad.

When it comes to such pictures as "The Court of Death," "The Dweller in the Innermost," "Love and Life," "Love and Death," "Mammon," or "Hope," we get into a wider and deeper life, for these things are allegories of the Soul, and



THE WATTS GALLERY, COMPTON

of the life which is around us. The pictures while deeply religious are absolutely free of creed or formula. A single thought animates his entire cosmos. And this is his great pinnacle of power: —this is where he outran his age, and included, in his work, the breath of prophetic life, for *his message is the message of universal brotherhood.* "The hunger for brotherhood," says Watts, "lies at the root of most of the unrest of the world."

I believe that the work of Watts will inevitably hasten this ideal. Take the contrast of only two outstanding pictures, for instance—the two pictures which are perhaps more widely known than any others, if we except the "Sir Galahad." These are "Mammon" and "Hope." You will say that they are as the poles apart, both in material and treatment. They are indeed, but I take them merely as illustrative of Watts' way of speaking to the two most urgent voices in every man's life: the voice of the inner, and outer ideals.

"Mammon" cries out for purity, strength, and hope, in the conditions of the greatest modern *outside* force—commerce. "Hope" cries out for purity, strength, and endurance, in the greatest inner voice—the spirit. If we can listen to these two voices, if we can ever know or understand them, it would mean a revelation, and a revolution, in our whole outward and inner life.

* * *

BUT to me the most significant and satisfying of all Watts' allegorical pictures is his "Love and Life," which was finished in 1884. You know that golden picture which hangs in the Tait Gallery, in London. "Love" is represented by the winged figure of a youth, and "Life" by that of a young girl who, clinging to Love, is being guided by him over the rough places of a rocky precipice which both are ascending together. Love is leading the way, and helping Life, by his support and tenderness, to climb the difficult path. The half-extended wings of Love shade the rays of light from beating too fiercely on the delicate figure of Life. The atmosphere of the picture is bathed in the gold of light and the blue of space. As the figures ascend, the air becomes more golden with light. Love, while helping to endure and overcome the struggles of existence, leads upward into purer, brighter conditions. He has purposely kept the picture light and simple, and the figure representing "Life" fragile and slight. Poor humanity is so frail a thing, in the midst of what Carlyle calls the "Immensities," without the strength which Love alone can give.

Like most painters, Watts liked music and always hoped that his pictures might be found in complete harmony with it. L. E. Martineau, the well-known critic, has said that he succeeded so well that there can be no better preparation for a study of his work than to play or hear some good music. "Love and Life" has, to this writer, its musical counterpart in the slow movement of the great Ninth Symphony, with its two themes; the Adagio strong, tender, heavenly, the Andante trustful, aspiring but hesitating—with the pedal note sounding through it all, now below like the strong, supporting hands, now above, like the protecting wings, of love. Watts' art, indeed, comes nearer to music than that of any other painter in its suggestion of the unseen and supersensuous.

It is with a curious feeling of pilgrimage that

"LIMNERSLEASE," WHERE WATTS LIVED, COMPTON

THE "TEA GARDEN" AT COMPTON

one gets out for the home of Watts in Surrey, where he lived during the later years of his life.

"Limners-lease," we found by the Guide Book, was somewhere near old Guilford in Surrey and so we took a morning train and arrived at noon to find that Guilford was indeed deliciously "mossy," and we lunched at the "White Lion," where ancient servitors cut joints from silver platters on a round table in the dining-room.

It appears that "Limnerslease" is only five miles from here and is really situated on the outskirts of Compton—"a small village," said the University Student in his most impressive voice. "We can hire a carriage, but it seems to me that we should get into the spirit of the place far better by walking. You see this road from Guilford to Compton is downright historic. I see by this little guide book that 'the winding road over the Surrey downs is called "The Hog's Back," a favourite ride of Tennyson as well as Watts, who, in his younger days, was passionately devoted to riding, and might often have been seen galloping up "Hog's Back" or along the very road where Chaucer's Pilgrims used to wend their way towards the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury.'"

The University Student always wanted to walk because it was so English—and reasonable.

"Exactly," we answered, "you see he rode; he certainly did not use up energy by walking five miles every time he wanted to go over the 'Hog's Back.'"

So we ordered a carriage and the pilgrimage began. Through the lovely country we drove, along that ridge of land which never lent itself to more passionate pilgrims than we. We looked up into the green of overhanging hills, and down into the green of leafy mazes, and over those long shadow-waves which ebb and flow across the fields on August afternoons. And this was England—England. Every dusky wood-cave, and ancient path, every old market woman, and blue-bloused country lad, and ambling yokel that we met, only confirmed the details that were needed to make the picture perfect. Even when the noisy motor parties whirred by, as we jogged along, we felt, as the Student sagely observed, that "modernism passed by quickly."

And presently, as the sun came out triumphantly, we saw below us a tiny group of cottages. The most untouched and exquisite of all English villages that I have ever seen is this lovely Compton; one little exquisite street of thatch-roofed, rose-hung cottages, in whose tiny gardens peacocks strut in the sun, from whose dewy closes the nightingales sing at night.

We passed the Eleventh Century church with its square pew over the altar, quite unique of its kind; and the cottage where the village nurse—the original of Watts' picture "Sympathy"—still lives; and the adorable Tea Garden, where later we were to dine; and we turn down a winding lane.

This lane with high hedges, brings one to the cemetery lych-gate leading to the beautiful chapel designed entirely by Mrs. Watts; a joint gift from the painter and his wife to the village. Over the altar is the mystic picture "The All-Pervading," a shrouded figure holding in this round earth the destinies of man, painted by Watts.

The chapel, circular in form, is guarded by a circle of watching angels in bas relief upon the walls within; and Cherubim and Seraphim, in gorgeous hues of prismatic light, lift their eyes to the glory of heaven. Behind all, and weaving all together, comes the Tree of Life, with the fruit of the vine.

His last resting-place on the chapel hill is simply marked by terra-cotta coping and tablet, with the word "well-beloved," for farewell. The turf is worn away by the footsteps of many pilgrims. Soon we come in sight of the dormer-roofed picture gallery in which is placed a splendid and representative collection of the portraits and pictures dealing with mythical and problematic subjects, now open to the public. The picture gallery was first opened in the spring of 1904, and was designed by Christopher Turner.

As we enter we see a company of men and women famous for their attainments or their beauty—portraits of George Meredith, Lady Grosvenor, Walter Crane, Lord Ripon, Joachim.

The coloring of the inside walls, chosen by Mrs. Watts, are of gorgeous hues of alternate green and gold and crimson, a fit setting to the warmth and coloring of this magnificent collection of paintings which seems to be strangely unknown even to art lovers, not to speak of the vast crowd of tourists. We seemed to be all alone in Compton on that summer day.

In the centre of the long wall hangs the mystic "Paolo and Francesca" with its grey lines and other subtle harmonies, and in the farther wing among many more of absorbing interest is the famous "Endymion," "Eve Tempted," "The Court of Death," "Chaos" and other well known canvases—a collection from various periods of the eventful career of the painter.

Into this gallery came Mrs. Watts, the painter's gentle wife, to meet us. With her we studied the great pictures, and the sketches, drawings, casts and photographs of Watts' work, which are among the priceless possessions of the Gallery.

And then we walked out into the sweet old garden at the back, where rears up against the blue sky that glorious, last piece of work, the "Physical Energy"—an equestrian statue of a youth on a powerful and spirited horse; the whole being a personification of glorious strength and possibility. And we crossed a meadow, and up a hillside, and were presently at "Limnerslease," the house which the painter designed, for the use of his later days, with the utmost simplicity and charm of line. Opening on a delicious garden we found the interior filled with all the things that make life lovely—books, pictures, music, fires, and flowers, and above all the electric strength of the sun.

Here, during an hour and more, Mrs. Watts talked of her husband's life and work, of his everlasting and splendid struggle against physical weakness, his buoyant hope, his never-flagging optimism. Life never consisted in the things which are merely *seen* for him—the cosmic working out of the whole was his concern and he always felt, with Browning:

"What if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes, and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up and begin again.
And the chase takes up one's life—that's all."

* * *

MRS. WATTS told us that among his intimates, Watts was ever the simple-hearted and wondering "child" who saw possibilities in everyone and everything. "Think of the flowers," he would say; "they look to the sun until their petals are the rays of light, and remember *we all have our message to deliver.* It does not matter who we are, or where we come from — *we must give the message we were meant to bear.* All the knowledge and experience you may gain is nothing, if you cannot bring out of it the thing or the thought that is of *use* to others."

He would pause, as he passed the beautiful sun-dial in Celtic design, given by his wife, with his own motto upon it, "The Utmost for the Highest."

"*That is the best thing I ever did,* to think of that motto," he said humbly. And, indeed, he gave his utmost.

In his last illness in 1904 he left his Study simply littered with pamphlets against the drink traffic (the curse of England), and the last portrait he wished to paint was that of Lord Peel, whose noble influence he revered.

Think of him, hard at work every day by four in the morning, day after day, so that none of the precious sunlight might be lost!

It is said that the feeble old man completely tired out General Baden-Powell, who sat to him for a portrait on his return from South Africa, so that the valiant warrior stoutly clamored for tea towards the close of a lunchless day, through which the artist had worked unceasingly, with no thought of fatigue.

Before going to Surrey he had lived for many years in Little Holland House, Melbury Road, London, where his chosen friends often gathered to see his work, and listen to grave dissertations on current topics or delight in his playful, almost boyish, banter.

He used always to wear the proverbial dull-crimson cap and flowing robe or blue blouse, and when animated would move his head sharply from side to side, making short, impatient sweeps of the arm. At times, though, he would remain seated for days, the prey to nervous depression, or a curious "brain sickness," as he called it, which made it utterly impossible for him even to visit the dim studio wherein were gathered so many glowing canvases, completed or still in process. A Stoic in cast of mind, he was a Spartan in his tastes and habits. He never smoked, never touched alcohol in any form, and ate sparingly.

"To share everything with the world" was the Master's unceasing intention; and so he had but little time, and less desire, for luxury.

And so we turned away from Compton, and the little chapel on the hill, with the summer sunset dimming everything into the dusk, not leaving here our memory of Watts but finding him, more than ever, in everything that lives and moves and has a being; for he was one of whom Kipling prophesied.

"And only the master shall praise us,
And only the master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It
For the God of Things as They Are!"

The Great Choir and the Women

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MUSIC is said to make its customary and final appeal to women. Massey Hall audiences are usually more than three-fifths women. The ratio is increasing—somewhat with the growing complexity of concert music. Years now the Mendelssohn Choir has been able to interest a larger percentage of men than any other choral organization in Canada. Here again the disparity is increasing. The concerts of 1910 were attended and appreciated by more women than any previous performances of the Choir.

There was one good reason for this—the "Children's Crusade." Musically this legend scored by Gabriel Pierne is much more complex than any other work given by the Mendelssohn Choir. It calls for the combined resources of a large adult choir, a children's choir of both boys and girls, a large modern orchestra and an organ. As given by the Mendelssohn Choir aggregation this work was perhaps done a little better than by any other organization either in America or Europe. The performance was on a huge scale. There were moments when the volume of sound far transcended the acoustic capacity of Massey Hall; just as there were times when the inherent pathos of the thing was intense enough for the opera stage.

A friend of the writer—an artist with children of his own, and an intense student of almost all forms of music, which he finds peculiarly suggestive to painting—said he stayed away from the "Children's Crusade" because of the character of the subject. He disbelieved in a religious story of such a fanatical and probably gruesome type being portrayed in music. He has since rather regretted that he did not hear the work; particularly the storm scene, which was the most thrilling of all.

The whole work was a picture of peculiar interest to women. Purposely and sincerely it appeals to the simple, fine instincts of motherhood. There was some doubt that a modern Frenchman could do this. Modern French music is not generally the sort that mothers would choose for parlor pieces. Most of it is too bafflingly complex; too esthetic and sometimes impressionistic; lacking in that simple, straightforward appeal which made the rather hackneyed *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture by the orchestra the other evening sound like a fine thrice-told tale after the *bizarre* incongruities of the *Rhapsodie Espagnol* by Ravel, an ultra-modern Frenchman.

Now the "Children's Crusade" is quite as modern French as anything of Debussy or D'Indy or Ravel. But the unmusical and the partly musical people, even the *dilettanti*, who heard the work in Toronto were not conscious of this, because first of all there was the spectacle of two hundred and fifty children on the stage. Wherever children are is sure to be simplicity. Gabriel Pierne is dramatist enough to know that no matter how labyrinthine he might make his score for adult chorus and orchestra, he was safe so long as he kept the children's parts largely simple. He succeeded. The children sang the passages which kept the drama together with a perfect natural abandon. At least so it seemed to the average listener. But of course there had been months of severe rehearsals, beginning last May. The voices had been selected from nearly a thousand applicants; as good child voices as could have been found in any city in the world. The children were at first bewildered. The kind of thing they were asked to sing was not such as they had been doing. It was totally unlike any school tunes they had learned. Much of it was in difficult three-part harmony; and when you put a modern Frenchman writing harmony, be sure it is not bound to be the pleasant, obvious, ditty-like thing that three children in one family would be apt to sing for father and mother and a few guests. Some of it was melody sung alternately in unison by children in one choir against those in the other. Some of it was sung by a small invisible choir downstairs. Again there were times when the children sang in company with the men of the adult choir, and these were some

Continued on page 45

Gleam o' Dreams

The Story of a Boat and a Baby

By CLAUDE R. VANE

'TIS a queer name, sure; I've often wondered how you came to call her so."

The old man lounging against the wheelhouse turned a curious glance toward the skipper, who stood at the wheel alert as the little steamer slid away past the golden piles of lumber on the grey sunny wharf and, passing almost under the shadow of the white lighthouse at its very end, nosed away into the blue of the big lake toward the soft grey line of the Collingwood mountains marking through the sunlit haze the southern shore.

"Gleam o' Dreams," the skipper said slowly, after a moment, "*'tis* a queer name, that's so. 'Twas a gyurl as named her."

"A gyurl! An' how come you o' all created people to let a *gyurl* do the namin' of her?"

"I don't know," answered the wheelsman, slowly. "Perhaps 'twas because she had such shiny yellow hair. I don't know rightly *why* I done it."

"Gleam o' Dreams," soliloquized the old sailor. "She must ha' been a funny gyrul, for sure. Now most gyurls would 'a' called her 'Sairy Janie' or 'Saucy Mary Ann' or some other such. Minnie Smart made Tom call his'n the 'Annie Conda'—she'd read o' some sich woman somewheres an' liked the same. But seems to me to be plumb outlandish! But 'Gleam o' Dreams'! She must ha' been a flighty lass, that one! I reckon she was no Weldon Harbor gyurl."

"Yu dunno aught about her," said the skipper shortly, and added in a softer tone, "no more do I."

"You're right there, Jim," observed his companion, "there ain't no man knows aught about any woman on God's earth—'ceptin' mebbe her outside drapin's, hair an' eyes an' the color in her cheeks. An' that minds me, have y' ever seen that little Langdon kiddie? Yu haven't! *There's* hair for yu—curly an' yaller—a sort o' reddish yaller, like the light on Hermon Harbor after a clear sunset. Why, they're campin' on Point o' Rock, right close to the harbor—not mor'n two hundred yards from where you tie up 'Gleam o' Dreams' on your off days. Her dad 'an the woman an' her came over a week ago from Penetang in their own sailboat an' camped near to the village, so they could get milk an' so on for the kid. She's a rare 'un, sure! But if you get your load off at Parry Harbor an' run up to Weldon t'-night I better git back to the enjin' an' watch that boy."

He rolled across the narrow deck to the little hatchway, leaving the skipper in possession of the deck and tiny cabin of the "Gleam o' Dreams."

Darkness had settled black with a promise of storm to come before the little freight boat reached the home barbor, and only the winking range-lights on the old wharf saw "Gleam o' Dreams" glide to her mooring inside the Point of Rock, and the old man and boy who had formed her crew make their way wearily down the long lumber wharf toward the unlighted village in the distance. Afterward, an hour or more perhaps, the skipper himself turned the key of the door of the little cabin and, with a parting overlook which would in a more sentimental man have been a good-night, extinguished the low-turned compass lamp and swung off up the pier into the darkness.

Half an hour later he stood before the brightly lighted bar of the village hotel. A dozen of the villagers and farmers had greeted him cheerily as he entered. One man drinking at the bar had turned surlily away at his approach and now stood near the open window roughly tearing at a newspaper lying on the worn sill. The skipper of "Gleam o' Dreams" set down his empty glass and turned towards the men. A strange silence pervaded the room. They sat around in various attitudes, many of them still nursing half-emptied glasses.

Under the recent Local Option measures Weldon Harbor had "gone dry," but there were few officers to enforce a law which was so undisguisedly unpopular, and no one doubted that intoxicants were sold not only openly in the "King Edward" but by private individuals, and the inspectors perhaps believing it impossible to enforce the laws in these unsettled timber shores of the great Georgian, had followed the supposed example of a much higher authority and "winked at" their infringement. Consequently Weldon Harbor was greatly astonished by the visit of Col. Manders, Inspector of Licenses, the seizing of a keg of brandy at Clarke's cabin, a deserted hovel on the outskirts of the village which for the last two years had sheltered "Soak Clarke," his sick wife and five children—"all babies, mother and all," the kind-hearted wife of the hotelkeeper opined; and it was through her influence that after Local Option supposedly came into force in the little village Soak got no more liquor over the bar of the "King Edward." Not only was this particular keg of liquor seized by the most vigilant inspector (though the small hotel and corner drug store remained unsearched), but Ed. Murphy, the giant Irishman, who acted as foreman of the big saw-mill, was charged with selling the intoxicants, the charge sustained by the witness of Mrs. Clarke and little Elsie, fined fifty dollars and warned as to the consequences of a second offence. Though most of the Weldon Harbor people, being kind-hearted folk, and remembering that "Soak" Clarke had killed his last baby in a drunken brawl with his wife, had strongly deprecated this particular sale, excitement ran high; and when it was noised about the village that Jim Collins, skipper of the "Gleam o' Dreams," had been the informant and that Murphy was going to "do for him" when he came into port, everything else was forgotten for the time and men waited eagerly and women anxiously for the result. There was little of interest in Weldon Harbor—even Langdon's coming to camp on Point o' Rocks did not compare with this. Collins was a general favorite with the men and women of the Harbor, and though many blamed him all wished him well, and, knowing his pluck, most of the men were willing to back him even against the big, ugly Irishman. So now they waited patiently, non-combatant, to see the issue.

"She was unlike any woman he had ever seen in Weldon Harbor."

The Irishman turned from the window. "Confound you," he cried to Collins between his teeth, "you've gone back on us and turned temperance spy."

"That's a lie," said Collins coolly, "what I took to-night was whiskey straight. *Dick* don't believe it." He threw a glance over his shoulder to the stout inn-keeper who stood with mouth and eyes open behind the bar.

"Then what took you and your "Gleam o' Dreams" to Penetang, tell me, dare ye? What fur but to see Manders an' set him trailin' me?" He tore the paper, which he still fingered convulsively, clear across and threw it on the floor, trampling it.

Collins flushed but he answered steadily enough. "I did go to Manders and I told you I would if you sold the stuff to 'Soak' Clarke. I told him to search 'Soak's' for it, and I told him I'd report him to the Provincial Inspector if he didn't do it right away—but I never mentioned your name—or thought you'd be hurt by it. Not but what I would have if I'd had to. Do you think I'm going to see another baby killed at Clarke's? Let him go, boys! let him go! We may as well settle it now. I've been banking on this. But outside, man! outside! Bring him out, boys!"

They led out the fuming Irishman to the blackness of the street outside, where the quiet of the approaching storm had hushed even the trees. Larrigan, the innkeeper, brought a light, holding it aloft, and the men ringed round the combatants to see fair play. The first round was not over when the storm broke with vivid lightning and drenching rain; but no one noticed it. Collins' anger had flamed with the first blow and the brute in him fought to the end against all odds. Again and again the men fell back for a breathing time, both suffering severely, neither worsted as yet. The Irishman was too furious to follow up his advantage scientifically, but his weight wearied his antagonist, and Collins was distinctly losing ground. A fierce joy crept into the Irishman's anger. He would settle him now once for all. He would never set foot on a deck again. Collins nerved himself for another struggle. Things seemed to whirl in the darkness. A strange ringing began in his ears, growing louder and louder—it seemed as if he had been hearing it for some time. Suddenly his arm dropped. It was real. Murphy had heard it too, and even Murphy stopped in his blind fury. It was the church bell, and its single repeated note, rung again and again through the storm, was the signal of fire.

A glow of flame showed and went out at the far end of the village street. Harkness cried out that it was the mill, and broke from the group.

...ning. Then the instinct of helpful co-operation, product of the race civilization, stronger than the brute anger of the moment, suddenly governed the group. "My God! It's the mill," cried Murphy, breaking away still in his shirt sleeves, his face bleeding. Collins and the hotel-keeper raced together to the bar room for pails which Mrs. Larrigan was already bringing out. There was no fire protection in the little village save that each man helped his neighbor to the last extremity—knowing that his calamity might be the next. Women formed long rows to the near-by pumps, passing pails of water as rapidly as might be to the fire fighters in front, while from the rear the village children watched, frightened but fascinated.

It was a small blaze and soon over. Before midnight the men, soaked and grimy, red-eyed from the smoke and reeling with exhaustion, returned to their homes.

"The lightning done it," said Harkness, "was struck near the south end som'ers."

"Yes," agreed Larrigan, "that was one dreadful clap of thunder, an' when I heard it I says, 'Now that's struck Weldon Harbor, for sure,' an' my eyes was skinned for fire. I bet I seen it first one."

This was the general verdict, and Mrs. Larrigan, who was wise as women go, told no one—not even the tavern-keeper—that she had found little Mrs. Clarke hidden behind the door of the big hotel kitchen, trembling with fright and sobbing out at the first gentle word, "Oh, is it out? Is it out? I did it with a match. I started it. What will I do? I thought he'd kill him! I couldn't stop it no other way."

Next day "Gleam o' Dreams" ran down to Honey Harbor with lumber, and the skipper waited anxiously for two of his fishermen friends who were to accompany him. When they did not appear he decided that the excitement of the night before had prevented their being punctual; but while he still waited with steam up undecided they loitered down the bank to the wharf.

"You're nice fellows, you are!" he greeted them; then, noting the absence of tackle and rods, "Aren't you goin'?"

"Guess not. An' say, don't be too ready to carry passengers for a while, Jim."

"Why not?"

"Yu ain't no license fur it, hev you?"

"Well, I've jest same's I hed last week when I took all you fellows and your best gyurls to Crag's Island. Anything wrong with the accommodation then?"

"Course not! But now—well, say, Jim, look out for Murphy. He swore last night at the fire that he'd even you up yet. Said he wasn't the only law-breaker an' if he ever caught *you* with a passenger on board he'd make you suffer. Of course he was half-drunk or he wouldn't have told it—but there may be somethin' behind it. 'T wouldn't be no fifty fur *you*, Jim."

"No, sir," said Collins slowly, "'n I don't know how I'd ever get the two hundred. Every blessed cent I had went into this old 'Gleam o' Dreams.' Fact I'm in debt still. But she's worth it," he added, "bein' all I've got."

He stood a moment irresolute. Then he accepted the kindness. He knew Murphy too well to consider his threat a mere idle boast.

"Well," he said, "it's good o' you fellows. I'm sorry 'tis so. He's an impudent meddler," he added hotly. Then—"But if you boys don't mind—'twouldn't be extra good for me. Thanks awfully."

He sprang on deck again as the others turned away; and "Gleam o' Dreams" stole swiftly out of harbor.

When she came gaily home at sundown "The Dutchman," a huge salt schooner, lay at her usual moorings, and the little steamer slipped quietly in past the bigger vessel on whose deck the crew made merry with some villagers. He heard Murphy's guffaw and Soak Clarke's imbecile laughter and his face flushed.

He had decided to "coal up" ready for the next day's long trip and soon all three, skipper, crew and engineer were at work with the shovels. The soft sunset light began to glow over the harbor, the saffron changing from gold to red as the light waned. Collins did not notice it. The fisherman's conversation still angered him and Murphy's laugh and voice so near only served to increase the aggravation. His little vessel was only a merchantman and carried no passenger license; but she had been beautifully fitted and he had all a sailor's pride in her fine sailing and good accommodation. He had no home of his own and it was a real joy to welcome his acquaintances to his "Gleam o' Dreams."

A light touch on his arm made him pause. He turned quickly, instinctively raising his soft cap. A woman stood beside him; her hand, which trembled visibly, still rested on his arm. She was dressed all in black and the great black coat which was thrown round her shoulders partially covered a burden held close in her arms. She was unlike any woman he had ever seen in Weldon Harbor. Something about her carriage or her face may have reminded him of the girl whose hair was "so shiny yellow," but he did not know that then, nor even that she was very beautiful. The appeal in her eyes dazed him. He was unconscious at first of her words. Then he saw that she carried in her arms wrapped in a huge plaid a little bright-haired child who lay quite still and seemed, to Collins' unsophisticated eyes, asleep. He drew himself together sharply and listened. She was talking about the baby—she was very ill, she said, had had a convulsion. She, Mrs. Langdon (Collins knew it must be she after that one glimpse of red-gold baby-hair) was alone. Her husband and the rest of their party had gone out in his sailboat. They would not be back till late. She must get to a doctor, and Clemens, the young student who practised at Weldon, had been called to a mill accident at Cliff. Would he—oh! for the love of the baby who, she knew, must die else—would he take her quickly to Ray Point? There would be a doctor there. She knew him and trusted him. She would not be afraid then. Her husband could follow her. If—

The child stirred uneasily and a spasm of fear crossed the mother's face. In the stillness Collins heard Murphy's laugh. The last little bit of sunlight gleamed for a moment in the goldy hair above the little still face, and Collins smiled his answer reassuringly.

"Of course I'll go," he said. "Get on board. We'll run down in an hour and a half."

The old man and the boy had stopped work to listen. At a brief word from the skipper their shovels were thrown down and the boy, eager for the night's adventure, was "firing up" again. Soon the engine began its steady throb, throb. When "Gleam o' Dreams" pulled out past the big "Dutchman" Collins stood with watchful eyes at the helm. Glancing up at her deck as they forged past he caught the sinister delight of Murphy's face as he watched them out. But he was not angry now.

Once out into the open he set the wheel and went back to the tiny cabin. Mrs. Collins sat on the edge of the rude bunk, her face an agony of fear. Collins halted awkwardly.

"Can't I do something to help the kid?" he said. "We could get hot water from the boiler. Would that do any good?"

"No," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Collins."

"Then ain't there anything I can do? Are you warm?" He glanced toward the huge rubber coat hanging near the door.

Again she shook her head, smiling a little. "No," she said, "there isn't anything, unless—couldn't we go a little faster?"

"Yes," he said, "by heaven, we will, Mrs. Langdon."

He raced down the deck to the engine room. "Fill her up, Jack, for all she'll stand," he ordered.

The time seemed long to Collins, standing at the wheel with his watch in his hand, his eyes strained to catch every landmark in the soft moonlight, taking skilful advantage of every turn and inside passage which might shorten the distance. Once the old man, who had come up to the wheel-house for a breath of cool night air, remonstrated.

"Jim Collins!" he cried. "You'd not take her through the Narrows! You'll never do it."

"Yes, she'll do it," said Collins. "I've never asked her yet to do anything she didn't do. An' if, between us, we couldn't save the kid, why—she wouldn't be worth her name, that's all."

When he could leave the wheel for a moment, as they ran across some stretch of open water, Collins raced back to the engine to see that all was going well. Once he brought back with him a cup of strong tea without cream which he himself had brewed at the engine and some stale soda biscuits on a plate.

It was even less than the time allotted when "Gleam o' Dreams" ran into the black little landing-place at Ray Point and only a few additional minutes before Collins and Mrs. Langdon stood in the rough porch of the odd little cottage amid the lumber shanties which was the home of Dr. John Saxon, whose name was loved all up and down the bleak North Shore, and whose wife had been Mrs. Langdon's dearest friend.

It was the doctor himself who opened to them. "Mercia Langdon!" he said. Then he took the baby and went straight to the little office. The mother followed and Collins sat down in the porch to wait. He heard the doctor calling up his old Indian housekeeper, and then the rattle of a stove. He made his way through the hallway to a dim kitchen lit by the small oil lamp which Saxon carried.

"I'll light your fire, Doctor," he volunteered.

"All right," said Saxon, "and fill that big kettle with water." Collins nodded and the doctor was gone.

Before he had finished his work the Indian woman, half dressed, had taken possession of the kitchen. He watched her begin the preparations for a dainty lunch—having learned these things in the school of her love for the doctor's wife, lying now under the fir-trees beside the little Catholic chapel. Then he went back to his place on the porch and in a few minutes she brought him steaming coffee and a sweet roll.

It was nearly an hour before he saw the housekeeper carry in the white-clad tray for Mrs. Langdon. But before she ate she came to the dark porch to thank him and tell him that he had saved the life of her little one.

She could not say much. "Robert will tell you," she said.

"It was nothing," he answered, "nothing." He was right glad the youngster was better. Then at the little sobbing catch in the mother's throat, he, too, broke down, and, lifting his cap in silence, strode away down the quiet street to where his men waited his coming with the "Gleam o' Dreams."

The run home was a silent one. The boy and the old engineer dozed in turns in the warmth of the engine room and the skipper stood silent at the wheel. He did not sleep. The moonlight fell across the water and the islands, a silvery haze of quiet through which the little steamer flitted like some great white sea-bird, leaving in her wake a long track of azure broken by silver ripples. A half-mile out from the entrance to the Harbor he called to the engine-room, "Say! if you chaps are not too tired, how'd it be if we put her up the bay for a little run?" "All right, skipper," said the old man. But Collins did not alter the course and in the deepening haze of moonset "Gleam o' Dreams" ran in to Weldon Harbor.

Six weeks later a young American, summering at Penetang, bought the little steamer with the idea of fitting her up for a summer's cruise on the lakes. But her name had been painted over, and she was re-christened "The Water-Witch."

Weldon Harbor folk knew that "Gleam o' Dreams" had been sold to pay the government fine levied on the little freighter for carrying passengers, but her skipper refused to talk of the matter even with his intimates. Feeling ran high against the sullen Irishman, who left the Harbor in the autumn. Collins shipped as mate on the big wheat boat "Vulture." Langdon's offer of money for his services he had refused with pride, and he made no effort to plead the circumstances in extenuation of his law-breaking. As for the Langdons or Dr. Saxon who might have intervened, they knew nothing of the reason for the sale.

So the rough skipper lost his only sweetheart. Moonlit nights when he stood alone at the big wheel of the "Vulture" he thought of her. "Gleam o' Dreams" he repeated to himself softly. "Now I'll bet she's lonesome—away out there alone with them fellows."

And before he turned in on these nights he hunted out from the very bottom of his sailor's box the silk pennon bearing in gold letters on its crimson surface "Gleam o' Dreams."

Hudson's Bay

By HELEN M. MERRILL

At the verge of the world where the stars burn white,
There is a sea, vast, deep and lone,
Beryl tides which flow in auroral light
Out in a land to the world unknown,
Where yesterday in a dream-light lies,
Of a thousand days, under desert skies.

There only the sea and the winds are heard,
Seldom a voice in the silence besides:
In the Lady Lakes grove, in the spring, the white-throated bird,
Or the sound of the storm when the winds range wide,
And the voice of the Master? *His voice I hear
In the drift of the ages echoing near.

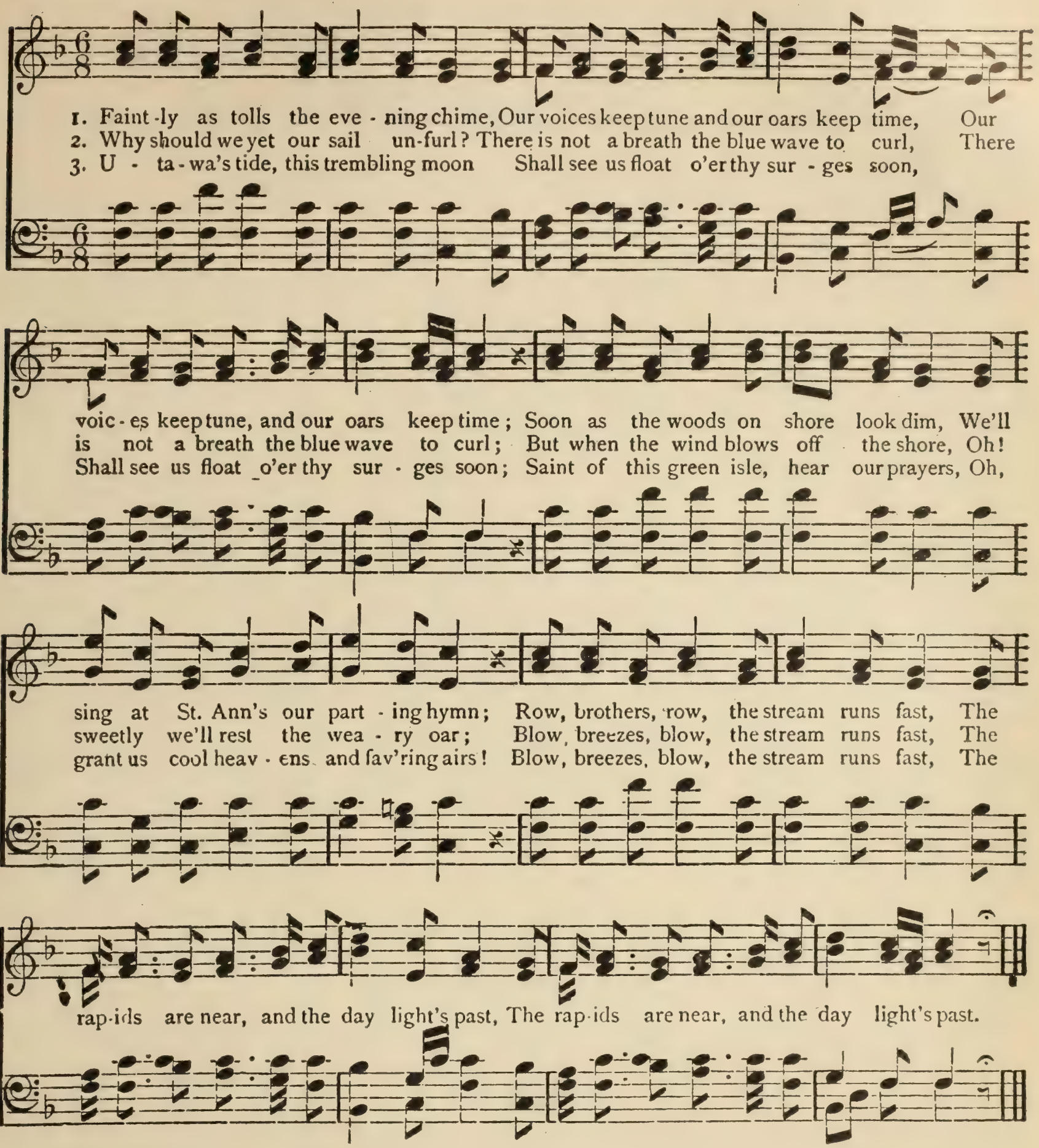
Under the sun and the northern night
Spring and summer the Sleepers dream,
And ever they sing in their dreams in the dark and the light,
When the sky is blue, or the streamers gleam—
But what of the Master, and what of his sleep?
For the sea is wide and the sea is deep.

And ever the long lights flash and fail,
Like shining shuttles, and weave wild dreams;
And ever the bird of the land, and the sea-birds call,
And the combing, green wave flows and gleams—
But no one kens where the Master lies
Under the lonely, luminous skies.

*Henry Hudson.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

Words by THOMAS MOORE


1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
3. U-ta-wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon,
voic-es keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
Shall see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,
sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
grant us cool heav-ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
rap-ids are near, and the day light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day light's past.

A Song of the St. Lawrence

IT is just about a century, since the Irish lyric poet, Tom Moore, visited Canada in the course of his travels on the American continent. The poet, like many of the brotherhood, was not greatly blessed with this world's goods, and consequently was pleased when he received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. It was the year 1803, when he came out to take the position, only to find it difficult to make his way from Virginia to the West Indies. He accordingly turned his steps to Canada and found in the scenery of this country many a glimpse of grandeur and romance.

Mr. George Hutchinson Smith, writing in the *Canadian Magazine* on "Tom Moore in Canada," tells of the Irish poet's experiences.

"About two miles up the river from Niagara," says this writer, "and at the parting of two roads, stood a majestic oak tree with its background of forest and facing the magnificent river. To this spot Moore made frequent visits, and here it was he caught the inspiration of that beautiful ballad:

'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.'

"On leaving Niagara, his course must have been by sailing vessel to Kingston. From Kingston to Montreal the route led by portage and boat down the St. Lawrence and although through wildly beautiful scenery, the journey was at times arduous and tedious, as one learns from the 'Journals' which Moore writes."

The poet speaks thus of the journey: "We were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks, that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties."

"On nearing Ste. Anne de Bellevue, at the head of the Island of Montreal and near where the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence, the song of the French-Canadian boatmen suggested one of the best-known of Moore's lyrics, and one which from its popularity should give Moore's journey through Canada a more prominent place with his biographers—The Canadian Boat Song."

Concerning the origin of the song the poet himself has said: "Without the charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes and feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the great masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it that does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

There is a substantial stone cottage standing in Ste. Anne to-day which is known as "Moore's House." The famous boat song was not written until after his return home.

RUNNING RABBIT STORIES

1.—The Finding of the Bow

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

STORIES of Running Rabbit are still told about the fires in the Indian tepees. But he lived so many, many years ago that the old men and women among the last scattered remnants of his tribe forget about him a little. And when they forget, they fill up the gaps with inventions of their own, which are always very wild and wonderful. But some things about him remain unchanged from month to month, from year to year, from generation to generation.

One of these facts that do not change is that Running Rabbit, like the yet more famous Sweet Grass, was very poor and miserable and of no account when he was a child. His father was dead, his mother was dead; and he had drifted into the possession of an old man nearly as poor and valueless as himself. In all the stories he is simply called the Old Man. He did his best to take care of Running Rabbit, but he was so old and weak and worthless that his best was not very much; so Running Rabbit took care of himself. But he was very fond of the Old Man and always called him "My Father."

When he was quite little, Running Rabbit would go begging from wigwam to wigwam when he was hungry. "A little meat," he would say, "just the scraping of the skins! Just the tails of the fish, O chiefs!" And some proud brave would grunt and throw him a bone. Running Rabbit would pounce upon it before the dogs could get there, and race off home to the Old Man. In summer he could catch fish for himself if the other boys did not steal them as soon as they were caught. But in winter, when he and the Old Man lived in a burrow in the snow which they had lined with bark and leaves, little Running Rabbit often nearly died of hunger and cold.

As he grew older, things were a little easier. He could snare birds and squirrels as well as picking wild fruit and fishing, and he and the Old Man had quite good meals together. One thing the Old Man told him very earnestly.

"You must never shoot a rabbit," he said, "because that is your totem and you are under the protection of the rabbits, and you must not be ungrateful, the Great Spirit hates the sin of ingratitude." Running Rabbit promised to obey, and his little bow that the Old Man had made was never lifted against a rabbit.

Time went on, and Running Rabbit was no longer a little boy, but nearly a young man as the Indians counted things, and one day the Old Man said to him:—"My son, for you have been like a dear son to me, it is now time for you to prove yourself a man indeed. I am very poor. So poor that I have no pony to give you, no lance, no painted arrows, no garments tasselled with deer-skin fringes, no beads nor bands for your arms; nothing at all but three pairs of moccasins and this bag full of dried meat and corn. You must leave me and go out into the world, seeking the will of the Great Spirit concerning your future life."

Then Running Rabbit bowed, and took the bag of food and the moccasins gratefully, and saluted the Old Man. He took also his little hunting-bow and his shabby arrows, and went out into the woods and the plains, seeking a sign which should show him the will of the Great Spirit. He was very sad at leaving the Old Man, and over other things besides.

"I am small and thin," thought Running Rabbit, sorrowfully, "because I have never had enough to eat." But he was strong and tough as a hickory twig. "I am the poorest of the poor, having neither beads nor shells, nor metal rings nor skins of fox and beaver, nor any other wealth. I have no weapons but my hunting-bow and the arrows hardened in the fire. How shall I become a brave and a great chief, I who am poor and feeble, excelling in nothing?" Running Rabbit was quite wrong here, for there were qualities of the spirit, better far than outward things, in which he excelled in the eyes of the Great Spirit. He went on a long way, by plain and river and and valley land, until the speech and memory of his people were left far, far behind. He was lean and travel worn as a winter wolf, when at last he came to a great forest he had never seen before. "Here," said he, "is a place of peace for the soul and shelter for the body. Here I will stay and wait for the word of the Master of Life." And he went into the deeps of the forest, laid himself down in the soft leaves, and prayed, "O, Great Spirit, Mighty Manitou, Master of Life, show me how I may become a worthy warrior and take a fitting place among my people who despise me." But there came no answer.

Then he went still deeper into the woods, and cast aside his bow and his moccasins, and laid himself down again before the feet of the Great Spirit, after the manner and custom of his race; for every young Indian who wished to become a brave had to go away like this and fast and pray until God sent him an answer. And it is a very beautiful idea. Running Rabbit laid himself down in a stony place, and neither moved nor spoke; nor ate nor drank for seven days and nights. At the end of the time, he was so spent and weary he was like to die as he lay, but the Great Spirit had not spoken to him.

"I am too poor and worthless for Him to heed my prayers," thought Running Rabbit sadly, "the Master of Life has not heard. And now I must have food or I shall die, unproven and unknown, and that will be great grief to the Old Man."

He staggered to his feet and took his little hunting-bow again. His hands were so weak he could scarcely draw an arrow to the head, and the trees seemed to reel and waver before his eyes. "My ribs stick together from fasting," he thought, "and all to no purpose. I am not worthy to learn the will of the Master of Life. But I must eat or I may not live, nor have any strength for more prayers." Like a shadow Running Rabbit staggered through the forest. He was so weak and slow that the squirrels and the birds, the deer and the moose, laughed at him and his puny arrows. "Tchik, tchik, tchik!" jeered the squirrels. "Come and look at this fine brave, who falls over the blades of grass and is held prisoner by the bushes! O, he is a fine brave, this! He will never have eagle-feathers to wear in his hair. Instead, we will pull it all out and line our holes with it for the winter." And the little birds said "Chee, chee, chee!" the air was full of little mocking voices as they frisked and flew to the highest branches of the trees, far out of Running Rabbit's reach.

He could shoot nothing, there were no berries, and even the young tips of the evergreens had all been eaten off by the caribou, and he was too weak to climb to the higher branches. His hunger was like the tearing fangs of a wolf.

Again he laid himself down before the Great Spirit. "Send me food, Gitchie Manitou," he entreated, "or I shall die, and the little creatures of the forest will have their will of me. Send me food."

Then he raised his head. And there, not two yards away from his nose, was a fine fat buck-rabbit browsing on a juicy leaf, and paying no attention to anything else.

Running Rabbit raised his little bow, slowly, slowly. His heart beat and his brain swam, but the big rabbit was very large and plain, and he knew he could not miss. It was the answer of the Master of Life to his prayer, he thought, and drew the arrow softly to the head——

"You must never shoot a rabbit," the Old Man's voice seemed to be in his ears. "Because that is your totem. You are under the protection of the rabbits, and it would be deadly ingratitude. The sin of ingratitude is hateful to the Great Spirit." So the Old Man had said. So he seemed to be saying now, close at hand.

Slowly, slowly, Running Rabbit put aside the bow, and sank to his face again. "O, Mighty Manitou," he said, "Master of All, you have sent food, but it would be sin if I killed and ate thereof. Grant me now shelter to my worthless soul, for presently I die." And he lay still.

"Look up, little Running Rabbit," said a voice in his ear. And there was the big rabbit patting his shoulder with its paw. "Greeting, small son of our tribe," went on the big rabbit; and certainly it was very, very big, seeming to grow larger every minute; "greeting; I am your guardian Manitou, and I am sent by the Great Good Spirit to help you. If you had shot your arrows at me, I should not have been bound to help you any longer, and my love would have been changed to anger. But now, because you held the Law higher than your own life, I will make you great and strong, a warrior and a chief of your people. For that is the will of the Master of Life."

Running Rabbit lay and stared at the great rabbit; but he was not afraid, because he had a good conscience.

"You are weak," said the rabbit, " so climb on my back and I will carry you through the forest."

So the boy climbed on the rabbit's back, and caught hold of its soft fur. And the great spirit-beast carried him through the forest in mighty leaps, each longer than a lynx could jump, and at last set him down gently beside a flat stone on which were laid cakes of corn meal, roasted meat, and broiled trout in plenty. "Eat," said the rabbit, "and when you have eaten, dig." And with that it began to shrink in size; first it was as small as an ordinary rabbit, then as small as a muskrat, then small as a mouse; and after it had shrunken to the size of a frog, it vanished altogether.

Running Rabbit made the gestures of farewell to it before he fell upon the good food and ate until there was nothing left, for he was a well-mannered lad. When he had finished his meal, and felt strong again, he dug all around the stone as the rabbit had told him; and there, in an earthy hollow, he found a tiny bow and a quiver of arrows no longer than his finger.

"This is the gift of the Great Spirit," said he, and reverently lifted out the tiny toys. But as soon as he laid them in the sun they began to grow and grow. And in a minute Running Rabbit had in his hand a great war-bow, carved, painted in blue and scarlet, and fringed with tufts and tassels of beads. Never was there seen such a fine bow; and the arrows matched it well, for they were balanced to a marvel, winged with wild goose feathers and tipped with obsidian. Running Rabbit could scarcely help dancing for joy.

"I am your servant, O my Master," said the voice of the great bow, "so long as I am bent in a brave cause. I am your servant, O my Master, so long as you are the servant of the Great Spirit. I will give you good counsel, I will point out the way. Shoot my arrows and they will make the trail plain, and at your voice they will return to your hand. I am your servant, O my master. Take me up and use me well, for at the touch of a coward, an ingrate, or a liar I break asunder and no man may bend me. I am your servant, O my master, and I will make you master of men."

So Running Rabbit took the great war-bow and the magic arrows and went home through the great forests that now seemed singing with joy.

The next story is about the Bending of the Bow.

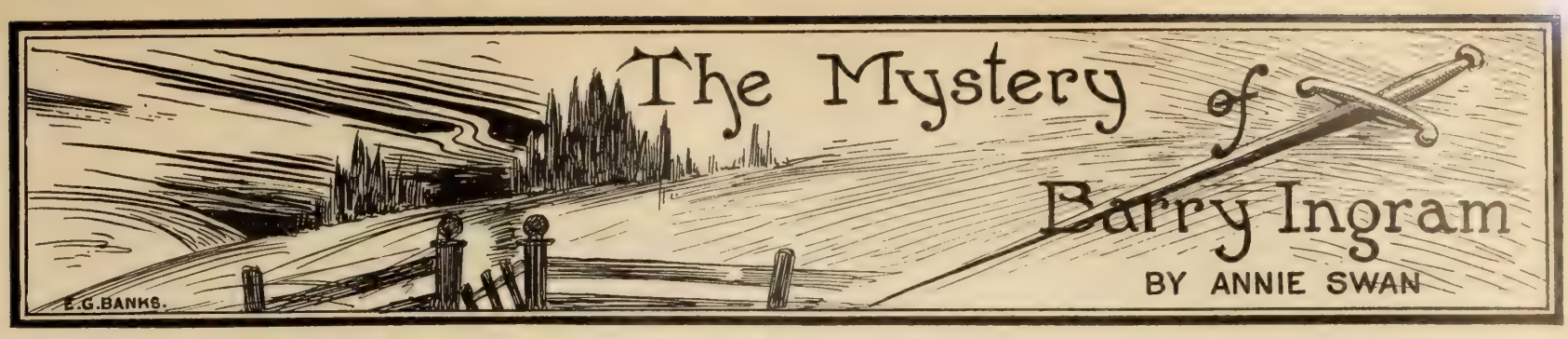
His Highest Honor

ALTHOUGH Uhland, the German poet, delighted to take his subjects from the knightly and romantic Middle Ages, when feudalism was everywhere in force, he was essentially a poet of the people. The Prussian King, Frederick William IV, offered him the Order Pour le Merite, with flattering expressions of the royal regard. Uhland however declined to accept it. While he was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, there was a knock at the door. A working-class girl from the neighborhood entered, and, presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets, said, "This is an offering from my mother."

"Your mother, child!" replied the poet. "I thought she died last autumn?"

"That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl; "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave; I have plucked them and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greeting."

The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and putting it in his buttonhole, he said to his wife, "There, dear woman, is not that an order more valuable than any king can give?"



Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. A Bank disaster ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses Mrs. Ingram who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. Mr. Forbes is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in London and goes to Groome's hotel. Barry finds Scottish acquaintances at hotel and departs. Christabel, some time after Nancy's funeral, indulges in conversation with Alan Hastie, the keeper. Christabel suspects that Alan's sorrow is connected with the murder. She afterwards goes to London and engages in charitable **work**, when she meets Alan Hastie one evening on the Enbankment.

"PROMISE me, now, that you will go to the Larcombe Street Shelter; you know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I've been there more than once, but you need fourpence afore they take ye in."

"There's a shilling, but before I give it to you, have I your promise that you will stop there till I come and see you to-morrow? You *will* do that, Hastie, for auld lang syne?"

"Oh, yes; I'm not needin' to rin awa' noo. It doesn't matter."

"I'll try and get there soon after ten. Tell the superintendent who sent you in, and that I am coming in the morning. Good-night, Hastie. Go at once and get warmed and fed."

He took the coin she offered, thrust it into his pocket, and slouched off. She stood a moment looking after him painfully. The last time she had seen him he had carried his tall, alert figure straightly, with his gun across his shoulder, and the air of the independent working-man in his eye.

What a change! But, knowing how long he had been in London, it did not surprise her. She had seen it wrought in a much shorter space of time. Her thoughts were pre-occupied during the rest of their pilgrimage, and though she tried to rouse herself to meet the demands her companion made upon her, her mind would wander far from the sordid midnight scenes on the Thames Embankment. Almost opposite De Keyser's Hotel, the contents of the bag gave out, and Lady Welldon, apparently relieved, suggested that they should immediately enter the hotel.

CHAPTER XV.

MURDER WILL OUT.

IT was not surprising, perhaps, that Christabel slept very little that night. For her it had been an eventful day; and as she lay resting on her small, narrow bed in her cubicle at the hostel, she was weaned away for a little from the fulness and the poignancy of her London experiences, back to the village of her youth. She realised that night, and a fit of weeping followed realisation, that she was very homesick; that she must soon make some effort to see some of her own people, unless her usefulness was to be impaired.

She went back in thought to her last year at home, and all the strange sad episodes it had held. The bank disaster was now a thing of the past, and Christabel had never so much as heard it named since she came to London; but its consequences were far-reaching and irremediable. Ewan Forbes was expiating his crime in Perth Penitentiary, and there in that fair city, in pursuance of the vow she had taken, his wife had taken up her abode, in a small lodging at Craigie, a suburb which, from its elevated position, commanded a view across the South Inch to the gates of the penitentiary itself. This she had done in spite of all the representations that had been made to her, and Evelyn was with her. They had a very small income, some few pounds a month which Eugenie felt that she could conscientiously use for their support. Evelyn eked it out by taking music pupils and giving drawing lessons. Already nearly a year of the sentence had expired, and Stephen Ingram, who was their principal friend and stand-by, was in hopes that the period of the sentence might be shortened. Ewan Forbes had broken down under the prison regime, and had spent a good deal of time in the hospital, where his wife had been permitted one interview with him, at a time when his life was supposed to be in danger.

The next morning Christabel went to the Shelter to see Hastie, where she learned he was very ill.

She followed the superintendent along the corridor into a small room to which the sick man had been moved after it was vacated in the morning. The face on the pillow was so absolutely colorless that Christabel started back in affright, almost certain that he was already dead.

"No, no; there's life there yet. Can you hear, Hastie? This is Sister Ingram, your kind friend come to inquire after you."

There was a slight movement of the head, and the heavy eyelids stirred. But there was no recognition in the feeble glance which travelled to Christabel's pitying face, and immediately they dropped again as if the effort had been too great.

"I suppose I may stop here till the ambulance comes. I should like to see him established at the hospital, and, if possible, hear their report on him."

"Why, yes, come back to my room. Who was the lady you brought last night? I wasn't sure whether I caught the name. Was it Welldon?"

"Yes; Lady Welldon, from Prince's Gate. She's a millionairess; at least, her husband left over a million, mostly to her. He was a good sort. I knew him down east when he began business first. He had a splendid good heart. He was a plain sort of a chap, too, and I've heard say that he didn't care for all the show and glitter she put him up to. She was ambitious, and wanted to be a peeress."

"The ambulance; they haven't been long," Christabel said with an air of relief; and for the next five minutes they were busy getting the almost unconscious man removed from his temporary shelter to the comfortable spring bed inside the ambulance. Christabel, with some warm words of thanks to the superintendent, got into the ambulance beside the male nurse in charge, and rode back to the hospital. They were not able to give her much satisfaction.

"He's very bad, beyond a doubt, but we'll do what we can," the house surgeon said.

"The moment he is conscious, if you get him conscious, before he dies, I want to see him, Doctor O'Farrell," said Christabel to the happy Irishman whose smile had smoothed the way for himself so often. "We've got the telephone at the Hermitage; will you ring me up when you think it necessary?"

"Yes, I will; but I'll only be on till six to-night. I'm dining at the Savoy to-night with a cousin of mine from Ireland, Lord Fincastle."

O'Farrell wondered, and could not help observing the sudden flush that mounted to the face of the woman before him. Their acquaintance was only of recent origin, arising out of some extreme kindness O'Farrell had shown to some of Christabel's own cases, and she knew nothing of the boy beyond the fact that he was Irish, which, of course, she had gathered from his name, and that he was going back to Dublin to practise when he had finished his London training. O'Farrell only knew Christabel under her professional name.

"Oh, do you know Lord Fincastle?"

"Know him!—he's my best friend; the only one I've got in this world. He's not a full cousin, really, only distantly connected on my mother's side, but he's done everything for me, paid my college course, encouraged me, backed me up in every way, and all as if it were nothing. And he isn't rich, either. If anyone wants Fincastle's character emblazoned in the right colors, let him come to Ned O'Farrell."

"Well, well, that's strange! The world is very small, after all," said Christabel, unaware that the flush still lingered, and that the play of her mouth had become very soft and tender. She did know, moreover, that the knowledge that Lord Fincastle was in London made a sudden difference to the grey of London streets. She might, and probably never would see him, but for a time, at least, the same stretch of sky would cover them, and there was always the off-chance that they might meet.

"Can I tell him you were asking after him?" suggested O'Farrell, his boyish face aglow with interest.

"Oh, no. I don't suppose he would remember me. Good-bye, just now, Doctor O'Farrell, and don't forget to ring me up. I shall be about the hostel all day until the evening, at least. I'm dining out, too, among the rich and great," she added with a little whimsical moue. "At Prince's Gate, so I'm upsides."

They parted with a smile, and Christabel went back to early dinner at the hostel, feeling that something had been gained. Everything that could, would be done for Hastie now, and she prayed, though the prayer found no verbal expression, that she might have one more talk with him before the end came, if, indeed, the end was so near.

She lay down to rest for an hour after the early dinner, feeling suddenly overcome by fatigue. The sisters worked hard, but it was no part of their creed to overwork or overstrain; they knew too well the infinite cost of such imprudence, and when one of them had had a broken night or been out till the small hours, it was understood that the rest must be made up the ensuing day.

She had been sound asleep for a little over an hour, when someone knocked her up with a telephone message. In a moment she was wide awake, and throwing a shawl about her, ran down to the little waiting-room where the telephone was fixed. O'Farrell's voice sounded clearly over the wire, imparting the satisfactory information that Hastie had revived.

"Then you think he'll live?" asked Christabel eagerly.

"No, I wouldn't go so far as that; in fact, I don't see how he can, he's got acute pneumonia, and may even die to-night. He's easier now, though, and if you've anything to say to him, now's your time."

"All right, I'll be over inside an hour."

She dressed hastily, and after a cup of tea considerately offered by one of the younger members of the hostel who was specially devoted to her, Christabel sallied forth into the raw, nipping air, ready once more for whatever might be in store.

She found Hastie in a warm and sheltered corner of one of the big wards, with screens around his bed, to ward off the draughts. He was partly sitting up, and though very weak and ill-looking, certainly appeared better than when she saw him earlier in the day.

He evinced no surprise when he saw her, but his eyes seemed to recognize her, as she came forward and sat down on the front of the bed near the bottom, so that she could command a full view of his face.

"You are more comfortable now, Hastie," she said kindly. "Indeed, you look it."

"Yes, the pain's no sae bad, and they have some fine stuff for the cough here," he said appreciatively. "I'm very glad you have come, but hoo did ye ken I was here?"

"Why, I brought you, you stupid fellow! Don't you remember the Embankment last night, and the Shelter this morning? I brought you away in the ambulance from Larcombe Street myself."

"No, I didna notice," he answered in the quaint vernacular of the north. "Are you a nurse in this hospital?"

"No, I work outside; but they are very kind to our people here, and I felt sure that they would do their best for you. Why are you looking at me so intently, Hastie?"

"I was thinkin' what a queer thing life is. Ye only get to see it right when you're aboot dune wi' it. I'll never leave this place except in my coffin, Miss Christabel."

"We haven't given up hope of you yet."

"Oh, but I ken. I wad hae liket to lie in Cardyke kirkyaird, jist on that little slope that lies to the sun, an' wi' the Clyde gurglin' at the bottom. It's a bonnie bittock."

Christabel made no answer. She knew that what he asked was impossible. But her kind eyes beamed sympathy. Presently a sudden eagerness seemed to rise in the sick man's eyes, and he essayed to bend nearer to her.

"Hae ye ever found your brither yet, Miss Christabel? Is he at hame?"

She shook her head, and in spite of herself her eyes filled with sudden tears.

...ever, I am afraid that most of us have given up hope, and that we are forced to accept Miss Ingram's conclusion, that he lies at the bottom of Tyrie Loch."

"Well, he's better there than where ye found me last nicht. An' he micht hae been there. I've watched day in an' day oot a' the time I've been in London, but he never came ..."

"Oh, no. I used to feel like you when I came to London, and even yet, I am always on the watch. I never see a company of homeless men such as we saw last night but I think my brother might be among them, but I think I've really given up hope."

"If he be at the bottom of Tyrie Loch, then, I've twa murders on my soul instead of wan."

Christabel gave a great start and her face paled. She was unable to speak, but her tense eyes clave to Hastie's face, while she waited for the next words..

"You aye kent it was me, did ye no, Miss Christabel?"

She shook her head.

"No, no, Hastie; occasionally a small suspicion crossed my mind, but I never allowed it to linger."

"It could only hae been wan o' us," he answered steadily. "An' ye aye kent it wasna Maister Barry. He hadna got it in him, for though he was thochtless he wadna deliberately hurt ony thing. No, it was me, an' me only."

"Tell me about it, Hastie, if you are able, indeed, whether or not," she said feverishly. "The truth must come out now."

"It micht hae been oot long since if there had been onything but fules among the police at Cardyke, an' even in Glesca. There's no muckle to tell. It happened in a moment. I saw them thegither that efternune, and I followed them richt doon to the Lovers' Dell. I was hidden among the thick trees jist near where they stood, and there wasna a breath o' wund or a soond. I could hear the maist o' what they said. Yes, it was deevilish, but a man's no' himsel' at a time like that. The hale thing had driven me clean mad.

"He was tellin' her he couldna see her again, and that he was to marry somebody else; and Nancy was greetin', and I could see the lassie had a sair hert and I couldna bear it. It was at him I fired, of coorse. I was the best shot on Clydeside, Miss Christabel, and I never thocht I wad miss; but I did, and my bullet went to her, instead of where it was aimed. That's a', an' noo, though I should swing for it, I'm lyin' here, and I'll dee a natural death, but the jidgment will come efter, let naebody think ither than that."

At the moment the kindly face of O'Farrell looked round one of the screens. Seeing the evident distress on Christabel's face, he would have moved away with a word of apology, when she called him by name.

"Just wait a moment, Doctor O'Farrell, I want to speak to you."

She slid from the bed, and joined him on the floor of the ward, just outside.

"How long do you think he will last, doctor?"

O'Farrell shook his head.

"It is hardly possible to say; everything depends on how the heart stands out. It was very weak last time I was round; why do you ask?"

"He has just made a confession to me. It is very important that confession should be taken in writing, or, at least, witnessed. It will not benefit the one who is the chief sufferer now, I fear," she added with a break in her voice. "But it will clear his memory for those who loved him."

O'Farrell's eyes were wide with interest. He was young enough to be frankly and deeply interested in the human documents with which he came in contact in his daily round, and he was always sympathetic.

"Oh, I say, how exciting, but for you, rather terrible, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't mind, I don't even know that I am so very much surprised. But can you tell me whether it is necessary to bring a magistrate?"

"I should hi't think so; what is the confession about?"

"A murder."

O'Farrell could not repress a low whistle.

"That's serious enough, but I think two independent witnesses, supposing you to be an interested party, would be sufficient. I can get the matron or the superintendent if you like."

"Do, and I think you had better go now."

"Yes," said O'Farrell gravely, "I think it had better be now."

It made a strange and in its way impressive scene when the sister in charge and the superintendent, in response to O'Farrell's summons, gathered about the bed inside the screen. Writing materials were ready, and it was Christabel who took the lead.

"Listen, Hastie," she said in a low, clear voice. "I think it is wise and right that your deposition should be taken in writing for the sake of those who might be benefited by it afterwards. You can't have any objections to repeat what you have said to me."

"Nane, I wad write it if I were able. Tell them to write it, and I'll sign my name."

"You must go over it as briefly as possible," said Christabel, and signed to the superintendent to begin to write.

"I, Alan Hastie, wish to make my confession here that on the twenty-eighth day of October, 189 , being a Saturday afternoon, did in the woods at Cardyke shoot wi' my gun and kill Nancy Simons, the daughter of Josh Simons, the head keeper at Cardyke. I watched her meet Mr. Barry Ingram, and listened in the trees behind to a' they had to say. Then I seemed to go clean mad and raised my gun intending to kill him. He was perfectly innocent, for he had nae weapon on him. The reason I was not suspectit was that it was a new gun I had on me, that nobody had seen before, and when the thing was over in the dead of night I threw it into one of the deepest parts of Tyrie Loch. The gun I usually carried to my work was left in the bothy, where it was found, as James Barclay the forester can testify. It was me that killed Nancy Simons, none other, and that in spite of the fact that I loved her as my own soul. This is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as spoken by a dying man."

"I will leave this paper with you, Dr. Dressler," Christabel said to the superintendent. 'Please keep it safely. The sad thing about it is that if by any miracle poor Hastie should recover it will have to be used against him."

"There is very small chance of that, I fear," was the grave answer, "and I think we need not trouble the police just yet. There is no immediate need for publishing this abroad to the world, is there?"

"None. I will write of course to my own people, to all those interested, to-night," said Christabel, as they passed out of the ward. On the stairs she met O'Farrell looking the picture of boyish excitement.

"Oh, I say, my cousin Fincastle is here; he came to look me up. Won't you come down and see him? I told him you were here, but he can't think of any sister he knows in London."

"I daresay not," said Christabel with a little smile. "Well, yes, I'll come." Her heart beat as she followed the young surgeon along numerous winding corridors to his own modest quarters, in that portion of the building set apart for the staff.

Christabel, with a little womanly touch that was irresistible, though she was inclined to blame herself for it, stopped on the way to look into a chance mirror that hung against a wall, and was relieved to see that her bonnet was quite straight. Her cloak was off, and the neat grey dress and an immaculate apron was immensely becoming to her. In fact, she had never looked better. When O'Farrell, with a genuine pride in both, threw open the door, Fincastle made an exclamation of profound surprise.

"Well I never! So this is the sister Ned has been talking so incessantly about! This is a far better stroke of luck than I ever expected to find in London."

Christabel smiled and cordially returned the pressure of Fincastle's hand. Her speaking eyes betrayed the fact that she was glad to see him, but Fincastle was a modest man and laid no flattering unction to his soul.

"Isn't the world a very small place?" she said brightly. "And what a day of excitement and unexpected happenings this has been! Oh yes, thank you, I am quite well," she went on a little rapidly, finding the very intent look in Fincastle's eyes a trifle disconcerting. "Don't you think I look well?"

"Yes, a little thinner. You have been working very hard in London."

"Yes, very hard; but I like it, and hard work never kills anybody. Where have you been for the last year?"

"In Ireland, essaying the impossible. But won't you honor me by coming out somewhere to tea with me? Can you get off, Ned, and we shall all go together?"

"I can't, worse luck," said O'Farrell ruefully. "I must get on duty now; the surgeons come round at four o'clock. But I'll see you later, shan't I?"

"Yes, half-past seven at the Savoy. Miss Ingram wouldn't honor us, I suppose?"

"She can't, because she is engaged elsewhere, if she goes out anywhere," replied Christabel. "But don't let me take you away from Dr. O'Farrell now."

"Hasn't he just said he has to go on duty? Besides, we are old friends, aren't we, and this is a sort of red letter day to us, to me at least. Tell her, Ned, that she may safely trust herself with me, even though the O'Farrells have a slippery reputation."

"I don't think sister needs any of my assurance," said the boy, and there was a curious light in his eyes as if a revelation had been suddenly made to him.

And when a minute later he watched the two cross the quadrangle together he dashed an unbidden tear from his impetuous eye.

"This is the best bit of luck I've had since that day we parted at Tyrie. What an age ago it seems," said Fincastle. "You can give me an hour, can't you? Where can we go? Do you know a good tea-room in this neighborhood?"

"Only the A.B.C. shops," answered Christabel with a sudden flash of merriment in her eyes.

He smiled back at her, hailed a passing hansom, and put her very carefully in, giving the Savoy address.

"Oh, it is much too grand for a humble person like I, and perhaps they won't like a sister in uniform there," she protested faintly.

"We shan't ask them," he answered steadily. "This is very pleasant, isn't it, and we can talk in comfort. Do you know that I have been absolutely without news of you for a long time?"

"Have you? Hasn't Stephen been writing lately? He sent me quite a long account of his visit to you in Ireland last year."

"Oh, that's ancient history. No, I haven't heard from Stephen for a long time. But I have heard from Jane Dundas that he spends a good deal of his time at Perth, beside these two poor ladies."

"Mrs. Forbes and Evelyn, you mean? Yes, I hear that he goes there a good deal. He has always cared for Evelyn, poor Stephen! Had he been like other men he would certainly have married her now."

"But I don't really see why they shouldn't marry," said Fincastle calmly. "It was the result of an accident, which is very different from a constitutional misfortune, and Stephen is really the most splendid fellow I know."

"Yes, he is all that; but I am afraid it was Barry Evelyn cared about. It is extraordinary that nothing has ever been heard about him. Stephen tells me you have all practically accepted his mother's conclusion that his body lies at the bottom of the loch."

"There seems nothing else to think," said Christabel painfully. "Did Dr. O'Farrell tell you what we were doing upstairs when you arrived at the hospital?"

"No."

"The strangest thing has happened. Last night I happened to be on the Embankment about midnight, and I came across Alan Hastie, the underkeeper from Cardyke. You must have seen him when you visited Mrs. Dundas. Do you remember him?"

"Why, of course, a tall strapping chap, good-looking, and the best shot I ever came across. He was very much upset about the girl's death —had been engaged to her, or something, if I remember rightly. What brought him to London?"

"A troubled conscience. It was he who killed Nancy Simons."

"Was it? You surprise me. Has he confessed to it, then?"

"Yes. He is dying; they don't think at the hospital that he will live through the night. We were taking his deposition when you came. It is all dreadfully sad and futile, somehow. I feel utterly miserable about it; but at least it will make them a little happier at home. I think if I can be spared I will go to Scotland for the week-end, on Friday, and tell them everything. It will be better than writing."

At the moment they drove into the courtyard of the Savoy, and Fincastle sprang out to assist her from the hansom. Soon they were seated in a delightful cosy nook in the foyer, where a dainty tray was speedily set before them. She asked him about his own affairs.

"I've got an unexpected windfall," he said, "and I, too, am going up to Scotland this week perhaps, to do a little business."

"Oh, I am so glad," said Christabel quite sincerely. "I have always been so sorry for you that you could not live at Tyrie, and I often wondered that you did not hate coming to see us there. Didn't you bear us a grudge?"

"Never after I had seen you," he answered, greatly daring.

(To be continued)

CANADIAN girls have a world-wide reputation for their love of winter sports and their skill. Watch any place where there is skating or coasting or snow-shoeing, and you'll find almost as many girls as boys.

Toboggans, skiis, snowshoes, skates, sweaters, toques—a large assortment of winter accoutrements seem to be the principal results of the energy that the girls are putting into their efforts to spread the sentiment of "A Canadian magazine for Canadian women." One girl writes: "I really cannot decide whether I am most glad or sorry when I go into a house and find the HOME JOURNAL on the table—glad that the magazine is in another home, and that here is a customer ready made for me to get a renewal as soon as the time runs out; sorry that another name cannot be added to my list right away, for I need so many things that I am not going to ask father to get me. I never did feel so independent as I have in the last few months."

From the North comes this letter: "Who says winter is the time to hibernate? To tell the truth, I rather thought so when one snow after another piled up, certainly so far as the HOME JOURNAL subscription plan was concerned. But after a few trial trips on snowshoes to get back into the swing, I started out for business. I called on every one on that expiration list you sent me and did splendidly, as your records will show. Now I am scouring the country for new people. You would be surprised to find how many never heard of the HOME JOURNAL before, and how glad they are to know of it. A magazinistess on snowshoes seems to be a welcome novelty; often I find the whole family watching me from the window as I negotiate the drift over the lawn fence."

Probably this would be a novelty to most of our subscribers.

We are making some especially good offers to subscribers for the spring campaign that should help bring subscriptions. All of the girls who are sending subscriptions of course will be notified of these; I hope that many of those who once asked to join the club but never kept up the work will write for these, and that we may enroll many new members. And there are a good many places where we have no one to call on our expirations; we shall be glad if you will write asking for those in your neighborhood. Spring finds the HOME JOURNAL stronger and more widely known than ever before. These spring months should prove a great opportunity to build an even more solid foundation of regard among Canadians.

SECRETARY OF C. G. C.

* * *

IT has been suggested that our girls would like an occasional talk on matters of etiquette. Here is a little article on the subject of answering invitations which may interest many of you.

Unless girls have strict mothers to jog their minds they are very apt to let invitations remain unanswered until the eleventh hour. It is very difficult to make them see the importance of letting the hostess know whether or not they are coming to her house. Whenever a girl becomes a hostess herself she fumes and frets at the delay of one person in letting her know by return mail what that person is going to do. She should let this be a lesson to her.

Every girl should make it a point of good manners to answer her mail as it comes in. Those who have been lectured into punctuality have much to be thankful for, as they are saved the qualms of other girls, who suddenly remember the unanswered invitation on their desks.

It saves worry and anxiety on the girl's part, and certainly saves it for the hostess, if a girl would devote one hour each morning after breakfast to her mail.

She should decline or accept with promptness and with decision. She should not wait to find out whether or not some one else is going whom she wants to be with. She will not gain friends and gather in invitations if she gets the reputation of lacking in promptness.

The women who entertain will quickly qualify her as one lacking in politeness. They will not be kind enough to substitute the word "promptness." A young girl does not see far into the future. That makes for her happiness, it is true, but it often spoils her chances for social success.

She delays answering invitations in so consistent a manner that when lists are made up she is left out. As a rule those who govern the social forces are older women than she is, and they do not tolerate slipshod manners. They feel that they are courteous in asking a young girl to a party, and they rightly demand that she show an appreciation of that courtesy by not keeping them waiting for an answer.

She takes the risk of declining something she may later like to attend, it is true, but she gains other invitations for herself by letting her hostess see that she knows the foremost civility of social life.

* * *

THE girls appear to be interested in what was said about rooms and their design. Here is what a Montreal writer says about a white bedroom.

Cottage furniture has returned, and a white enameled bed will look well with a bureau and washstand that have been retouched with wood enamel in white. Even the washstand china may be an all-white porcelain of a more than usually shapely design. The woodwork may be whitened, even if it first requires the application of a paint remover and the work that entails.

Curtaining and wallpaper will present no difficulty since the wallpaperer can now supply both plain and glossy white papers, and the qualities of swiss for sash curtains are practically numberless. That paper having a satiny surface or an invisible pattern will prove less monotonous, and the drapery of the dressing bureau should match the curtains.

Now, the introduction into this "colorless" scheme of the occasional picture or the bit of delicate pottery or metal ware will break what may prove monotony; but an excess of ornamentation is to be decried, since the main object and purpose of this purity in coloring is the accomplishment of an entirely sanitary room.

Yes, it may need repapering and re-enameling sooner than a darker color, which is to be anticipated, for our white bedroom is not intended to only look clean, but to be clean.

Your food; its taste, cost and results

We all consider the taste.
Most of us must consider the cost.
And our health depends
on the results.

You'll agree with this,—
There's nothing more delicious than a big dish of Quaker Oats served with sugar and milk or cream.

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The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough

VIEW OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS, SHOWING STABLES, TENT, "LOOKOUT," DRIVEWAY, PATH, ETC.

A REMODELLED HOME

By IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT

"YOU must have change of occupation as well as change of climate."

This was the accompaniment to which I paced the New York Central waiting-room one early spring afternoon last year. Exiled from the Big City, the world seemed an uninviting waste. Mechanically I moved through the iron gates to the station platform, waved a good-bye to sympathetic friends, and then gave myself and bag into the tender keeping of a big, black porter.

Home in Toronto, Canada, the country was prescribed. But where to go, and how? This is the problem that confronts many people in whom spring stirs the nomadic blood. The country becomes the Mecca of a multitude of tired town folk, but its very vastness makes it a paradox of limitation. It is so easy to choose that it is difficult to choose. And, too, when needs and desires are out of proportion to the bank account, the obstacles increase. These were the difficulties that I had to face.

Obeying an impulse, however, I went out into the open spaces north of the city, and was rewarded at last by locating a small house with a big "For Sale" sign distinguishing it. Something less than an acre in extent, the lot surrounding the building seemed ever on the verge of swallowing it. A small stone and wood stable, with a dilapidated shed leaning rakishly against it, assisted in a rather uninspiring picture. But the price was small, so I bought the place.

Over the ground, corn stalks and potato vines straggled undignifiedly through patches of muddy snow. The late winter rains had washed ugly furrows where the sun had melted the surface snow, and a scary fence, [illegible] point of the compass stood forbiddingly [illegible] approached the [illegible]

[illegible] woe is me!" Such a deserted, barren prospect!

Desolate, dreary and decayed! Indeed, yes. But somehow—was it the air? was it the bigness of the open country? was it the smell of the near-by pines?—the dull little house and lot began to loom large in possibilities. The building, consisting of one fairly large and one small room downstairs, two bedrooms above, and a packing-box kitchen tacked on the back, suggested, even in its decrepitude, amplification to no mean end.

THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE

I had never drawn plans for anything more imposing than a snow fort, and my efforts at landscape gardening had been confined to youthful days and the enlarging of the old swimming hole. But small faith never bred big results, and so I decided to be my own architect, contractor and—almost—laborer. The undertaking was formidable, but ambition laughs at obstacles.

* * *

AS soon as the ground was free from frost the fun began. I secured workmen in the near-by village, and a team and scoop shovel were put to work on the lower side of the hill where it sloped to a small stream. Literally, tons of earth were moved from the upper side of this portion of the lot to the lower until a section one hundred and twenty-five feet by eighty feet was made level for the purpose of a tennis court, croquet lawn or any other of the divers uses to which a fair-sized piece of green sward may be put. During the process of this excavation a very fine sand had been turned up. This of course would not grow grass. Such a condition was unfortunate, as it meant an unusual amount of labor to put the ground into productive shape. After the sand had been raked smooth I secured a half dozen loads of well-rotted manure and spread it thickly over the proposed lawn. Then I marked out a driveway on the north half of the lot, and the rich top soil taken from this was distributed over the manure, completely covering it. I had been strongly advised to use sod if I wanted a lawn that summer, but with a dressing of manure to cause heat under the new top soil I believed grass would soon appear. And time proved my supposition to be right. In most instances all this work would have been unnecessary. It was owing to the peculiar position of my property, situate on the side of a hill, that so much labor was required. Of course, too, this lay of the land increased the opportunities for effect.

The grass seed sown, I turned my attention to the driveway. Engaging a farmer at a nominal charge, he drew gravel from the stream, which I used for drive and foot path, the larger stones being picked out to border flower beds, roadway and paths.

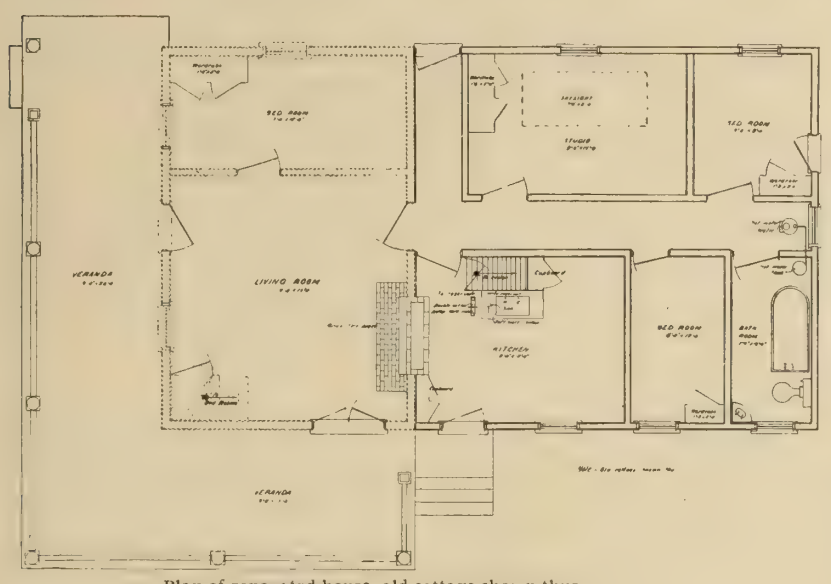
As there was no well

THE FRONT VERANDA, AFFORDING A PLEASANT VIEW OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

on the place, one had to be dug. This proved as interesting as it was productive. At a depth of twenty-five feet water was struck and a good flow obtained. One small, anaemic cistern, more apologetic than energetic, had to have its meagre usefulness augmented by the digging of a second one to hold eighteen hundred gallons.

By this time the weather had become warm enough to allow plants to be handled in the open. Flower beds were laid out, bulbs put in, a litter of old stumps was piled high and filled about with earth taken from the well, and then covered with nasturtiums. Raspberry and currant bushes were set out, and a vegetable garden planned and planted. A new fence was erected, along the front length of which sweet pea seeds were scattered profusely.

These things done, Nature and the village carpenter were called upon. With the aid of the latter a concrete foundation was put under the old building, and a nine foot veranda of pine, with a Norway pine oiled ceiling, extending for thirty-six feet along the front or west side and for seventeen feet along the south, was built. This end was used as an out-of-doors dining-room. A new roof and chimney were next in order. Then inside the house all the old paper was removed, cracks in the plaster filled, the woodwork painted ivory white, and the walls and ceilings of the rooms downstairs calcimined in buff, those upstairs being done in pale blue.



Plan of renovated house, old cottage shown thus . . . . . .

Double doors were cut in the south wall of the large room; a fireplace of terra cotta pressed brick built in the east side, and a bookshelf constructed of lumber from the dismantled shed.

Ambition thriving on things accomplished, further plans were made. The little old kitchen was pulled down, and an addition, twenty-six feet by twenty-five feet, also with concrete foundation, erected. This consisted of studio, two small bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom, all on the ground floor, of materials as follows: Frame of two by four scantling; outside of this, inch tongued-and-grooved pine clapboarding and inch tongued-and-grooved hemlock with tar paper between; inside wall of seven-eighths tongued-and-grooved pine "v" sheeting; floor of inch tongued-and-grooved pine. The inside of this new part was left unpainted, matting being used to cover floors. The matting and new lumber combined to give a refreshingly cool impression on hot summer days. Plumbing for hot and cold soft and cold hard water was installed, with two pumps to force water into galvanized iron tanks placed directly over kitchen. Inside of tanks were floats connected by means of cords to weights that indicated on wall of kitchen quantity of water on pressure. Waste from bath, wash basin, toilet and kitchen sink was piped to cesspool built of brick from the old chimney and dug in a sand bank fifty feet south of the house. Soft water was drawn from the two cisterns; hard water from the new well. The house finished, it was painted ivory white outside, trimmed with dark green, the roof being stained a similar color.

* * *

THEN attention was once again turned to the grounds. On the north-east corner, the highest point of the property, a tent was pitched for the purpose of further sleeping accommodation. Beside this, a covered platform, twelve feet by twelve feet, was built of lumber from the old kitchen. From a hammock swung here a splendid view of valley, stream and wood could be obtained.

Thus was a waste place made a joy to the heart and a delight to the eye at a cost not exceeding the most modest means.

I learned from experience, however, some points that would enable me to reduce the cost to no inconsiderable extent were I to do it all over again.

First, and I might add, last, too, all contentions to the contrary notwithstanding, he lays up for himself a vast store of vain regrets who attempts to remodel an old house. In theory, to alter the lines of a very old building rather than tear it down and build, is the acme of foresight and thrift. But in practice it is a delusion that mocketh you all the days of your life. Remember, I am referring now to the style of house the pilgrim from the city with a lean purse is likely to find, when bent on securing a home in the country.

Just outside most towns and cities may be found little old houses, the product of an ancient past, surrounded by anything from half an acre to ten acres of land. Of course the buildings are usually in a sad state of disrepair. But this fact is important because it goes a considerable distance in reducing the price. But herein lies a danger. Optimism, no doubt, will color a fine scheme whereby the aged structure may be transformed into a snug little abode by the mere application of a paint brush and some bargain wallpaper. Beware! Shun these importunities of your optimistic soul as you would the plague. They are as misleading as they are insidious.

In my own experience, when the old house had been hammered and cut up to conform to my ideas, it could have been replaced at a smaller cost by a building entirely new. Still, granting this, the accompanying photographs may give some idea of what can be accomplished with even a bad start.

Often have I heard people say that building in the country costs so much more than in the city owing to the long distances material must be hauled and to the extra charges made by builders for going out of the city to work. In these days that is a fallacy. In almost all the small towns may be found carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers and tinsmiths. They are a sign of the times. Brick yards and saw mills dot the country at con-

Continued on page 29

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

[illegible] magic in it,
[illegible]
[illegible] the pen can win it
From the chaos of the mind.

I HAVE a pile of unanswered letters before me, fourteen all told. Bless me, how they do accumulate! Only a month ago I swept the slate clean, and settled down for a rest from correspondence, but these are not all answers to that [illegible]. No, indeed! they have come from the far East and West, and across the ocean, from friends of yore, from people who are very irregular about letter-writing, and when you have concluded they have given you up, along comes an unexpected missive, assuring you of their fidelity, and breathing words that convince you that you are still held in loving remembrance, and your heart responds in return, and away speeds an answer to show that you are still loyal and faithful.

Letter-writing is a science which all too few are master of. There is a secret in it which enables the happy possessor to receive such compliments as these—"What a splendid letter you write," If I could only express myself as you can," "Your letters are so interesting, it surely can be no trouble for you to write."

Many people find their correspondence a great trial, and only tackle it when really obliged to, which frequently happens to be an unfavorable time, and so their letters lack vitality, inasmuch as they touch only on the subjects uppermost in the writer's mind, regardless of the fact that such a topic is wholly uninteresting to the recipient. For example, a friend once wrote me at length a description of numberless gowns worn at a wedding she attended, to the utter exclusion of any news about herself, the only person I was anxious to hear about, the others being all comparative strangers to me. She ignored the fact that dress in all its phases holds my mind only momentarily, one of my failings being an inability to remember or describe the apparel of even my most intimate friends.

I will admit that there are people to whom it is difficult to write, for I have had that experience; but a little concentration of thought often suggests something that will appeal to that person, and one can always fill in with commonplaces. We have the weather to expatiate upon, if nothing else. The best rule to follow in all cases is to be natural, place your own individuality first, using language unstilted and unaffected. In fact, just be yourself, and write as freely as you would talk.

Have you ever received a letter where every line denoted the gloom of the writer? This is one of the mistakes made, to write letters when suffering from mental depression, and saddle on to the recipient the woes, or at least the shadow of them, which afflict their own soul. This does not imply that we are expected to write always in a cheerful mood, or light vein, else there would not be that true intercourse of thought between friends, that calls for sympathy and advice. But passing clouds, momentary ills should not form the subject matter of letters of mere friendship, where no deep chords of love exist.

* * *

ANOTHER mistake is to write under the impulse of anger. Something has been said that touches you like a match to powder, and [illegible] go the flaming words, snapping, sizzling, burning, hateful words that you would give worlds to recall, but they are gone from you, and in black and white, with all their dire consequences. Recall them? Impossible!

Many a time have I been saved from committing this blunder by a little anecdote, which I shall pass on to save others:—A President of the [illegible] one day listened to a number of [illegible] complaints from one of his Generals, regarding the conduct of a brother General. After patiently hearing the angry officer recount a great many [illegible] occurrences, and being asked what to do under the circumstances; the President after some consideration very gravely gave him this advice: "Go and write him a scathing letter. Fill it with the strongest abuse and bitterest sarcasm you are capable of. Do not spare him, but make every line more cutting, stinging, cruel and [illegible] than the last. Tell him all his faults and misdoings; lash him; villify him if you will, but make him feel the keenness of your censure." The General departed, and soon returned with the letter for the Presidents approval. Reading it carefully through, he returned it saying, "That is good; very good. You did well."

"Whom shall I send it by?" enquired the General.

"Send it!" answered the President in evident astonishment. "Send it! Why, you never send that kind of letter, do you? I never do. I write them just because they make me feel better, and give me a chance to vent my spleen, but send them, never."

* * *

FOR any ability I may possess in the line of composing letters, I wish to place the credit where it belongs, to the lessons learned in tender years from a dear patient mother, who guided my pen, and prompted my ideas from the day when I received my first letter. This was an eventful one to me, considering I was only nine years of age, and not very skilful with my pen, for children were not taught writing in the early stages of their education as at the present day. I shall never forget the bitter tears I shed over the reprimand of a teacher who told me that my copy-book looked like the result of one of my father's bantam hens having its feet dipped in ink, and walking over the page. It was cruel of her, but I forgive her, because she is dead, and will not break any other poor child's heart with sarcastic comparisons.

I remember the importance I felt when, provided with writing-paper, and perched beside the kitchen table, I received my first instructions in the art of letter-writing, by proceeding to answer this wonderful epistle, that came from a cousin whom I had never seen, and who signed herself "Annie Samantha McClellan." What would I not give for a fac-simile of that reply, written in labored character, and commencing as near as I can remember like this:—Dear Cousin, "I now sit down to write to you to let you know that we are all well at present, and hope these few lines will find you all the same. We have had very cold weather, and a great deal of snow, which was very deep in some places. I go to school every day and am reading in the Third Book. I like school, and we have a good teacher, his name is Mr. Ewald. Our baby has six teeth now, and her name is Mary Amelia Louisa," etc., etc. I of course, signed my full old-fashioned name, and we two cousins wrote to each other for years, meeting for the first time, when we were both eighteen, and never since. The letters ceased only after we had other interests, husbands, homes and babies, which blocked the path of our cousinly intimacy, but thanks be to her first letter, for early initiating me into the mystery of communicating my thoughts on paper, and double gratitude to the kind motherly heart that helped me to frame sentences, and to spell the big words that in future years became easy work, and to use judgment in selecting verses for a letter.

* * *

BUT I have wandered and wandered from my pile of letters. So I pick up the first I want to answer. Listen to what she says, this old pupil of mine, who has always kept in touch with me, though distance in both years and miles divide us—"I am afraid I am not growing sweeter as I grow older. I am developing 'nerves' and a bitter temper. It seems as though I have worked so hard all my life for a few things that I desired—a home of my own, well furnished, and a maid to do the mean work—so little is it not, and yet every year it is further away? Every one helps me, my husband and son do not shrink from dish-washing, sweeping and dusting, and are good and kind, but I am so tired of it all."

Dear child, let us "Count your blessings, name them one by one." This minute there are hundreds who would give a fortune for your musical accomplishments; there are myriads of mothers who envy you that clever lad, and would give worlds to clasp in their arms as their very own your sweet little daughter. There are thousands of husbands who would sit and smoke and read the paper, never offering to assist with the house-work, even if you were worn out by helping the family purse with your splendid talent. Your husband adores you, your children worship you, all your friends admire you, not only for your loving self, but for your perseverance in the face of adversity. A house is not everything, nor servants to wait upon you. Be happy, little woman, and count the world well lost for love.

I take up another. It comes from an elderly maiden lady, who has passed her threescore years and ten. "I am comfortable, but so lonely. All the friends of former days have gone from here, or have passed away, and I am the last one of my generation in my family. The infirmities of age are creeping on apace, and I long for some one of my own kindred to minister to my declining years. But I must not complain, for I meet with much kindness. It is just the loneliness, the feeling that no one cares for me that makes me feel blue sometimes."

If you were poor or penniless, dear heart, added to the lonely feeling, where would you stand? You might end your days in the poor-house when you became too old for work, and that work the most menial kind. You are surrounded by comforts for which you are able to pay, you have all your faculties still, have time to read, can knit and sew, can walk abroad and enjoy the beauties of nature. Surely your old age has its compensations. I don't believe I can understand that loneliness you speak of, for I am never lonely. There are so many pictures on memory's wall to look back upon, so many pleasant recollections to recall that I envy you the leisure you have. All I ask is that when I reach your age the lines may fall to me in just such pleasant places, and oh, how I will revel in having time to sit and fold my hands, while I watch the beautiful sunset, and how I'll sit and hum the old tunes in the twilight, swaying back and forth in my rocking chair! I'll have a bevy of merry young girls always hunting me out, and a crowd of little folks begging for a story, and babies to hold in close and croon to. I know I shall not feel lonely, when sorrow and afflictions overtake me, I'll dwell deep, put my hand in that of my Father, and just "cuddle doon."

* * *

HERE is one from a friend who is spending the winter in California. "We are so cosily and comfortably housed in one of the cutest bungalows you ever saw, four rooms and a bath-room for just we two, wood-work all in mission finish, with burlap on the walls. It is typical California and very attractive, and oh, my dear, the outlook! We are on the prettiest part of one of the prettiest streets, and from my window there is nothing but beauty. Great huge palms are in the front yard, and many other beautiful tropical plants. We have several orange trees for our very own, and pick them just as we need them. The roses, I wish I could describe them to give them justice."

Your letter almost makes me envious. To be in the midst of such beauty and bloom, going to picnics, and writing letters on the veranda, walking about hatless and coatless, while we are piling in the coal in our furnaces, heaping up the grates, bundling up in flannels and furs when we venture outside. But you are missing the sleigh-rides; the snow-shoeing, the skating, and hockey matches. All the same, I would enjoy missing them for once, and I mean to, yes, D. V. next winter I'll be there with you, "me and the old man is a-karkelatin on it." How slowly the pile diminishes. So I will pass lightly over the letter of thanks for remembering a birthday; the description of a trip to the great new west; the filial devotion of an absent son; and some others, and re-read the lines of one that struck a deep chord. "Christmas is here," it said, "with its joys and its memories. We both know what it means to have the vacant chairs at our tables. Dear friend, do you remember in the long ago how busy we were, washing little faces and hands, hearing the lisping prayers, tucking them snugly into little beds?" Ah, yes, I remember. We knew where they were, but now we cannot always trace their footsteps. But those two boys, yours and mine, who have closed their bonny blue eyes to earth, we feel that they are safe, they "no longer need our poor protection." My pen falters, my eyes grow bedimmed, I close my desk for to-night. The spirits of the loved and lost ones seem very near to me, they hover around as if they fain would beckon me away, their mute voices telling me—

"I, too, shall be gone in a minute,
What time, have I to be vexed?"

The Dressing Table

OUR readers are all interested in having what is called "a good head of hair." The Parisians are said to have the most carefully tended and cultivated hair in the world, but the women of this Continent are not far behind the maids and matrons of the French capital in this respect.

A splendid wash for the hair, according to a writer in the *Success Magazine,* consists of one ounce of castile soap powder, one tablespoonful of powdered borax, one ounce of alcohol, yolk of egg, one pint of water. Mix powder and borax together, add alcohol, then egg, and lastly water. Rub thoroughly into scalp and rinse well. Try it.

Brilliant hair is to be desired, but it may not be attained unless good health is the general condition. Shining tresses are seldom seen on a woman of mature years, although we often hear of them and meet them in the poet's lines. Says one who has devoted much attention to the subject:

"In regard to hair tonics, the kind should be determined by the condition. If the hair is very oily, tonics made with alcohol are best, and quinine is an excellent stimulant to the hair follicles. If the hair is dry and rough in texture, or fine and fluffy, the hair follicles need applications of grease, and crude yellow vaseline is excellent for this purpose. It is a mistake to drag the grease through the hair, as it makes it sticky. Apply it only to the roots, rubbing it into them with the finger-tips. It has been recommended to apply grease by means of an oil-can such as is used in oiling machines, the long, pointed nozzle making it possible to reach the roots of the hair and the scalp."

* * *

THE new coiffure, peasant-like in its simplicity, is considered attractive by many who are wearied of the profusion of puffs and extensive pompadours, fashionable during the last year.

After all, it is the most artistic hair mode we have had for many a day. True we probably wear more false hair in the making of this coiffure, but it is arranged as the natural hair of those few fortunates who possess the proverbial wealth of crowning glory. One beautiful feature and absolute fact of this new coiffure is that it makes any woman look young. One hears now and then a woman complaining that those "wrapped effects and turban dressings are only for young girls." Not so. This type of dressing is becoming to nine out of every ten women. Consult your mirror, fair reader, before you make up your mind which variation of this new form to adopt. You may be able to introduce a twist or a knot which will add a note of individuality particularly suited to your style.

There are numerous different ways of accomplishing the close dressing and one is equally as good as another, so long as it is becoming. Arrange the hair in several ways, study each carefully from all points. The side parting so much liked abroad is rarely becoming to the American face. On the other hand, many there are who look best with a soft centre part. But parted or drawn back softly from the forehead, remember to frame the face in a few soft ringlets on the forehead and temples.

The woman blessed by nature with a luxuriant head of hair is having her day now. Two heavy braids crossed at the nape of the neck and wound around the head, large pins of shell holding the braids flat to the head give a charming effect of youth. Or the hair may be simply parted in the centre back, and after twisting loosely two strands are wound around the head and secured with heavy pins or other shell ornaments designed especially to hold the hair firmly and securely to the head.

For those whose locks are thin and scanty there are turban foundations of wire covered with hair which fit down over the head like a cap. The hair is first softly waved about the face, then the ends are drawn through a hole at the back of the frame and brought forward, care being taken to pull out and brush the hair smoothly over the turbanette. A coronet braid or coiled switch is necessary to complete this arrangement.

The coquettish puffs and bobbing curls which had to sidestep a time for the turban effects have come back again more fetching and fascinating than ever in their new use. Sometimes a soft close knot of puffs set at the back of the neck conceals the end of a loose braid wound around the head. Again the crown of the head is covered with numerous tiny puffs pinned flat in turban outline or built up in a psyche. This latter dressing is particularly becoming to a piquant beauty. The front hair which not so long ago went under the title of pompadour is swathed with a thick switch of one's own hair, which is divided and crossed in the back.

There are, and one supposes always will be, some few women who will not have the courage to adopt this new form of hair dressing in its entirety. Perhaps some of these contend in their own minds that with advancing years, after the days of birthdays, it is wisest to keep to one style of dressing. There is a goodly amount of wisdom in this.

These women still cling to the pompadour, though not in its exaggerated proportions. Wise souls, they never adopt the fashion of a Broadway chorus. A pompadour arrangement waving softly away from the face can be brought up to date by a wide soft coronet band which will be found universally becoming yet in the main will not alter one's general appearance.

There is a perfect furore for hair ornaments brought about by this new dressing. Pins of various shapes in real shell and horn, circles of these materials with pins that flatten the braids or coils close to the head, crescents, plain and jewelled, hinged to these pronged pins and bandeaux and barrettes of all sizes and shapes. Hair dressers lost a big custom in Marcel waving, but they have gained two-fold in the sale of false hair and hair ornaments.

* * *

IF one uses her hands much in house work or in writing it is impossible to keep the finger-nails a clear white. No amount of ordinary scrubbing with a nail brush will be enough. A bleach must be used.

There are several good nail bleaches that are safe to use, but for an emergency rubbing the tips of the fingers in half a lemon will do the work almost as well.

A solution of peroxide of hydrogen serves well. Dilute peroxide with one-half water and apply under nails with cotton on an orange wood stick. Allow it to remain a few minutes, then wash well with soap and water.

If there are dark stains around the nails that the block pumice stone can not reach, a covered orange wood stick can be dipped into the powdered pumice and rubbed over the flesh, which should first have been well moistened.

The selection of a good soap is all-important. There is no economy in using a cheap soap, which is frequently highly-scented, as a means of attracting the undiscriminating buyer.

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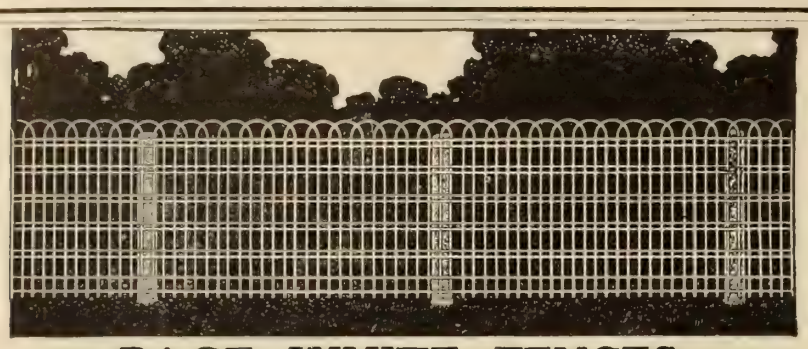

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My Lady's Garden

Garden Chat

By M. E. B.

MARCH is a disagreeable month, as a rule, but it is so full of the promise of spring that we forgive its bad qualities and general boisterousness because it gives us the first snowdrops.

The spring is the time to begin gardening. The most unpromising garden can, in a single season, be converted into a spot to be proud of, if you are a worker. Annuals, of course, will give the quickest results for the first season, but your true garden lovers are not satisfied to wait until the end of June each year before they have flowers, so they put in hardy plants also, so that another year they will only have to grow such annuals as will be needed to keep up a succession of bloom when the wealth of blossom of the hardy plants is waning.

* * *

Laying Out a Garden

IF you are just laying out a new garden do try to avoid having everything at exactly right angles. There is absolutely no originality in it, and a little originality is very refreshing, as there is a decided dearth of it.

Put a border all round your lot if you like, but there is no law in this country to compel you to have it exactly the same width all the way round, as so many have. On the contrary, if you put a good wide border of eight or ten feet at the end of your garden (or, if you grow vegetables, to cut it off from the vegetable garden) and curve it into the side borders, which also should have one or two graceful curves in them, widening them out where you place a shrub, or group of shrubs, and narrowing them again where there is nothing to go round, you will be surprised how much better the effect will be, and these little bays will provide you with sheltered spots to grow things that need protection from wind and too intense sun.

The two side borders should not be exact copies of each other, or else they would be more monotonous than straight lines, neither should they be a succession of very regular curves, which would look as though they had been stamped out with a gigantic "pinking iron"; nor should the curves be meaningless, as they would be if they did not have something worth while to go round, such as a shrub, or at least a group of large striking plants. I remember seeing a border once that was pitiably funny; it had been laid out with very pretty curves and a planting plan given to the owner, which, had it been followed, would have been in excellent taste, but the owner thought he knew better than the friend who had helped him, and planted it according to his own ideas, which were very crude, for a large outward curve, which was intended to surround a group of shrubs, had been carefully filled with all the small plants he had, and the shrubs were placed in a straight row at the back! I can imagine the friend's feelings when he saw that border.

Another word of warning—do not spoil the effect of your garden by dotting a lot of beds over the lawn. The best results are obtained by keeping the centre clear.

* * *

Shrubs the Year Around

THE average small garden should depend on shrubs and vines for a background to the flowers, rather than planting trees. Trees soon grow so large that they usurp most of the air, sunshine and nourishment in their vicinity and for some distance away from it, and they are not healthful near a house, as they keep out the sunshine, which is the best of germ killers. They are magnificent in their place but that place is not in a small garden. Shrubs can be utilized in their stead, adding greatly to a garden's beauty, and there are such lovely shrubs to choose from.

Do you want something tall, yet of symmetrical and graceful shape? Then you can have a Persian lilac, with its huge, richly scented, plumes of purple; a Japan quince (Pyrus Japonica) with its glossy leaves and scarlet blossoms; a common barberry (B. vulgaris) with its racemes of yellow flowers followed by beautiful crimson fruit (though this shrub is not allowed to be planted in the country on account of its rust producing qualities); a "fly honeysuckle," of which the large flowered type is by far the best, (lonicera tartarica var. grand.) smothered in its multitude of rose-pink blossoms; a fragrant honeysuckle (L. fragrantissima) very sweet as its name implies; a black berried elder (sambucus nigra) with its flat-topped umbels of feathery white bloom; a flowering currant (ribes aureum) with its spicy yellow flowers, a golden spirea (S. aurea) with its fresh yellow-green leaves and attractive white flowers—any or all of these will grow into large and very graceful bushes, and with the exceptions of the quince and barberry they are all quick growers.

Amongst the less symmetrical tall shrubs there is an almost endless lot of beautiful things.

To begin with there are all the different new hybrids in lilacs (syringa vulgaris). These have flowers of every conceivable shade of blue, mauve, purple, pink, and deep crimson-purple, and combinations of these shades, and pure white and creamy white. These all come in both double and single flowers and with not only huge trusses of bloom but with the individual flowers in some varieties over an inch across. Last June I had sent to me, blooms of twenty named varieties, and I could never have believed, without seeing them, that any lilacs could possibly be so beautiful. They were all carefully labeled, so notes were made regarding the individual merits of each variety and comparisons made as to the color or colors, for in some kinds the combinations were exquisite. The syringa (Philadelphus coronarius) too has been improved by the hybridist, and the common "mock orange" has a half sister now, with blossoms half as large again as the old kind; there are also double varieties and ones with a tinge of rose at the heart.

The weigela (syn. diervilla) is another good shrub, the white one (W. candida), the common rose pink (W. rosea) and the deep crimson one (W. var. Eva Rathke) give a fair range of color, and as they flower after the lilacs, they help to keep up the succession of bloom.

One of the best tall shrubs is our native "high bush cranberry" (viburnum opulus). The old-fashioned "snowball" or "guelder rose," is a variety of this species of viburnum, and is more beautiful in bloom but it lacks the handsome leaves and beautiful fruit of the former. The viburnums as a family are of rather straggling growth and look best in the background; the Japanese one (V. plicatum) is an exception and is particularly fine both in foliage, which is deeply grooved, and in the flowers, which are like white pompoms lying on the branches instead of drooping

This Catalogue

Now Ready for Mailing

Though Easter comes very early this year, it was decided not to publish this Catalogue until we could illustrate the

Authentic Spring Styles.

We might have guessed at styles, made our Catalogue look just as attractive, and brought it out a month earlier; but we would not have been keeping faith with the thousands of customers who rely on us for authentic information. You will find the latest and best ideas in every garment pictured here, besides hundreds of novelties which our buyers, just returned from Europe, brought with them. A comparison of our prices with those found in any other catalogue will prove to you that it costs no more to be "in style," nor to supply yourself with this season's novelties, which are not obtainable at the shop near by. Your address on a post card will bring you this Catalogue free of charge.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

"In choosing Wall-paper, like choosing a Wife, it is well to Remember that we must Live With our Selection"

THREE-FOURTHS of what meets the eye in a room is *wall-decoration.* The walls therefore supply the key-note to a Home, making it seem cheerful or depressing—restful or irritating—inviting or repellant—elegant or vulgar—according to their coverings.

And, this Wall-created impression cannot be corrected, nor materially compensated for, by the utmost taste in carpets or furniture.

Many people who *realize* this "Wall-paper Influence" do not know *how* to control it nor *how* to make use of it.

A book recently published and aptly entitled "Wall-Paper Influence on the Home," treats this subject in a practical manner—without technical terms.

Any Home-maker who will spend an hour in reading it may master the secrets of—

—Color-effect upon mind and mood,

—Pattern-effect in raising or lowering the apparent height of a room or in making a room seem larger or smaller

—Effect of both in making a room "feel" coldly dignified, or invitingly cordial, cosy and comfy.

The Why and How of these Influences are, of course, known to, and practised by, the Master Decorators.

But, this little book of Brightling's carries the information to where it is most needed, viz.—to the Owners and Occupants of moderate-cost-Homes, to people of taste and intelligence who cannot afford the services of a Master Decorator, nor the high-priced materials he usually employs.

Neatly bound in Cloth, with a handsome portfolio of "Brightling Studies" in Color and Design.

The book is well worth a dollar but a limited number will be sold *by Mail only*, at the little price of 25 cents per copy.

Write today, if you want a copy, to the Publishers.

NOTE—Nearly every wall-paper dealer in Canada has now an assortment of "BRIGHTLING" patterns in stock. The word is on the margin of each roll. If you prefer we will send you name of nearest dealer and will see that you secure any pattern desired.

THE WATSON-FOSTER COMPANY LIMITED
Ontario Street East - - MONTREAL

THE NEWEST SPRING

THE GUARANTEE

Behind every transaction stands our absolute guarantee of satisfaction, which is your protection against high prices, inferior merchandise, and improper service. If for any reason whatsoever you are dissatisfied with your purchase, you have simply to return the goods and we will immediately refund your money in full, together with any transportation charges you have paid.

A STYLE BOOK THAT SH

For Convenience

FOR CONVENIENCE in purchasing—not only your necessaries of life but your luxuries as well—consult our Spring and Summer Catalogue, which will certainly impress you as being a digest of the season's latest offerings, at prices which should appeal to all. Our out-of-town customers share every advantage which we afford the purchasing public.

Your Mail Orders will always be filled with the utmost care, in hopes that we may profit by your continued patronage. We realize that in order to retain your custom we must give you better service than you can obtain elsewhere. We appreciate first orders but at the same time we know, that no enduring success can be maintained by means of first orders alone, the result being that in every instance we will refund your money if we fail to please you.

Write

A simple request on copy of our Spring and might truthfully descril ues. Although you m wonderful offerings, it every home since it cl the styles and qualities the prices you ought to ed about all that is ne since it virtually bring of New York and Pari places their designs— reach of all.

THE T. EAT
TORONTO

STYLES AT EATON'S

ULD BE IN EVERY HOME

o-Day

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er Catalogue, which we
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It will keep you inform-
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to your own door and
TON prices — within

ON CO LIMITED
CANADA

For Economy

FOR ECONOMY of time, trouble and money, our Catalogue is unexcelled as a buying medium. You can virtually do all your purchasing during your leisure moments in the evenings, when you may consult the members of your family and obtain their opinions before sending us your order. Every Catalogue contains an order form which simplifies matters and greatly reduces the possibility of mistakes.

We never exaggerate the merits of our merchandise as you can readily understand how such a course would be the height of folly and poor business on our part, since our guarantee would be resorted to continually, much to our financial disadvantage. Our Catalogue is mailed to thousands of regular customers from coast to coast, which is conclusive proof that we are able to save our patrons money, irrespective of the locality in which they live.

THE STYLES

The fashions, as here displayed, are typical of the styles and exceptional values shown in our Spring and Summer Catalogue, which is a style encyclopedia and should be in the hands of every reader. It will reveal to you the season's every important change of fashion, in fact it is a book of genuine interest to every woman.

FASHIONABLE SPRING FOOTWEAR

¶ The above illustrations are a few of the exclusive styles designed by the RELINDO SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto, for Spring 1910. They are all made with the Patented Cushion Heel and Flexible Welt. That infinite detail that characterizes a shoe of class is recognized by the critical observer in this display of Spring styles. Made in all widths and fashionable leathers.

¶ THE RELINDO SHOE COMPANY have just published a splendid story, written by Virna Sheard, that every reader of THE HOME JOURNAL should have. It is well illustrated and free from advertising. Ask your shoe dealer for a copy of this book, it is intensely interesting. If he has none send to us at once as the supply is limited.

Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE.A.PUTNAM,
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

An Interesting Kitchen

ALL our readers will be interested in the illustration shown on this page. This kitchen shows pumps and weights against wall over sink which indicate quantity of water in tanks. There are also two shut-off valves on soft water pipes to prevent pump drawing air as each cistern, in turn, is emptied. The hard water pump rests on floor, with shut-off valve on pipe leading to tank utilized to obtain full force of water when hose is in use. The kitchen is to be found in the delightful country home, built and equipped by Mr. Ivan Leonard Wright, described in the article, "A Remodelled Home" in this issue.

* * *

Modern Sugar-Making

By MARCUS LEE

A GOOD sugar bush is the most profitable part of a farm, if properly managed and equipped with the latest improvements.

Maple syrup is a crop that I never yet saw a failure and I have been in the business over twenty years, keeping an account of my operations every year.

The first appliance about a sugar bush is the spouts. They should be the best that can be obtained. The first metal spout that I remember was made of cast iron with a hook with four flanges that fit in the bore of the tree. They were very good in their day but we did away with them over twenty years ago. We have tried many different kinds since. The kind we use now is made of sheet steel coated with white metal. It is made by the Grimm Company of Montreal. We find them ahead of any other spout we ever used.

They run more sap, are easy to tap with, will not run rainwater in the bucket and do not injure the tree like some other makes.

In tapping, after having the pails and covers distributed to each tree, we bore the hole for the spout, first with a 7-16 inch bit, then after a dry spell of no sugar weather, we ream the bore with a ½-inch reamer, which removes all impurities, and the sap will run almost as well as when the tree was first tapped, making use of the same spout by driving it in a little farther. The spout is made tapering, so that the larger the bore is the farther in we drive the spout.

We use twelve-quart tin buckets, which cost nineteen dollars a hundred, painted on the outside. They hang on the tree by the spout and are all covered.

The covers are reversible, painted blue on one side and red on the other. In gathering, if red is up when starting we turn it over with blue side up; then we know which trees are gathered.

The covers are the greatest improvement in a sugar bush. They keep out the sun, dirt, rain, snow and insects. The sap is gathered every day. The sooner it is gathered and made into syrup the better. Saturdays we gather a little later so as not to have much go to waste over Sunday if there should be a large run.

We have about a thousand trees. Four men with a team will gather the largest run in five hours. They have gathered fifty-five barrels in that time.

The gathering pails are made small at top, and large at bottom, so as to prevent slopping, holding four gallons. The buckets on the trees are emptied by turning them on the spout.

We have a four-barrel gathering tank on a sleigh with a draw-off pipe on it, so that it will empty itself into the store tank by driving up an elevated driveway at the sugar house. The sap is strained through a cotton strainer over the store tank as it runs from the gathering tank. The store tanks are higher than the evaporator, so that the sap can run through a regulator, which regulates the flow, into the evaporator, travelling a distance of fifty-eight feet over the fire while passing through the evaporator. The syrup runs from it through a felt strainer into the syrup pail ready for market.

The storage tanks should never be kept inside the sugar house. They should be kept outside, under cover, where it is cool. It is a good plan to have a piece of ice in the store tanks when the weather is warm.

A sugar maker having a bush of two hundred trees cannot afford to be without an evaporator. It is as far ahead of the old flat pans as the binder is ahead of the cradle.

The evaporator will not only do the work easier and better, but it makes a better article than the old flat pans or kettles.

Good syrup made with an evaporator should be an amber color and transparent, so that by holding a glass self-sealer of it to the light, print on a newspaper can be seen through it. That made with pans or kettles has a red tinge and a strong taste with not much of the maple flavor.

In the flat pans and kettles it is necessary to boil the sap and syrup over and over before it is the right density for syrup, sometimes as long as eighteen hours, while with the evaporator, in about an hour from the time the sap enters, it is drawn off as syrup, retaining all the maple flavor.

The evaporator we use is called the Champion, made in Montreal. It is four feet wide, fourteen feet long. It will handle the sap from a thousand trees in daylight. The fuel I use in it is mostly soft coal, with a little wood. To draw off the syrup at the right thickness I use both thermometer and sacchrometer. The thermometer should register 7 degrees above boiling point of water, which would be about 219 degrees. The sacchrometer registers 32 degrees, that will make the syrup weight 13 lbs. 3 ozs. to a gallon when cold. In cold syrup at a temperature of 70 degrees the sacchrometer should register 36 or 37 degrees.

Straining the syrup with felt strainer takes out the lime better than settling.

We put the syrup up in one-gallon cans and have orders for it before it leaves the sugar house, selling at $1.35 wholesale and $1.50 retail. Ten cents extra is charged for cans if not returned.

I think it would be to the interest of both producer and consumer if the sugar makers of Canada would form an association to help the enforcement of the Food Adulteration Act.

A HOME-MADE KITCHEN
See article on page 16

* * *

Economy in Small Things

THE Bloomfield members are an active and industrious body of representatives who deserve the best of good fortune, if one may judge from the address given by Mrs. W. W. Farley at the recent Convention in Guelph. The important subject of "Economy in Small Things" was the topic of a paper by Mrs. Homer White at one of their local meetings and we have been fortunate enough to secure this article for publication. We are all more interested in the small things than in the "great," and consequently Mrs. White's remarks, which are given below, will appeal to many of our readers:

THERE is no one thing more necessary to a housekeeper, in performing her varied duties, than a habit of system and order. A wise economy is to make the right apportionment of time to different pursuits. It is impossible, therefore, to draw out any general plan, which all can adopt. There are emergencies, when it is right to risk health and life, to save ourselves and others from greater evils; but these are exceptions, which do not militate against the general rule. Many persons imagine that, if they violate the laws of health in performing religious or domestic duties, they are guiltless. But such are greatly mistaken. We as directly violate the law, "Thou shalt not kill," when we do what tends to risk or shorten our own life. The idea, therefore, that we are excusable, if we harm no one but ourselves, is false and pernicious.

Without attempting any such systematic employment of time, and carrying it out, so far as they can control circumstances, most women are rather driven along, by the daily occurrences of life; so that, instead of being the intelligent regulators of their own time, they are the mere sport of circumstances. There is nothing which so distinctly marks the difference between weak and strong minds as the fact whether they control circumstances or circumstances control them.

Another mode of systemati.ing relates to providing proper supplies of conveniences and proper places in which to keep them. For want of this, much vexation and loss of time are occasioned. Another important item in systematic economy is the apportioning of regular employment to the various members of a family. If a housekeeper can secure the co-operation of all her family, she will find that "many hands make light work." There is no greater mistake than to bring up children to feel that they must be taken care of and waited on by others, even though the parents can afford to hire servants. Some parents pay their children for small services, but that is hazardous as tending to make them feel that they are not bound to be helpful without pay, and producing a hoarding, money-making spirit.

It is not unfrequently the case that ladies, who find themselves cumbered with oppressive cares, on reading remarks on the benefits of system, im-

Your money back if Purity Flour does not prove entirely satisfactory in the baking.

DON'T simply buy flour from the dollar and cent side of it. Buy high-quality flour. That means PURITY FLOUR. The first little extra cost is more than made up by the extra number of loaves of bread it makes—by the superiority of the bread and pastry in sweetness of flavor and nourishing qualities. Buying Purity Flour is a safe investment. You get large returns, not only on account of Purity's ability to produce more, but because Purity contains the greater nutriment and the vim of a strong hard wheat flour. Food made from Purity Flour gives the consumer health, snap and force, which cannot be gained from the use of the weaker soft wheat flour.

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Only one coat required
Easy to apply

Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel, Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.

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Muresco is made in a large line of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times, and entirely removed by washing, thus rendering it a simple matter to keep walls in perfect condition.

Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will even ually peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

Muresco costs no more than othe finishes an goes farther, Call for sample card and see handsome combination effects.

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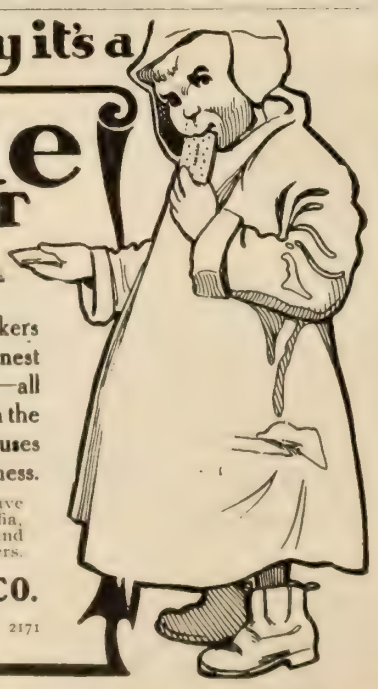

Even the boys know that Christie Biscuits are the best baked. Pure ingredients in the hands of scientific bakers for over fifty years in the brightest, cleanest and best biscuit factory in all Canada—all their energy and ability concentrated in the biscuit industry—these are the main causes of Christie quality and lasting goodness.

N. B.—Try Christie Wafers—you can have them any flavor—Orange, Vanilla, Ratifia, Strawberry, Cocoa, Maple Ice, Water Ice, and Imperial. Sold in small tins at all grocers.

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mediately commence the task of arranging their pursuits with great vigor and hope. They divide the day into regular periods, and give each hour its duty. But, in a short time, they find themselves baffled and discouraged and finally relapse into their former ways. The difficulty is that they attempt too much at a time. Let them select three or four things and conquer those points first. So much depends upon habit, as a systematic mode of performing duty.

ECONOMY OF TIME

THE value of time, and our obligation to spend every hour for some useful end, are what few minds properly realize. Time, which is spent in rest or amusement, is often as usefully employed as if it were devoted to labor. In employing our time, we are to make suitable allowance for sleep, for preparing and taking food, for securing the means of a livelihood, for intellectual improvement, for exercise and amusement, for social enjoyments, and for benevolent and religious duties. And it is the right apportionment of time to these various duties which constitutes its true economy. Instead of attempting to give any specific rules on the subject, some modes of economizing time will be suggested. The most powerful of all agencies in this matter is that habit of system and order in all our pursuits which has been already pointed out. It is probable that a regular and systematic employment of time will enable a person to accomplish thrice the amount of labor that could otherwise be performed.

Another mode of economizing time is by uniting several objects in one employment. But besides economizing our own time, we are to use our influence and example to promote the discharge of the same duty by others. A most popular woman poet often showed her friends, at their calls, that the thread of the knitting never need interfere with the thread of agreeable discourse. A woman is under obligations so to arrange the hours and pursuits of her family, as to promote systematic and habitual industry; and if, by late breakfasts, irregular hours for meals, and other hindrances of this kind, she interferes with, or refrains from promoting regular industry in others, she is accountable for all the waste of time consequent on her negligence.

(To be continued)

* * *

A Petition for Programmes

MISS LAURA ROSE, whose work in connection with Women's Institutes is so well known, has asked us to announce to our Ontario Institutes that she would be very glad to receive yearly programmes of their meetings, for the purpose of forwarding these to the newly-formed Institutes in British Columbia.

In connection with programmes sent to the HOME JOURNAL, we might mention that of the Slate River Branch of the Thunder Bay Women's Institute. The meetings are held on Saturday of each month at two o'clock in the afternoon and the programme for 1909-10 affords a pleasing variety of subjects. Mesdames Trewin, C. P. Bliss, D. J. Piper, Stevenson, and James McGregor are in charge of the various monthly gatherings. The last-named is secretary of the Branch, of which Mrs. D. J. Piper is president. Some of the subjects for discussion are "Wholesome Reading for Boys and Girls," "Place of Music in the Home," "Poultry on the Farm," and "Gardening," showing the practical attitude of the members towards the subjects to be discussed. The motto of this Branch is promising and patriotic—"That which we have done is earnest of the things that we shall do."

Miss Rose has promised to contribute to this department an article on the new Institutes in the West.

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does all your washing without cost and without any work on your part.

Just attach it to the tap—turn on the water — and it washes the clothes.

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PNEUVAC VACUUM CLEANER
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We want progressive agents in every town and county in Ontario to handle the most indispensable household article ever placed on the market. To show it is to sell it. If $2.00 to $4.00 per day would be an inducement, let us hear from you at once. We will only accept ONE application from each district, so write quick, giving the names of at least two business men as references and we will advise you of the most liberal proposition ever made to agents. No money required.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY SUPPLY
STATION C. TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Remodelled Home

Continued from page 17

venient distances, so that one need not appeal to the city artisans. And, too, labor and materials cost only a fraction of what is asked in the larger building centres. In erecting my place I depended altogether on local industry, and, aside from the error of trying to make over the old house, secured results that could not have been duplicated in the city for twice the expenditure.

Again, many who give ear to the call of the out-of-doors are deterred from following their inclinations by what they think are the inconveniences of life in the country. As a belief sustained by fact that also has gone by the board. In building, one may incorporate all the conveniences offered by existence in the city. Light and heat, bath and running water are no longer problems for the dweller beyond the city's gates. The department stores, bakers and laundries send their waggons every day for miles into the outlying districts. Taxes in the country are not on speaking terms with taxes in town: the former are too far below the latter. Food—that is, the staples such as meat, butter, milk and eggs, potatoes, poultry and vegetables—are obtainable at the minimum price. We buy these things minus the city merchant's profits.

Aside from these advantages and the vital consideration of life-giving pure air, there are many benefits that become obvious when one has tried the life for a short time.

And so, to those who contemplate building beyond the confines of the turmoil and the noise and to whom the knowledge that there are one hundred cents in every one of their dollars is a matter worthy of note, the country offers opportunities to fit their utmost need.

Carpenter work (per contract), including concrete foundation, overhauling of old building, erection of veranda, and putting up new section	$1,037.50
Plumbing	155.00
Labor on grounds	170.00
Painting outside of house (three coats)	100.00
Painting inside woodwork of old house, removing wall paper, and applying calcimine	39.50
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One cistern (cement)	25.00
Gravel, including drawing	20.00
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Plants and flower seeds	10.75
Grass seed	6.00
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Allowed for incidentals	25.00
Total	$1,727.75

Only $25.00

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DIRT and DUST

¶ The AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER removes thoroughly all DIRT and DUST from Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Walls, Floors, Upholstered Furniture, Mattresses, etc. The AUTOMATIC HAND MACHINE, of which the cut is an illustration, will last a lifetime, being made of iron and steel, not tin and wood like others. This machine is light in weight and has the most powerful suction of any machine on the market. Is easy to operate by one or two persons.

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This ironing board folds automatically by standing on end, unfolds same way. Top and extension padded and covered with good cotton. Extension for narrow end swing sleeve-board, asbestos iron holder, strips to keep goods off the floor, stands very solid when ironing, top 15 x 54, sleeve board 5 x 28.

Here is your chance of getting the best ironing-board in the world to-day. Never let this offer pass you if you are in need of a board. Sent to any address, $2.50. If not satisfactory I will refund your money and ship board back at my expense.

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To the Afflicted

Deeply sympathizing with suffering humanity, and fully convinced by the fruits of a long and successful experience (now over half a century) that a multitude of cases of almost all forms of disease, after all hope of relief has fled from the patient and his friends, can be cured, Dr. Sparrow feels it his duty to make it public that he continues to prescribe for patients at his office, 46 Spencer Ave. Toronto, and to visit in the city or the country, where they are easily accessible, those cases of difficulty which require personal examination, though many have been successfully treated by corresponding.

February 11-10

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TRADE MARK

231 YONGE STREET

This gives us the necessary space to carry a more complete line of our well known goods and to display them to better advantage.

We invite all our friends and customers to call and see our new stock in our new premises.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

RETAIL DEPOTS:

231 Yonge St. - - - TORONTO
316 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL
364 Portage Ave. - - WINNIPEG

We accept only such advertisements as we believe to truthfully describe the goods for sale

Maypole Soap Dyes Perfectly

No streaks — even, lustrous colours that won't wash out or fade.

No stains—hands and utensils as clean as after washing.

In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

All dealers'—colours, 10c.—black, 15c. Send 10c. (for black, 15c.) for dainty booklet, all about dyeing—and full-size cake to try—mention colour.

F. L. BENEDICT & CO., - MONTREAL.

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My Lady's Garden

Continued from page 21

twenty feet each way and branches will droop from them in a regular fringe. This vine, so trained, requires very little care to keep it in order, which is more than can be said of most climbing vines.

A shrub with a vine-like habit which can be utilized very prettily on a low fence, is the "golden bell" (forsythia suspensa). Of course it has to be tacked to the fence, as it has no appendages for climbing, but so have all the others or they would never go where they were wanted.

For a sunny situation any of the honeysuckles are very delightful, all but the showiest of them (lonicera sempervireus) the "scarlet trumpet" honeysuckle, being deliciously fragrant. Unfortunately they are rather prone to insect pests and need spraying with strong tobacco tea before the leaves open, and again at the first sign of aphides, but they are well worth the trouble.

Any of the vines mentioned can be bought for from ten to twenty-five cents, and they are all quite hardy here (Toronto).

Of the more expensive vines the various large flowered clematis, and polygonum baldchuanicum(with flowers of buckwheat-like appearance growing to a height of twenty feet or more) are all lovely; also wistarias where they are sufficiently hardy, but the less expensive vines are decorative enough for the purpose and, on the whole, more satisfactory.

Of annual vines, the dainty flowered morning glory is always lovable, and so are the dear old climbing nasturtiums, without which no garden is complete, but the former get to be a bad weed very easily, and the latter grow so luxuriantly that they choke out everything near them, so they are not to be desired in a border, but do give the nasturtiums a little spot to themselves somewhere, where they can run riot to their heart's content, for there is no other flower so refreshing for the table, and their petals hold the sunlight so that they brighten up the most dismal room and make everyone in it feel cheerful and happy.

A biennial vine known as "mountain fringe" or "fairy vine" (adlumia cirrhosa) I regard as positively indispensable. Sow the seed, and from it you will have plants which remain the first year a tuft of beautiful maiden-hair fern-like leaves, which are admirable for use with cut flowers. The next year these plants will grow into vines of dainty fringe-like appearance, which festoon themselves round anything they come in contact with. The flowers, of a rather dull pink, are not very noticeable. Though only a biennial this vine sows itself so readily that once put in, it is always there and always both useful and beautiful. It is not a thick enough other vines, giving a sort of lace-like vine to make a good cover or screen, but it combines most charmingly with effect to them.

* * *

Fertilizers

FOR a clay soil manure from a horse stable is the best, as the decayed straw makes leaf mold which helps to lighten it. For a sandy soil cow manure has the advantage of helping to hold the moisture, and is more valuable on that account. Cow manure is safe to use when either fresh or old, as it does not burn. Horse manure should always be thoroughly decayed before digging it into the ground, as, if fresh, it would burn the roots of anything that came in contact with it; though in the fall, when the ground is frozen up, it makes an excellent mulch, and by spring most of the goodness from it has been carried into the earth, and what is not well decomposed by digging time, may be raked off and put on the compost heap to finish decaying.

LUBY'S

PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER

quickly restores hair to its natural color and beauty—makes dry, dull hair grow soft, lustrous and luxurious

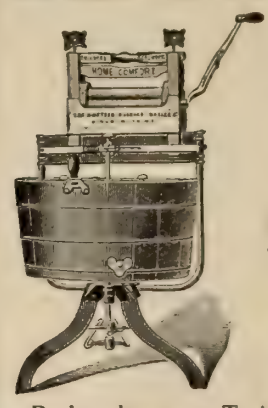
At all Druggist, 50 cents a bottle.

R. J. Devins Limited
Agents, Montreal

No. 37 A

You Can Do The Weekly Washing in Six Minutes

The 1900 GRAVITY WASHER cuts out labor and saves money. Does a big family washing—*and wringing too*—in short order. The Gravity washes a tubful spotlessly clean in six minutes. Prove it at our expense.



Any Woman Can Have a 1900 GRAVITY WASHER On 30 Days Free Trial

Don't send one cent. Try it first at our expense—if you are responsible. We'll pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands are in use and every user delighted. We are constantly receiving letters from hosts of satisfied customers. The 1900 Gravity is sold on small payments. Send for our fascinating FREE Book to-day. Write me personally—*H. J. C. BACH, Manager,* The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs—special arrangements are made for these districts. 2173

FORMS

Covered in Linen Canvas or Jersey Cloth For Costume Manufacturers Dressmakers and Home Use Catalogue upon request

DELFOSSE & CO.

Manufacturers of Store Display Fixtures Forms

7 Hermine St., MONTREAL

When You See How It Works

you will want a "CHAMPION" Washing Machine right off. The Momentum Balance Wheel, which almost runs itself—the up-and-down stroke of the Lever, which means greatest power with less effort—the absolute perfection of the "CHAMPION"—will make you want one for your home.

"Favorite" Churn gets all the butter out of the cream. Easy to churn, too. If your dealer does not handle these home necessities, write us.

78

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.

Embroideries for Summer Gowns

DAME FASHION has decreed that embroidered linen costumes and dresses are to be more fashionable for the summer of 1910 than ever before, and they are indispensable to one's comfort, being at once stylish and practical.

Linen coat suits can be worn on almost any occasion, and a well cut coat and skirt, handsomely embroidered or braided and worn over a dainty sheer waist will enable the wearer to appear well dressed at a small outlay of time and money.

The coats are semi-fitting and of medium length. The illustration No. 5284, is a handsome example of such a costume showing an effective design braided with the popular rat-tail braid, which washes perfectly and is very easily applied.

Linens suitable for every style of garment are now to be had, as every season brings out a greater variety of weaves to select from. The

No. 5284—Embroidered and Braided Costume
Stamped on White Linen, $5.75
Stamped on Colored Linen, $5.25

coarse Russian crash is very stylish for the tailored suits, which with handsomely embroidered collars, cuffs, lapels and buttons are most useful for general wear.

Beautiful embroidered linen costumes will be displayed at the fashionable spring openings. Those handsome in color and material will be correspondingly expensive and rather beyond the reach of the average person who requires such a variety of summer gowns, but the fact remains that the woman who is deft with her needle can gratify her taste at comparatively small cost, and the home dressmaker need not hesitate before attempting to embroider her summer costumes, as few, if any, of the embroidered gowns require fine, delicate work. On the contrary, rather coarse threads are used, the designs being large enough to stand bold treatment. Despite the popularity of braiding, the solid French embroidery holds its own and the new shades which are to be found in the colored linens can be embroidered in either white or self tones. The braids also come in all the leading shades. The linen Shantungs are especially adapted for summer costumes, they are so lustrous in finish that they are handsomer than the silks, which have been fashionable in the past.

White linens will retain their popularity for summer wear, as they launder so satisfactorily and can be kept so fresh and dainty, but the colored linen weaves are fascinating. Lovely shades of blues, pinks, mauve, etc., can be had, and these new materials have removed all the old objections to linens crushing so easily, as they are especially woven to prevent this.

All the modish one or two piece gowns are well adapted for embroidered and braided designs, and complete costumes with hats and parasols matching in design can be obtained.

No. 5095 is a pretty dress braided on pale pink shantung with a deeper shade of soutache braid. The band around the foot of the skirt can be omitted if preferred, and yoke and sleeves of fine embroidered lawn could be used in place of the linen.

No. 5283 is an embroidered design on pale grey linen and could be embroidered either in white or self tones. This style of gown is very fashionable, as many people prefer the fullness given by the pleatings to the lower portion of the skirt. Coats can be supplied to match either of these gowns.

No. 5095—Braided Dress
Stamped on White Linen, $5.25
Stamped on Colored Linen, $5.00

The Russian blouse coat effect will be very fashionable this season, although the regular high neck finish on these will be discarded as unsuitable for summer wear, and the rolling collars will be used with the Russian band trimmings and belted effects will be in great demand. Handsomely embroidered buttons add a smart touch to these costumes. The embroidered wash buttons consist of daintily embroidered linens mounted on the familiar button moulds. Braided buttons are also fashionable, in fact it would be hard to find any article of dress wear that does not carry a touch of embroidery.

We are illustrating only embroidered linen costumes in this number, but it is well to remember that gowns of silk, crepe, voiles or any of the beautiful dress fabrics shown are enriched by hand embroidery or braided designs. Of course, these materials are embroidered with the beautiful shades of Art Embroidery Silks which blend effectively with the dress material. Some of these embroidered gowns are beautiful beyond description.

French embroidery is the most effective for embroidered costumes and gowns, and on the linens the best results are obtained by using a smooth, Lustered Cotton Thread, which retains its gloss through repeated tubbings. This work should be smoothly padded in the reverse direction to which the surface stitch is taken.

The wise woman will select her materials and designs now and have her embroidered costume and gowns ready before the first warm days of summer are upon us. Who among us has not had the experience of having been overtaken by early warm summer days, and "not a thing ready to wear," so time which used to be spent at this season of the year on embroidering articles for home decoration ought to be now wisely applied to beautifying one's summer garments.

No. 5283—Stamped Linen
Same price as No. 5095

It is none too early to plan a pretty summer dress, especially if you want to put a little hand embroidery or braiding on it. This work can be done at odd times when fancy work will be a relief from the ordinary household duties. Then there is the added satisfaction of having your choice of goods, which is impossible if the selection of goods is delayed until others have picked the best.

If these costumes cannot be supplied by your dealer address Belding, Paul & Co'y., Limited, Linen Dept., Montreal, for further information.

BELDING'S
SPOOL SILKS

BELDING
Silk Sewed
Seam

Will Stand a Bull Dog Strain

Fill your sewing basket with Belding's Spool Sewing Silk for dressmaking and all home sewing. Use cotton for basting only. Belding's Silk Sewn Seams lie flat, never pucker, never rip or tear. Sew buttons, (even shoe buttons) darn socks, repair damages with Belding's Silk. You will have far less to do over, use less thread, less time and trouble. Belding's Silk is economy, cotton extravagance. This is why first-class dealers always keep

Belding's Spool Silks

Belding's Spring 1910
Catalogue of Stamped Linens

Contains original and exclusive designs for Costumes, dresses and children's wear.

Cushions, centre pieces, etc., and all the latest and best ideas for Art Needlework.

Handsomely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Ribbons and Their Uses. A valuable booklet giving methods and illustrations for making up many useful and dainty novelties from ribbons. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Suggestions for Shading Flowers and Their Foliage. A leaflet giving correct shades for embroidering all flowers. Mailed to any address on receipt of two cents.

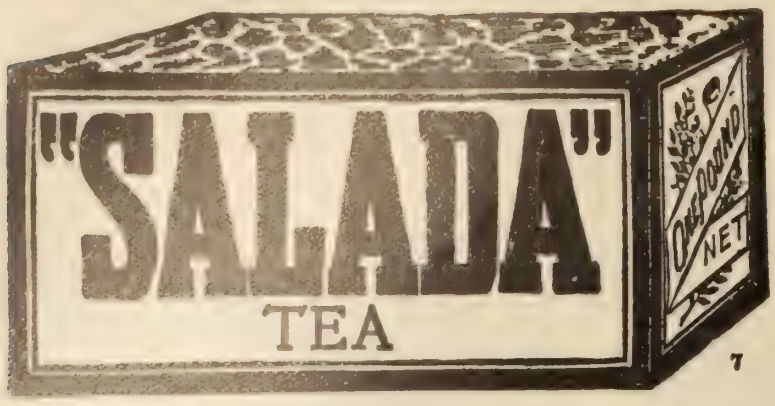
Leaflet on Embroidering Men's Waistcoats. Sent on receipt of two cents.

Leaflet on Knitting Ties and Motor Scarfs. Sent to any address on receipt of two cents.

Belding's Wash Art Silks
are unequalled for artistic embroidery.

Belding, Paul & Co. LIMITED
MONTREAL
Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

A Revelation in Tea Goodness



7

is a delicious and fragrant blend of the finest Ceylon Tea.
Get a package from your grocer and enjoy its excellent qualities.

Learn How the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet Saves Time, Labor, Health, and Pays for Itself

WRITE today for our free booklet. It tells how the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet forever does away with Kitchen drudgery, improves the appearance of the Kitchen and saves its own cost many, many times. The Hamilton combines all the latest and most scientific Kitchen Cabinet features.

We will ship you a Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet subject to your approval. If you are not pleased with it, return it to us at our expense.

Our booklet tells how you can pay for this wonderful device while it is paying for itself. Every housewife ought to have the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet. It saves half your food. Write today, before you forget.

HAMILTON KITCHEN CABINET

The HAMILTON INCUBATOR CO., Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

2

NOTICE—WE WANT DEALERS TO HANDLE OUR GOODS IN SOME LOCALITIES

SHREDDED WHEAT

Boys and girls thrive on it. Shredded Wheat fortifies them against winter ills—builds sturdy, robust youngsters.

Simply heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Best for every meal.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2097

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Kind that Pleases the People

Pure Wholesome and Economical

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS SAY YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HOME JOURNAL

Small Paned Windows

SOME people want to tear out all their small-paned windows and have large panes instead. But if small-paned windows are lived up to, with curtains, not of lace hanging clear to the floor as if they were big French-plate windows, but with a sill for a flower pot and with a fresh surface of paint on the sash, they are the prettiest thing in the world!

The little pane is enjoying its own again. Many and many a new home of the best class has 8 x 12s in the specifications, with heavy, old-fashioned sash instead of the big panes of glass that only a few years ago almost every architect and builder wanted.

In an old part of an old house in Pennsylvania the panes were small and the window sills deep, and they were prized for their quaintness; but the glass was full of very tiny air bubbles and waves and the owner meant some day, to put in clearer glass. But an artist of note chanced to visit the house, and his first enthusiasm was for those little panes of bubbly glass, which he pronounced to be of pre-Revolutionary age and of ancient kind of material—quite the most artistically old glass he had seen in many a day.

The house-owner now has pride in his ancient little panes and does not tell that he meant to break them all.

* * *

Lace Washing at Home

(Continued from February issue)

If the lace has a design in somewhat high relief the ironing process may be dispensed with, as destroying its chief beauty. Should the lace be in a length, it may be wound carefully round a bottle or straight jar, the edges being pulled out and threads straightened during the winding, and the ends finally secured by very small pins, and then left to dry. If in the form of a collar, it should be pulled into shape, and spread out on a towel afterwards, every point being carefully pinned down in its proper place; the towel may then be hung up by two corners, and the collar left to dry. This method should always be adopted for Irish crochet and similar laces, which also require no stiffening.

When cleaning old or valuable lace at home another method may be tried. If in a long piece, wind it carefully round a straight-sided jar, having a piece of linen sewn tightly round it, making sure that all points and edges are well pulled out into their proper position, and that no crumpling or folding occurs. The winding will be easier if the end of the lace is sewn to the linen on the jar, and the other end must also be finally tacked down to keep it in position. For short lengths or shaped pieces of lace use linen in place of the jar, tacking them carefully on to it so that the cotton holds every single point securely in its right place; then fold the linen smoothly. Next thoroughly saturate the lace with the best sweet oil, and leave it for a few hours until next morning, if it is convenient, when it must be boiled in a lather made of white castile or other good soap and boiling water, until the lace is quite clean, which will take about twenty minutes for fine kinds, longer for those made of coarser thread. If the jar is used, it must be filled with hot water, to keep it in position and prevent breakages. Rinse thoroughly in several tepid waters, and then set in the sun, if possible, until quite dry, standing the jar up or stretching the linen out well on the kitchen table, or on a board, and securing it with drawing pins. Remove the lace when it is dry, and if there are no raised parts in the design it may be put between folds of white paper, and pressed for a few days.

Lace brise-bise blinds and the short Madras and other muslin curtains used so much now for draping the lower parts of windows whose upper leadlights are otherwise furnished, may very easily and economically be "got up" at home by following the foregoing general instructions on lace washing, and their period of active service will be much longer than it is when they are always sent to a laundry. For curtains which have become impregnated with the soot and fog of town, however, a preliminary operation is advisable, or they will need more definite rubbing than is good for them. Such should be put into cold water the morning before the washing day, and left to soak, then rinsed in several fresh cold waters before being put into the lather, by which means a good deal of the soot and dust will be removed. Some lace blinds if pulled carefully into shape, and spread out in the sun to dry do not need ironing; but most of them are improved by being rubbed over lightly, on the wrong side, with a warm iron.

* * *

Cleaning Furniture

AN interested reader sends in the following clipping about the cleaning of furniture, which she has found useful and recommends to Institute members:

It is not always possible to take upholstered furniture into the open for a thorough cleaning and beating. In cities there is neither yard nor porch for such work.

Many housekeepers make this lack an excuse for letting furniture get into a condition that would horrify them could they realize the germs and dirt concealed.

This is the less excusable, as even heavy tufted furniture can be kept clean indoors without raising a tornado of dust. Here is a simple plan:

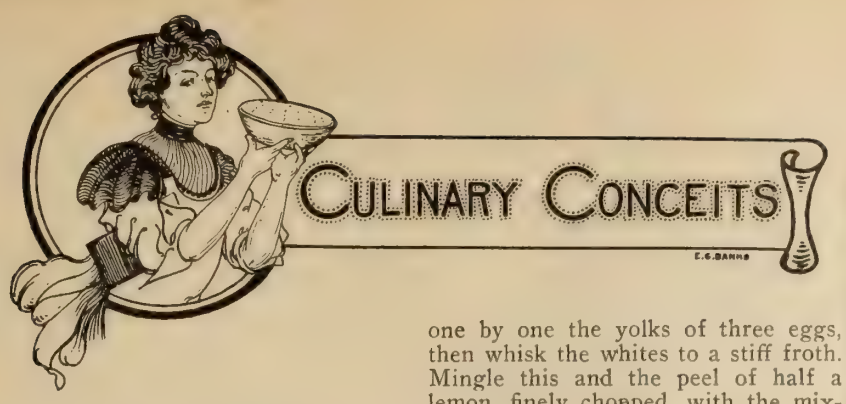
Wring out of warm water a cloth that is large enough to cover a large portion of the furniture. The cloth should not be linty and should be just damp and not wet.

Beat the cloth well with a rattan beater. When one side has become dusty the cloth can be turned. Sometimes it will be necessary to use several cloths on a single piece. Continue until the cloth is not soiled.

If the color of the furniture is not too delicate the cloths can be wrung from hot ammonia water to still further brighten the coverings.

If the beating has not removed dust from the corners of tufted furniture it should be attacked with a small, stiff toothbrush. Better yet, two can be used, first a dry one to get out the worst of dirt, and then one just moistened with hot water to act like the damp cloth.

Remember moistening does not mean wet. Make a mistake and your furniture is streaked, possibly ruined. When the upholstery is clean, rub up the woodwork with a polish.



Tested Recipes

MILK PUDDINGS.—Milk puddings should be cooked very slowly, so that the grains have time to swell and so make a rich creamy pudding; in fact, milk puddings containing eggs will cook better if the pie-dish is placed in a tin containing water in the oven, as this lessens the chance of their boiling too much. Two ounces of rice, etc., to a pint of milk is sufficient, otherwise it does not leave enough room for the grains to swell.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—A good mayonnaise depends wholly upon the materials and making, with a knowledge of the process. One should really have a beater for the purpose, also an oil-dropping bottle, but these may be dispensed with, and if care is taken the dressing will be as good as if all modern contrivances were at hand to work with. First, take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and blend them with melted butter. Work this very fine and gradually add, drop by drop, a half cup of olive oil, with the strained juice of six lemons. Beat thoroughly and smoothly. When perfectly free from lumps, add salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne to taste. If the mixture is creamy, slowly add one beaten egg. Mix all thoroughly and bottle. This will keep in a cool place. If not of the proper consistency, then add more lemon juice or white vinegar.

HONEY COCOANUT CONES.—Grate a fresh cocoanut and mix one pound with a cupful of honey. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture is stiff and adheres to the spoon. Add the whites of two eggs whipped dry mixing the ingredients together lightly, then pour into a pan that has been rinsed in cold water. Cover with a damp cloth and chill. When cold, dip the hands in cold water and shape into tiny cones. Bake on the bottom of an inverted pan or a cooky sheet of tin with waxed paper between for twenty minutes in a cool oven, when the surface of the cones should be a delicate brown.

APPLES AND HONEY.—Gingered apples preserved with honey form a very rich sweet that may be acceptably served with spiced cake or wafers at five o'clock affairs, for dessert or with an ice. Choose firm apples, peel, core and quarter them. Allow to every pound of apples a pound of honey and three ounces of whole ginger. Place the ingredients in layers in a jar, cover, and let stand three days—the twenty-four hours to the day—then simmer the whole slowly in a preserving kettle until the apples are transparent and the syrup a rich golden color.

PRUNE JELLY — One pound of prunes soaked over night, boil until tender in the same water, adding one cup of sugar, remove the stones, add the juice of one lemon, half cup of chopped almonds. Soak half box of gelatine in enough cold water to cover for half an hour. Then add one large cup of boiling water, mould and serve with cream.

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLE—Wash and dry six large mealy sweet potatoes, bake them in a hot oven until quite cooked, burst the skins, take out the floury portions, and rub through a sieve; put the potato puree in a basin, and add four ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of butter, and one gill of cream. Mix thoroughly, and stir in one by one the yolks of three eggs, then whisk the whites to a stiff froth. Mingle this and the peel of half a lemon, finely chopped, with the mixture, pour it into a well-buttered souffle tin and bake in a fairly hot oven from thirty to forty minutes. Turn out on to a hot dish, and serve with a hot fruit syrup.

JAMS JAMS—One cup of butter, half cup of sugar, half cup molasses, one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla, two teaspoons soda dissolved in three tablespoons of boiling water, flour to make a soft dough. Roll, then bake like cookies. When done, put two together with jam or jelly between.

GRAHAM MUFFINS—Half cup of brown sugar, two eggs, half cup of butter or lard, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk, two small cups of Graham flour and half cup of white flour. Bake in a quick oven.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING—Put three cups of milk in a saucepan on the stove, add one cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of grated chocolate. Stir until it boils. When cool add the yolks of two eggs, salt and vanilla. Pour into a buttered pudding dish, bake half an hour. Beat the whites of the two eggs and put on top.

CHEESE AND POTATOES—One pint of milk, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, four tablespoons of grated cheese, yolks of two eggs. Boil until it thickens, put in a baking dish, with a cup and half of cold boiled potatoes on top, season to taste. Bake twenty minutes.

SAVORY STEAK—Take two pounds of round steak, make a dressing with two tablespoons chopped suet a little parsley, salt, pepper and celery salt added to one cup of bread crumbs. Moisten all with an egg. A little finely chopped onion, just enough to flavor, is very nice, spread on the steak, roll and tie up, place in a pan, sprinkle with flour and place a little dripping or butter on top, baste well. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes.

LEMON MARMALADE—Three lemons into the beaten yolks of four eggs and sliced very thin, six cups of water, let stand twenty-four hours. Boil twenty minutes, again let it stand twenty-four hours. Add six cups of sugar, boil thirty minutes.

MAPLE BISQUE.—One cup of maple syrup, boil two or three minutes, one tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in little boiling water. When cool, stir the syrup. Let the mixture cool, then stir in one pint of whipped cream. Mould and cool on ice.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING.—Two cups of flour; four teaspoons baking powder; one-half teaspoon of salt; two tablespoons butter; three-quarters of a cup of milk; four apples cut in eights. Mix and sift dry ingredients; work in butter with tips of fingers, add milk gradually, mixing with knife; toss on floured board, roll out, place apples on middle of dough and sprinkle with sugar, bring dough around apples and carefully lift into buttered mould, cover closely and steam one hour and twenty minutes.

CREAM OF CARROT.—Scrape and cut in very small pieces six carrots, one onion, two or three sticks of celery, few sprigs of parsley. Cook until tender, rub through a sieve. Add one pint of hot milk, one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of flour, mixed with a little cold milk, with salt and cavenne to taste.

"We're Glad it's That."

For an hour Bobbie and Nan have been prowling around the kitchen, trying to discover what the dessert would be. To all their eager questioning mamma has only said, "Wait and see." Now they see and are happy. It will be

JELL-O

The children love Jell-O for the same reason their elders do. ***It is good to eat.*** It is an especially beautiful dessert and is always delicious.

There is another reason why women like it. A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute.

Compared with the making of any other dessert, it is like play to make one of Jell-O.

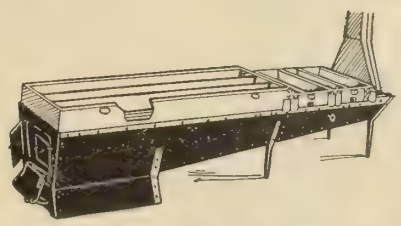
Seven fruit flavors and seven colors of Jell-O.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

Do not fail to write for the splendidly illustrated NEW JELL-O RECIPE BOOK, "Desserts of the World."

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

DO NOT DELAY BUY EVAPORATOR NOW



Many makers of Maple Syrup delay buying their equipment until the sap runs, expecting their orders to reach them at once. Place your order now and avoid delay.

We make the **"Champion Evaporator"** in 22 different sizes, for large and small Maple Groves.

Send to-day for Illustrated Booklet

THE GRIMM MANUFACTURING CO.
58 Wellington St., MONTREAL

EVERY HOUSEWIFE LIKES

To serve good Coffee both to her family and her guests

WHITE SWAN COFFEE

Is a perfect blending of choicest

Mocha and Java

and is strictly for cultured tastes

A pound tin will fully convince you

TRY IT

White Swan Spices and Cereals Limited
TORONTO

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

FASHIONABLE SPRING COSTUMES

THE early spring is showing a great many new and attractive models for street wear. Coats that extend slightly below the hip line and those that are made in Russian style are favorites. Illustrated are two, the one to the right being designed for young girls. The suit to the left is made from one of the new striped suitings with trimming of satin. The skirt is seven gored and laid in a tuck at each seam.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 5⅜ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 9½ yards 27, 5¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide if there is figure or nap; if not, 7½ yards 27, 4 yards 44 or 3½ yards 52 inches wide will be sufficient; for the collar will be needed ¾ yard of silk. The coat pattern 6584 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6596 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The young girl's suit is made from Panama cloth with trimming of soutache applique. The Russian blouse is one of the simplest and best liked coats of the season and the skirt is straight and plaited below the smooth-ly fitting yoke. The coat can be made with long sleeves and high at the neck if preferred or it can be made with a yoke of contrasting material. The sleeves can be made as illustrated or extended to the wrists or with under sleeves, making them full length. Blouse and peplum are made separately and joined beneath the belt.

For the sixteen-year size will be required, for the coat 5¾ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 5¾ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide. Both the coat pattern 6581 and the skirt pattern 6472 are cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

NEW SLEEVES

THERE is a revolution in the style of sleeves. The long, tight, severely plain ones are steadily giving way to the elaborate models. The new sleeves show a variety of ornate shapes with gathers, puffs, pleatings, slashes, and smockings galore.

Some are full length, some end above, and others just turn the elbow. There are wide and narrow cuffs of net and lace, with full puffs above held by bands of velvet or satin ribbon, gold, silver or bronze tissue.

Sleeves need no longer be of the material of the gown; indeed, they are more often of fabrics far removed from that of the frock. Lace, net, gold and silver tissue and chiffon cloth are used in creating the majority of sleeves of smart gowns. On one frock one or two of these materials may be used; on another all of them may be combined to form a ravishing arm covering.

It is only on tailored blouses and severe little one-piece frocks that the long, tight sleeve boasting only a few narrow tucks is seen.

* * *

NEW COLORS FOR SPRING

THE new shades card for the spring and summer of 1910 has just been issued by the Parisian Flower and Feather Syndicate Chamber. "Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristics of the new shades is the comparative absence of greens," says the *Drapers' Record.*

"There is an appropriately named range of citronelle, a little group called acanthus, and a group of sea-greens dubbed Neptune, but of true greens there are none. Elephant-greys come third on the card under the title Dover. Pride of place is given to some cold blues called North Pole (inevitable appellation), and a good group termed golden fleece."

Greys and "greyed" shades are again wisely given prominence, and it is, indeed, a card of subdued tones once more. At the end of the card appear half a dozen very delicate shades of different hues, grouped as Fluorescente. Rosewood shades are again present, this under the very infelicitous name gaiac (holy wood), and the rose range, dimmed, are dubbed lutin (imp), not to be confused, on translation, with goblin.

* * *

FASHION NOTES

Handsome combs and other hair ornaments are shell, richly inlaid.

Coats distinctively separate and for dressy wear are long and rather full.

Quills studded with jet are among the smart trimmings for the tailored turbans.

Black waists are popular, and are shown in net, crepe, voile, messaline, taffeta, moire, and satin.

Some of the handsomest fur turbans are shaped almost exactly like a helmet.

Buttons continue large and elaborate for decorative effects, but they do not appear in numbers.

The broad bow of velvet is much worn with the turnover collars of embroidered batiste or linen.

Heels continue high, but they are thicker and more substantial than last year.

The old popular blues hold their own in suits, but fabrics are rough instead of hard and smooth.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF LINEN

LINEN is being shown in a number of new weaves this season and will be even more extensively worn than previously has been the case. Here is a gown made from one of the new poplin weaves with trimming of embroidered banding. The same model will be found available for the chambrays and ginghams, for percales and, indeed, all washable fabrics adapted to so simple a style, or the sailor blouse can be used for thinner material and the plain gored skirt for a heavier one. The blouse can be made as illustrated or with the shield cut high at the neck and finished with a standing collar and the sleeves can be made in full or three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4¼ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, 1½ yards of banding; for the skirt 7 yards 27, 6 yards 32, 4½ yards 44 for linen or other material without figure or nap, but if there is figure or nap 11 yards 27, 7½ yards 32 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide will be necessary.

The blouse pattern 6577 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6578 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6577
Skirt Pattern No. 6578

* * *

GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN

EVENING gowns are being made from all sorts of pretty, thin materials. This one combines a simple full waist with a skirt that is joined to a circular flounce, so giving the tunic effect, while in reality it is all in one. Chiffon cloth is the material and the trimming is one of the handsomest bugle bandings that are so much liked, but this model can be utilized for every material that is thin enough to be made full successfully. With the yoke and long sleeves as shown in the back view it becomes adapted to daytime wear. The skirt can be made short if better liked. The upper portion of the skirt is cut in three pieces and there is a tuck at the lower edge, beneath which the flounce is joined to it.

For the medium size will be re-

Coat Pattern No. 6584
Skirt Pattern No. 6596

Coat Pattern No. 6581
Skirt Pattern No. 6472

quired, for the waist 3 yards of material 21 or 24, 2½ yards 27, 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2¾ yards of banding; for the skirt 8¾ yards 21 or 24, 7¼ yards 27, 6 yards 44, 2½ yards of banding. If yoke and deep cuffs are wanted, 1 yard of material 18 inches wide will be needed.

The waist pattern 6567 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6567 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

THE DIRECTOIRE BAG

THE reticules, smart leather bags, immense purses, have made way for the Directoire bag. This is now used as it was in the days of its pristine glory for all social occasions after the noon hour.

They are most convenient—more so than the bag of leather, because they have not its stiffness, its unwieldy bulk. It is more ornamental than those of hide, and it harmonizes with the costume in an artistic way.

It has taken the place of the chain bag of silver and gold, though, of course, women who own these hundred-dollar luxuries will not give them up, though they will add the Directoire bag to their costume in the evening when a metal bag is out of place.

One fashionable form is made of beaded silk, with the metal clasps at top and deep fringe at the bottom. This has a silken cord to go over the arm. Simpler ones are made of old brocade, with silk fringe and a gathered top with silk cord.

Black velvet ones for afternoon are heavily embroidered in jet and edged with jet fringe; others are of allover jet lined with cloth-of-gold or silver.

There are alluring ones for debutantes made of gold galloon and cloth-of-gold profusely trimmed with satin roses in Watteau tins. This has a gathered heading and a double silken cord. Others are of cloth-of-silver with a huge brilliant rose with outspread leaves as its ornament.

Extra smart ones are made of etoffe ancienne, which has been revived from mediaeval times. This is a heavy brocade with gold and silver threads woven through it. It is heavily trimmed with rusty gold medallions or the bees of Napoleon, or the Empire wreath, with an initial in the middle.

These Directoire bags can be made at home. If one wishes them mounted to a rim of metal at the top, it is quite easy and not too expensive to have it done. This is more in keeping with the Directoire style, but the method of the Moyen Age still prevails; this has the gathered top confined with the silken cords, which end in tassels of silk or bullion.

Fringe is on all of them. It may be the heavy gold kind that one expects to find in Italian palaces, or the soft silken kind that is always with us. Colored crystals, pearls and rhinestones are strung on silk thread and used in profusion.

The usefulness of these bags comes in the fact that they may be carried when leather bags or metal ones would not be appropriate. One takes them to the play, to the restaurant dinner or supper, to the opera, and out to dinner and card parties.

The darker ones of ancient brocade, cloth-of-silver, jet, and velvet, are carried to the matinee, or to a luncheon. At none of these places is a leather handbag appropriate, and great numbers of women cannot afford the gold and silver ones, therefore these lesser-priced but most ornamental ones fill the need.

* * *

THE NEW FOULARDS

FOULARDS never were lovelier than they are at the present time and they will make favorite materials throughout the entire season. This one is made in semi-princesse style with a chemisette and cuffs of Valenciennes lace edging and the trimming of heavy lace banding. It is eminently graceful and attractive and altogether satisfactory. The straight gathered flounce can be made as illustrated or trimmed with rows of banding as liked and the model will be found an excellent one for all lingerie materials as well as for thin silks. The under or puffed sleeves can be made to match or in contrast as liked. Made from white lawn with the panel of all-over lace and the flounce of embroidery the gown would be exceedingly dainty and attractive and quite different from the one illustrated, but the model suits both materials equally well.

For the medium size will be required 10½ yards of material 24, 8¾ yards 27, 7½ yards 32 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of all-over material for chemisette and cuffs, 16 yards of banding.

The pattern 6582 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Pattern No. 6553

Waist Pattern No. 6567
Skirt Pattern No 6567

* * *

FASHIONABLE LINEN DRESSES

LINENS are very beautiful this season and include a great many striped and fancy designs as well as plain colors. Here are two dresses that show one plain rose color and the other striped linen.

The little girl's dress is made of striped material. It is one of the simple and well liked sort that is made with the blouse and skirt joined beneath the belt. It is closed at the left of the front in Russian style and after a distinctly novel manner. It will be found appropriate for all seasonable materials.

For the ten-year size will be required 6¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, 2½ yards of banding. The pattern 6553 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The older girl's dress is made of rose colored linen in canvas weave with trimming of white embroidery and is exceedingly dainty. The semi-princesse model is a favorite one and it can be treated in a number of ways. The centre-front of the blouse and the panel of the skirt can be made of a material different from that of the dress and matching one another to give quite a different result from the one illustrated, and the neck can be made high or half low, the sleeves in three-quarter or full length. Blouse and skirt are joined beneath the belt and the closing is made invisibly at the back. For the sixteen-year size will be required 10½ yards of material 24 or 27, 9¼ yards 32 or 6½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅞ yard of all-over embroidery. The pattern 6574 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

A SMART LINEN GOWN

MIDWINTER is always the time selected for the making up of summer materials. There is a general exodus to the south and even the stay-at-homes like to employ the leisure which follows the holidays. This gown is made from one of the new linens in a very beautiful mustard shade and the chemisette is of tucked white handkerchief lawn. It is simple and somewhat severe in style, being finished only with tailor stitching and a few handsome pearl buttons, but it is smart in the extreme. Nothing better could be found for the trip to the south, for the gown suits general morning wear and all simple occasions. It is made with separate waist and skirt, following the latest decree of fashion, and both waist and skirt show the shaped tabs that make such a feature of the season. The sleeves are novel, too, finished with pretty and becoming rolled-over cuffs. The mustard color is exceedingly smart and always handsome but there are a great many other fashionable tones and the dress also will be found available for almost every simple material. It would be pretty made from one of the new ginghams that are so

Pattern No. 6574

Pattern No. 6582

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¶ Don't buy mattresses haphazard—ask to look at the inside. We have a new arrangement whereby "Gold Medal" Mattresses can be opened at the end and let a person see precisely what they are getting. The superior quality of elastic felt used in their manufacture ensures all the comfort of the finest hair mattresses at one-fourth the cost. Everything about them is clean, wholesome and sanitary. Sold with a guarantee of positive satisfaction or money refunded.

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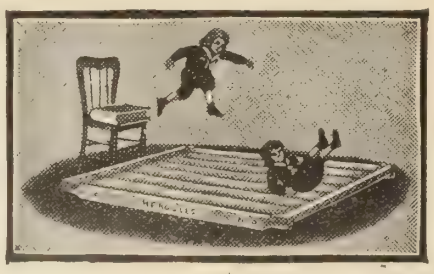


¶ Sold on a month's trial, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Springs are made by a patent process of interlacing wires that ensures wonderful strength and resiliency, and allows for the hardest kind of usage. The combination of "Hercules" Springs and "Gold Medal" Mattresses represents the complete embodiment of luxurious comfort, with nothing better to be had at any price. They retain their original unique elasticity for many years, and deserve all the kind things that have been said about them.

The Gold Medal Furniture Manufacturing Co. Limited

W. J. McMURTRY, President

Branch Factory at Montreal — TORONTO — Branch Factory at Winnipeg

smart and attractive and it is just as well adapted to the wool materials that will be needed in colder climates for many weeks to come. The chemisette can be made of any preferred material.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 24 or 32, 2 yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard any width for the chemisette; for the skirt 8¼ yards 24 or 32, 5 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern, 6506, is in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust, and the skirt, 6544, is in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist.

* * *

A DAINTY FROCK

JUST such pretty, dainty frocks as this one are in demand at all seasons. Just now they are charming made from chiffon, mousseline and

Blouse Pattern No. 6506
Skirt Pattern No. 6544

materials of the sort, a little later they will be in demand for foulards and similar silks and a great many mothers are having the pretty embroidered muslins and other lingerie materials made up in readiness for the coming summer. Ring dotted foulard with trimming of handsome banding and ribbon bows, yoke and long sleeves of simple embroidered net, are the materials shown. The dress can be made without the yoke and long sleeves, however, and become adapted to dancing and occasions of the sort, and treated in that way it would be charming for chiffon, silk voile and anything of the kind. For the trimming either embroidery or applique or soutache banding would be found appropriate or silk or ribbon bands could be used if a simpler effect is wanted. The double yoke makes one of the latest features of fashion while the skirt is arranged to give the panel idea that is the smartest of all things. Waist and skirt portions are joined in semi-princesse style and the skirt combines tucked front and back with plain sides, the trimming being arranged to give the over skirt suggestion.

For the sixteen-year size will be required 9¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 7½ yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide, 12 yards of banding, 1½ yards 18 for yoke and long sleeves. The pattern, 6549, is in sizes, 14 to 16 years.

* * *

NOVEL DRESS ACCESSORIES

LONG silk gloves to match the frock, tucked in groups on the arm and buttoning at the side seam. When worn they give the effect of a sleeve.

Rosettes of all kinds from the tiny one for slippers to large fluffy affairs worn as a sash.

Stockings beaded with jet, steel, gold or silver.

Tasseled silk stockings. The fluffy silk tassel dangles from an embroidered design just high enough to show when dress is lifted.

Bronze leather is the fad of the season and is shown both in French kid and in the new calfskin.

Colored suede shoes, with mother of pearl buttons tinted to match the suede.

There is a new white wash suede that has taken the place of silk and lisle gloves with fashionable women.

Black dots on colored meshes make new and becoming veils.

Lace veils both in black, white and cream colored are much in favor. They are more stylish than becoming.

Black chantilly lace over white point d'esprit is used on some of the laciest-looking new hats.

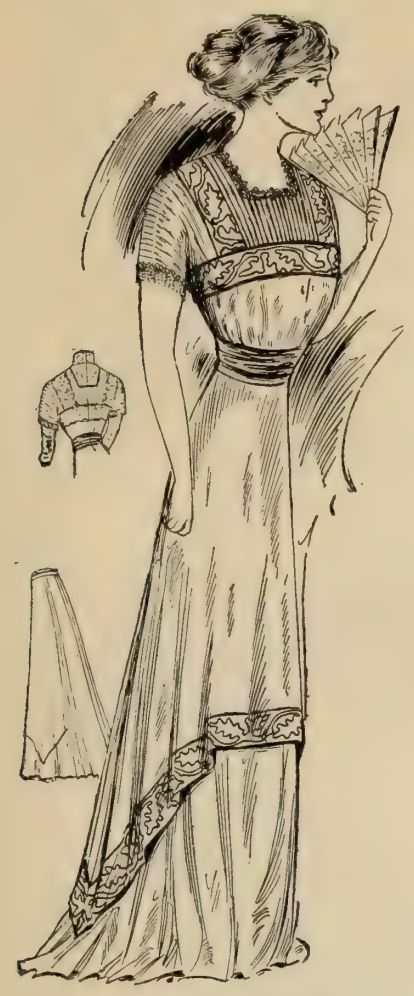
* * *

GRACEFUL GOWN OF CREPE DE CHINE

TUNICS that are cut to form points at the side are among the prettiest and most graceful. This gown shows a singularly attractive one combined with a new and smart waist. It is made from crepe de Chine and it is trimmed with bands of the material braided with pipings of satin, the two materials combining to give a singularly rich and attractive effect. The little sleeves are cut in one with the bodice and fit the arms snugly while they are full enough to drape becomingly. The tucked portions of the blouse are made of net in matching color and this net is laid over color, such combinations being extremely charming as well as eminently smart. Altogether the gown is one of unusual charm yet it is abso-

Pattern No. 6549

lutely simple. If it were wanted for daytime wear a yoke and long sleeves could be added and these would be pretty made from lace, from embroidered net, from beaded or spangled net or, indeed, from any material of a similar sort. Dewdrop net is a favorite and is very attractive and chiffon dotted with tiny beads of gold or crystal is much liked. If the braided bands are not liked or less work is



Waist Pattern No. 6545
Skirt Pattern No. 6509

desired, applied trimming could be substituted and this season is prolific of beautiful bandings of the sort.

For the medium size will be required 2¾ yards of material 24, 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2⅜ yards of banding, ¾ yard of silk for the girdle and 1⅞ yards of all-over lace for the yoke and long sleeves; for the skirt 7¾ yards 24 or 27, 5¼ yards 44 inches wide with 2¼ yards of banding. The blouse, 6545, is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust and the skirt, 6509, sizes 22 to 32 inches waist, braiding pattern, 419.

* * *

WITH THE NEW SHORT COAT

THE latest coats are short and it seems probable that the coming season will see a great variety of jaunty jackets. This costume shows one of the very latest sort combined with a skirt that is plaited below a smooth yoke. It is made of prunella cloth and it is trimmed with moire, and it is altogether chic and smart, in every way desirable for the late winter and for between-seasons wear. For the trip to the South it will be found the most desirable of all things, made in the material illustrated or in chiffon broadcloth or in lighter weight suiting as preferred. The coat includes plaited portions that are distinctly new and that provide pretty folds and is finished with a deep revers collar that makes one of the latest decrees of fashion. The skirt is straight below the yoke, laid in backward-turning plaits. If liked soutache could be applied over the coat and skirt in place of the straight bands of material, and a pretty design in soutache edged with flat braid is always effective. Every suiting material is appropriate and new ones include a great many pretty light weight wool materials with a satin finish. Moire or satin or velvet or the material trimmed would make a pretty collar. Only one button is required for the closing.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 4¾ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide with ¾ yard of silk for the collar; for the skirt 6¾ yards 27, 4¼ yards 44 or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide. For trimming both coat and skirt will be needed 1½ yards of silk 21 inches wide. The coat pattern, 6554, is in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, and the skirt, 6479, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

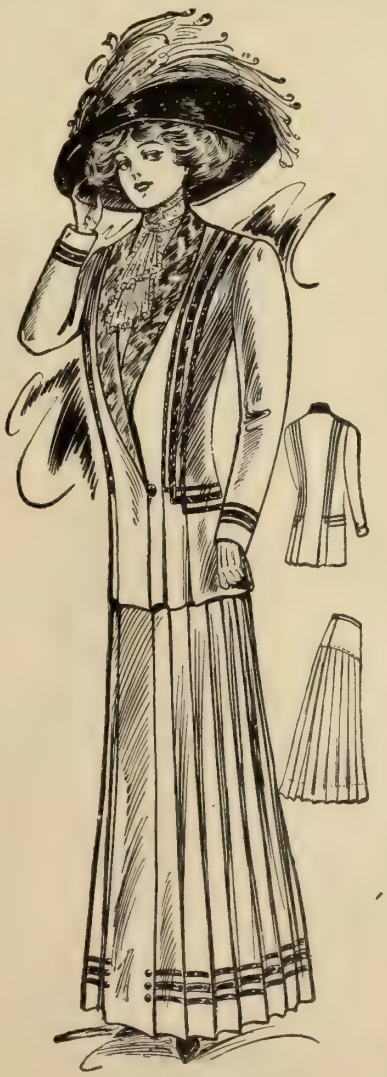
* * *

VAGARIES OF FASHION

The little turnover Toby collar, falling to the shoulders and gathered full all round, which is made in the finest lawn that could possibly have been woven in the looms of the fairies, and hem-stitched all round, seems to be driving the oft-repeated Peter Pan out of the field even for the young girl.

As a matter of fact the majority of modes nowadays seem calculated to give this air of excessive youth, the short skirts and low collars being the chief factors in producing this metamorphosis.

The prevalence of grey hair is, on the other hand, a fact which has been frequently commented upon. Nowadays, when women take such infinite care of their complexions, and keep them fresh and smooth for so long a period, grey hair is, however, by no means an indication of advancing old age, but rather serves to accentuate the fact that a woman is still young enough to hold her own without any effort among the young girls of her acquaintance. With dark eyes, grey hair is always charming, and once the pepper and salt period is safely passed—many women anticipating it with the aid of bleaching agencies—nothing can be more becoming, especially when it is seen in conjunction with the present style of headgear. The use of velvet in the case of so many of the new hats is one of the means of setting off the grey coiffure to the best advantage, while the softness which a crown of grey or white hair gives to the eyes is the most valuable asset a woman who is past the heyday of her life could possibly possess.



Coat Pattern No. 6554
Skirt Pattern No. 6479

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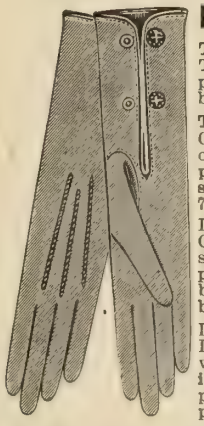

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Ladies' Saxe Doeskin Gloves, with tab and press button, similar to illustration below, British made, best quality, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey, 69c. pair.

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The **"Claretie"** 61c.
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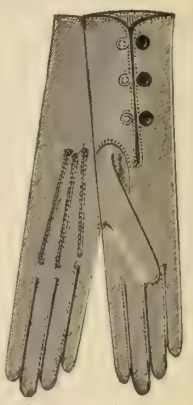
The **"Meissonier"** 85c.

n Ami, Pique Sewn, Real French Kid, in tans, browns, beavers, greys and black, 3 rows self braid points, 2 large pearl buttons, 69c. per pair.

Hestia, P ue Sewn, French Suede Gloves, superior quality, in greys, tans, beavers, browns, navy or black with braid points, 3 press buttons, 1c. pair.



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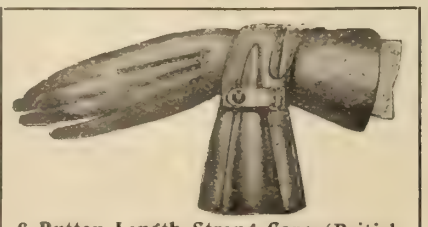
Chamois, Ladies' 3 Button Dustless Chamois Gloves, natural shade, pique sewn, 57c. pair.



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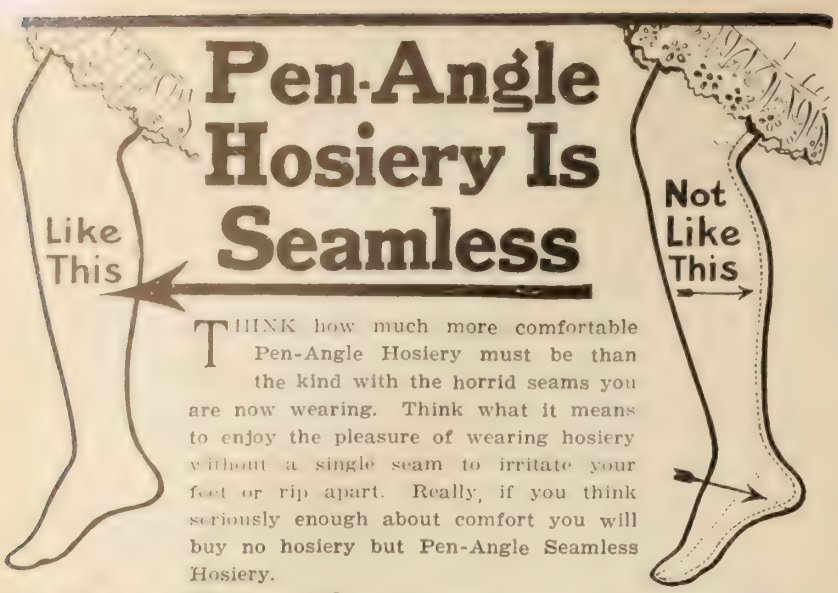


Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

Exclusive Process

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

Reinforced Feet

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

For Ladies

No. 1760. "Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020. Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champaigne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors. 43

Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH PENMANS GRADE HOSIERY

PENMANS, LIMITED, DEPT. 39, PARIS, CANADA

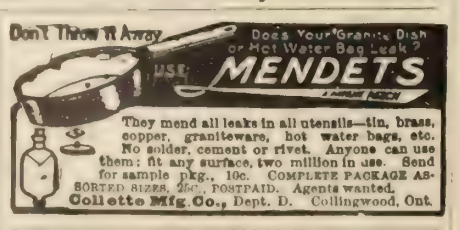
Halifax Shredded Codfish

(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER

NOVA SCOTIA



They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them: fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D. Collingwood, Ont.

Home Journal Advertisers are Reliable

Dainty Gowns for Children

SIMPLE LITTLE FROCK

FROCKS for the younger girls made in such simple styles as this are always pretty, always attractive. Light weight plaid wool material with trimming of velvet ribbon makes the one illustrated, but the model is one of the available sort and can be used for cotton and linen materials as well as for wool, indeed, for anything that is appropriate for girls' wear. The skirt can be tucked or gathered at the upper edge and it can be finished with the hem and wide tuck or the hem only, so that a much simpler dress can be made after the same general design.

Pattern No. 6543

For the twelve year size will be required 4¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 3¼ yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of velvet for bias bands to trim as illustrated. The pattern is 6543, sizes 8 to 14 years.

* * *

A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK

LITTLE girls' frocks that are made with slightly long waists in French style are pretty and charming and in the height of style. This one includes a straight skirt that is tucked at the upper edge. In this case it is made of fine white lawn and is trimmed with embroidered banding and lace insertion but such a frock is available for almost all childish materials.

For the ten year size will be required 4½ yards of material 24 or 27, 3⅜ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide with 2¾ yards of wide banding, 3½ yards of lace insertion.

The pattern, 6573, is in sizes from six to twelve years.

Pattern No. 6573

* * *

A SIMPLE FROCK OF LINEN

DARK colored linens make serviceable frocks at all seasons of the year. This one is made of the material in a medium shade of blue and is trimmed with soutache applied over a simple design. It is smart and chic yet perfectly simple. Blouse and skirt are joined and closed at the left of the front and consequently the dress is easy to adjust. The wide tucks extend over the shoulders, giving becoming breadth to childish figures, and the sleeves are laid in box plaits at the lower edges to give a distinctly novel effect. All materials that are used for girls' dresses are appropriate. Just now washable fabrics are of special interest, for they are exploited on all sides, and ginghams and chambrays as well as linen and poplin would be charming so made.

Pattern No. 6553

For the ten year size will be required 6¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 2½ yards of banding. The pattern, 6553, is in sizes from six to twelve years.

Millinery

ABOUT a century ago, that stormy leader, Napoleon Bonaparte, was stirring up strife on the Continent of Europe. This year we are reminded of his historic appearance by the prevalence of the Napoleonic headgear.

The accompanying illustrations, furnished by the T. Eaton Company, Toronto, show the modern hats in a variety of shades and trimming. The uppermost is a becoming shape of fine Chip Braid, turned up a little at each side and at the back; taffeta silk ribbon in three folds around the crown and arranged at front in pretty effect with two five-dollar ostrich feathers; the hat measures eighteen inches from side to side and sixteen inches from front to back. In black, white, navy, burnt, steel grey or copenhagen with feathers in black, white, cream, navy, brown, pearl, grey, light blue or emerald only $13.75.

The second is a mourning toque made in the tricorn style, of fine silk lisse; lisse is hand folded on crown and brim and draped around base of crown, peau de soie ribbon is shirred on wires and arranged in front in several loops; toque measures about thirteen inches from front to back and thirteen inches from side to side at widest part; close fitting and stylish; black only $6.85.

The third is a beautiful tulle dress hat, made of a fine quality of silk tulle, all neatly shirred on small satin wires; one-and-a-half inch binding of silk velvet around edge of brim; two bunches of small well-made muslin roses with green foliage at right side; hat measures about eighteen inches from front to back and twenty inches from side to side and can be made in any seasonable color or combination of colors, with flowers in pink, tea, white, red, old rose or copenhagen only $7.25.

Women who have been sighing for the return of the turban will have their wishes granted in part, but only in part. Their wish was in reality for smaller hats, the turban typifying that quality in their minds, whereas the fashionable turban of to-day is comparatively small in circumference, but has enlarged in crown, although there are a few models which are as close and small almost as caps. In fact, the present season real turban is a modernized copy of the draped turbans worn a century or so ago and originally used by East India royalty. To be successful it is absolutely necessary that the hair be dressed in the new way, close to the head with a coil or soft braid.

The hat with a brim is shown in every imaginable shape, crowns as a rule being high and slightly larger at the base than at the top. The brims follow only their own sweet will, curling softly, flaring sharply, turning up in front, at the back, at the sides or all around. Only here and there does one see a shape with the drooping mushroom outlines so popular last summer. The tricorn or petit corporal sets the outline for some of the most striking models.

Rough straws are decidedly in the lead in these early models. Unfinished leghorn, glossy wide satin straw, Neapolitan and Milan all appear, and some of the fancy lace straws are exquisite, especially in natural color, lined with chiffon, maline satin and velvet of contrasting hue. The use of dress fabrics continues in millinery, some of the southern hats being of lace and fancy straw, with some very dainty lace-and-embroidery lingerie hats trimmed with spring blossoms. Unfinished leghorns are underfaced with velvet or have the brims bound with this material. Again, the crown will be of velvet, satin or moire and the brim of straw. Flower crowns are again seen, and some of the turbans have odd little clumps made of one or two small fruits, with a few leaves dotted over them with no apparent intention.

The use of the single large blossom continues, usually this being posed flatly on the left side. A fad of the season is the cluster of artificial flowers matching those of the hat, to be worn on the corsage.

BOVRIL

Our Source of Supply

¶ We control 9,699,482 acres of the finest grazing land in the world—9,261,400 in Australia and 438,082 in Argentine.

¶ Our grazing areas are many times larger than those of any other firm in the beef industry.

BOVRIL LIMITED
have the farms and they have the goods.

E-1-10

Dye Your Clothes In the Sure Way.

DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

Just Think of it! With the **SAME** Dye you can color **ANY** kind of cloth **Perfectly**--No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free. **The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited,** Dept. O., Montreal, Que.

Send the HOME JOURNAL to your friends

Home Dressmaking is Simplified

by using the celebrated

Ellanam Adjustable Forms

Adjustable to every size from 32 in. to 42 in. and can be raised to suit length of skirt.

Write to-day for our new catalogue. It is full of suggestions for the Home Dressmaker.

CLATWORTHY & SON, Ltd.
161 King St. West, TORONTO

Silver plate renowned since 1847 for beauty and durability bears the popular trade mark

1847
ROGERS BROS.
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TRIPLE

—the guarantee of the *heaviest* triple plate, assuring even longer service and greater satisfaction than ever before.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Sold by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue " 79 showing designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
HAMILTON, CANADA
MERIDEN CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

A Dainty Lawn Shirt Waist $1.00

Would you like to buy your shirt waists from the maker and save the storekeeper's profit?

Most women like to dress well, but many have not the money. You can dress with less expense and look just as well when you buy from us as if you paid a high price for your waists.

We want you to know the splendid value of our waists and to see how well they fit, that is why we offer these waists at just about half what you would pay for them in a store. Read the description of the waists, also our guarantee at the bottom of this advertisement.

These goods are not shop-worn or out of style but are right up-to-date in fashion and goods.

No. 1060. Waist of fine lawn, front elaborately embroidered in open and coin spot effect, Princess tucks are used in back, front and sleeves in dainty clusters, lace collar and cuffs. Special Price.....$1.00

No. 1061. Waist of Batiste. The striking design of this handsome waist is effected with a large medallion of imitation baby Irish lace, rows of fine vals. and dainty beading tastefully arranged in surplice effect, the new puff sleeves are trimmed to match. Special Price $1.75

No. 1060
Price $1.00

No. 1061
Price $1.75

OUR GUARANTEE

We guarantee that every order will be shipped within 24 hours of receiving same. We will prepay all charges to any place in Canada, and will refund your money if goods are not satisfactory in every particular.

We have style books showing other designs in waists that we will mail to you free upon request. Ask for one to-day.

National Dress and Waist Company

Darling Building - Toronto, Ont.

The

KELSEY

Warm Air Generator

is the **Last Word** in the methods of heating—it is an easy matter to make a fire and create heat, but to create the greatest amount of heat, to use the least amount of fuel, to send the heat to its proper place in proper quantities, is the problem that has been solved most effectively by the KELSEY.

CHURCHES, SHOOLS, HALLS, DWELLINGS, Etc., can be heated by the KELSEY SYSTEM with a supply of coal which with any other system would be wholly inadequate.

Write for Illustrated Booklets, Etc.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Limited - Brockville, Ont.

What Would You Do With This Broken Tankard?

It's too handsome to throw away, especially since it can easily be mended by the use of

CÆMENTIUM

Mends the most delicate China or Bric-a-brac so the break won't be noticed. Looks like liquid porcelain, but when it dries it is harder and tougher than porcelain.

Most dealers sell CÆMENTIUM at 25c and 40c a tin. If you can't get it at your dealer's, send us 25c and we will mail you a tin at once.

DILLON'S, LIMITED, 354 ST. PAUL ST., - MONTREAL

Spring Styles in Waists

MADAME LA MODE has many times prophesied the downfall of the tailored shirt waist, but on this continent at least this simple style seems to have increased its hold on the fancy of all classes of women, as witnessed by the large displays of shirt waists in the shops. The above example of this smart style was shown in linen trimmed with soutache braid, the laundried collar and cuffs were embroidered to match the braiding. Simple in design, this style gives dainty appearance to the wearer which most women desire in the every-day life, for business and for street wear.

The popular materials for these shirt waists include linen, cotton, poplin, madras, and vesting. The latter two are to be had in the many stripe-figured effects. Sleeves are nearly all made in the mannish shirt style with the narrow laundried cuff.

Dainty lingerie waists for the opera and the many social occasions which do not call for the more elaborate gown must always hold a place in the wardrobe of the woman who would be well dressed.

The sheer and soft fabrics such as lingerie, mull, batiste, Swiss, and Persian lawns, are the most popular for this type of waist.

Combinations of embroidery, imitation baby Irish lace and valenciennes lace are used with charming effect.

The sleeves all show fullness below the elbow and are finished with a deep cuff or narrow band. The above represents the most popular effect.

Short sleeves are talked of for the hot weather, but it will be time enough to tell you in the April journal if they are to materialize.

These two illustrations from the National Dress and Waist Company of Toronto show the latest and smartest styles in white shirt waists. The first, in its elaborate yet neat design, is suited for occasions of social entertainment rather than the demands of business. "After all is said and done," remarks the girl who is fond of fresh attire, "there is nothing like a white shirt waist." It needs frequent trips to the laundry, but, with care, it survives many of these and always presents such an immaculate and attractive surface that it is no wonder the white shirt waist refuses "to go out."

* * *

PEKING messaline is the name given to a particularly alluring silk striped chiffon cloth that is quite a favorite for blouses.

Beads and braid combine to make some of the new and unusual cabochons on gowns. They can be had in a variety of colors.

Scarfs of white pongee are novel and attractive. They are finished with a buttonholed edge and have more or less elaborate handwork as well.

Some of the new sleeves are capped and gathered or shirred under the cap and at the elbows and wrists. In fact, the bishop tendency is marked.

Lingerie Blouses

LINGERIE blouses are very lovely this season and here is a group of new and especially attractive ones. No. 6579 can be made either with or without the yoke, as it is extended to the neck edge, and the yoke when used is applied over it. To make it will be required 4¼ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 8 yards of banding. The pattern 6579 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the embroidery pattern 492 in one size only.

Number 6590 is a dainty blouse closed at the front and finished with hems in place of the regulation box plait. It can be left embroidered as illustrated or left plain as liked. It can be made with long or three-quarter sleeves and with a standing or Dutch collar. For the medium size will be required 3½ yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6590 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. The embroidery pattern 484 is cut in one size only.

Number 6561 as illustrated is made of mercerized batiste with trimming of embroidered banding. It is closed at the back and it can be made with the sleeves illustrated or plain ones cut in one piece each. For the trimming can be used any banding or braiding or embroidery applied between the tucks, or if something simpler is wanted, the blouse can be left plain, finished with tucks only. For the medium size will be required 3⅞ yards of material 24, 3¼ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 9 yards of banding. The pattern 6561 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Number 6565 is made with the three-quarter sleeves that are to be so much used this season and is exceedingly dainty and attractive. In this case it is embroidered with a design of conventionalized daisies but it can be treated in any way that may suit the fancy, either left plain or embroidered in any pretty design. It includes tucked shoulder pieces that give something of an epaulette effect, and if liked the sleeves can be made long, although the three-quarter length is in every way attractive and smart. For the medium size will be required 3⅞ yards of material 24, 2½ yards 32, 2 yards 44 inches wide, 4½ yards of banding. The pattern 6565 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The embroidery pattern 483 is cut in one size only.

Number 6585 gives an exceedingly elaborate effect yet is by no means difficult to make. The little round yoke is arranged over the blouse and the material cut away beneath so that if liked the yoke can be omitted and the trimming extended to the shoulders. The sleeves can be made as illustrated or with cuffs that extend to the wrists or plain ones of the one-piece sort can be used in their stead. For the medium size will be required 3½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of lace insertion, 4½ yards of banding. The pattern 6585 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard Every Particle Can Be Consumed

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale By All Grocers

MANUFACTURED BY

Ingersoll Packing Co. Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

Lindner's "Little Lace" and Lindner's "Mercerized" Buttons

These up-to-date and practical buttons should be on all your wash wear, because they won't come off in the laundry. Perfectly flat, easy to iron over. No shanks to rust or loosen, no sewinghole edges to cut the threads, nothing to break or tear. Sewed directly through the middle, they are as firm as a part of the garment itself, an ornament and convenience.

LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE Buttons are hand-made, in the dainty designs shown here, wrought in perfectly pure white threads of cotton, mercerized or silk. Beautiful and d stinct in design, strong in make, faultless in finish, these buttons are a tasteful trimming and most serviceable fastening for lingerie, corset covers, pillow cases, lace yokes, girdles, guimpes, wash skirts, babies' wardrobe, the children's dresses (will not scratch furniture).

The even thinness of LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE require only a narrow buttonhole which the rounded edge of the button can never fray nor wear ragged. Therefore, SHIRT-WAISTS provided with these new idea fasteners will positively stay buttoned.

LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE come in 15 sizes (10 to 50) to meet the nicest requirements. According to size they cost from 12c to 25c in pure white (only) cotton, 20c to $1 in white or fast color mercerized, 30c to $2 in silk, per dozen.

THE MERCERIZED grade is the newest, most perfect, high class wash button made. Warranted fast colors. Comes in all the delicate spring shades, pink, sky, lavender, pongee, tan, linen, etc., also all the new SPECIAL SHADES set by fashion for 1910.

Our up-to-the-minute novelty—THE MERCERIZED in TWO-TONE effects—are marvels of beauty. The first lady who saw them, made and matched a dress to them, so great was her admiration. The two-tones come in snow-white and pink, snow-white and sky-lavender, etc. No prettier or more useful fastener and ornament can be imagined for mercerized, linen or cotton tub dresses. Even on very sheer goods, dimities, batistes, etc., these fine, hand-made lace buttons are in their rightful place.

SEND TO-DAY FOR A TRIAL DOZEN (shirt waist size), enclosing 12c for pure white cotton, 25c for mercerized (white, one or two colored), or 30c for silk. We will enclose samples of other pretty wash button patterns we make (some in linen, also an indestructible, very low priced button at 6c the dozen for plain underwear) with circulars showing all sizes, and 15 new designs in soutache, jet, crochet buttons, etc. Write which interests you.

Lindner Button Co., 59 John Street, Toronto

Piano Durability

cannot be purchased—it MUST BE EARNED. The great reputation of the

Gerhard Heintzman PIANO

has been honestly earned, through nearly fifty years of successful endeavor.

¶ Thousands of satisfied purchasers testify to this. The following unsolicited letter from a prominent Toronto citizen is the expression of satisfied experience; such expressions must and do carry the ring of sincerity as compared with the usual commercial "testimonial" of the professional artist.

57 Harbord St., Toronto, January 6th, 1910

Gerhard Heintzman, Esq., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—More than nineteen years ago a piano, made and recommended by you, was purchased for my wife. The piano has abundantly justified your recommendation by the skill shown in its construction. It has been in constant use through all these years, and naturally has become very dear to us. The tone is still sweet, but the case requires freshening. Will you please have this attended to, and oblige, yours truly,

(Dr.) HARLEY SMITH

¶ Gerhard Heintzman Pianos can be purchased on easy terms of payment.

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The Orthopedic Gymnasium for the treatment by physical training of persons affected with

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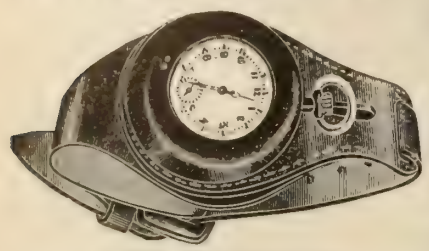
1990

WRIST WATCH



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FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Dainty and Reliable Ladies' Watch, in neat Leather Bracelet, for selling $4.50 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return our money, and we send the Watch same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 40 H, Toronto

SWEET VIOLIN

GIVEN FOR SELLING
FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Full sized, beautifully finished, sweet toned Violin, with good bow, tuning pipe, rosin, and Self-instructor, for selling $5.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return our money, and we send Violin same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 47 H, Toronto.

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis Colds, Diphtheria Catarrh.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

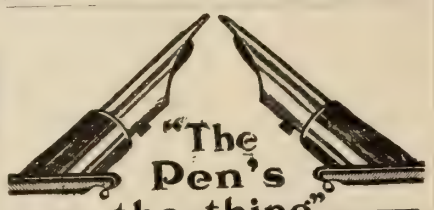
It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale by all Druggists
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE LEEMING-MILES COMPANY, Limited
CANADIAN AGENTS
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.



It's the gold pen that gives the life, and is the real basis of value in any fountain pen. The thorough reliability of the

"SWAN"

is due to the absolute mechanical and scientific perfection of its gold pen—the product of 50 years' experience—in conjunction with its feed, which is made on Nature's Laws, and component parts which fit absolutely.

The "Swan" is thoroughly reliable—starts instantly—never skips or blots.

GET YOUR "SWAN" TO-DAY

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS
INSIST ON "SWAN"

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124 York Street - - Toronto
Headquarters, London, England
Catalogue sent post free.

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

Makes delicious Fish Patties. Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

NOVA SCOTIA

Big Beauty Doll, 22 inches Tall

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We trust you with the seeds. Just write and say you will do your best to sell them, then we will send you the seeds postpaid, and when you have sold them and sent us our money **we will ship the Doll that very day.** If you will sell $1.00 worth extra, making $4.00 in all, **we will pay the express charges and guarantee safe delivery to any point in Canada.** Don't delay. **Write at once.** The Gold Medal Premium Co. Dept. 43H Toronto.

IN THE SHOPS

THE cold months of the year will find the women who have any method and who know what to do, and when to do it, looking after the family undergarments—their winter outdoor clothes are settled. It is comfortable weather for sewing, provided we have a cosy sewing-room, and many stitches may be made in the long, quiet winter evenings before a cheerful grate fire.

The Toronto shops have had their "white goods sales," and splendid materials were shown. Every imaginable need—nainsook, cambric, linens, landsdown, longcloth, and all the heavier Horrocks' cottons, Queen's Own cotton and many others.

The laces for these dainty undergarments also have their share of importance. Those used to the best advantage are the Valenciennes, bobbin laces, German Valenciennes, cotton and thread torchon. Some dainty Princess combinations were attractive. They are underwaist and drawers combined, and a splendid style of lingerie for the stout figure. Or again, an underwaist and petticoat. This combination does away with the separation we so often see with untidy people, at the waist line, when wearing a muslin gown.

A very useful garment for women who care, is the brassiere. It is never pretty and not supposed to be. It is simply a heavy lining made tight, fitting the corset exactly and holding the figure firmly, above the waist line, for stout people—and well padded to hide all the hollows of thin people.

There are some exceedingly dainty night gowns, too numerous to describe, but all equally worthy of description. The very newest are made of the cross-bar muslin. One particularly pretty gown was of fine cross-bar dimity, gathered at the neck with a narrow lace beading and a tiny Valenciennes edge, very wide elbow sleeves finished with the beading and edge, quite simple, while dainty and becoming.

For people who like to try all the latest "fads" there are the pyjamas in the very daintiest of pale pink, pale blue and white Ceylon flannels.

These pyjamas for the little people are really the cutest things and the most "comfy," for they prove an effective covering and the children are not so likely to take cold.

We have been told as a great secret that we are to be remodeled this spring. The old model of corset will be of no further use. Our short waist, low bust and broader hips must be changed to long, small waist-line, higher bust and no hips.

We are also told that the time will soon come when our corsets will be ordered by prescription from our family physician—that a badly fitting corset is the cause of many ills.

I fear the poor corsetiere will have more than his or her share of troubles trying to alter the lines of some of us. If we're squeezed here, we're sure to bulge there. However, let us cheer up and visit the corset departments in our big stores, and we are sure to be suited both in comfort and style.

Paris is preparing some revelations for the fashion world for the spring. This we do know. French women set the style, the rest of the world follows.

Jackets are to be worn much shorter the coming season. One of the advanced styles shown last week was of bright scarlet, wide-vale serge. The skirt quite short made with box-plait in the front and back, short double-breasted jacket, tight-fitting in back, semi-fitting in front, black moire silk collar and cuffs with tiny touch of gold braid. A smart suit for a young girl.

In one of the nicest shops in town were shown some quite new imported waists. The woman who determines to have the newest and best can have a splendid choice.

One particularly striking waist was of navy blue shot chiffon. The entire body tucked in small pin tucks, front and back. The upper part of the sleeve was tucked, the same running across with a puff of cream net at the elbow, the cuff the same as the upper part of the sleeve. This was worn over a cream brocade satin slip, or rather we shall say blouse, for it might be worn as a separate waist.

In the same shop was a delightful little creation in pale grey chiffon over mauve flowered silk, giving a charming appearance. The upper part of the skirt a tunic effect. The lower part a finely tucked frill following the lines of the tunic. The tunic was finished at the back with a bow and ends of broad black velvet ribbon.

The slip waist, of the flowered silk, was covered with the tucked chiffon. The tucked sleeves were finished with a puff of black chiffon at the waist; a black velvet bow across the front fastened with small steel buckles.

This dainty frock was decidedly chic and Frenchy, yet not impossible, as some of the expensive ready-to-wears are.

A few of the things we know for the coming spring. Jackets are much shorter; street skirts are short and narrow.

Over-dress and panniers are for the dressy gowns. The fashion centre has been perfectly "mum" so far about the sleeves, whether large or small, short or long, plain or fancy.

The low-necked bodice will be used for our summer gowns. The blouse waist is more fashionable than for the last two seasons. Glace kid gloves are out completely. Suede are to be worn.

Small patterns are worn for the new veils, plainer meshes.

Every imaginable shade of brown will be worn for spring—more particularly the golden browns.

Every one should have at least one cape among the spring outfit. It is such a useful article, we should rejoice in its appearance. It often covers a multitude of untidiness.

A very serviceable cloak could be fashioned out of the raw silk with a facing of black or brown silk about two inches wide down the front and cord and tassels at the neck to fasten together. This cape could be laundried and turn out perfectly fresh and quite indispensable for the cool summer evening.

Another fashion hint of the season is that the Eton jacket will be worn.

H. L. T.

* * *

Details of Dress

IT is upon the perfection of each little detail connected with the modern toilette that success depends, and neckwear is one of them. The Cromwellian collar is the latest phase of the Peter Pan, and has created the furore of admiration which it so justly merits. It is seen in conjunction with the semi-fitting Princess robes, with tailored suits, as well as with elaborate afternoon gowns. It is frequently made of cobwebby lawn or lace, and is fastened in front with a smart little crepe de chine, satin or silk bow, while for sports wear it is carried out in suede. Writing of jabots reminds me of the many fascinating novelties which are now *en evidence* in the shops. There are the straight collar bands with the turn-over Puritan collars decorated with bugles, lined with gold, and finished with a jabot.

Concerning Corsets

By F. T. WOOLNOUGH

AS the wearer of corsets, waists, and their necessary accessories, you understand, I suppose, the fundamental part they play in the attire of every woman; and it is as you start to take a keen interest in the corset, that you will begin to attain your ideals of dress.

Now in spite of frequent style changes, dress is not only a matter of whim-for-a-season. It has its place with the more important features of the evolution of the race. And so the general appearance, the dress, almost always denotes the trend of the growth of the individual character. The corset is the dress foundation.

There is no place that one wishes to be so confident of being appropriately, neatly, and well dressed as in the drawing-room. This leads us to the corset particularly suited to this occasion. The Decollete corset for the present season, after embodying the latest corset features, of which we speak later, has its own distinctive mark in the medium set bust, and front steel set very low, also the remarkably low cut back. This last feature is very trying to women with over-fleshy shoulders, and will need particular fitting and care if best results are to be attained. The Decollete corset used in combination with well-fitting brassiere or bust support, is quite appropriate for street wear, when corsets are not available for the different occasions.

The Decollete Corset for Stout Women

* * *

THE corsets this season are of two distinct types, and women who love to look their best must pay particular attention to the selection of models. There is the corset with the medium or high bust, and slim hips with just the shadow of fullness, that will make the best foundation for tailored suits and dresses where the slim effect is still desired.

The newer corsets are rather low in the bust compared with what they were a year ago, and have a decided but graceful fullness on the hips. Being low busted the brassiere will have to be worn with these corsets if an unbroken bust line is wanted.

The length of the corset is still a feature. The new models of both types are very long in the better grades and of course not as long in the cheaper models. It must, however, be borne in mind that the long, slim effects have left their marks which must be properly taken into consideration to insure comfort and the best appearance. With the snug lacing that was necessary to draw the hips to fashionable proportions, there has come the tendency in most figures to deposit an unusual amount of tissue on the upper leg; this condition has largely to be met in the length of the corset and proper fitting and adjustment.

Nothing need be said of the latest ideas in strappings and other ideas of manufacturers to beautify their corsets, as these have no effect on figure building or maintaining.

* * *

THE corset problem of the over-stout woman has been given great attention by the best manufacturers. This type of figure presents the large abdomen, little or no hips, and flat bust and back. They require expert corset service to be put in anything like fashionable shape. Indeed these figures have been largely destroyed by poor corseting and can be very greatly improved in the course of a year by following the advice of some reputable corsetiere, and wearing a graded set of corsets.

* * *

THE time has just about arrived when the Canadian corset is a term worthy of consideration. Among some lines of manufacture no loyal Canadians would think of buying outside of their own country; and I must admit that this is good reason and taste. But when it comes to a matter that deals with your figure, miladi, well, that is a different matter. Now it is about this matter that I wish particularly to tell you some facts. First of all the cheaper grades of stock goods, ranging in price from say one dollar to five dollars, are not to be beaten for style and certainly not for value outside of your own country.

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Woolnough, Corsetiers

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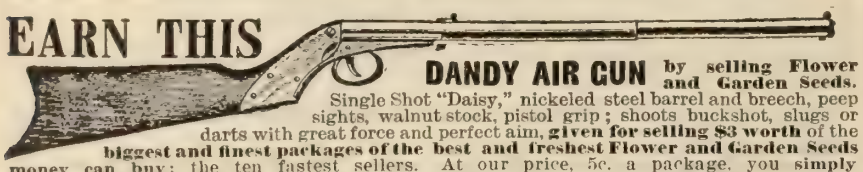

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The Great Choir and the Women

Continued from page 5

of the most enchanting passages of the work, descriptive of the sea, the Mediterranean, the ships and the long voyage of Faith from Genoa to Jerusalem: and in the terrific storm scene the children's voices were heard in a most awe-compelling, mysterious way against the men's voices and the orchestra almost demoniac with sound. And at the last in the triumphal, resurrectional alleluias sung by the drowning children against the prodigious forces of men, women, orchestra and organ, it was a marvel how these youngsters were able to hold out against all and to be heard as the one dominant, triumphant note.

This was why from a choral standpoint the "Children's Crusade" was at the first a bewildering thing to the children who began to rehearse it. It was months before they were able to feel at home with the work. But when they got it, in true child style, they got it hard and fast and certain. And that was why to the audience the sight of scores of children singing so difficult a work without book and without nervousness made this most complicated performance a simple, comprehensible thing. Against the beautiful, plaintive story embodied and dialogued by the children, all the intricacies of the orchestral score, all the technical difficulties of the adult sections became part of a tremendously sincere work that seized upon the affections and the emotions and the imagination, without regard for the merely aesthetic judgment. No one cared whether the "Children's Crusade" was modern French or mediaeval German, or ancient Latin. It was drama and music combined in a great work and done with splendid efficiency by the unusually effective forces under the baton of Dr. Vogt.

So it was not hard to understand why this work should have made its appeal primarily to women and to mothers, even while it profoundly affected every man that heard it. Nowadays it has become a sort of masculine fetish that it is woman's business to hear the music, and look at the pictures and read the books, while the men look after the fundamentals of the stock markets and the elections and the gayety theatres. Part of the distinction is natural enough. Women themselves are to blame—in so far as they make concerts and art exhibitions and operas mere social functions. But music must be regarded as by far the most universal language we know. When concerts become so complicated and smart-settish that men lose interest in half the music done in a big way, the cause must be attributed partly to women, partly to the musicians—and the rest to the men themselves.

What we need nowadays is forms of art and of religion that will appeal to both sexes equally, though in a different way. Art is not feminine. It is universal. As a rule you find that men avoid picture galleries more than do women; much because many pictures are made to please women. They stay away from church, because services have become formalized and women are more appreciative of form than men are. They prefer a big orchestra to a chorus, because it has more color and variety of expression. They avoid piano recitals because the pianist is too often a feminine idol.

It must be said that the Mendelssohn Choir has done much to cointerest the sexes in choral music. Years ago a Premier of Ontario remarked to the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir that for the first time at one of the Choir's concerts he had heard a bass section that gripped him. This virility has been developed in the Choir. It was manifest in the German Requiem sung this year; a work which in spite of its rather tedious religionism is able to interest people for more than an hour —when sung with virility and conviction. It was less obvious in much of the unaccompanied work done by the Choir this year; somewhat because less attention than usual was paid to that part of the work owing to the enormous demands of the great concerted works.

It is profoundly to be hoped that the work of the Mendelssohn Choir will continue to get a sane, vitalizing appreciation from men as well as from women. Once you get away from that to the point where women do nine-tenths of the appreciating, art of any sort is bound to suffer. There is no real reason why good music should not be sought after by men quite as earnestly as bad plays and worse vaudeville—though of course men are not alone in this. Perhaps if a rule could be instituted that big concerts and good plays are not court functions, men would be more inclined to attend them. There is no real connection between the German Requiem and a low-neck dress; neither between the "Children's Crusade" and a swallow-tail. Let it be understood that in the interests of society the first performance of a great choir is a dress function; that all the others are musical events pure and simple! Then—oh, well! The trouble is there are always men creatures enough to spoil any rule. The main thing about music is music, whether in a Requiem or a part-song or a fiddle solo; whether in a music hall, or on the street. The man

"Who is not moved by concourse of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music."

To Miss P. as "Folly"

At a Fancy-Dress Ball

By A. H. K.

This thing of Love and Laughter, fairy thing,
That breathes a freshness like the breath of spring!

This many-minded charmer, picture fair
To drive the hearts of men to deep despair!

This wealth of Grace and Beauty, cast from mould
More priceless far than miser's hoard of gold!

Those softly gliding feet, whose polished skill
Seems endless as they sweep the floor until—

The eyes of all beholders but opine
She learnt her dancing in a school divine!

So this is "Folly," then 'tis true, I ween,
That "Folly" of the ball is rightful queen.

But stay! She can't be "Folly," no, not she,
For "Folly" starts with F and not with P.

But if she's really "Folly," then we know
That "Folly" spells the way we want to go.

Oh "Perfect Folly," if *this* "Folly" be,
Then "Folly" surely is the thing for me.

Attractive New Neckwear

THE winter collars are naturally of a more severe order than those which come to us in the months of spring. The lawns, muslins and mulls, which make such dainty bows and jabots are here in profusion as soon as the winds of March begin to blow the winter clouds away. Neckwear has a facility for completing or adorning any costume. If the collar is untidy or soiled, the effect of the whole attire is spoiled. Fussiness is to be avoided, but untidiness or undue severity is just as much to be shunned.

Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

The first figure of these illustrations, which have been furnished by A. T. Reid Company of Toronto, shows a neat collar of lawn with dependent jabot, trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion. The second is a pretty side jabot which gives an effective finish to a dainty costume. The third is somewhat more elaborate, a silk-trimmed collar of net with jabot, also inserted and edged with valenciennes lace.

The fourth figure shows a collar of pleated mull with side jabot trimmed with lace. There is a dainty ruffle to complete the collar. The fifth is a once-over stock in fancy white material, which will probably be a decided favorite, as it looks well with coat suit of either cloth or linen. The sixth is a Swiss embroidered once-over stock, suitable for wearing with light gowns.

The seventh figure shows a hunting stock collar made of vesting which has a neat and substantial effect. The eighth is a once-over croat stock collar, embroidered in the pearl yarn and makes a pretty and summery finish. The ninth is a decorative arrangement in lace and net, forming a side jabot, with a dainty bow as ribbon finish.

These various styles are sure to be seen with the spring and summer costumes of 1910. In fact, the forecast of neckwear would indicate that the collar is to be more attractive than ever and that the jabot will hold its own. All these styles are decidedly reasonable in price. It may be said that much of this material is frail and perishable. With careful washing, even the most fragile bows and collars may be renewed in freshness and charm. This is one requisite for the ideal toilet — neckwear of the daintiest order. Gloves, collars and shoes must be immaculate if the costume is to prove attractive. Wherefore, these accessories are of interest.

Figure 4

Figure 5

Figure 6

Figure 7

Figure 8

Figure 9

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

"A PRIMA DONNA OF THE PLAINS"
(from the "Canada West" Magazine)

"We are especially fortunate in our Canadian singers. One of the highest among these in power, purity of tone and unusual vocal range is Miss Edith J. Miller. At a concert at which the King was present, His Majesty sent for Miss Miller and personally complimented her.

One of Miss Miller's most pronounced characteristics is her loyalty to her native land—and always her preference is for the thing 'made in Canada.'

This preference extends even to her *piano*, for *Miss Miller uses* one of the *best known Canadian instruments* at all her concerts, declaring that for *brilliancy of execution* and *mellow richness* and *sympathetic singing quality of tone* so necessary to successful accompaniments, *no other piano* can compare with *this product of a little town in Ontario.*"

MAY, 8th 1909.

During my early studies in Portage la Prairie, I used a Williams Piano, and I have cherished memories of that sweet little instrument. But upon my return to Canada after an absence of several years, during which time I had opportunities of using the best makes in Europe, I was delighted beyond measure to note the wonderful improvements secured through the introduction of your New Scale. You are to be congratulated in producing in the New Scale Williams a piano which I consider as standing in the front ranks among the world's greatest instruments.
Edith J. Miller.

MISS MILLER

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BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

EXCELLENT REASON.

"Oi'll work no more for that man Dolan."

"An' why?"

"Shure, an' 'tis on account av a remark he made."

"An' phwat was that?"

"Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're discharged.'"—*London Sketch.*

* * *

HER PROUD POSITION.

A COLORED man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassuh," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.—*Everybody's.*

* * *

JEALOUSY.

"MY dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."—*Democratic Telegram.*

* * *

THE SMITHS OF IRELAND.

ONE fact in the report of the Registrar-General for Ireland is calculated to surprise the average Englishman. The 33,700 "Smiths" of Ireland outnumber the "O'Briens" by 300. It should make Ireland stare too. For there is the story of Smith O'Brien, the leader of the "Young Irelanders." Smith O'Brien was educated in England, lost his accent and returned to Ireland with stiff and formal manner. Indeed, he was as little like an Irishman as Alf. Smith o' Leicester. "What do you think of Smith O'Brien?" one of his revolutionary followers was asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth I think the amalgam unskilfully mixed," was the reply; "there's too much of the Smith and too little of the O'Brien."

* * *

LOVE vs. BUSINESS LETTERS.

JUST before the late election, John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, confided to an intimate friend that he was, in a certain sense, in the same boat with a mother who had a "little dear" by the name of Willie.

"One day," said Mr. Archbold, "the mother missed her little boy. When he showed up again, she inquired:

"'Where have you been, Willie?'

"'Playing postman,' replied her son. 'I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too.'

"'Where on earth did you get them?' questioned the mother.

"'They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with a blue ribbon,' was the innocent reply."—*Judge.*

* * *

A PAIR OF TOASTS.

THEY were lined up in front of the wet goods counter—the old bachelor and the benedick.

"Here's to woman," said the benedick, "the morning star of our infancy, the day star of our manhood and the evening star of our old age."

"Here's to our stars," rejoined the bachelor, "and may they always be kept at a telescope distance."

* * *

A KEEN LAD.

"I HAD always heard that New Englanders were 'smart,'" a young physician who has "graduated" from a village practice remarked the other day, "but I hardly thought it developed at such an early age."

He smiled reminiscently, then continued:

"Just after I settled in Dobbs Corners a twelve-year-old boy called on me one evening.

"'Say, Doc. I guess I got measles,' he remarked, 'but nobody knows it 'cept the folks at home, an' they ain't the kind that talks, if there's any good reason to keep quiet.'

"I was puzzled, and I suppose I looked it.

"'Aw, get wise, Doc,' my small visitor suggested, 'What will you give me to go to school an' spread it among all the kids in the village?'"—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.

FOR once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

* * *

MATERNAL PRIDE.

TWO women who had been schoolfriends were talking of old times and of future prospects. One of them had married a Cleveland citizen, and had left Canada for a residence in Ohio. The other had remained in Toronto and become the wife of a Canadian. The former was expatiating on the opportunities of a brilliant career for her small son, aged five.

"Bobbie may be President, someday," she said proudly. "Now, your Johnnie can never be more than Premier of Canada."

"That's the worst of the United States," flashed her Toronto friend. "*Anybody* may be President."

* * *

A POLISH MARRIAGE.

A POLISH couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license, and the pair stood up before him.

"Join hands," said the justice of the peace.

They did so, and the justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewiez Perczynski and Leokowarda Jeulinski.

"Ahem!" he said. "Zacha—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman," etc.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man.

"Leo—h'm—ah—ski, do you take this man to be," etc.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce; "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

THE WISDOM OF EDISON.

MR. EDISON is still busy with his new storage battery which he claims will solve the traction question. In his experiments with these batteries Mr. Edison has had men at work for years with a patience unparalleled.

More than half a ton of reports on experiments with batteries have been made. Two of his best men had to give up the work because of its unending monotony to save themselves from a nervous breakdown.

The work was continued night and day for more than three years, and more than 9,000 experiments were made without obtaining the results which Mr. Edison wanted.

A visitor to whom this was told exclaimed: "Then all those experiments were practically wasted." "Not at all," said Mr. Edison. "I now know 9,000 things not to do."

* * *

TWO REQUISITES.

A MAN was talking importantly on the subject of how to manage a house, and a woman was listening patiently to the masculine setting-forth of just how easy it is to look after a thousand and one small matters without spending much money. He had a pleasant way of assuming that each housewife has the ability to make one dollar do the work of five.

"All that a woman needs is a liberal allowance and good judgment," he concluded.

"Certainly," agreed the woman, "all that anyone in this world needs is dollars and sense."

* * *

PUNISHING THE PRISONER.

A WELL-KNOWN judge often relieved his judicial wisdom with a touch of humor. One day, during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness in the box, and as he hesitated a good deal, and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning, to tell what he knew, the judge said to him:

"Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire."

After examination had closed, the Bar was convulsed by the judge adding:

"Mr. Gunn, you can go off; you are discharged."

* * *

NOT THAT KIND.

AUNT EMILY, an old colored woman, was given two Maltese kittens, and asked the neighbors to help her name them. Uncle Eph, who lived across the street, shuffled over with a suggestion that they be named Cook and Peary. "Look a yere, Eph," replied Aunt Emily, "does you want to 'sult those animals of mine? Why, them ain't polecats."—*Success Magazine.*

* * *

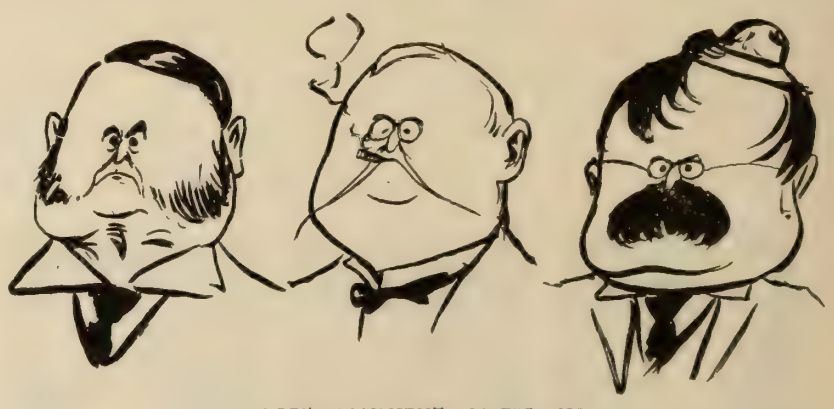
WHEN WE PLAY CARDS.

By JAMES A. BELL.

When we play cards, Adele and I,
She wins each game, though hard I try,
All I can do is sit and sigh,
For hearts are trump.

She deals the cards with hands so deft
And takes the tricks in right and left,
'Till I am almost sense-bereft,
For hearts are trump.

And then I get the dearest hand
And try so hard my play to plan.
I whisper low: "Dear, if you can
Let hearts be trump."



THREE PROMINENT POLITICIANS

Drawn by N. McConnell

RESULT OF SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN.

"Is Lady Jane in?"

"Very sorry, sir, but mistress is in prison this afternoon."—*Life.*

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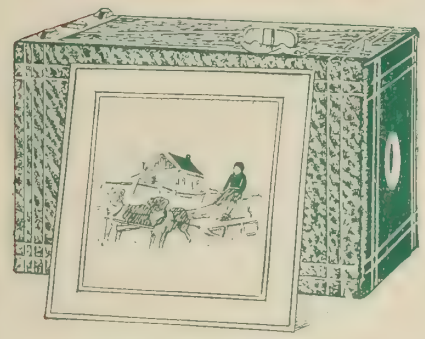

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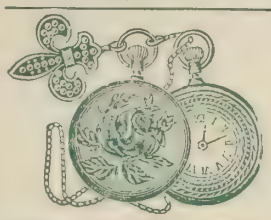

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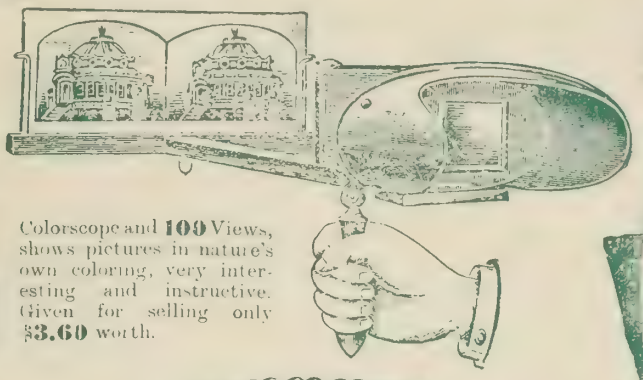

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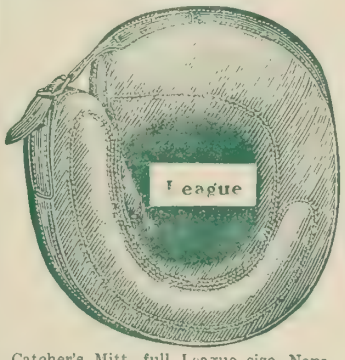

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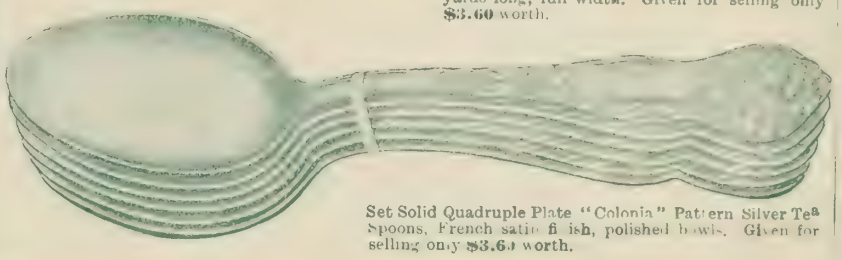

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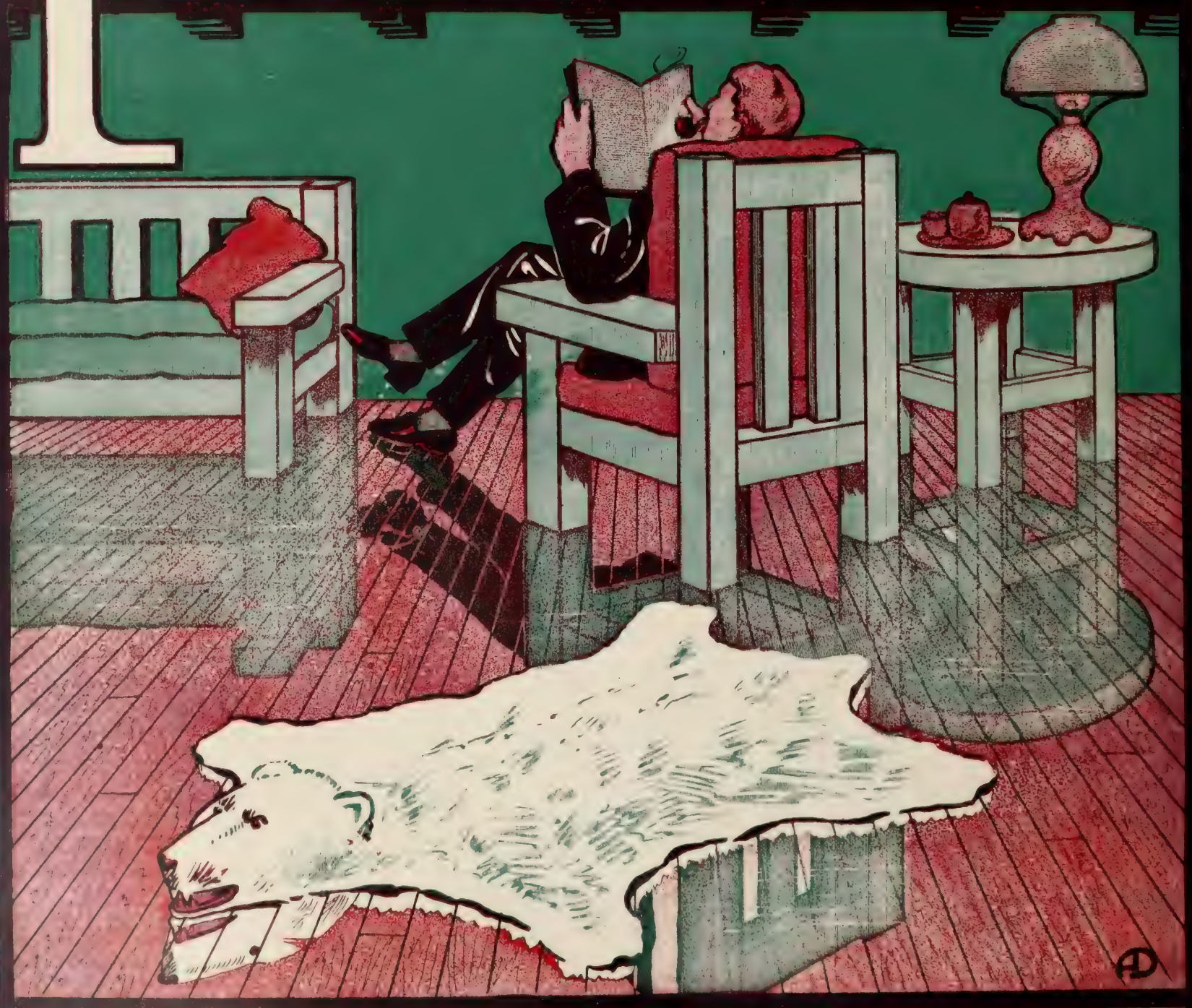

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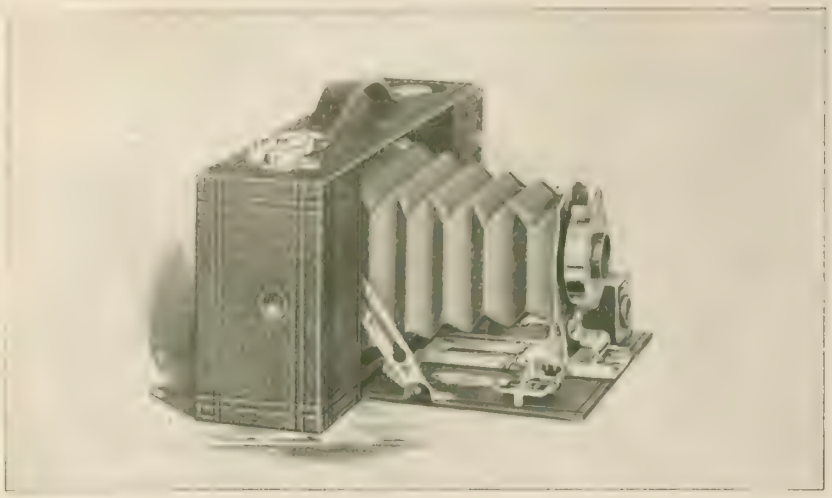

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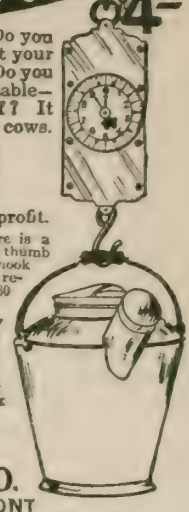

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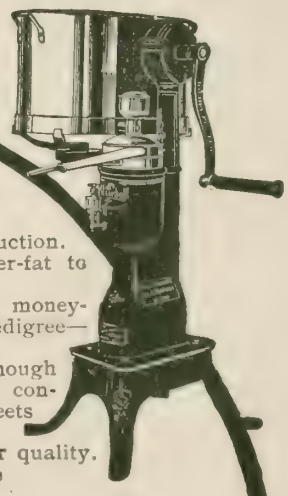

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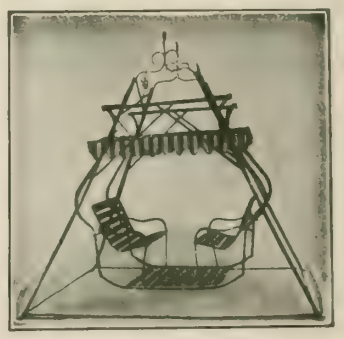

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TORONTO, APRIL, 1910

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Editorial Chat

PURITY IN DOMESTIC PRODUCTS is of interest to every housewife in the country. The woman who stops to think is sure to set quality above alleged cheapness. The grocer or the butcher who calls attention to the cheapness of his wares is only challenging a question of their reliability. There is no field of scientific investigation to-day which is of more importance to humanity than that of food-production. When the milk supply is impure, disease is the result. When the drinking-water is charged with sewage, the effect on the community is disaster. We have dwelt fully on the subject of a good milk supply, and are now preparing for a campaign in behalf of pure foods. In this connection, the most reliable authorities in the province will be consulted and our readers may be assured that no commodity will be recommended or referred to, unless investigation has been made. Many women, in their purchasing of cheap teas, spices, jam or preserves, make one believe in the famous saying of the showman: "The public loves to be fooled." What we shall eat is an important consideration, whether it relates to quantity or quality, and the latter feature deserves the closest scrutiny, if we are going to develop into useful citizens.

MAKING ALLOWANCES is a subject which every husband and father in the land should take into serious consideration. Our article on the subject in the February number has brought such a variety of interesting correspondence that we shall devote a whole page to it in the May issue, showing how the maids and matrons of the country feel on this all-absorbing topic. Some interesting confidences have reached us from girl subscribers, manifesting a desire for further advice on the situation and expressing in no uncertain terms the desire of the feminine heart for financial recognition and independence.

THE COST OF LIVING is being discussed at home, in the church and in the newspapers. Whatever may be the outcome of the discussion, the simple life will probably be forced upon us. In this number will be found an article by one acquainted with home and foreign markets, on the subject of our modern prices, giving the reasons why eggs are sometimes at the price of sixty cents a dozen. In connection with this subject, we should be pleased to receive from our readers culinary hints for inexpensive and nourishing dishes. In this issue will be found recipes for cheese dishes, which have the approval of Macdonald Institute authorities.

DAINTY NEEDLE WORK is a matter which concerns all our readers and we have attempted during the last year to add materially to our department of this industry. We now have a page devoted to this feminine occupation and intend to publish occasional articles on stencilling and similar decorative arts. Articles which give a description and illustrations of any new ideas in these departments will be especially welcome.

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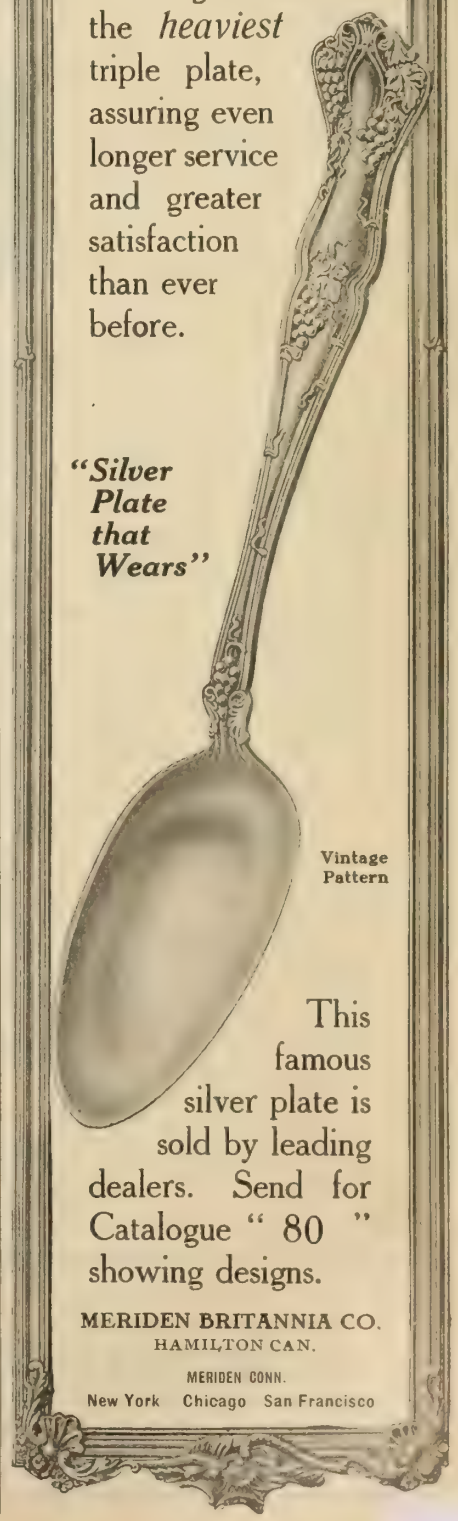

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About Canadian Art

THE Canadian artist is frequently maligned and belittled by those who seldom go to an art exhibition and who think it a mark of superiority to bewail the crudity of Canadian poetry and painting. As a matter of fact, these disconsolate critics are entirely mistaken. Canadian art is, like everything else in this hopeful young country, progressing favorably and is deserving of serious study and local encouragement.

It is said that a Canadian tourist who was visiting Paris was informed that a painting he admired greatly was by an artist of Canadian birth.

"The first time I have heard of the man!" he declared in mild surprise. "Do you mean to say that we have an artist whose work is recognized over here?"

It is time for some of us, who have been mourning over the scarcity of works of art in Canada, to open our eyes and behold the canvases which already give the Canadian galleries a place among national achievement. The exhibitions, which are held from time to time, show a steady growth in earnestness and subtlety which is assurance of artistic endeavor. While there is a danger in national bravado and assumption that we are, indeed, a marvellous people, there is just as great a danger in self-depreciation or failure to give honor where honor is due. Among the members of the Canadian Art Club, Mr. Archibald Browne has won a unique place for the witchery and delicate charm of lake and woodland scenes. "The Valley," reproduced on this page, is among the most admired pictures by this artist and won high praise in both Montreal and Toronto during the recent exhibitions.

"THE VALLEY."
From the painting by Archibald Browne

* * *

A Worthy Mission

DURING the month of March a transatlantic visitor, Mrs. Ord Marshall, made herself welcome in Canada where she explained, to the satisfaction of many prominent citizens, the purpose of her present tour of the Dominion. Mrs. Ord Marshall is Honorary Secretary of the League of the Empire and her imperialism is of the practical and helpful order. She was instrumental in establishing technical schools in the Island of St. Helena, after the garrison had been withdrawn and the inhabitants were in great distress. The lace work done by the girls in those schools is an evidence of the good accomplished.

In all the British Colonies, the officers of the League of the Empire have been fortunate enough to enlist the encouragement of the educational authorities. In Canada Mrs. Ord Marshall is anxious to increase the facilities for giving young English boys who come to this country an agricultural training which will enable them to form a sturdy yeoman class—especially in the West. The two great needs of this country, at present, are a good class of agricultural settlers and a large number of women immigrants willing to become domestic assistants.

The English boys of the class whom it is proposed to encourage as agricultural settlers or students, are not of the poverty-stricken or destitute order. They are boys of respectable birth and healthy training for whom there is no opening in the Old Country but who would be a valuable addition to the Canadian population.

Canada has suffered much, during the last ten years, from immigrants of the pauper and degenerate class, the off-scouring of London, Birmingham and Glasgow slums, utterly unfit for either work or play. We want no more of such "dumpings." If we can secure such yeoman immigration as Mrs. Marshall describes, if we can bring "the landless man to the manless land," as Mr. Rider Haggard has suggested, we shall have profited much.

* * *

A Decided Pest

VERY few of us realize that the ordinary fly is the most dangerous of all pests. It is unequalled as a carrier of filth and therefore of disease. The Department of Agriculture in the United States has aroused to consider the harm done by the common house fly and will start a health crusade against this pest. Many housewives seem to have regarded the common fly as a necessary evil and have not grasped the fact of its essential harmfulness. The women in both country and city should unite in driving out and destroying this small but dangerous intruder.

Screen doors and windows prove a partial barrier to its entrance, but the fly should be exterminated beyond the home, as its presence anywhere is a menace to health. For years the scourge of yellow fever in the South was endured without any realization of its origin and possible removal. Finally, medical science made known that the mosquito was to blame as the carrier of the deadly poison, and war was proclaimed against the buzzing pest. The house fly taints food and spreads disease. Its presence means discomfort and dirt. Wherefore, let us drive the fly, not only from our houses, but from the land.

* * *

A Place to Play

DR. GULICK of New York, who has recently visited Canada, in the interests of the medical inspection of schools, has given us much by way of suggestion and inspiration. Everyone admits that the mother has more influence over the child than doctor or teacher can ever exert. In the words of the homely old proverb, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

Yet, in the public schools of this continent there is a great work of supervision, as well as instruction, going on. The teacher has an opportunity to notice defects of sight and hearing which are often unobserved in the home circle until the trouble has become difficult to cure. Consequently the medical oversight of the pupils is a natural outgrowth of the influence which is exerted by a public system of education in a democratic country.

A question which is becoming more important yearly in our Canadian cities is the matter of playgrounds for the children of the congested quarters. We compare somewhat unfavorably with the United States in this respect, and it is high time for us to consider the setting apart of adequate space for this purpose. The neglect or dwarfing of childhood brings a terrible vengeance on the State, when the child who has been denied the right and just exercise of his instinct for recreation becomes a criminal. Every citizen should interest himself or herself in this matter, for it is an essential in a healthy community. Mrs. Humphry Ward gave us a sympathetic account of the manner in which Old London is trying to meet the difficulty. While we are talking of conservation of natural resources, it would be well to turn our attention first of all to the needs of the children who have "no place to play."

Founding of Women's Institutes in British Columbia

By LAURA ROSE

TO find the West progressive is only what one expects. It is not surprising, then, that British Columbia, the province farthest removed from Ontario, where the Women's Institute movement originated and has now such a strong foothold, should be the next province to take up the work.

Mr. R. W. Hodson, the energetic superintendent of Institutes for British Columbia, urged me to go west this past fall, mainly for the purpose of introducing the Women's Institute movement and to organize Institutes.

Our most sanguine hopes were more than realized regarding the reception of the enterprise. One has to be familiar with the physical characteristics of the country and the resulting varied conditions and occupations of the people to appreciate the difficulties in establishing Institutes and the carrying on of the work. The province is so large and the settlements scattered.

On the water-front and along the large rivers, fishing is extensively engaged in. In the valley of the lower Fraser dairying receives much attention. Through the Okanagan, Arrow Head and Kootenay Lakes districts and parts of Vancouver Island, nothing but fruit is talked of, while over all the vast area of that mountainous country, here and there coal, iron, and the precious metals are being taken from the bowels of Mother Earth. These diversified industries make a people of diversified tastes and interests.

The Pacific coast with its mild climate, wonderful vegetation, its splendid fishing and hunting grounds has appealed most strongly to the English and we find certain settlements more English than England itself.

The rural districts are yet so new that the different nationalities have not amalgamated to the extent one might desire. There has been nothing to draw them together in one common interest. The ladies in many places expressed to me the lack of unity and a wish that an Institute be formed in the sincere hope of breaking down barriers and of being able to plan and work for the good of all.

My faith was of milk and water strength (mostly water, I fear) that evening when at Gordon Head, some miles out from Victoria, I explained the aims and objects of the Women's Institute. It was the first meeting of the series. The attendance was small and I had small hope of organizing. But we must be prepared for surprises in the West. You are sure to get them. One came to me that October night last fall when the gentlemen present—and right here I would like to say in a real reverential manner, God bless the men and a little more especially those of British Columbia; they certainly are of the right sort and have ever been an efficient and timely help to me in my work—but to get back to the meeting, it was the gentlemen who moved that an Institute be formed and they greatly assisted in the election of officers.

All over the province I found the same surprise. It was invariably the gentlemen who had the keener insight into the beneficial results of having such a society and they took the initiative and lent such a hearty support that to them the credit is due in many places of getting the Institute started. It is a good forecast of the future welfare of the societies when the men are so strongly in favor of them.

I have had most encouraging letters from a large number of the newly-formed Institutes, and not one has spoken discouragingly. Many confess an ignorance of the work and want information. I wish if any of the Ontario Institutes have any old yearly programmes or other useful printed or written Institute matter, they would forward same to me. Not forgetting our own struggles in our weak beginning, we should gladly lend a hand to our sisters in the far west. Some of our own members have settled out there and are anxious to again have the privileges of an Institute. One lady said to me: "It is the thing I have missed most in British Columbia."

The superintendent and I drove from Victoria twenty-five miles to Sooke. Such a drive, through the forest primeval, by mountain, sea and valley. And what a fine meeting and old-time hospitality awaited us at the end of our long drive! From their gardens a number of ladies had brought roses—large as saucers—chrysanthemums, lilies, etc. Flowers are ever such sweet and simple gifts of appreciation. Delicious cake and coffee added to the cheer of the hour. I have recently heard the Institute formed that evening is thriving.

At Otter Point, twelve miles farther on, the settlement is largely one of bachelors, yet true to my mission, I presented the Women's Institute movement at the jolly meeting we held in the little log schoolhouse, and one gentleman afterwards sent $5.00 to help on the work at Sooke, the nearest Institute.

How I wish space permitted me to tell of all the places I visited! Each one has some special, peculiar interest of its own. I would love to tell of the districts in the vicinity of Vancouver, of my trip to the Chilliwack valley, where several Institutes were formed, of the new experience of the sail down the Okanagan Lake to Summerland. Had the trip been less delightful, the good meeting and the fine corps of officers elected to carry on the Institute would still have amply repaid one. Several stops were made on the return to Armstrong and Salmon Arm and a number of Institutes organized. There was the trip down the beautiful Arrow Head Lakes and the good meeting at Nakusp, resulting in an Institute.

The meetings we had in Nelson and Kaslo, in the Kootenay district, surprised even the old-timers themselves in respect to interest and numbers. At Nelson I couldn't help but be amused. I said: "You must not expect to have everything just right at the beginning or as advanced as we have it. You will have to go a little slow." "Not a bit of it," one lady spoke up. "We expect to start just where you Ontario people are now and we'll keep you going to keep up to us. We're of the West, you know." I was told that a few years ago this same lady resided in Toronto. There is something refreshingly amusing about the loyalty and enthusiasm of even the newcomers, for the West. I have received to-day, since writing the above, a letter from the president of the Nelson Institute, and trust she will pardon the privilege I take in taking an extract from it. I do so to verify the lady's statement that we eastern people will have "to go some" to keep pace with the new Institute movement in British Columbia.

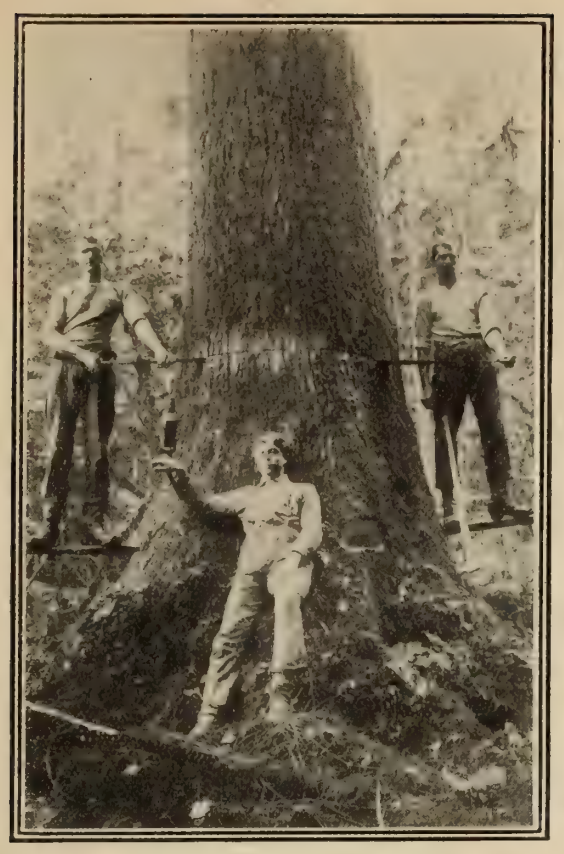
THE WRITER IN A WESTERN GARDEN.

The letter states: "At first, we had difficulty in securing a suitable place for meetings but have a splendid one now. It has a large room off one end and that we are equipping for a kitchen. We have use of the piano at all times and our rent is five dollars a month. Very reasonable, we think. The gas company have given us a stove and the firm where we got our kitchen utensils gave us a generous discount. We have decided to serve tea on Saturday in our rooms indefinitely, to raise a little fund to pay for furnishings. Last Saturday we had our first, the executive taking charge and we took in $8.75; also nine new members. The secretary had some correspondence lately from the Government and they are making a yearly grant of fifty cents per member until we reach one hundred, then twenty-five cents per member. We have now sixty-five members and if we can secure one hundred that will almost pay rent for one year. Our membership fee is fifty cents a year. I think the Institute is progressing favorably. Many seem to be interested. We hold our meetings on the fourth Saturday of the month. To-day I had a letter from the Cranbrook, B.C., Institute, asking for information about our Institute, progress, programmes. There was some talk of having a Women's Exchange under the supervision of the Women's Institute, but we have decided to leave that in abeyance for a while."

This letter cheered me wonderfully. After forming an Institute I cannot go away and forget its existence. It remains in my memory as something born of my effort and my desire and hope is that it may prosper and become a power for good in the community.

As a result of a few weeks' work there are now twenty or more Women's Institutes in British Columbia, scattered all over that vast and lovely province—nuclei, from which we may expect to spring many more Institutes. The Government is most anxious and willing to do all it can for the new societies.

Each Institute will be visited twice yearly by a Government delegate besides being helped by a substantial grant.



THE FALL OF A MONARCH.

The prominent features of the British Columbia Women's Institute are, to promote civic improvement, assist in making the annual fall fairs more of an educational feature especially for the children, to promote a feeling of greater friendliness and unity in the community, as well as to improve the home and its surroundings. They have large ideas and a large country in which to carry them out.

We extend to each new Institute hearty greetings and sincere wishes for abundant success from our older Ontario Institutes.

Notes from a Ramble Westward

By NORRIS BARRYMORE

AS a welcome "something" by way of variety in the miles of yellow-brown monotony over which we have travelled in the great Last West, we spy the nucleus of a prairie town.

Open to sky, wind and weather it stands, trying hard to get used to itself and its importance; if possible to maintain its newly acquired dignity in the face of all newcomers at any rate, and, perhaps more particularly, its equilibrium in the face of the wind—that wind of the plains of which everyone has heard, but which has to be felt to be appreciated.

You know the hackneyed expression—originated no doubt in one of those guileless looking "Settlers' Guide" pamphlets, "There is always a breeze on the prairie," and "breeze" of the zephyr type it may have been originally, but, after the manner of the country to which it belongs, its development has been rapid; and now, in its vigorous, pouring nature it sweeps over the plains bearing all—of a bearable nature—before it, and making a brave effort to continue the process as it enters the embryo town.

But that same old wind—warlike enough as it can be, its power almost limitless when in a fury—is in its fresh, exhilarating, germ-destroying qualites one of the country's assets.

Only by a gallop on the open, which is not hard to find, on a fairly trustworthy broncho, which is, out and away, with no object in view but your own love of motion and conflict with the wind-giant, can you appreciate the blood-tingling, bounding spirit of the denizens of the prairie primeval, who, mounted on their sturdy Shagannappis and drinking in the wine of the wind, covered without weariness its leagues of untilled vastness.

One cannot but be struck with the "through-other" look of everything about a new western town. Even the very newness of the handful of buildings almost grates on one as they force themselves upon one's vision in all their crudeness and unlovely nudity. But, perhaps they are ashamed enough of themselves, poor things! without our comment, though we should think that even one coat on their bare shoulders — paint preferred—would give them a more comfortable feeling personally, and command more respect from the public generally. Fortunately, that same public is too busy with its own affairs to trouble much about appearances, particularly other peoples'.

The piles of lumber always—if it has passed the initial stage at all—stones ready for use, in heaps large or small according to faith or finances—usually the latter — of prospective builder; a plough and scraper at work, supplemented by the necessary team of horses and driver of course—mark where someone has commenced excavating for a residence or business stand. A buggy here, a wagon there, a group of new farm implements holding an open-air meeting in lieu of sheltered quarters, but advertising themselves as loudly as red paint with blue and gold stripes can do, groups of settlers' effects—more picturesque than beautiful—ranged along the railway—if it can boast such a convenience, and "most anywhere" if it can not—complete the picture of confusion.

Then, the riot-running method the people have, of wandering "every-which-way" over property—their own or their neighbors'—does not simplify matters to any extent.

Who but the ever-on-the-ground and very-much-alive vendor of real estate with his glib tongue, aided by his nearly-new map, could persuade you that any such approaches to mathematical lines as streets could be found in the outlook?

But, what cares the pioneer for the disorder, inconvenience and deprivations? Indeed, I fancy the average male of humankind rather enjoys it all, the freedom from conventionalities soothing rather than irritating his Bohemian-inclined taste; and then, ahead of it all shines the bright star of ease, comfort, independence—so called—and honor among his fellows.

Horses, mules and oxen all contribute their quota to the labor supply. To the majority of Ontario people, the two latter kinds of animals look rather odd as "general purpose" workers. Oxen, as such, we associate with the days of bush pioneering, when strength and stick-to-it-iveness were the prime considerations.

Apropos of western rush and bustle of which we hear so much, I could not but be amused to see so many of those exasperatingly slow animals used so much. This more particularly in the newer districts, of course, but the westerner generally does so love to criticize the "slow, pokey, way-back easterner," and laud his own "hustling, bustling, up-an'-comin' American spirit," as he is pleased to term it, I wondered how he would like to have his country's "speed" judged by the "move" of the animals aforesaid.

One particularly grotesque looking equipment we saw, was a yoke of oxen drawing a sort of stone-boat, or very low sled fitted up with a crude box and seat. At a distance, we fancied it was an Indian outfit, but close range proved it to be "manned" by an Englishman and his wife, of cultured and refined appearance. They drove their "steeds" up the street to the store with less flourish than deliberation—as might be expected—stepped from their queer conveyance and into the store with as much dignity as if it were a royal equipage gaily caparisoned.

How typical, though, that little woman is of scores of women in the scattered prairie districts! Removed from old associations and enjoyments of the homeland, from the comforts and conveniences—then considered real necessities—enduring privations never dreamed of in youth's palmy days, they now, for the "bairns'" sake, bear it all with sunny faces, that every possible dollar may go to secure and hold a few hundreds of those fertile, sunshine-flooded acres.

And who does not envy the brave heart under the old-fashioned garments, the serene strength of the little face browned by exposure, the dignity of step, as unfalteringly she treads in Necessity's lead, making the going not only a virtue, but a joyous, tripping measure?

UPPER BOW VALLEY FROM TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, BANFF.

OTTER POINT SCHOOLHOUSE, WHERE MEETING WAS HELD.

A SALMON-FILLED BOAT AT SOOKE, B.C.

OKANAGAN FALLS, B.C.

Why Eggs were Sixty Cents a Dozen

A Consideration of the Cost of Living

By J. W. SANGSTER

EVERYONE is interested in the great question of domestic economics—the cost of living. The newspapers which do not profess to know all about it are scarcely fashionable. They have spread tons of ink over acres of paper, in their endeavors to throw some light, or at least some sensation around the subject. About all the views which could be taken of the question have been aired. Everyone associated with the production, handling, or consuming of the necessities or the luxuries of life has come in for his share of blame.

The farmer, who is about the most helpless thing alive as regards control of the markets which he must sell in, has been blamed for enhancing, in some mysterious way, the price of his products. But he surely can show a clean bill of health so far as boodling is concerned. He is the one man alive, who has to let the other fellow have his own way, first, last and all the time. He has to grow what people want, let the time necessary be one season or five, he has to take the price which the public will pay, and has to accept the other fellow's weights and measurements into the bargain. When he buys, he must again accept the other fellow's price, and weights or measurements as well. You can search the farmer for any evidence of manipulation of markets or of prices.

The farmer is also blamed for a disgraceful indolence in the matter of production. Why does he not produce more? He is neglecting his opportunities. Why does he not grow more on his land, that prices for it may be lower? The farmer, who works from dawn to dark, at heavy, hard work can look with implicit innocence in the face of his reviler who labors only from six to eight hours per day, when accused of this also.

There is only one more charge to be laid at the door of the farmer. Lo, it is forthcoming. He is not sufficiently numerous. Why are there not more of him? Is race suicide ravaging the agricultural interests of the country, until it is becoming impossible to obtain the necessities of life?

Sadly will the answer be made. The aged farmer silently points with one hand to the large farm house, once the home of a big family of sturdy boys and girls, who made the fireside merry, and the table noisy with their heart-free laughter. But now the big house is silent, its rooms are deserted, and vacant are its chairs.

On the walls inside hang pictures, pictures of strong handsome young faces. Here is the profile of a beautiful girl in evening dress; there a young man in a frock coat, over yonder another of a dashing young cavalier of the west, in chaps and neckerchief and Strathcona. The situation is easy of comprehension. The picture is full of desolate pathos. It is a picture of "The Old Homestead," too truthfully true. The old farmer has proved his case.

But other cause must be sought. The look of quiet reproof on his honest old face is deprecated, for there is serious work to do. The culprit who is making the cost of living so high must be found, and exposed in three-column scare heads. The wholesaler comes next in order.

He is a man whom we have always suspected, this go-between, who handles such large quantities of the product of the farm and the workshop. His methods are not publicly advertised, nor very well known, and therefore suspicious. He is arraigned in carefully worded articles, by the tribunal of the daily press.

But the very first shot taken at him, brings a straightforward and business-like reply. He acknowledges that food products are now dear, expresses regret, not only invites, but demands investigation of his affairs and business methods, and concludes with a gentle hint at greater exercise of domestic economy, as indicated in the purchase of cheaper cuts of meat, with a little more care in their preparation, to make them as palatable as the more expensive ones. He vindicates his own position in a few terse statements and produces figures to prove them. He fairly takes away our breath, does this calm-eyed strong-faced man, whose trained finger plays constantly on the pulse throbs of the world's industrial, commercial and financial life. We scarcely suspected the mental calibre of this man, his ready efficiency for his day and generation, and his paternal familiarity with the people of this good old, bad old world he lives in. Perhaps there was, after all, more real reason and less fantastic whim in the girl who said that she would rather marry a good up-to-date business man than a professional man any day.

The gunners go out after the retailer next. Has he been fooling us all the time? Has he got his business into such a shape that he can brazenly charge three or four times what he ought to and get off with it? Poor fellow, he has the hardest story to tell of all. He tells it with courtesy, for he has learned to be courteous to all kinds of people. Long years spent in trying to please has made him as tranquil as a swan on a silver lake, when customers storm or when impertinent questions are asked. After a moment's deliberate and respectful attention, he calmly walks to his desk, takes out a list of invoices, and deliberately shows us "where he is at." The wholesale cost of the goods tallies with that produced by the wholesaler. He then begins to talk. As he enumerates item after item of expense, rents, taxes, rates, store expenses, delivery, credits, and goods returned, we see in him a different man. Not the broadly developed mind of the wholesaler is depicted now, but a mind trained to specific thoroughness. He is a master of detail. He knows how to save a few cents, and how to save a few minutes' time. He can get through with a customer inclined to linger and to talk. He can tell his errand boy how to save time and steps, he can evade loss and save cost, and prevent leakage. He is a keen and successful speculator, in his small way, and meets the multitude of exactions with a generalship that calls forth admiration. He has not time to talk long, and he looks just a little bit tired, but he keeps up his busy gait and his cheerful hearty air with a gameness that touches, and one leaves him with a feeling that it is a good thing to go and do likewise. The only thing that has not increased in our view of the situation is envy for the lot of the retail dealer.

Can we find in the home, then, an explanation of the high cost of living? But homes are so different. No home is to be taken as any standard of measurement for any other home or for an average of all homes. In some, doubtless, extravagance and bad management run riot with incomes. In others, careful economy has failed to ward off misfortune. Homes are blessed with capable fathers and mothers whose loving fingers have toiled and saved, that futures might be assured for children who ought to be forever grateful, and homes have been, well, different. Home, in the abstract, is a word around which cling tenderest sentiments, but home in the abstract is an impossibility, as a foundation for any safe economic deduction. Granted that a little luxury is now a more common visitant in the everyday home, is luxury a more lawful presence anywhere else? And is there anywhere on earth where luxury graces life, that it comes with less of viciousness, or of reckless wastefulness? The home is rather too sacred a place for our plebeian curiosity.

But the home must bear the inquisition as well as the other places. It has been charged that wastefulness in the home has caused the cost of living to increase. "It is not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living," remarked one eminent authority. "The luxuries are what come high, the necessaries of life are no dearer than they were a decade ago."

There are more opinions than one upon that subject. Here is the opinion of another one: During the past decade corn has advanced in price, in the United States over 111 per cent., oats over 85 per cent., wheat over 59 per cent., potatoes over 70 per cent., pork 82 per cent., and lard 113 per cent. Are these to be classified among the necessities of life? Surely, it does not take any more than this to prove that even in the most economical management, the cost must be very materially increased, and there is little means of evading it.

Industrial changes have altered the home of to-day in many ways, from that of the old times. Once upon a time the great share of the labors by which our big cities now subsist was all done in the home. Spinning, weaving, boot and shoe manufacture as well as dressmaking, and all the associated industries were once part of the labors of the home. The manufacture of machinery, now such a tremendous industry, was once a mere item in the statistics of any country.

But we have not yet found the guilty party. Who is to blame for all this? We have proved the innocence of the wholesaler, who was only half joking when he alluded to the purchase of expensive cuts of meat and to extravagance in the home. He knew, none better, that the cheaper cuts of meat of which he spoke, were not really cheaper, when measured by the yardstick of actual value. We have yet to accomplish a logical diagnosis of the situation.

Let us visit the old farmer at his home once more. It has been pretty well proved that he is the man who enjoys a large share of the increased price of foods, even if he has satisfied all concerned that he had no hand in the making of the prices. Still does the old home remind us of a place once full of life and activity, although now deserted and lonely.

Yes, the farmer is getting bigger prices for his products than he once did. He can recall the time when live hogs were worth only about three dollars per hundred weight, when wheat was sixty cents a bushel and when spring chickens were fifteen cents a pair, eggs eight cents a dozen, and butter twelve and a half cents a pound. "Those were hard times," he remarks reminiscently, "with all the children at home to be fed and clothed and educated. But they are all gone now. Yes, I could make money now, if they were all here yet, but one cannot do much work alone, and help is hard to get and its price is high. The children are all doing well where they are."

"Yes, that portrait is one of our daughter Lucy. She is head of the millinery department in a big Toronto store. There are over two hundred and fifty girls under her at some seasons of the year. And Fred, he is the one in the black suit. He is a doctor with a big city practice now. Robert is the one with the leggings and spurs. He is a rancher in the West, and Charley and Tom are engineers with the railroad. The youngest is Jim. He is at the Agricultural College, and when he graduates he will go west and be a partner of Robert. He thinks that there are bigger opportunities in the West than here at home. I am not so sure of that. If times had been as good when I was his age I would be a very rich man by this time. Most of the neighbors' boys are gone away, too," continues the old man. "They have gone to the city, or else they have gone west. Every time one of them comes home he always takes one or two of the others with him."

It is a lonely old man, in a lonely farm house, who talks. His family are all gone. Here is a reason why the cost of living is so high. Inquiry reveals the conviction that the old farm could be made to produce three times what it does, if the labor was there to make it.

Let us now follow Lucy to her city life and its duties. The place where she works is a wholesale millinery house. It is only one of many such in that city, but it is an eight-storey block, and each of its floors swarms with workers, busy with the handling and reshipping of headwear in all stages of development. The house has salesmen travelling the roads, it has buyers travelling the continent, it has designers, and demonstrators and experts in every department. Hat materials come in by the carload, and hats go out by the drayload. Millinery stores in every town and village receive them, make them over, and earn their livelihood by reselling them. What an industry this has grown to be! Hats are all made in this way now. But this is not all. Ladies' garments of all kinds are manufactured in the same wholesale way. Let us visit a whitewear department. Here hundreds of girls and men are at work. Not in the way it was done in the home are these turned out. On a big cutting table cloth is piled many thicknesses, and a hard working cutter is at work. With an electric cutter he approaches the pile and with one turn of his instrument carves out dozens of pieces like so much cheese. These are then car-

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AMALFI IN ALL ITS GLORY

Naples—While You Wait

By NAN MOULTON

"TO travel hopefully is better than to arrive," Stevenson once wrote. I wonder whether the Mediterranean failed to "play the game" with him too. When has the Mediterranean ever been written down anything but blue? But we tossed and shivered on a cold, grey, stormy sea all the way from Port Said to Naples. We blinked sleepily from portholes at Messina, blinking sleepily back from her slopes, and we drowsily made meagre acquaintance with Mount Etna, yet in her night-cap. Later, Stromboli, dreary under a dreary sky, exerted himself feebly when he saw us coming, but the result was just one puff of smoke from the crater sunk between his shoulders. Somebody called for volunteers to go over and set a match to him.

We came into the Bay of Naples with a sunset of flame behind Capri, and Amalfi and Sorrento cuddling enticingly into the soft green to our right. The night came quickly with dashes of rain, and old Vesuvius glowed his way toward us, doing unusually luminous stunts, all his great mass just faintly suggested beyond the mist of rain, and soft crimson tapes of lava unwinding themselves in leisurely paths from his smoky summit.

We spent several hours of the next morning doing processions past the tiresome, peremptory Italian health-officers, who counted us and recounted us, herded us in smoking-rooms, crowded us into narrow deck-spaces, lined us in alphabetical order, and spent endless time over passports and all manner of lunacies. Between processions, we wandered out on deck. Boys, from a myriad of queer craft below, waggled long poles at us, each pole bearing at its swaying top bunches of roses and carnations. Barges, cooking fish, fringed the outer edge of the sea of small boats. Between were brown women with fruit and vegetables which they constantly re-arranged with fingers not excessively clean, or dusted with suspicious-looking rags. They made me think of the coolie in Pretoria who was arrested for polishing his fruit in the market with a stocking. His defence was that he had not been wearing the stocking.

Nearly all the passengers were leaving at Naples. Watching one's friends and acquaintances getting their traps off the lighter and through the customs was illuminating. The erstwhile quiet, charming woman fussed distractedly after an invisible suit-case, the delightful after-dinner raconteur unblushingly stole a porter from his chosen audience, dearest friends of the past few weeks waded knee-deep in luggage, unseeingly elbowing one another in their frantic haste to get at the gesticulating deities of the Neapolitan Customs. But, after the immediate survival of the fittest and the more remote resurrection of the belated unfittest, primitive manners were dropped, and gracious "Au revoirs" were waved from departing carriages, and "Until Rome, then!" smiled back from vanishing motors.

My most pleasing memory of Naples I put first, a clean, simple, delicious, Christian lunch, snowily served in a cool, wide, tiled room overlooking the Bay. Call it carnal if you will, but wait until *you* have existed for four weeks on German cooking swathed in oil, and see!

The time was Ascension, so the shops were closed, the town en fete, and the streets thronged with pleasure-seekers in gay attire. Here one saw a Sister appealing to the holiday spirit of generosity, there the brown shadow of a friar slipped along with averted eyes, and an occasional priest went through genuflections and prayers in the open front of a church. The flowers were adorable. Wherever we drove, the windows of our carriages were filled with the loveliest carnations in all colors, even blue, with an importunate Neapolitan boy somewhere at the lower end of the mass of bloom, shouting out ludicrously small prices for his world of fragrance. Up the arcades were banked perspectives of Annunciation lilies, and cherries and strawberries furnished a luscious crimson background.

Naples seemed strangely familiar. The curving Bay, the narrow cobbled roads winding round and up the hill, the old castles, the distant towers, the smoky mountain were just as the cards had stained them, just as one had read of them a thousand times. The docks swarmed with repulsive beggars, and beggars of greater or less degree, were clamoring in and about the steamer when the remnant of us returned. Corals and cameos cut in lava were the most attractive of the wares offered. One great, brown, husky fellow who surely could have found some honest labor for the might of his arm, beat the sea into a foam and bellowed for "maney." Two shadowy-eyed, dirty-faced babes in a small, leaky, old punt needed no appeal beyond their own helpless sweetness as one mismanaged the crude oars and the other held up a wee net for coppers, which he almost invariably missed, and whose descent through the waves he watched with soft, black, bewildered eyes. The Church and the Flesh engaged in conflict caught our attention next. In one boat an apple-cheeked old nun begged an alms, caught her donations in a very huge, very ancient, very faded, purple umbrella, and threw demure kisses of thanks with her crucifix to the donor. Jostling her, two pretty Neapolitan girls, with dusky banded hair, roguish eyes, and softly-rounded features, sang gay love songs, danced the dances of sunny Italy, caught their rain of coin in brilliant little sunshades, and threw kisses from scarlet lips with dainty caressing finger-tips.

The little French Father, evidently concurring in Father O'Flynn's suggestion,

> "Is it lave gaiety
> All to the laity?
> Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

had come back to the steamer slightly jocose. He leaned now over the rail, irresistibly attracted by the rhythmic movements of the bewitching Neapolitans, and greatly applauding. But, just as he was searching for his purse, the old nun and her raised crucifix caught his eye, and the purple umbrella received his first lira. Then, habit followed, and conscience squared, he returned beaming to the music and dancing and youthful grace. Next morning a sadder, graver French Father thus expressed himself as to Naples: "But, yes, know you, the wines in the cafes of Naples are of a badness unbelievable! Me, yesterday, I had with my lunch one all-little bottle, and to-day the head is to me of a heaviness! Oh-la-la!" And he buried his hot face in his hands. Of a verity, mon pere, we all, clergy and laity alike, pay for our moments of being "Irishmen too."

Music or Noise?

By JOYCE WHARNCLIFF

ONE of our Canadian teachers in speaking of a recent visit she had made to Europe, described the singing she had heard there in some of the cathedrals. She did not refer to solo or choir music, but to the congregational singing. She had visited many cathedrals in the old land, and the particular thing which drew her attention was the delightful quality of the singing. Compared with what is heard in our Canadian churches it was much softer. Everyone sang, but in a lower tone than is heard here, and the result was beautiful.

Now anyone having a knowledge of acoustics knows that the form of the building has much to do with the sound, and perhaps, the cathedrals which our friend visited were more suited to the production of that delicate, yet penetrating volume of sound. The structure of Massey Hall, Toronto, furnishes an example of this. Those who have attended public meetings there in which singing has formed a part, have doubtless noticed how the music echoes through the arches of the ceiling, with splendid effect. Anyway, we shall certainly not call our Canadian singing noise when compared to what was heard across the water but may we not take a hint for our own improvement?

Some time ago the writer was in one of our little country churches, where the voice of one young lady could be heard far above all the others singing. Those who stood within a radius of five feet from her could not hear their own voices. She was talented in music too, and no doubt thought she was doing well to sing with all her might; but she failed to remember that music does not consist in mere volume of sound. And therein lies the mistake that many of us make.

Ministers ask their congregations to "sing out." Now, that may be quite right, and it doubtless is pleasant to hear everyone singing from his heart. Let us not put a damper on that. But too often it sounds like the music made by some of these mechanical piano players—there is no shading nor expression; just one great volume of sound from beginning to end. What is the delightful quality we admire so much in a well trained choir? Is it not the art of shading? Would any choir leader ask his choir to "sing out," all the time? No, they are taught to hold in the volume at times, so that the gradual increase of sound which marks a climax may be all the more apparent. The hymn books used lately by some of our churches endeavor to produce this effect in congregational singing, indicating the diminishing tones.

Now a word (and let it be emphatic) to those having charge of the singing of children, be they superintendents of Sunday schools or teachers of public schools or others. Do not let children strain their vocal chords by "singing out." What applies to adult audiences, applies with much greater force to children. Teach them to moderate the sound; and the results will be more pleasing, and the children's voices will not be injured. The roll of a drum or the blare of a brass instrument is all right in its place; but the rippling of a brooklet or the hum of a bee is music too. A child's vocal chords are too delicate to allow them to be strained as they often are. A little boy of eight was asked to sing recently, and in compliance he burst into a music hall song. His muscles were rigid. The cords of his neck stood out, and his voice was loud enough to fill a room twenty times the size of the one in which he was. At least one of his audience was glad when he finished his effort. His parents had been in the habit of allowing him to appear on the stage of cheap entertainment halls, and this was the result.

May we learn ourselves and teach our children the difference between music and noise. This is a noisy and strenuous generation, and the restful music of a gentle voice does much to refresh tired nerves.

TORONTO SOCIETY IN 1854

By GRACE E. DENISON

WHERE to-day the massive wholesale buildings have arisen from their ashes, after the great fire of 1904, where the shrieking locomotive whistle and clanging bell hold high carnival along Toronto's desecrated waterfront, stood in 1854, most of the dwellings of what was then Toronto's "four hundred." More than fifty years ago, there came from Government House, New Brunswick, the new Governor-General, Sir Edmund Walker Head, who, with Lady Head, one son and two daughters took up residence after a fortnight's visit to Hon. William Cayley, in Government House, Toronto, then the alternating seat of government with the city of Quebec. Government House at that time was a rather ramshackle building, surrounded by grounds almost in their primitive condition, a creek ran through this growth of underbrush and rustic bridges spanned it more than once, the whole in marked contrast to the velvety terraces and trim flower borders of to-day. Sir Edmund Head was a scholar, a man of tact and courtesy, an inveterate pedestrian, and was playfully known in society as "Shall and Will" on account of his having written a treatise on the use and misuse of those two little words. Lady Head was very fond of gardening and had her pet roses, her odorous pinks, wall-flowers, and stocks, with mignonette, heliotrope and the shy and sweet lily of the valley under her constant personal care. Miss Head loved riding and was an excellent horsewoman, her younger sister also enjoying a daily scamper on her pony. As old timers will recall, the son and heir of this amiable family lost his life later on by drowning while on a sporting trip. Such was the family of the official head of society in 1854.

But in Toronto's girlhood days, as now, there were heads unofficial as well as a Head official. The two acknowledged leaders of society, whose rivalry was watched with keen interest and amusement by their respective *cliques*, were Mrs. William Proudfoot, of Kresney House, the wife of the president of the Upper Canada Bank, and Mrs. Frederick Widder, of Lyndhurst, wife of the Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company. Kresney House was built by Mr. Proudfoot, and was known until its dismantling in 1904 as "Dundonald" to a later generation. Lyndhurst stood on the site of Loretto Abbey, in Wellington Place. Tradition tells me that while Mrs. Proudfoot led the more conservative set, Mrs. Widder was the bountiful hostess of the gayer and more *joyeuse*, wherein the French element was greatly appreciated. Needless to say, that with such leaders, society was a brilliant whirl in the good old days. Magnificent dinners, grand balls, elegant musical evenings, stately card parties, were the winter's amusements, while in summer there were archery meetings at Lyndhurst which were, until Lady Head introduced croquet, the most stylish and popular reunions, boating parties, riding parties and such pleasant things to make life merry for folk of means and leisure. Once Sir Edmund and Lady Head and their young people drove out to the home of Colonel McLean at Scarboro and spent there a bright day, still remembered by some of the party.

If my readers had taken their walks abroad in 1854, starting from the York Street waterside, they would immediately have caught sight of the Episcopal Palace at the north-west corner of York and Front Streets, where lived that fine old Churchman, Bishop John Strachan, and near which stood "The Cottage," the home of his son, Captain James Strachan, both residences having rich tradition of hospitalities. "It was," says a dear old lady, "one of the sights of the year to see on the lawn at the Cottage the display of game which Captain Strachan brought home from his annual shooting trip." And Society drank tea and admired the soft-eyed deer or the lovely plumaged ducks which had fallen to the captain's good gun, and one may be sure that generous gifts of game found their way to the larder of many a fair housekeeper later on. Coming on up York Street and glancing east on Front one would see the New Row, where the Queen's now stands, and where lived in 1854 Sheriff Jarvis, the first of the family to hold that office. In the summer of '54 an event of social importance was a double wedding in the Jarvis family, Emily, second daughter of Mr. S. P. Jarvis, marrying Major Farrell, R.E., afterwards Commandant at Barbadoes; and Sarah, daughter of Mr. W. B. Jarvis, of Rosedale, marrying Captain Orde of the 71st Regiment. The wedding breakfast given by the S. P. Jarvises and the dance in the evening in the New Row by Sheriff Jarvis, combined to make an event very much talked of at that time. The homestead of Chief Justice Powell occupied the present site of the Toronto Club, which institution then had chambers nearer the Rossin of to-day, and where four devoted whist players, Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Galt, Honorable Hillyard Cameron, Hon. William Cayley and Mr. Todd, enjoyed an afternoon game very frequently. Holland House, the home of Hon. J. H. Boulton, reared its castellated outlines in Wellington Street, and is a familiar structure to the present generation. Mr. Boulton built Holland House in the thirties, and entertained there royally in 1854. On the northwest corner of York and Wellington was "The Lawn," a low-spreading cottage, where Chief Justice Draper resided, and just west of which was Dr. Beaumont's house. Dr. Beaumont was considered the cleverest surgeon in Toronto, and his beautiful and graceful wife was often called the belle of Toronto, being, as Honorable Phillip Vankoughnet said: "The only woman who knew how to wear a shawl"—at a time when the draping and wearing of the fashionable double Paisley shawls was a work of art.

York House, on Simcoe and Wellington, was occupied by Mr. Justice Hagerman, and later on by Mr. John Crawford, and looked into the tangle of verdure about Government House, where he and his handsome family were in later years to make their home. Just west of Government House, in Wellington Street, was a pretty cottage with pointed roofs and French windows, the home of Mr. Stephen Jarvis, who had three or four years previously brought a belle of Hamilton, Mary Stinson, a bride to Toronto, a lovely girl, in 1854.

The Chief of Police, Mr. Samuel Sherwood, Mr. Lukin Robinson (afterwards the second baronet), Mr. and Mrs. Arnold (whose gallant son was killed in the Crimean War just begun), Hon. George Cruikshank, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Hon. William Robinson, and Mr. Lewis Moffat, of Clarence Lodge (whose house then closed the street at the west end) were some of the society folk residing in the immediate neighborhood. The Alexander Macdonells were also living near, in a fine old pillared and porticoed house, with clambering honeysuckle and grand trees; and the election in Toronto, wherein their descendant, Claude Macdonell, secured a seat in the Dominion House, revived the traditions of this clever and able family. Speaking of old times, one of the reigning belles writes: "The winter of 1854 was very gay; many large balls were given, not only by the rival houses of Proudfoot and Widder, but by newcomers, among them the Schreibers, who had taken Elmsley Villa (formerly occupied by Lord and Lady Elgin, who gave delightful garden and other parties there). Two of the numerous and handsome Schreiber family came out in that year; one was later Mrs. G. W. Allen, of Moss Park, whose *debut* is still remembered."

Beverley House, now occupied by descendants of its eminent master, who in 1854 was elevated to the peerage as Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., stood, as it still does, foursquare at the intersection of John, Richmond and Queen Streets, the grounds reaching a full block north and south; very stately and notable were the dinners given at Beverley House—rivalled, however, by those at the Grange—the refined and clever faces of the host and hostess smiling genially at the happy gathering. There were at one time some most excellent theatricals arranged at Kresney House by Mrs. Proudfoot, but I believe at a later date. Speaking of society men of that day, one writes: "Well I remember many of them, John A. Macdonald, Archie Macdonald, Sandfield Macdonald, Lafontaine, Drummond, Loranger, Cartier, handsome Sir Allan MacNab, charming Colonel Prince, Ferguson and Crooks. At this time, after the dinners at Lyndhurst, the gentlemen would gather round the piano, and sing the songs of the French *voyageurs* with much vim, Sir George Cartier leading." In 1854, the two daughters of Colonel McLean, of Scarboro, came out at their aunt, Mrs. Proudfoot's, dance. One, tall and dark, became Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, of Ottawa; the other, fair and gentle, remained in Toronto as Mrs. John Helliwell. Miss Proudfoot was fair and tall, and, with Miss Julia Jarvis, daughter of Colonel F. S. Jarvis, late Usher of the Black Rod, and Miss May Jarvis, of Cornwall, made an attractive trio—belles of this gay season.

Among the many smaller rivalries which arose, was the ambition to own the smartest equipage; and woe betide the careless groom, the stupid coachman or the ill-tempered nag, if their shortcomings were made evident on parade. Mr. Lewis Moffatt's turnout was one of the best: Colonel Denison of Rusholme, drove into St. James in excellent style; the Kresney House carriage and pair were correct and elegant; Mrs. John Ridout had her fine pair of greys, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron of "The Meadows," had a fine roomy coach and handsome pair, Miss Sherwood, afterwards the wife of Bishop Lewis, drove a fine pair of greys, and was a consummate whip; Mrs. Stephen Jarvis had a neat brougham; Colonel Turner, father of Mrs. Phillip Vankoughnet, and Mrs. Edward Sherwood, drove in from their country place. The other suburbanites drove in to church, and there was always a decorous line of carriages awaiting their devout owners outside St. James', undisturbed by to-day's clamor of trolleys, and, alas! unfavored by to-day's excellent roadways. A story is told of Toronto's roads, which, though a bit exaggerated, may bear repetition. A man, making his way along the side of a street noticed a fine new hat lying in the mud. Picking his steps he was about to secure it, when a voice from

Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton
of The Grange

beneath it exclaimed, "Get a rope quickly and pull me and my horse out of this quagmire, before the mud smothers me!" Beside the carriages, there were many saddle horses, and many excellent equestrians, some of the young ladies being most graceful and fetching in their habits and plumed hats. The Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. James Strachan, Chief Justices Robinson, McLean and Hagarty, walked to church. Rev. Henry James Grasett was Rector of the Cathedral in 1854, and Rev. L. Baldwin was assistant minister; the latter afterwards married Miss Grasett.

One of the first houses in Beverley Street was built and in 1854 occupied by Hon. William Cayley, standing where the D'Alton McCarthy house afterwards was. Once more I must quote the words of a lady of 1854, who knows whereof she speaks: "The Grange, in 1854, was occupied by Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton and her son, Mr. John Boulton, and had been built some thirty years before by Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, whose family were Colonel D'Arcy Boulton (who died some years ago at Cobourg), Major W. B. Boulton, Mr. John Boulton, Mrs. Clark Gamble, Mrs. William Cayley and Mrs. Charles Heath, the latter still surviving. This fine old house was the centre of all that is gentle and sweet and wise and wholesome in society. Its mistress was a beautiful old lady, with silver hair and a placid, chastened, refined face, resembling greatly her brother, Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson. It seemed an honor, almost a benediction, to be in her company." Toronto of the fifties had so much the atmosphere of English society that one expects to find flourishing the loyal and devoted and excellent retainers of the Old Country gentry's homes, a type of which was the butler at the Grange.

Thinking of the fair women of that bygone time, I am reminded of Mrs. Robert Pilkington Crooks, who, in 1854, lived in King Street, west of Bay, Messrs. Adam and R. P. Crooks being prominent legal lights, Toronto society owed much of its pleasure in these days to the presence of the officers of different English regiments from time to time quartered here, and many a broken heart mourned the departure of the gay butterflies, and later on their death on Crimean battlefields. Sometimes a Toronto belle captivated and married the gallant officer, and followed his fortunes to other colonies or to the Mother Land, where some of them reside to-day. Names of old-time beaux and belles recall the very popular aide-de-camp of Sir Edmund Head, Captain Retallack (16th Regiment), Colonel Irvine and Lieut.-Colonel Duchesney, who resided in the Old Fort. Others whose names occur to me are the Robert Baldwins, of Spadina, the Mashquoteh Baldwins, of which

Mrs. William Proudfoot
of Kresney House

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis

Mrs. Frederick Widder
of Lyndhurst

families society is to-day the richer by many charming members; the O'Haras, of West Lodge, which homestead stood at the head of the Parkdale avenue of that name. The Shaws, whose home was north of College Street. The Grants, who lived, I think, in Duke Street, where also Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski lived. The Tom Ridouts, whose house and grounds are now Senator Cox's home. The scholarly Provost of Trinity, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, clever Mr. Vankoughnet, handsome and popular Dr. Hodder, and others of less prominence, but much charm.

Mrs. William Beaumont

One has but to close the eyes and dream a bit to conjure up a picture of a smart ball room in 1854, when, at an hour considered shockingly late in these *blase* times, the beauties and their cavaliers, who had quadrilled and galloped to their hearts' content, lined up for the invariable last dance, Sir Roger de Coverley. One sees Mrs. Beverley Robinson, of Sleepy Hollow, in the first heyday of her charm, the sweet singer, with the gracious manner which always distinguished her, proudly led to her place in the dance by her young husband, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Dark-haired Mrs. Beaumont, with her wonderful grey eyes and radiant smile; tall, graceful Mrs. Crooks, aristocratic unmistakable, sweet Mrs. Jarvis, with silken brown curls, and all the Stinson beauty; dignified and winning Mrs. Proudfoot, and her more energetic rival, Mrs. Widder; dainty Mrs. James Strachan, with the piquant face and quick glance which never lost their grace and prettiness—all these and many another, each with a smart escort, and at least half a dozen longing to be in his place, chassezing down the line after His Excellency and Lady Head. Like a quaint, beautiful vision they float by, the sound of their sweet voices, and the sight of their radiant faces, their soft, clinging laces, or regal velvets and brocades, their artful play of fans, their little paper and lace-frilled bouquets, the stiff stocks of their partners, the gorgeous uniforms, well-strapped trousers over shapely legs, their satin waistcoats, their gallant bearing, their whiskers and their courtly bows! They pass! they are gone! The candles are extinguished, the pretty, graceful forms are bundled into cloaks and the sunny curls, the arch lips, the brilliant eyes, the little wreaths and plumes hid under great hoods! Exit the fairy scene my pen has essayed to paint of Society in Toronto, fifty years ago.

Editor's Note—The above article, written by Mrs. Denison (Lady Gay), will be of interest, not only to Toronto readers, but to outsiders, for those who were foremost in Toronto social life half a century ago, were of historical importance. We hope to publish several articles of this nature during the year, showing the social life of old times in other cities.

SONGS IN THE SPRINGTIME

The Sunny Side of the Clouds

In the twilight grey when frolic is o'er
And the sun hangs low in the west,
When the blithe bird's song sounds out no more
And the flowers seem hushed to rest.

When the soft sweet breezes cease to roam
O'er the meadow-land and the mere;
And far above in heaven's dome
The flowers of the angels appear.

When the tired dolls are tucked away
And the play-house has lost its charm
A little head, so tired of play
Sinks low on a chubby arm.

She smiles, and a dimple dimples deep
Is there fairy wand which gleams,
And beckons on the little feet
To the beautiful Land of Dreams?

Ah, this is the time the fairies come,
In their bright, aerial shades,
To dance maybe on yon sloping lawn,
Or steal silently through the glades.

When the goblins lurk in the darkest dells,
Where the shadows deepest fall,
And whisper wonderful secret spells
In their vernal banquet hall.

When the brownies dance 'neath the moonbeam's light,
And the imps peep down through the trees,
And the elfish folk hold fete at night
On the great white-lily leaves.

Then down she steals o'er the sloping lawn
Far out in the Land of Dreams,
Through beautiful by-ways wandering on
And ever the fairy wand gleams.

Through vistas of trees, and gleaming glades,
Which the silvery moonlight shrouds,
On, on she speeds, while the fairy leads
To the Sunnyside Side of the clouds.

'Tis there where we build all our castles bright,
Where our golden dreams are stored,
Where our gems of thought are locked up tight
And our highest hopes we hoard.

Oh, dear little dreamer of dreams! Someday,
When your hope some darkness shrouds,
Be bright and gay, the blue's 'neath the grey,
See the Sunny Side of your clouds.

—*Mary S. Edgar.*

* * *

Ah, Sweet is Tipperary

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feather folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young.
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

The Spell

BY JAMES A. BELL.

The wind and the waves they beckon me,
They call to me o'er and o'er,
And my heart is filled with ecstacy
As I spend the day on the shore.

The little waves creep and kiss the sand,
And then creep back again,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand
With a fear that his love is vain.

And the stately ships go sailing by
To their haven in the West;
And the sun sinks down in a golden sky,
And all nature goes to rest.

And still the spell is upon my heart;
The spell of the wind and sea,
And my thoughts go out to a friend apart—
Apart for the love of me.

* * *

Forever and a Day!

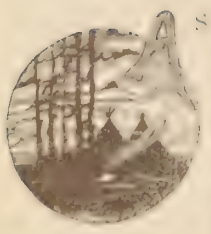
I little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she comes again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

RUNNING RABBIT STORIES

II.—The Bending of the Bow

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



S Running Rabbit went home through the forests, it seemed to him that the whole earth was singing for happiness, but it was only his happy heart. He gave thanks continually to the Great Spirit, for he was humble in the midst of his joy; mindful of the Old Man's proverb, which said, "'There is none so wise as I,' boasted the young fox, as he set his foot in the snare."

When he would shoot deer or partridge he used his old bow and fire-hardened arrows; but the magic bow gave him such good advice as to windage and distance that he never missed his mark, and so never went hungry. All the little birds and the squirrels that had jeered at him before, now gave him greeting. "Tchik, tchik, tchik!" they said. "Here is a great chief coming. See how sleek and strong he is, and what a fine bow he carries. He is a very great chief. Chee, chee, chee!" After the words of the Old Man's proverb, "Set a fine moccasin upon thy foot, and the people will say, 'What a swift runner!'"

Running Rabbit made good speed on the homeward trail, for all his wonderful hunting, for he was very anxious to know how it fared with the Old Man. The strength of the Bow went with him, and the care of his manitou was all about his ways. Some times he woke from light sleep to see a white rabit, glistening with dew, feeding near him. Sometimes a brown rabbit followed him as he hunted. Sometimes a dark-colored rabbit led him to sweet water or wild fruits.

"The love of the Great Spirit makes the trail smooth for thee, O my master," said the magic War-Bow, "yet be watchful, for evil lies in the fall of a leaf or the lifting of a cloud, and for the strong as well as the weak there comes death."

At last Running Rabbit came to a place of familiar speech, of great waters and wide forests and many rivers, and to him the face of the land was as his father's face, and he knew his home. A day and a night he lay upon the earth from which he came, fasting and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. And then he set out to seek his tribe, but he could not find them, and the thought of the Old Man grew heavy upon his heart.

He asked of the fish-hawk whose shadow wheeled in circles upon the still blue water, "O brother, do you know where my Old Man is?"

"I see all the tribes of this land, O young chief," said the hawk, swaying upon his wings, "and many old men sit at the council-fires and drowse in the lodges. How should I know your Old Man among them?" Running Rabbit was sad.

He asked of the little mice that dwell in the roots of the corn, "O brothers, do you know where my Old Man is?"

"Many old men lie asleep under the earth, O young chief," said the little mice, "but they are all quiet, very quiet. How should we know your Old Man among them?"

He asked of the stars, "O bright brothers, have you seen my Old Man?"

"Many old men go past our silver lodges," said the stars, "treading the white trail, the road of spirits. They are swift and silent as blown smoke. How should we know your Old Man among them?"

So Running Rabbit again made prayer, and he strung the great War Bow which bent to no hand but his, and fitted an arrow to the string. "Go forth, O giver of death," he said, "and find my Old Man for me." He loosed it with a gentle pull, and the arrow floated before him in the air like a level shaft of light, and he followed.

"Go swiftly, O my master," thrummed and thrilled the great Bow, "go swiftly, for I feel the wind of war!"

So Running Rabbit put on the last of the three pairs of moccasins the Old Man had given him, and tightened his girdle, and went very fast; and the arrow floated before him like a bird that flies softly. They went along the wide beaches, through the woods, over the grass-lands and the meadows. "Go quickly, O my master," sang the great Bow, "for this is the wind of war." As they went, all the wild rabbits came out of the brush and the grass and followed too, with a noise like the beating of many waves, the rush of much rain.

At last the arrow halted in the wind at the top of a hill, and went no further. "Come to my hand, O death-giver, seeker of trails," said Running Rabbit, and it returned to his hand again like a pony at the voice of his rider. Such was the magic of the arrows.

Running Rabbit felt the wind hot in his nostrils. He looked, and saw a rough stockade at the foot of the hill, and a battle that raged round it. He saw a few men fighting within, and women and little children helping them. He saw, too, an old, old man with white hair who leaped upon the enemy like a wolf.

"Wait for me, Old Man," cried the young brave, in a voice like a sob, "wait for little Running Rabbit!" But the Old Man could not hear, though Running Rabbit could see. It was all small and far-off, like a picture painted upon a rock.

"Make haste, O my master!" sang the great Bow, quivering like a pony against the rein. "Will you fight for the weak or the strong, the many or the few? Those of thy tribe who die in the stockade gave thee bitter meat and foul water, blows and famine. Choose, choose!"

Running Rabbit said only, "That is my Old Man," and drew an arrow to the head. All the wild rabbits sat along the hill-top, watching him, their ears waving in the wind. He saw the chief of the assailants, that he was a tall man with red feathers in his hair, a very bold warrior, and he said to the arrow, "Fly to the heart of Red Feather and bide there till I come."

The arrow leapt from the string with a noise like the wings of a wild goose, and flew through the air like a flash of the anger of the Great Spirit.

"Nushka, nushka!" said the wild rabbits, sitting up and waving their ears. "Look, look!" For the arrow had pierced Red Feather to the heart, and he fell dead at the feet of his men.

Then great fear and wonder fell on all the warriors, both those who attacked and those who defended. For Running Rabbit came down the hill, shooting his arrows as he leaped from rock to rock, and for each arrow a chief died. And the voice of the great Bow thrilled and rolled like thunder among the heights.

"The shade of the cool forest is pleasant," sang the Bow, "the noise of sweet waters is pleasant, and a lovely thing is sleep. But we will wake, O my master, and go forth to the feast. The wild hawk is called from the mountain and the little wolf-cub from the cave, and the lone wolf from the thicket. For this was I made; for this the Master of Life shaped me, sitting in his great blue wigwam painted with stars. Bend me, O my master, and send out death. My shafts are death, and my name is death, and death is the song I sing."

Running Rabbit strode across the ground to the stockade, and all his enemies that were yet living fell to the ground at his coming. He hammered at the gate, where the dead lay thickest, and a young man opened it, staring as if at a spirit. "Is your name also death, O chief?" said the young man.

"My name to you is life," said Running Rabbit, and he went in at the gate; and the young man bowed before him, and the weary men who were yet living sighed after him with wonder, so that it was like a wind blowing among rushes. "We are your servants, O chief," they sighed, but Running Rabbit did not heed them. At his passing they bent like rushes, but he took no notice.

He ran to the shadow where the Old Man crouched, like an old wolf over his wounds; and he bent himself at the Old Man's feet, and spoke to him lovingly. The Old Man's wits were flown away on the wings of many years, but at last he raised his face slowly, and his voice was like the fall of surf upon desolate beaches.

"Who is it that calls me 'father'?"

"O, Old Man, do you not remember? It is little Running Rabbit, your son."

"Running Rabbit was mean and poor. He was always hungry."

"We shall never be hungry again, my father."

"Running Rabbit was only a poor child. He went away three years ago. The wild strawberry blossomed, and the partridge reared her broods, and the corn ripened for the maidens to gather with laughter, but he did not come."

"His is come, now, Old Man."

The Old Man's head dropped on his breast. Running Rabbit carried him to the chief's lodge, and laid him upon the otter-skins, and bound up his wounds. Then he sat in the dusk, holding the Old Man's hand in his; and the people spoke with him humbly from the doorway

"You shall be our chief," they said.

Running Rabbit bowed his head, watching the great Bow where it hung from the ridgepole, bright as the bow in the sky that follows rain. "After war comes peace," sang the great Bow, "after storm comes sweet weather, after sickness health. But shall love follow on envy, O my master, or honor upon hatred? The wolf gives soft words when his foot is in the snare, but when he is free, he gives death."

The draft along the deerskin seemed to whisper, "Death, Death!"

Running Rabbit sat still, thinking of many things, the Old Man's hand in his.

The next story is of

THE STEALING OF THE BOW.

ON THE SIOUX RESERVE NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

One of Our Problems

A SHORT story touching on a delicate problem just now in Canada appears in the February number of The Canadian Magazine. It is by D. G. Cuthbert, and is entitled "The Unsophisticated Englishman." It deals with an attempt by an employer of office help to "make good" with an Englishman. Here is an extract: Recollecting that I had publicly stated a few days before my belief that an unjust prejudice was entertained towards the Cockney by Canadians I resolved to practise my precept and give this one a chance.

Accordingly, as he was willing to accept "for a start" eight dollars a week, I engaged him, hoping for the best in the future and, for the present, satisfied in my philanthropy.

Next morning he turned up punctually, and was clamoring to be put to "something" before the books were out of the vault.

There was certainly some reason to think that his industry had been genuinely vouched for; and as he again asserted he had practice in posting, I gave him the purchase journal to post into the ledger; and went about my own business for an hour.

Thinking it was then time to pay him a visit, I went over to his desk, when to my horror I found he had entered the dollar amounts in the folio column.

"Ain't that right?" he ejaculated dogmatically; "there's three spyces, and you put the pounds in the first,"

Mentally consigning him and his pounds to a certain furnace where they might undergo a useful transmutation, I sent him out for a new, sharp office-scraper, and was thankful to find he did not return with a stable hoe.

When I had spent a valuable hour erasing the mistakes, I began to question the prudence of my philanthropy.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. A bank disaster ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses Mrs. Ingram, who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. Mr. Forbes is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in London and goes to Groome's hotel. Barry finds Scottish acquaintances at hotel and departs. Christabel, some time after Nancy's funeral, indulges in conversation with Alan Hastie, the keeper. Christabel suspects that Alan's sorrow is connected with the murder. She afterwards goes to London and engages in charitable work, when she meets Alan Hastie one evening on the Embankment. Hastie becomes ill and confesses in the hospital to having committed the murder. Christabel meets Lord Fincastle and they have tea together one afternoon.

"HOW do you like your tea? Do you know how dissipated women become about tea when they live all together the way we do at the Hermitage?"

"The Hermitage, where is that? May I come and pay my respects?"

"To Miss Escombe, our Head, you may; but gentlemen visitors are not encouraged unless they are supporters of the mission and pay in large sums of money."

"A direct bribe. How much should I have to pay in to buy my privilege?"

"Did Stephen tell you that father had been rather hard hit with the bank; harder than he thought at first. I am afraid he has had a very anxious year, and the last letter I had from him he spoke of the possibility of letting Tyrie for a year or two. He expects that things will improve later, and Stephen has gone to business—right to the works every day. What do you think of that?"

"I think it will be a very good thing for Stephen."

"Poor Carita is very broken down. She hasn't really recovered from the shock about Barry. He was her favourite son, and she built everything on him. Now, I really must go. I have actually half-promised to dine to-night in the West-End, at Lady Welldon's, in Princes Gate. Why do you look like that? Do you know her?"

"I do, and I'm going there to-night after I've dined the boy."

After Christabel went home she found everything quiet at the Hermitage, and no special need for her services. Miss Escombe urged her to go out to Princes Gate, and accordingly, attired in the one quiet evening gown of black satin she had brought with her, and which now saw the light of London for the first time, Christabel journeyed out to Princes Gate.

After some time, the man announced Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Bertram Landeck.

Christabel, looking interestedly in the direction of the door, and saw enter first a broad-shouldered, powerful-looking middle-aged gentleman, while behind him came a young man of more slender figure, which he carried with a perfect ease of manner which the other lacked. He had a clear-cut, clean-shaven, handsome face, a little thin and worn, and with something both eager and pathetic in his eyes. When his eyes roamed the room his face became deathly pale, and at the same moment a cry fell from Christabel, which awoke all the echoes of the quiet room.

The next moment they were in one another's arms. The climax to a long day of strain made havoc of Christabel's self-control. Lady Welldon and the other guests looked on helplessly at the extraordinary scene, at the emotion which the man who had called himself Bertram Landeck seemed unable to control. Christabel was the first to come to herself. Half-laughing, half-crying, she turned to their hostess.

"Dear Lady Welldon, pray forgive me, forgive us! A miracle has happened. This is my brother of whom I told you, and whom we had all given up for dead."

"So this is the long-lost brother," said Lady Welldon happily. "And what has he to say for himself? Masquerading as a German, fie, fie, Mr. Ingram! You ought to have been more patriotic than that."

"I took the best name I could think of to hide under, Lady Welldon; but Christabel, tell me things. Remember how I have been without news of any kind."

"Dinner is served, my lady," said the footman's discreet voice at the door, then Lady Welldon looked from one to another a little perplexedly.

"What is to be done? We must eat though the heavens fall, as somebody says. I understand that you must have volumes to say to one another. Shall I tell them to serve something to you in another room, while Mr. Fletcher and I go down to honor the family board?

"No, no," cried Christabel apologetically. "Pray excuse us, we ought not to have come here to—to make a scene."

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose it was prearranged, and I am more than delighted to think that my house should have been the scene of such a happy re-union. I, too, am a little thirsty for details, and if you will all come down now we shall dispense with the butler as soon as we possibly can. It is a very simple dinner you are going to get; anyhow, come, Mr. Fletcher, we shall leave these young people to come after us. What a strange world it is, after all!"

She passed out, and trespassing for a moment on her forbearance the brother and sister lingered just a moment behind.

"Has anything been found out, Belle ? Could I go back now?"

"You could now, but it is only to-day the truth has come out. It was Alan Hastie, Mrs Dundas's underkeeper, that did it, Barry. He has confessed to me only to-day."

"To you, but how, where? Isn't he at Cardyke yet?"

"No, he lies in St. Thomas's Hospital at this moment; but we must go down, Lady Welldon has been very kind, and, of course, this is an awkward thing to have happened in her house. We mustn't trespass on her kindness."

Lady Welldon smilingly waited for them at the head of the table, taking one on either side of her. She was very tender and considerate towards them, and shortened the meal as much as possible. Then she told them they could have an hour together in the library, to which she took them herself, not forgetting to leave Barry a box of cigarettes.

Then she went back to spend a dull hour with the managing director, an excellent man of great business capacity, but not a social success.

"You have made a find this time, Mr. Fletcher. Tell me how and where you came across this young man?"

"It was very simple. We had advertised for a timekeeper—when was it? let me see, some time in December last year, twelve months ago. I mean. I happened to come through the yard when they came after the job, a cool hundred or two of them, and I spotted him at once. He was without experience, and could not even give a satisfactory account of himself, but I liked the lad, and I took him on."

"You are like my husband in that, Mr. Fletcher, he was never governed by the ordinary rules in matters of that kind. He invariably selected men by intuition. Tell me, have you never made a mistake?"

"Yes, Lady Welldon, once or twice," he answered frankly; "but in this case we found something worth looking after. His name was the only thing about him I didn't like, and I soon understood that it was an assumed one. But who is he really, as you know his sister? I suppose she is his sister, not his sweetheart?"

"His half-sister only, and he is an Ingram, Mr. Fletcher; you know the Clydeside firm, Ingram, Bertram & Co.?"

"Why, yes; doing business with them often, and what drove him out, one of the usual escapades young men indulge in?"

"Something more serious. His sister told me the story very briefly last night. It seems a girl, daughter of a gamekeeper, was shot. This young man had been making love to her, was out with her, in fact, at the moment when the thing happened. He feared he would be blamed for it and ran off. The thing has never been cleared up from that day to this."

"I shall be very sorry, Lady Welldon, if this takes Landeck, or Ingram, as I suppose I must call him now, away from Bermondsey."

"You think so highly of him as that?"

"I think he has inventive genius, and he was just beginning to settle down to real work. Of course, I did not keep him long at the gate."

"It must be made worth his while, then, that's all; but we shall have to wait till all the mystery about is cleared up."

* * * * *

After Christabel had told Barry of the grief which had followed his departure, he expressed a desire to see Alan Hastie. Excusing themselves to Lady Welldon, they left for the hospital where the two men made their peace. The next morning it was found that Alan Hastie's troubled soul was at rest and had made the final expiation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE child Caro had not forgotten the bond she had entered into with Christabel. Behold her in pursuance of it, waiting at Cardyke station for her father's return from town.

Although in comparison with others who had lost all, Ingram's financial distress could not be called in any way acute, still it is hard upon a man, having once built up a position by his own sheer exertion and hard work, to have to forego the greater part of it. Ingram had now quite decided to let Tyrie for a term of years and retire to Bracknell, the scene of his earlier married life. His wife had acquiesced; it was all that could be said. She was now a real, almost confirmed invalid, where formerly she had been a make-believe, and she did not show a very likely interest in anything. Ingram himself had greatly aged. His shoulders stooped very much as he stepped from the train, and Caro with her dog-whip in her hand and a waiting pack outside, the wind tossing her flying mane, noticed with a fresh pang that his face looked unusually sad. Her smile suffered no abatement, however, as she sprang forward to meet him, and Ingram's gloom lightened as his eyes fell on the bright speaking face. "What should I do without my sunbeam, eh?" he asked.

"I don't know what you would do, Daddikins, but I know what you might try to do just to please her—don't look so careworn and so sad. Has something fresh happened to-day?"

"Nothing, darling. How's the mother?"

"Mother is on the whole pretty well. I took her out in the bath-chair down by the loch. Yes, she insisted, and she didn't even cry very much. I don't think it has done her any harm really."

"You are a busy, useful little wifie, Caro; and who thinks about you?"

"You do, and Stephen, and Belle; but I haven't had a letter from her for four days."

"So Belle has been remiss, has she? I hope she's well. She's generally so attentive."

"Daddy," said the child wistfully, "have I been good all winter?"

"Yes, darling, the very best. Why?"

"May I ask something, and will you give it to me."

"If I can it is yours, here and now, sweetheart."

"Well, I want to go up for the week-end to London next Friday, all by myself, to surprise Belle. I do want to see her so badly. In fact, I can't keep on being good unless I see her soon."

Ingram was surprised by the passion with which she spoke, and began to understand what influence had been at work behind the scenes, moulding Caro's undisciplined character so finely.

"So it is Belle who is behind the throne," he said lightly, yet with a curious emotion.

"Yes, I promised Belle to be good, and I have tried; but sometimes one gets horribly tired being good. I'm tired, and unless I see Belle I can't keep it up."

"It only costs two pounds for the week-end ticket, and I could travel myself quite easily. Will you let me go, Daddy?"

"Surely, I'll take you myself next Friday, and there won't be any week-ends about it. We'll have a rare old time together, you and I, and

...elle. We'll carry her off from her Hermitage for a whole week to the Langham."

Then met the Cardyke keeper at the stile just as they were about to enter their own lands. Simons was still at the cottage in the clearing, finding when it came to the test that he could not tear himself away from the place of undying memories.

"Is it true what they're saying, beggin' your pardon, that ye are leavin' Tyrie Castle?" said Simons.

Ingram was a little surprised at the abrupt question, but did not evade it.

"It is quite true, as soon as a suitable tenant is found, we are going back to Callander."

"But no for guid sir?"

"Well, we don't know, Simons; that depends——"

"I'll be vera sorry, sir; we'll never get a better maister in Tyrie," said Simons sincerely.

Somehow these words comforted Ingram, and he expressed his thanks rather more warmly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Then they passed on again through the pleasant Tyrie woods to the fine old castle, which had been their home so long. Ingram did not hide from himself that it would cost him a good deal to leave it, in spite of the painful associations of the last year.

* * * * *

Before noon Stephen had received a private telegram from Christabel simply asking him to meet the evening train from London, and to say nothing to their father about it.

The train from Euston ran into the Central punctually on the stroke of the advertised time, and in a moment the orderly platform was a mass of humanity, darting thither and thither in search of waiting friends, or of personal baggage. Stephen's height did not permit him a good bird's-eye view of the faces in the crowd, but Belle's quick eye soon detected him, and she ran up to him, her face aglow with something more than the pleasurable excitement of the moment.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Steve," she cried as she breathlessly kissed him. "What did you think when you got that mysterious telegram?"

"What could I think, dear, but that you wanted to give them a pleasant surprise."

"I have a friend with me," said Christabel.

"Where is she?" asked Stephen perplexedly.

"It isn't a 'she' at all," said Belle a little hysterically for her. "Oh, Stephen, can't you guess. I can't keep it up. I've found Barry. Here he is!"

The color, never at any time very pronounced, receded wholly from Stephen's face, and he took a somewhat unsteady step backwards.

"You mustn't faint, or anything, Steve," said Belle sternly. "We've all got to very calm and self-possessed and matter-of-fact. He's quite, quite all right, dear; never was better in his life. Here he is."

She looked back with a beckoning finger, and the next moment the brothers were face to face, gripping hands, looking into one another's eyes. It was as Belle had said. Barry looked all right. Stephen's eyes, cleaving to the familiar lineaments of the boy he had loved, beheld them, though changed, in no way marred. "I don't take it in," he said huskily. "It is you, old chappie, isn't it—real flesh and blood?"

"Yes, Steve," Barry answered; but his voice was very low and his eyes troubled. As usual Belle intervened. She it was who piloted them across to the hotel, who secured the small private room for dinner, where they could talk undisturbed.

* * * * *

It was quite dark when they reached their destination and drove across the few intervening miles to Tyrie by a cross journey which enabled them to avoid the village. They left the trap a little distance from the gates, and entering softly by the wicket, were not challenged, and passed unobserved up the avenue towards the house.

Agreeing on their plan of campaign the brothers remained outside the house, while Christabel sought admittance. From their hiding in the shade of the big shrubbery they heard the exclamation of surprise and pleasure with which the butler welcomed her; then the door was shut, and there was silence. The large drawing-room at Tyrie was seldom used now that the family was so reduced. Madame had a large sitting-room which had resolved itself into the family living room when she was downstairs. They were all in it when the butler came up to say his master was wanted in the library.

"Who is it?" asked Ingram a little irritably. "Who can be wanting to see me this time of night, when everybody's thinking of going to bed?"

"Only half-past nine, sir," replied the man.

"Why, Belle, whatever is the meaning of this secrecy?" he cried joyfully when he entered the library and saw her. "Didn't you feel sure that we'd be glad to see you? Why, that child Caro is worrying herself into the grave for a sight of your face."

He took her in his arms himself, deeply moved, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, I didn't come alone, father; I never would have made such a melodramatic entry. Can't you guess? Barry is here! He and Stephen are outside. No, no; don't look like that, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Barry is doing splendidly and looks all you could desire, and everything is cleared up, darling; and we're going to be as happy as we can be with all this behind."

"Where is the boy?" asked Ingram, shaking from head to foot, "and who is to tell his mother?"

"Oh, joy never killed anybody yet; I'll bring him to you, father, and I want to say how I thank God that I've helped a little to bring Barry back a little earlier than he might have come, that is all."

So Barry Ingram once more stepped across the threshold of his father's house and found himself made welcome. Laying aside for once the national reserve which scorns so highly the exhibition of the emotions, Ingram took his boy in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks, the tears running down his own. They were all in tears. Then they had to hold a little council as to how the news should be broken upstairs.

"You, Belle," said her father. "I wish you would do it yourself.

"May I?" There was a wistfulness in the girl's eyes which touched Ingram inexpressibly. He knew that in that hour of family joy her heart yearned to be at peace with all, to hear her stepmother's accents speak kindly in her ears, to have all the bitter past wiped out. So when they said nothing she stole away.

"There are few like Belle," said Stephen quietly—"saying nothing, but doing all. God bless her."

Christabel sped up the familiar stairs and opened the boudoir door. Then in a flash the child Caro saw her, and with a cry which none of them ever forgot she darted forward and caught her at the door.

Christabel kissed her fondly, whispered something, and went up the room to the couch where Madam, propped among her pillows, was doing some fine needlework by the light of a hanging lamp.

"Belle, why Belle, is it really you!"

There was a startled exclamation of surprise, then Christabel dropped on her knees beside the couch, laughing and crying in a breath.

"Yes, I've come back; I hadn't any choice, and I've brought somebody with me. Run down, Caro, and tell them all to come up."

Madam rose up, forgetful of her real weakness, her eyes widening as they strained towards the door.

"Belle," she cried pitifully, "you are not playing a cruel trick on me. Is it Barry you have brought back?

Christabel did not answer, for Barry had not waited many moments behind her. The next moment he had his mother in his arms. Everybody was in tears.

"I knew you would do it," Caro cried triumphantly. "Nobody believed me, but there isn't anything in the wide world Belle can't do if she likes. Why, she's even made me behave decently for a whole year."

But Christabel's best reward was when her stepmother crept up to her a little later and touched her almost pleadingly on the arm.

"Belle, I have often been unkind to you in the old days. I did my best to make you leave the house, and you have borne no malice, but done all this for me. I beg your forgiveness now before them all, and if you will let me I'll try to be a better mother to you in days to come."

It was the first genuine womanly speech that had ever fallen from Carita's lips, and when Ingram heard it the bitterness of past days was wholly wiped out.

* * * * *

"Isn't Barry coming down to breakfast this morning?" asked Ingram, when they were all assembled next morning, even Madam being in a long-deserted place."

"He is out, father, he will be here presently," answered Christabel so significantly that he understood there was something behind it.

The meal went on, but Barry did not return, and even when the trap drove up to the door to take Ingram and his son to the station, he had not appeared. They met him, however, about halfway down the drive, walking alone with his head bent on his breast.

"I can guess where he's been, father," said Stephen quickly. "Paying a visit to Simons."

"I see, shall we stop, Steve; do you think he'd like us—to take any notice?"

"Leave it to him," suggested Stephen. Barry stood still on the edge of the turf when the dog-cart drove up, and looked up into his father's face. Ingram bent down towards him.

"Would you like me to get down, lad?"

"But you are on your way to the station?"

"Yes, but I've five minutes to spare. Drive slowly, James, and I'll make up."

He sprang out, and the dogcart drove on.

"I was up about six o'clock, father, and I caught Simons before he left the house."

"You lost no time. There was no such hurry, surely a day more or less couldn't make so much difference," said Ingram, who gathered from the expression on his son's face that the experience of the last hour had been a sharp one.

"It couldn't wait. I had a message from Hastie, you see, a dying message. And I had no right to spare myself."

"Well, if you look at it like that, you hadn't, I suppose," remarked his father a little testily. "And what did he say?"

"Oh, he behaved as well as he could be expected to behave. Of course, neither he nor we can get away from the fact that, after all, I was the real culprit," said Barry quietly.

"Well, in a sense I suppose you were partly responsible."

"Wholly, I think, because if Hastie hadn't been maddened by jealousy seeing me with the girl, nothing could have happened. I've been down to the dell, too. My God, I lived it all over again! I haven't got off scot free, father, you may take it from me."

"I understand that, but wasn't Simons frank? I suppose you expressed your regret and all that, as a man would do in the circumstances?"

"Yes, I did all that. Simons isn't a wordy man, father, and it took him a while to grasp all the facts I had to put before him."

"How did he speak about Hastie?"

"Very nicely. He seemed relieved that he was dead, however. Of course, had he lived all the horror would have had to be raked up again, and Simons, like the rest of us, would like to bury the past now."

"Then, on the whole, you had a satisfactory talk man to man?"

"Yes, fairly so; but it would not be a pleasant thing for him and me to meet often, father. It is good that our ways will lie apart."

"You intend to stop in London, then?"

"Yes, most certainly. I'll work my way up," answered Barry with a new air of dignity and determination, which amazed his father while it secretly touched him.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Barry, I suppose it's the strain of the last year, but I don't seem able to control myself as I used. Your mother and I were crying together like a couple of bairns last night after we got to our room. You haven't seen her this morning, have you? She's down with a white blouse and a linen collar on, looking like a girl. That's for you, lad, go back and make love to your mother. I don't suppose you want to come to Glasgow to-day?"

"Oh no, I don't want to go anywhere, only to stop quietly over the Sunday here and go back to my work on Monday."

"You've learned the value of work, then?" said Ingram significantly.

"That I have, it's the only thing worth having in this world."

Ingram laughed as he passed on. "Wait till you want to get a home for yourself, lad, but you're setting the right way about getting it. I must run, then. Good-morning. We shall be down just after lunch, I expect. I shouldn't have gone up at all to-day only for the signing of some big cheques."

They parted with a nod, and Barry walked on towards the house.

He had told his father a good deal, but to no living soul could Barry Ingram voice the feelings with which he had visited the Lovers' Dell, and recalled the poignant incidents of the never-to-be-forgotten day.

Through his incredible and selfish folly, two young lives that might have been spent together, blessing one another, had been quenched in utter darkness on the very threshold. Small wonder that his thoughts were like whips of scorpions, and that Carita was hard put to it to find in this grave-faced, humble, self-reproachable man, the

Continued on page 23

CANADIAN GIRLS' ... CLUB ...

EVERYWHERE there is a new feeling of independence and confidence among women. It seems to be in the air. Suffrage? Well, we will not discuss that, but certainly that is not needed at all for real independence and a great many of us wouldn't care to be bothered. What makes us independent is freedom to work—to earn our own living, not in a few poorly paid occupations but almost as we choose. Without mincing matters — money is independence.

But what of the girls that must stay at home on account of home duties? Is there no chance for them to gain confidence and a certain dependence upon their own efforts? There are ways—literature, painting, music—and often special opportunities may offer, but they mostly necessitate unusual ability or facilities. That is the value of the money-making side of the Canadian Girls' Club. Any girl who has a few hours a day free can earn money. Nothing is required beyond her ability, no matter how small the town, no matter how short or uncertain the time to use. There is not one girl who cannot successfully do this work.

That there are a very large number of girls so situated and that subscription work appeals to them as a means both of earning money and of getting into closer touch with outside affairs, is proved by the number of girls joining. Only a few months ago a girl said: "I never would be able to sell anything, I wouldn't know what to say." This same girl is one of the most active of our club; she has never had any lack of things to say, for she has used her experiences ("adventures," she calls them) to the best

MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE IN A PRETTY HOME SCENE.

advantage, learning the things that interest people. She tells them well, too, as I think most women do with a little training.

And being a young organization, only a part of the value of subscription work is being comprehended. It is not a one-year plan alone by any means; next year's profits will be double and treble the present. All the present subscribers are almost certain renewals next year with very little effort and lots of time to get new ones. The next year—and still the circle of customers is enlarging.

One young man, starting this work a year and a half ago, will clear four hundred dollars for the season's work, all over-time profits for he is hard at work during the day.

There's a different feeling, too, about showing a Canadian magazine. Call it patriotism, or clannishness, or what you will, nearly every Canadian wants to help along Canadian things. We are somewhat overshadowed by the big nation right next to us with more than a dozen times as many people; so we have to depend on ourselves, each to help the other along. You feel that you are helping develop an industry that we must have if we would be a wide-awake, progressive, self-sufficient nation, and the people you call upon will mostly feel the same

Probably, knowing THE HOME JOURNAL as you do, you scarcely believe there can be many who do not know it. Do not think in the few years of its existence it has been able to make itself so well known. Every day we are receiving many requests from Canadians who have never seen a copy but have learned that there is such a magazine through letters from friends or a notice in a paper. And many, many more who only know it in its poor, small form of a couple of years ago. They would scarcely believe that our present magazine is the same HOME JOURNAL they knew.

A great many HOME JOURNAL girls who are just the ones to join, are not yet members of the club. I wish you would write to me and let me tell you more about it; and many more who do not read the JOURNAL would appreciate knowing about the Canadian Girls' Club. Will you send me their names? I shall appreciate it very much and you place neither yourself nor them under any obligation to go farther, and perhaps they would greatly benefit by the opportunity. Will you write me?

SECRETARY CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB.

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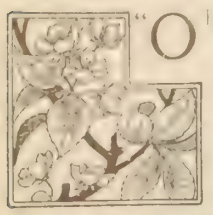
AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"IT WAS APRIL, BLOSSOMING SPRING."



"Oh Marthy, summer's here," I once heard a little boy shout to his sister, as he drew back the blinds and beheld the bare ground after a night's steady soft rain, and from my adjoining room I heard the second pair of little feet patter to the window to see the wonderful transformation of a single night.

Summer is some distance away yet, but April, bright harbinger of spring, is here, with its tearful days and sunshiny ones, melting the snow-banks, and letting loose the ice-bound streams, bringing to life the dormant pulsations of the animal and vegetable kingdom. But they move slowly, those latent forces which stir in obedience to nature's call, they need the various moods of the capricious month, the rain, the sun, clouds and winds, even a snow-fall, to bring to full fruition and carry out the plan of nature in bud and blossom, bird and insect; and we must needs take pattern from them, and follow the vagaries of this wilful lady, the month of April.

We discard our furs, then don them again; we proclaim against the flannels and heavy underwear, but our experience has taught us to bear with them; we invest in rain-coats and umbrellas, for there is always uncertainty with the weather-gods; we grow restless; want to do things; there seems to be mud and slush outdoors, and dust and dirt indoors. Our fingers are itching to pull up carpets, take down curtains, change furniture around, clean up yards and things generally, the spring fever is in our veins. But, patience! it is often unsuitable weather for housecleaning; the best carpet runs the risk of a spasmodic shower, and the yard is too damp and wet to endanger one's health by hanging up curtains and draperies for necessary airing.

* * *

YES; I know about the new system of cleaning, the dustless method, where one can have the house all gone over in a day, and give a dinner party at night. I see the machine pass our door every week, and intend to give it a trial some day, but I know that the great majority of readers follow the old reliable lines, the soap and water, beat and pound process. It is to that class I address my advisory words not to close in with a rush simply because it is April.

This letter is somewhat of an anniversary one, as this page was inaugurated with an article on housecleaning a year ago, in which I endeavored to show that in the preparation for the final achievement lay the great secret of quicker and more effectual work, inasmuch as minor obstacles are removed, and the *big* work is therefore accomplished with greater ease and in less time. I advocated the ridding out of dresser drawers and clothes closets, the careful packing away of furs and winter wear, as preliminaries; also the ferreting out all unnecessary furniture, and the clothing that has served its purpose, and disposing of it where it can do some one else a good turn. In cities and towns one can always find a place where the useless articles around the house can fill a want in some other home. It is folly to stack our attic room with old chairs and tables that we have outlived, and do not wish to repair. Give them to some one whose patience to patch up will renew their usefulness.

It is still greater folly to hang away clothes that have gone out of style, or that our children have outgrown, and leave them year after year to gather dust and invite moths, saying nothing of the nuisance we vote them when we are forced to include them in our semi-annual cleaning siege. In our basement is a large covered box, which the children named the "poor-box," and there we consign everything in the shape of clothing and footwear, hats, neckties, umbrellas, as well as magazines and other literature, and several needy families, who appreciate our cast offs, call at intervals, and so there are no unnecessary things given house room. I am often accused of being too hasty in this matter of sifting out, but give me clean space and room to goods that I regard as encumbrances. Men, I believe, are more guilty of accumulating and treasuring old stuff than women; they seem so frightened they will give away something that *might* come in useful some day. "Don't give away those old boots, they will do to go fishing," or "Save that old suit, I may need it for some rough work," and presently their closet is overflowing, but you know that shows a disposition to be *saving*. Perhaps it is, but, oh, Pshaw!

* * *

TRULY we are up against it once more. This housecleaning problem comes with the surety of the seasons, and we are consulting the paperhanger and the painter, gathering up our forces for the onslaught. The husbands are holding their breath in anxious waiting, for well they know the attack is bound to come, this senseless proceeding which women deem necessary to health and comfort, and certain they are that their services will be required at some stage in the game, and that it will be given with the same heartiness which characterizes all their assistance during the campaign. I expect there are exceptions, but the majority of men have a wholesome horror of this turning-inside-out-and-upside-down chaos in the home, but no more than most women have, for it is no glad holiday session for them; it means the hardest kind of work, and a continuation of it until the last stroke is sounded.

Taking it for granted that the house sewing as delineated in the January number of the HOME JOURNAL, has all been successfully accomplished, and the school dresses and blouses are ready in the homes where the sewing for the family is part of the regime, one can still keep busy planning for the summer outfits, hats and gloves and footwear, doing early shopping while the goods are fresh; in schoolboy parlance "getting a good ready on." Then when the balmy winds blow, and it is considered safe to leave windows and doors open, move stoves, as must be done in many homes, make the grand sortie, not upsetting the whole house in a day, but taking one room at a time, selecting them as advantageous to each one's particular line of procedure, for every housewife has her own ideas of where to begin, and prefers to follow her own dictates.

A day off occasionally to look through the stores makes a pleasant variation, and is a delightful necessity when new furnishings are required. Its gets one out of the rut, and tunes up the body and mind for a fresh start. March and April should see the finish of house dresses and aprons, and, as far as possible, the lingerie waists and gowns, ready for the first warm spell, for our summers are too short to lose half the nice weather getting the filmy fabrics into shape for wearing. It is such a comfortable feeling to know that the thin, cool dress, and nicely starched underskirts are all in readiness to don when a melting day suddenly surprises us, and when the season is ended, we feel that our garments have done full duty, and have no compunction in relegating them to second place next year.

* * *

I HAVE already told about my habit of dividing up time; but right in this connection, remember that my plans "gang aft agley," but I never permit it to worry me. There are so many things liable to interfere, but it never deters me from renewing the plans on future occasions. I have mile-posts, so to speak, all through the year, Easter coming first, when I count on the sewing being pretty well out of the way, unless it is very early, as this year. Somehow the 24th of May, so many, many years a national holiday, always seemed a fitting date for the wind-up of housecleaning operations, with an extra week tacked on to finish up the little extras, for I am always glad of "just one more day," which is a standing joke on me among my friends—the need of that day that I am ever desirous of, no matter how long a time I have in which to accomplish anything. So when that good old date comes round, I want to throw up my hat, and shout, as of old, when school was let out on the 23rd of May:—

"Hip, hip, hurrah! the Queen's birthday,
If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away."

June, July and August are holiday months, then a grand charge on the fall sewing and the inevitable cleaning for the next mile-post, November Thanksgiving, after which the supreme effort of all brings us to the final climax, Christmas, with the blessed week of jollity following in its wake. Sounds like a pretty steady job, doesn't it? Yes; and monotonous betimes, but such is housekeeping.

A woman once said to me, "I do get so behind with my work, it is discouraging. If I could only *once* catch up, it seems I would forever keep straightened out." I made the same remark once, and I shall give you the answer I received. "Don't," said the sad-eyed little woman, "don't say that. Once I got caught up, had my sewing and knitting for the family all ready for winter, quilts made out of the left-over pieces of cloth and flannel, even sewed up all the old rags for carpet and mats, as we were accustomed to do in those days, and one night I said gaily that we could have a good time now, for there was nothing else to make up. The next morning diphtheria broke out in our large family, and for weeks there was no rest day nor night. Two of our dear little ones died, and the heartache has never really left me. So now, it never matters, what I cannot manage to get done is left among the undones, and I've never since wanted to get caught up with my work."

Little did I dream as she related this experience that it would ever come home to me, but so it did. One bright October, while undecided about making a move, I found myself with nothing to sew but doll's clothes, and how I revelled in having the time to model dainty garments for the baby doll, and the lady doll, and the others as well! The same dread disease entered our home, and ere its ravages ceased, the idol of the house was carried out, the little human flower we all worshipped. The dolls and their clothes, with her own pretty new dresses, were buried in the ashes of a life-long sorrow. I draw a curtain over the grey November days and hopeless nights that followed, but I, too, have never cared since. I do first what seems necessary and urgent, the rest of the pile awaits my pleasure, for sewing is one of the things that will not spoil in the keeping.

* * *

BUT to return! We have considered the physical side of housecleaning, with its tiredness of muscle and sinew, and battered red hands; let us look at what I shall call the *moral* side of the question. How our tempers suffer, our nerves, we become excited over what we can accomplish, and exasperated over what we can not do! We lose our patience, grow cantankerous, and finally reach a stage which a word, coined, I believe, in our own city, fitly describes, "raspinarious." Here is where we make a grave mistake; we overwork, and the results affect the household, who recognize a disturbing element in the usually placid disposition of wife and mother.

We do not seem to know when we have reached the limit, and call a halt. Instead of sitting down when evening comes, and enjoying a brief respite with book or paper, we imagine we are hastening matters to a finish by cleaning out a china closet, or a book-case, and thus the strain is kept up until the nerve forces rebel, and so collapse. We are so anxious to see the end of the job and fancy these are helps, when in reality they are hindrances, speaking from a mental standpoint. We only stop when we reach the breaking point.

To end my talk I am going to tell you a secret —I have my housecleaning all done. What! after all those directions and instructions! Well, it happened to be one of the occasions when it was necessary to "right about," and so I'm all through with the tiresome, nerve-racking operation, and while the rest of you are drubbing away I'll be dressed up in my new spring suit, well, hardly—pegging away at the sewing machine. "A change is as good as a rest," 'tis said, and so I am enjoying the alteration for this once. You see, it was this way. Our rooms needed papering, and the new season's papers had arrived, the men were not busy, and lastly (but don't breathe this) some of my husband's relations were coming to visit, and what was more natural than that I should want to make a good impression of being a fairly clean sort of woman? Imagine them going away saying, "Poor John, if he had married a good housekeeper, he might have been a different man."

Here's to the housecleaners, that there may be a wholesome respect for the step-ladder, when giving the finishing touches in high places; and for the polished floors and stairways, for the husband's sympathy in the movement, and the satisfaction that crowns the labor.

Why Eggs Were Sixty Cents a Dozen

Continued on page 8

ried off to tables where dozens of girls are working at electric machines. Deft fingers seize the pieces, place them together, and almost like lightning they are sewn together and carried to another table where the other processes are completed and the garment is finished in almost a few minutes. In the old home, the work could never have been done for several times the amount of labor or expense. But the hands which perform the labor have long ago lost the feel of the churn handle and the butter worker. They are gone from the farm, and the result is, that while clothing may be cheaper than ever before, butter is dearer.

Thousands have followed the road which Lucy has taken to the city workshop. Thousands, too, have followed Fred, and Charlie, and Tom, and are professional men or mechanics. Their fingers no longer know the plough or the lever or the fork handle, so that the old farm does not yield the heavy crops which it once did, and still could, and while wheat and beef and pork are dearer, the professions and the workshops

WHERE THERE IS PEACE AND PLENTY, HAMPTON VALLEY, N.B.

are crowded with people who have to live, and in a more costly way than they once did.

Many are the thousands of young men and women who have followed Robert to the great Canadian West, where wheat is grown for all the world, where wheat is marketed by the train-load, and whence wheat is shipped to all the world without making any cheaper the loaf of bread at home, for wheat is dearer and bread is dearer right here at home than it ever was before, excepting once or twice, in the history of Canada.

Wheat is shipped to Europe, to old England, by the trainload and the shipload, and it can be shipped there about as cheaply as to old Ontario. It is shipped there to support thousands of laborers, that old-country workshops may keep up their humming din, that English ships may sail the seas, that hardware, cloths, carpets and earthenware may come back, that English engines may run over English rails in South Africa and far-off India, that English armies and navies may unfurl the Union Jack to every breeze, and that civilization and commerce may reach to every land. But it all goes away from Canada that the cost of living here may be increased, because there are fewer left to hew the wood, draw the water, and till the fields of the old farm whose market was at home.

Who then is really responsible for the increased cost of living? Is it the young girl who decides to become the "forelady" of a millinery department, or the other ladies who love to wear fine millinery? Is it the young man who goes west to grow wheat by the thousand acres or the foreign market which is willing to place such a premium on his efforts?

Everything that calls for effort, effort which is not directly expended in producing the necessities of life, plays its part in enhancing the cost of living. The erection of public buildings, the digging out of canals, the construction of railroads, as well as the luxury and recreation of the wealthy; all of these do not cost simply money. They cost a full share of the goods by which the world and its people subsist, and by increasing the demand and curtailing the supply, then enhance the price.

Is it then true that everybody is responsible, more or less, for the enhanced cost of living? Does the spread of commerce, the awakening of industrial activity, and the onward march of civilization in every direction tend to increase the cost of the necessities of life? Apparently this is so. So says the great railroad magnate, the self-made man who understands things; so says the calm-eyed, strong-faced wholesaler, who has his finger upon the pulse of the industrial world. So says the statistician, who itemizes and then totalizes the whole sum, and draws his deductions from comparisons with other totals. Industrial enterprise, and the lure of the unseen wile young men and women away from the old farm until increased cost of living induces more of them to remain, and impels others to go back.

THE question of the cost of living is discussed so frequently in these days, at the fireside, in the press and from the platform, that the foregoing article by one who has had excellent opportunities of observing the trend of events in the Canadian markets and the change of conditions on the Canadian farm will be interesting to HOME JOURNAL readers. The prices of to-day are not easy to account for, unless one takes into the reckoning the industrial revolution which marked the latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

Since the old order has changed, the only course open to practical citizens is to adapt oneself to the new, and, while recognizing the different conditions of the modern market.

In the meantime, the world in this Western Hemisphere will probably learn the lesson already being acquired by many who have wearied of the city strife, that the land is the ultimate source of wealth and health, "Back to the land" is a cry which will be heard in louder tones during the next twenty years, until the balance is adjusted once more between agricultural supply and urban demand.

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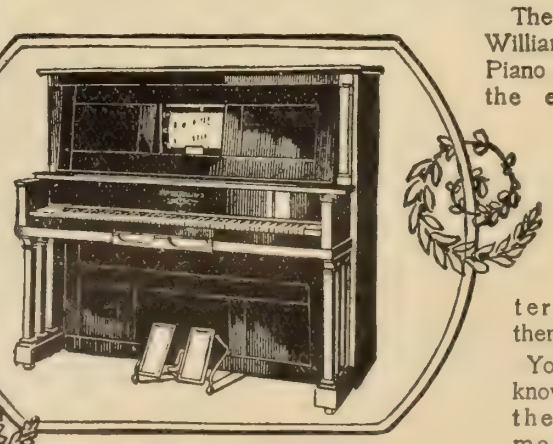

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Dainty Dress Accessories

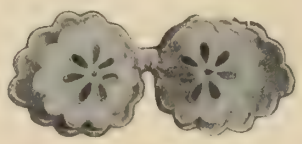
THE woman who loves pretty neckwear will be tempted to all manner of extravagances by the bewildering display of collars, ruffles,

No. 5376—Coat Set (cuffs to match). Stamped on Linen, 40c.

jabots, etc., now being shown in the shops, and these so pretty at first, are very perishable, as they seldom stand laundering, and on the other hand these pretty trifles if made of fine materials, and carry a touch of hand embroidery, are expensive to purchase when one considers how many of these will be needed for the summer of 1910, as these dressy adjuncts are necessary to complete so many different costumes, from the severe tailored coat suits, which are softened and made so much more becoming by the ruffled jabot at the throat, to the daintily embroidered coat collar and cuff sets of fine French embroidery combined with handsome Irish crochet motifs.

The Dutch collars, which are so cool looking and becoming to pretty girlish faces, are again very fashionable, and jabots embroidered to match complete these very effectively. The design No. 5375 illustrated on this page shows an effective pattern of dots embroidered solidly in padded satin stitch, and the material used for this is a fine handkerchief linen, the dots being embroidered in white.

No. 5377—Tab. Stamped on White and Colored Linen, 20c.



No. 5378—Butterfly Bow. Stamped on White and Colored Linen, 15c.

All varieties of linen are fashionable for these collars, from the new material called "Carrick," which resembles the old time corded pique, to the finer linen weaves.

Coat collar and cuff sets embroidered on white linen would make an attractive gift sure of its welcome, and many dainty jabots, etc., can be made from left over scraps of linen, net and lace which may be found in the ever useful "piece bag." Colored and white linen combine effectively in collars, tabs, etc. No. 5377 is an illustration of this idea, as the under portion of the tab is of colored linen and the upper portion white.

No. 2—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.

No. 3—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Linen, 15c.

Stock and turn-over collars are both fashionable and are worn with many pretty and novel effects in butterfly bows, all of which require a hand embroidered decoration.

The plain tailored waists which are so smart and the correct thing to wear with coat suits have a dressy touch given them by the hemstitched or embroidered ruffles of fine handkerchief linen, which to be in the best style must be hand worked. One sided effects are the most fashionable for these, and embroidered turn-over collars are suitable to wear with waist ruffles, and stylish little tabs are a smart finish for these. These are small and inconspicuous but give just the right touch to these collars.

Belt and hand bags of embroidered linen will be very popular this summer, and one of these useful little novelties is shown in illustration No. 5380. These pretty little trifles have two deep curved pockets under the handsomely embroidered flap, and the bag illustrated is embroidered on Carrick, and dainty loops and bows of wash ribbon complete this idea, which may be easily kept fresh by being frequently laundered and would complete a white linen costume most effectively.

The rage for embroidered jabots continues and all varieties of shapes are to be found. Many

No. 4—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.

No. 8—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.

of the newest and most expensive varieties are lace trimmed, and the fine sheer muslins embroidered in dainty pastel shades blending or contrasting with the costume with which they are to be worn. These dainty trifles are the indispensable finishing touch to all neckwear, and many of these can be evolved from inexpensive materials embroidered with small dainty designs and trimmed with fine sheer insertions and edgings. Any of the handsomest jabots shown on the neckwear

No. 5375—Dutch Collar and Jabot. Stamped on Linen, 30c.

counters can be copied by the girl with clever fingers.

Lustered cotton to embroider any of the articles shown on this page, 35 cents per dozen. Padding cotton 5 cents per ball.

If these articles cannot be obtained from your dealer address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, for further information.

No. 1—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.

No. 5380—Embroidered Hand Bag. Stamped on Linen or Carrick, 30c.

The Mystery of Barry Ingram

Continued from page 18

gallant boy who little more than a year ago had gone out in all the pride of young manhood from her presence.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST PAGE.

INGRAM had a busy morning at the works but he found time to see Lord Fincastle, who presented himself shortly after noon. The latter proposed to buy Tyrie and added as his reason: "I want to marry Christabel."

Ingram rose to his feet with the blood surging to his head. Still a proud man with ambitions unburied, though kept in the background, he realized in a moment what a tremendous vista opened up before him. Christabel Lord Fincastle's wife, the mistress of Tyrie, and the purchase money in his pocket, he could face the world again, a new man, capable of any achievement.

"Well, I hope you like my presumption," said Fincastle smilingly.

"The presumption would be mine, Lord Fincastle, if there is any. You must understand that you have literally overwhelmed me this morning."

"Well, will you let me go down to Tyrie on these conditions, and let me try my luck with your daughter?"

"What do you expect me to say? I feel quite speechless. Christabel! you spoke of meeting her in London. Tell me, have you said anything to her; has she any idea of this?"

"I haven't said anything to her, except vaguely; but—but I think I'll try my luck, if you'll let me, this very day."

"Why do you look so sad, Mr. Ingram? Is there anything in the prospect to appal? I even thought it might please you to think of Christabel as mistress of Tyrie?"

"It isn't that, Lord Fincastle, believe me, it isn't that. You have made me only too happy. I don't know why, but I couldn't help thinking at the moment of Ewan Forbes and his poor wife and daughter, and of the difference in our circumstances. And it might very easily have been me."

By the half-past two train, that afternoon, Ingram and Lord Fincastle journeyed together to Cardyke. Stephen bade them good-bye at the station where he had to catch his train for Perth.

"Does he go up there every week-end?" asked Fincastle curiously.

"Most week-ends, he has been very kind to them; in fact, I may say he is their only hope. It would not surprise me very much if Stephen were to marry Evelyn Forbes yet. He certainly deserves his reward, if ever a man did."

"And he will get it, I think; but wasn't Barry soft in that quarter once?"

"He was, but you never saw a man so changed as Barry in your life, Lord Fincastle. I could almost rub my eyes and ask myself whether he is really my son. I should not wonder if he remained the bachelor member of the family."

When the train steamed into the little station where Caro and Christabel were both watching, if Ingram had any doubt, it was dispelled by the lovely blush which rushed to Christabel's face, while she turned confusedly away to hide it. Imagining Fincastle to be still in London, she had that very morning written and posted a little note addressed to him at the Savoy Hotel, explaining how she had failed to keep her appointment with him at Lady Welldon's house.

There was no trap to meet them, and after Ingram had given instructions for Lord Fincastle's bag to be sent up to the castle, he drew Caro's hand within his arm and marched off.

"But why should we leave poor Belle to walk with Lord Fincastle? I'm sure she won't like it. She'll be bored."

"And I'm sure she won't, puss," said her father whimsically. "I thought you were very clever, Caro; don't you suspect anything?"

"No, I don't; Belle is above all that silly nonsense," said Caro loftily, yet with a sudden terror in her voice.

"But all the same, she's going to be Lady Fincastle."

"Is she? What, oh, what will mother say?"

An hour or two later mother behaved with conspicuous sweetness, when the pair returned, quite obviously to ask for a blessing. To say that Carita did not have a secret pang would be to expect too much from human nature. But when they came in at teatime, with the truth written palpably on their faces, she ran up to Christabel, and was the first to give her a kiss of real affection.

"I'm glad, dear, yes, honestly glad, you deserve it, and I hope you'll be very, very happy." And Christabel never really knew how much that little effort cost.

* * * * * *

The story of poor Nancy Simons' death is still told at cottage firesides in Cardyke; the story with which the fortunes of the Ingram family were so much mixed up. Christabel is the lady of Tyrie Castle now, filling her high estate with a dignity and sweetness which win all hearts.

The rest of the family live at Bracklin, Angela still unmarried, a little soured, but interested in hunting, to which she is devoted.

Caro has long since become Mrs. Edward O'Farrell, and lives in a distinguished house in Dublin, and has a very gay and happy life.

When Ewan Forbes, a broken man, was released from Perth prison, some months before his sentence actually expired, he was met by a devoted family augmented by a new son, Stephen Ingram, in whose house he will make his home for the rest of his life. It is only a little house snugly hid in the shelter of a spur of the Ochil Hills, but happiness is often surprised in being in simple places, where she elects to remain.

It is a very happy household, and the role of protector admirably suits Stephen Ingram, and he has no quarrel with fate.

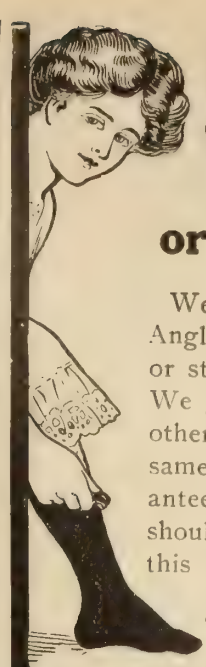
His beautiful wife, whom many men envy him, some pitying her, lives but to make him happy, to mother his children, and make his home. She has no regret. Her face wears a look of absolute content.

Barry, as his father had predicted, continues a celebate, devoting himself to business in London, and amassing almost against his will, a great fortune. But it is a fortune which will never be left behind. There are many ways in which Barry seeks to make use of it—but his chief philanthropic work is among derelict and hopeless men. His leisure is spent very much with Lady Welldon, to whom he has taken the place of a son, and they are one in their aim and desire to be faithful stewards of the wealth which has flowed into their hands.

He has never again revisited Cardyke. And though his face is serene and unclouded he is at heart, and will always remain, a solitary, even a melancholy man.

THE END.

The serial, "The Mystery of Barry Ingram," by Annie Swan, has proved one of the most attractive features of the HOME JOURNAL during the last few months. While the story introduces a sordid and tragic crime, it can hardly be called sensational, since the event itself is made the centre of a great lesson against selfishness and dishonor. There will be a story of equally absorbing interest during the coming numbers.



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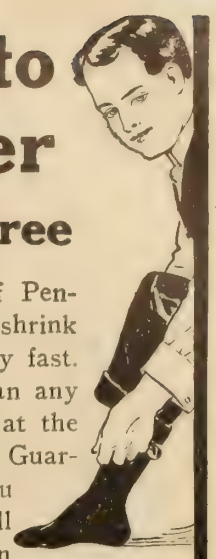

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MATTERS MUSICAL

THE choral season of 1910 in Toronto has been more brilliant than ever, with a prospect of further triumphs. The Mendelssohn Choir exceeded all expectations in "The Children's Crusade" and sang to immense audiences in Buffalo and Cleveland. Dr. Vogt preserves his usual reticence with regard to what the Choir is going to do, but it may fairly be conjectured that next year's tour will include New York—and perhaps Boston.

* * *

THE work of the Schubert Choir this year was generally considered the best yet accomplished by Mr. Fletcher's senior organization, and congratulations to the conductor were sincere and hearty. Mr. Fletcher has done excellent work in the training of so many young singers, whose humble beginning in the People's Choral Union has developed into an imposing group of choirs. Mr. Fletcher has worked with tireless devotion, in order to produce such choral effects as were obtained this year, and, we are glad to know, was appreciated abroad in his trip to Rochester. The Pittsburg Orchestra was in its usual good form and the Brahms Symphony was especially admired. There were more brilliant numbers by the Choir than "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," but none more exquisite than that poetic snatch of harmony, which was interpreted with charming delicacy by the women's voices.

* * *

TO music teachers and students who are interested either directly or indirectly in the annual examinations held throughout Canada during the month of May by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London, it will be of interest to learn that Eaton Faning, Esq., an eminent doctor of music of Canterbury, Eng., will be the examiner this year. His degree, Doctor of Music, was not conferred upon him but he won it by his own effort in 1890 and this mark of proficiency alone would recommend his musicianship to the whole world. Born at Helston, Cornwall, he received his early musical education from his parents, and in 1870 entered the Royal Academy, London, where he studied under Sterndale Bennet, Steggall and others for several years. He won different medals and scholarships during his studies there and soon became a professor of that institution himself and has remained associated more or less with it ever since. From 1885 until he retired from active teaching in 1901, he was director of music at Harrow School.

* * *

THE Toronto *World*, which has always given much attention to music, recently offered a prize of one hundred dollars in a song contest. Three eminent musicians consented to act as judges in this contest and much interest has been taken in the winning composition. The song is to be what is popularly called a love song, simple and dignified in sentiment. Any Canadian-born musician who is a permanent resident in Canada is eligible to compete. This effort on the part of a Canadian paper to encourage native effort in musical composition is in every sense to be commended.

* * *

THE fourth annual competition for the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic trophies will be held in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, this year, during the week commencing April fourth. The scope of the contests has been greatly enlarged this season and it will include prizes for individual competitors as is done at musical festivals in the north of England. The Governor-General and Countess Grey will be in Toronto during the entire week.

The events are divided in the following manner: 1, Choral societies; 2, orchestras; 3, mixed voice choruses of not less than 24 and not more than 60; 4, opera companies.

If there is more than one entry in each class, a special prize will be awarded the winner, and the winners in the various classes will be adjudged for the trophy. It is expected that in the mixed voice chorus section there will be a large entry from church choirs. This is a form of musical effort which has not received much public recognition.

In addition to the trophy contest, the following competitions, with three prizes in each class, are given for young singers and instrumentalists:

1. Individual male voices—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
2. Individual female voices—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
3. Pianoforte solos—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
4. Violin solos—for amateurs under 23 years of age.

Two prizes of $100 and $50 each are also offered for the best original musical composition written by a British subject, resident in Canada or Newfoundland, with two prizes of $100 and $50 for the best original two-act plays, written by a British subject, resident in Canada or Newfoundland. Entries for the competition closed March 15th.

* * *

A DESPATCH from Paris has given Portage la Prairie reason to be proud of one of her daughters. Here is the news item as sent from France on February 19th:

Dorothea Toye, a young girl of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, aroused great attention last night at a reception given by Ambassador Bacon at the embassy.

Miss Toye has two voices, one a three octave soprano, the other a tenor of great power and sweetness. She came to Paris to consult Prof. Frank Dossert regarding the advisability of an operatic career. When he heard her soprano voice he said she was unquestionably fitted for grand opera. A moment later he was stunned to hear her sing a "Pagliacci" song. Her tenor recalled Carso's voice in intonation, phrasing and exact rendering. Musicians declare such a phenomenon is unprecedented in musical history. She can actually sing a soprano and tenor duet with herself.

Ambassador Bacon said: "It is the most remarkable performance I have ever heard."

It is needless to say that all Paris is talking of her.

Personally Miss Toye is a slight girl of singularly bright and winning manner, and is one of eight sisters, all musicians.

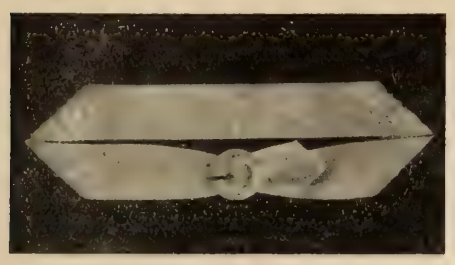
Physicians as well as musicians are greatly interested in her accomplishments. She has been invited to go to London to sing before the Medical Congress. Her father, who is a wealthy contractor, is now living in Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

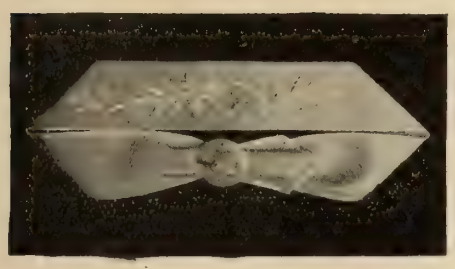
Miss Toye comes of a very musical family, several of her sisters being well known in the local musical world.

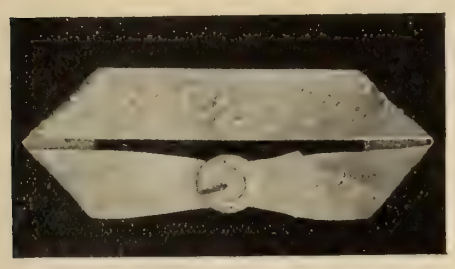
Dainty Accessories

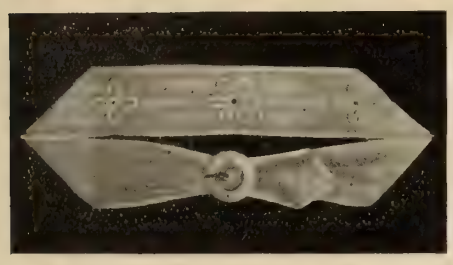
ON this page are shown several pretty designs in belts which are in the styles to be worn this spring and summer. Some of the gowns for the warm months show belts of the same material. But the ever-popular white waist demands the white belt, which is always dainty and is easily washed.

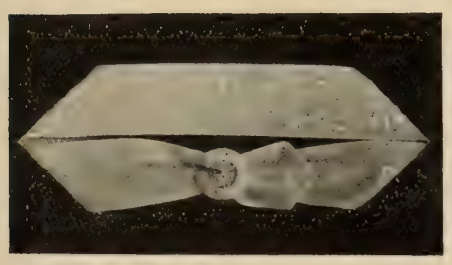
The display of belts will assure our readers that the washable style is here for the summer of 1910 and that it will be quite safe to have a goodly supply of these necessary articles. The neatest and most attractive styles come from Switzerland and are embroidered in designs of extreme delicacy and daintiness of finish. There are touches of color in some of these styles — blue, mauve and pink; but the favorite is a pure white. There are all varieties of floral decoration, from marguerites to roses, and most women will prefer the more dainty styles. The fern-like designs are especial favorites and should be extensively used. These illustrations, like those shown last month, are from the stock of A. T. Reid and Company, Toronto.

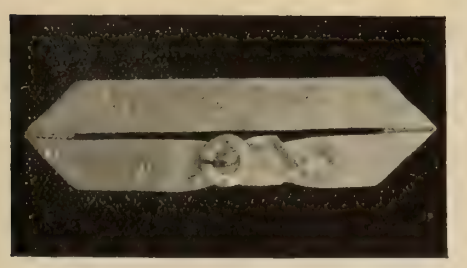












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THE monotonous black veil is having a rest, and those of deep violet, powder blue, bottle green, prune, and seal are chosen by the smartest dressers.

The new coiffure is all a-bristle with shell pins and combs and those for evening wear are richly decorated with inlaid metal and sunken jewels.

A pretty ornament for the hair is a filet of black velvet about half an inch wide, finished with a tiny bow either directly in front or a little to one side.

Border materials continue to be employed for spring frock and for afternoon gowns. There are few fabrics which will afford better satisfaction for a comparatively small expenditure of money. Some of the soft twilled silks and the liberty satins have a wide ribbon and knot design in dull colorings woven in a few inches above the selvedge, and when these are arranged to border the tunic or overskirt, to trim the bodice or to outline the edges of the "jumper" or over-blouse, the only additional expense will be for the transparent guimpe and half-sleeves, without which the spring house costume will not be quite up-to-date.

One may say there are dozens and dozens of new ideas in handkerchiefs for the spring season. Dainty squares of sheer white linen are beautifully embroidered in butterfly and dragon fly design. Again, a similar design is executed in color, not embroidered, but linen in a pale shade of pink, blue, lavender or green is couched on the white linen handkerchief with the finest of white linen thread. Needless to say, these little novelties are quite expensive; but such fascinating affairs that every woman will want them and many will practice economy in another direction to acquire at least a pair of them. Another decidedly new and novel kerchief is of white linen, printed all over except for a tiny square in the centre in floral design, like the printed organdies and chiffons. The edge is scalloped and finished with a buttonhole stitch in the darkest tone of the printings.

For the woman who is in mourning, the smartness of her dress depends very greatly on the little accessories she wears—the collar, the belt, the watch chain, the beads about her neck, or the bag she carries. Every detail of her costume must, of course, be inconspicuous but faultless, for no erring of judgment proclaims itself so loudly as a mistake in mourning.

Fortunately mourning to-day is no longer the sombre thing it was in earlier days. The way our mothers and grandmothers shrouded themselves in dead black and hid behind thick veils for years after a bereavement is becoming less prevalent.

A little more latitude is allowed now; an occasional relieving note of white or a bit of inoffensive ornamentation is entirely permissible. Aside from the fact that it always carries its suggestion of sombreness and sorrow, mourning may be made most becoming and attractive. More and more attention is paid to the accessories of mourning, and they are in many cases very smart.

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It gives longer wear, greater comfort and greater health security than any other kind of Underwear.

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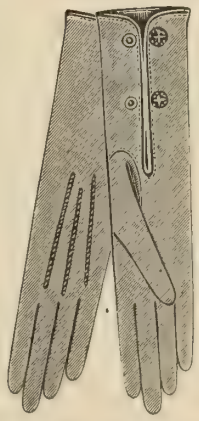
THE WORLD'S GREATEST GLOVE HOUSE

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

OF CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Attention is directed to the following makes of Gloves, all of which are of either British or French manufacture and are entitled to the advantages of preferential duty.

Awarded GRAND PRIX Franco-British Exhibition, 1908



BRITISH MADE

The **"Melton"** Ladies' Tan Cape Gloves, pique sewn, 2 press buttons, 61c. per pair.

The **"Connaught"** Strong Cape Gloves, in tan or oak shades, spear points, prixseam sewn, 2 press buttons, 71c. per pair.

Ladies' Smart Cape Gloves, in tan or oak shades with black points and white with black or self points, 2 buttons, 71c. per pair.

Ladies' 6-Button Length Saxe Cape with elastic at wrist, in tan or oak shade, pique sewn, imperial points, 95c. per pair.

No. 303 Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, superior quality, British made, pique sewn, in white, grey, beaver or tan, 2 buttons, 46c. per pair.

Ladies' Saxe Doeskin Gloves, with tab and press button, similar to illustration below, British made, best quality, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey, 69c. pair.

The **"Canadian"** Ladies' Buck Finish, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 3 buttons, 95c. per pair.

Ladies' Real Deerskin Gloves, in tan, grey or black, prixseam sewn, 2 press buttons, $1.19 pair.

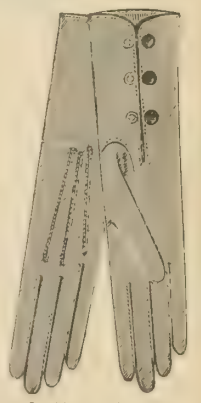
Ladies' Best Quality Real Reindeer Gloves, made from specially selected skins, tan or grey shades, self sewn points, 3 buttons, $2.07 per pair.

FRENCH MAKE

Ladies' Real French Kid Gloves, in black, white, cream, pastel, beaver, tans, browns, greys, green, plum, mole, navy or amethyst, 4 buttons—
The **"Claretie"** 61c.
The **"Lebon"** 73c.
The **"Meissonier"** 85c.

Bon Ami, Pique Sewn, Real French Kid, in tans, browns, beavers, greys and black, 3 rows self braid points, 2 large pearl buttons, 69c. per pair.

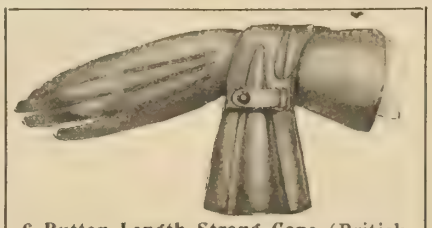
Hestia, Pique Sewn, French Suede Gloves, superior quality, in greys, tans, beavers, browns, navy or black with braid points, 3 press buttons, 1c. pair.



Stainless Black Suede Gloves, the most perfect black suede glove in the world, 3 buttons, 91c. per pair.

Chamois, Ladies' 3 Button Dustless Chamois Gloves, natural shade, pique sewn, 57c. pair.

Ladies' Chamois Gloves, 6 button length, with elastic at wrist, natural shade, 46c. per pair.



6 Button Length Strong Cape (British made) in Tan or Oak Shade, Wide Arms, Prixseam Sewn, Spear Points, Strap and Press Button, as illustration. $1.19 per pair.

Doeskin, Buck Finish, in the same style as above, Tan or Grey Shades. $1.44 per pair.

MEN'S GLOVES

British Made

The **"Arlington"** Tan Cape Gloves, medium weight, spear points, 1 press button, 79c. per pair.

The **"Mowbray"** Rainproof Tan Cape, stout make, spear points, 2 buttons, 85c. per pair.

The **"Canadian"** Men's Buck Finish Gloves, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 1 press button, 95c per pair.

Men's Real Deerskin Gloves, best quality, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 2 buttons, $1.58 pair.

A complete illustrated Price List will be sent post free on application, to any address; write for one to-day. Mail orders receive immediate attention. Remittances including postage to be made by International Money Orders payable to The London Glove Company, G.P.O., England.

——LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED——

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY - - CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE.A.PUTNAM.
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Economy in Small Things

THE paper by Mrs. Homer White of Bloomfield on the above topic is so full of good suggestions that it is herewith continued, the various aspects of economy being considered under expenses, early rising and temper:

IT is impossible for a woman to practise a wise economy in expenditures, unless she is taught how to do it, either by experiments or by those who have had experience. A great deal of uneasiness and discomfort is caused to both husband and wife, by an entire want of system and forethought in arranging expenses. Both keep buying what they think they need, without any calculation as to how matters are coming out, and with a sort of dread of running in debt, such never know the comfort of independence. It is not so much the amount of income, as the regular and correct apportionment of expenses, that makes a family truly comfortable. It is very important that young ladies should learn systematic economy in expenses. Every young girl should begin at twelve or thirteen years to make her own, and keep her accounts, under the help of her mother or some other friend. If parents would ascertain the actual expense of a daughter's clothing for a year, and give the sum to her in quarterly payments, it would be of great benefit in preparing her for future duties.

The second general principle of economy is that, in apportioning an income among various objects, the most important should receive the largest supply, and so on in matters of less importance.

* * *

THERE is no practice which has been more extensively eulogized in all ages than early rising. For it is rarely the case that the commonsense of mankind fastens on a practice so really beneficial, especially one that demands self-denial, without some substantial reason. The first relates to the health of the family. It is a universal law of physiology that all living things flourish best in the light. When the body is fatigued, it is much more liable to deleterious influences from noxious particles in the atmosphere which may be absorbed by the skin or lungs. In consequence of this the last hours of daily labor are more likely to be those of risk, especially to delicate constitutions. This is one reason for retiring at an early hour, when after the exertions of the day it is least able to bear it. Another reason for early rising is that it is indispensable to a systematic and well regulated family. If the parents rise at a late hour, they induce the habit with their children and domestics, or else the family is up and at their pursuits while their supervisors are in bed. A late breakfast puts back the work the whole day, for every member of the family; and thus the parents occasion the loss of an hour or two to each individual who but for their delay would be usefully employed. They alone are responsible for all this waste of time. Thus it is manifest that late rising not only injures the person and family which practise it, but interferes with the rights and convenience of the community.

* * *

THERE is nothing which has a more abiding influence on the happiness of the family, than the preservation of equable and cheerful temper and tones in the housekeeper. A woman who is habitually gentle, sympathizing, forbearing, and cheerful, carries an atmosphere about with her which imparts a soothing and sustaining influence, and renders it easier for all to do right, under her administration, than in any other situation.

Haven't some of you known families where the mother's presence seemed the sunshine of the circle around her; imparting a cheering and vivifying power, scarcely realized till it was withdrawn? Everyone, without thinking of it, or knowing why it was so, experienced a peaceful and invigorating influence as soon as he entered the sphere illumined by her smile, and sustained by her cheering kindness and sympathy. On the contrary, many a good housekeeper (good in every respect but this), by wearing a countenance of anxiety and dissatisfaction and by indulging in frequent use of sharp and reprehensive tones, more than destroys all the comfort which otherwise would result from her system, neatness, and economy.

No person can maintain a quiet and cheerful frame of mind while tones of discontent and displeasure are sounding on the ear. We may gradually accustom ourselves to the evil, till it is partially diminished; but it always is an evil, which greatly interferes with the enjoyment of the family state. There are sometimes cases where the entrance of the mistress of a family seems to awaken a slight apprehension in every mind around, as if each felt in danger of a reproof for something either perpetrated or neglected. A woman who would go around her house with a small stinging snapper which she habitually applied to those whom she met, would be encountered with feelings very much like those which are experienced by the inmates of a family where the mistress often uses her countenance and voice to inflict similar penalties for duties neglected. It is probable that there is no class of persons in the world who have such incessant trials of temper and temptations to be fretful as housekeepers. A housekeeper's business consists of ten thousand little disconnected items which can never be so systematically arranged that there is no daily jostling somewhere. And in the best regulated families it is frequently the case that some act of forgetfulness or carelessness from some member will disarrange the business of the whole day, so that every hour will bring renewed occasion for annoyance. And the more strongly a woman realizes the value of time, and the importance of system and order, the more will she be tempted to irritability and complaint.

In the first place, a woman who has charge of a large household should regard her duties as dignified, important and difficult. The mind is so made as to be elevated and cheered by a sense of far-reaching influence and usefulness. A woman who feels that it makes little difference how she performs her duties, has far less to sustain and invigorate her, than one who truly estimates the importance of her station.

A third method is, for a woman deliberately to calculate on having her best-arranged plans interfered with, very often. Another important rule is to form all plans and arrangements in consistency with the means at command, and the character of those around. The fifth and a very important consideration is that system, economy and neatness are valuable, only so far as they tend to promote the comfort and well-being of those affected. Some women seem to act under the impression that these advantages must be secured at all events, even if the comfort of the family be the sacrifice. Whenever, therefore, a woman can not accomplish her plans of neatness and order without injury to her own temper, or to the temper of others, she ought to modify and reduce them until she can.

The sixth method relates to the government of the tones of voice. A woman can resolve that, whatever happens, she will not speak till she can do it in a calm and gentle manner. Perfect silence is a safe resort when such control cannot be attained as enables a person to speak calmly; and this determination, persevered in, will eventually be crowned with success. Many persons seem to imagine that tones of anger are needful, in order to secure prompt obedience, but observation has shown that it is never necessary; that in all cases, reproof administered in calm tones would be better. It is certainly very unladylike and in very bad taste, to scold. Another method is to cultivate a habit of making allowances for the difficulties, ignorance or temptations of those who violate rules or neglect duty.

* * *

THIS grey old world seems to be in dire need of cheerfulness, if one may judge from the articles on this subject which come to the editorial sanctum. We have published more than one on this subject, but have received from the Ethel Branch such a good article dealing with the matter, from Mrs. Peter McKay, that we give a few quotations:

"Many a one has run into a friend's bright, happy home and in strict confidence whispered a bit of news concerning that friend's son or daughter which she felt she ought to know and thus ruthlessly sundered that mother's happiness and hope, leaving gloom as she departed. In the social world this is considered a grievous blunder, in God's world it is a sin.

"That fault-finding is an evil is evident to us all. Who can love a nagging fault-finder? In many cases, the finder of fault is as much and more to blame than the unfortunate victim. How many happy homes in our land to-day are destroyed by a woman enlarging her sometimes petty grievances, getting into that fatal habit of finding fault, commonly called nagging! Many a man is given a push on the downward road, when a cheerful word would have lifted him far from danger of its brink. The vice of fault-finding blemishes the character. A noble thought is as a ray of sunshine, health-giving, beautiful. 'For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

* * *

HOSPITAL BUILDING, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

From North Wentworth

ALTHOUGH we have not, heretofore, sent any report of our work for publication, we have thoroughly enjoyed accounts from other pens, and feel confident that our fair province is being wonderfully benefitted through the efforts of its homemakers.

Twelve thousand women banded together under the motto, "For Home and Country," must wield an untold influence and the motto should thrill the soul of every true woman and stimulate her to greater effort along the line of advancing work of the Institute.

What more precious, more responsible work could have been given us than the ruling and governing of earth's most sacred institution, the home? And when the day arrives that the individual home measures up to our ideal standard, we need have no worry as to the political issues of the day, for will not the sons, whom we have trained in our homes to be true, honest and noble, go forward and in the face of possible opposition stand unflinchingly for "Home and Country?"

In North Wentworth we have ten

branches, nearly all doing splendid work. While we very much regretted the omission from our last report of the names of our district officers, we trust no one would think we were not sufficiently active to have them appointed.

In our District President, Mrs. Ryckman of Waterdown, we have a very active and energetic worker, who does not hesitate to give her time and talent freely. Our Vice-President, Mrs. Benham of Freelton, although comparatively unacquainted with the work yet, promises fair to be among the foremost as time goes on.

Throughout the whole district, a stronger social feeling is plainly noticeable, as the women from the various churches meet in our monthly meetings and discuss subjects of vital interest to all.

Then, too, we endeavor to have our meetings as informal as possible, so that no one need feel at all embarrassed or out of place.

Our District President and Secretary met with the Millgrove Branch last week and began arrangements for our annual meeting to be held in that village the coming June.

SECRETARY.

* * *

Sunday Afternoons

A PAPER on "Sunday Afternoons with the Children," by Mrs. Benson Ward of Amien's, written for the Coldstream Women's Institute is here reproduced:

Fifty-two Sundays in the year offer excellent opportunities for moulding our children's lives and encouraging in them a love for the good and true. In after life they will carry with them the memories of the well-spent Sunday afternoons.

We must always count on the loving unselfishness of the mother for the profitable use of the Sabbath, for though the Sabbath was ordained as a day of rest, it was also given us for special religious use. It is a good way for the mother to plan a little during the week, for the children's Sunday recreation, just as they do to see that the Sunday clothes are in order. Certain toys and books may be kept especially for that day. Then, when the dinner has been disposed of, the children may be allowed privilege of such play as the mother will see to be consistent with the day.

I would not deprive a little girl of a much-loved doll, as sometimes it is a good suggestion that if her dollie is ill it should be cared for quietly. Give her a small handkerchief to tie about its head and a tiny bottle for medicine, the child may be kept quietly happy, thus making things more comfortable for older people.

By the middle of the afternoon the children can generally be gathered around the parents for the Sunday treat, which will be stories from the Bible best suited to their understanding. They can be taught to take great interest in this sort of exercise by getting them to take part in it. Sometimes describe a character and let them guess who it represents, or a story of a miracle may be told and the children may tell where it is to be found in the Old Testament or in the New. Stories of the children of the Bible always find a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the little ones.

Always be careful to rivet on their minds a lesson of God's love for the good. Teach emphatically that the "Eye of the Lord is everywhere beholding the evil and the good" and that he does care how this particular day is spent.

Children love nature and many useful lessons may be taught in a useful and interesting way. For instance, if it has been a rainy day and the children feel like murmuring because they have not been able to go out, tell them of the wonders of a drop of water, of the good the rain does, of the desert countries where no rain falls and how the people live there. They will soon have, instead of a feeling of discontent, a thankfulness for their own surroundings, and will be taught to realize that "God is in the showers as well as in the sunshine."

If it is a snow storm, let them catch some flakes of snow on a black cloth and use a magnifying glass to show them the different beautiful shapes. If the weather be fine, a short walk in the orchard with the children may be made very enjoyable; if in blossom time, draw their attention to the beautiful colorings of the various blossoms, notice the sweet song of the birds and their varied plumage.

The children will, by a little encouragement along this line, be able to detect the various specimens quite readily. The Sunday evening tea should be simple and appetizing. The children will enjoy setting the table on the lawn or veranda if the weather be suitable. Then, as night closes in and bedtime draws near, draw their attention to the "stars peeping forth with calm eyes."

* * *

At Amherstburg

AMHERSTBURG Women's Institute made a name for itself recently by putting on one of the best local concerts heard in Amherstburg for a long time. Mrs. Robert Dorsey, president of the Institute, occupied the chair, and introduced the programme in a manner that would have done credit to one accustomed to platform work for years. The hall and platform were attractively decorated with flags and bunting, while prominently displayed on the rear scenery was the Institute's motto: "For home and country," red letters on a white background—white for purity and red for courage. The opening talk was given by Mrs. Doty, who explained that there are 502 branches in Ontario with 14,000 members, and the attendance last year was over 100,000. The Amherstburg branch has fifty members. The object of this free entertainment was to bring the aims and objects of the Institute prominently before the people of Amherstburg and surroundings. The Institute's great principle is home improvement.

But loftier themes those fair women do study,
Jams, jellies and pickles, mince pies and cake;
How to treat a bad man who comes in with feet muddy,
Or a gown out of nothing to handsomely make.
How to teach all the wee 'uns
To always "know beans";
All this and much more
"The Institute" means.

The following programme was given. Each number was generously applauded and all encores were cheerfully responded to: Song, Miss Ena Laramie; recitation, Miss Marguerite Morin; song, Lyma Doty, Clytie Mahon, Neeta Ong and L. Crimmins; recitation, Miss Hazel Bratt; dialogue, Mrs. Grenier and Mrs. Bellcoure; recitation, Ena Laramie; instrumental, Misses Marie and Chloe Terry; recitation, Lyma Doty; dialogue, Misses Mickle, Wright, Laramie, Ong and Bratt; instrumental, violin and piano, Misses Chloe Wright and Bertha Dowler; song, Lyma Doty; instrumental, Marie Terry; recitation, Mrs. Doty; instrumental, piano, violin and guitar, Miss Adelaide McLean, Mrs. O. Ong and Mrs. Jos. Mahon. The hall was packed to the doors with an audience which was interested every minute. Mrs. Dorsey extended the thanks of the society to the audience and entertainers, and the concert closed with singing "God Save the King."

* * *

At Woodbridge

ON Wednesday, February 8th, the Women's Institute of Woodbridge enjoyed a happy and pleasant outing, when about thirty of their

Continued on page 32

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard Every Particle Can Be Consumed

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

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SHREDDED WHEAT

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After heating in oven for a few minutes, pour hot milk over biscuit and salt to taste. Try it to-morrow morning.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2095

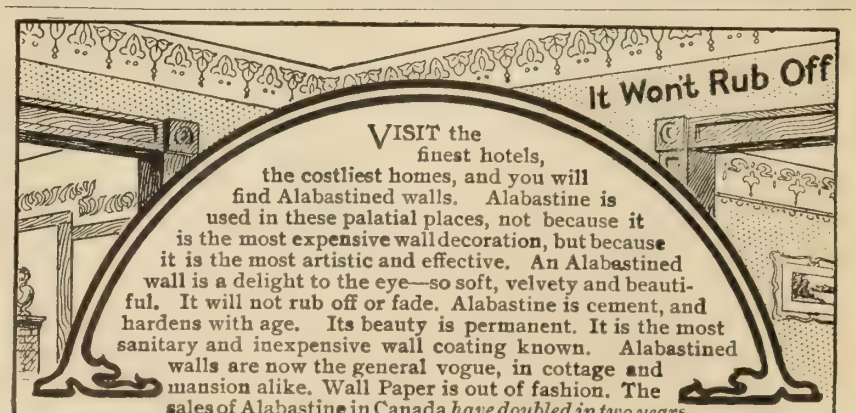
Broken. Mended.

WHAT CÆMENTIUM DID FOR ONE ORNAMENT

"Sticks everything, but is not sticky."

Most dealers sell Cæmentium. If you find any difficulty in securing it, send us 25c. for a sample tin.

DILLON'S, LIMITED, 354 ST. PAUL ST., - - - MONTREAL



VISIT the finest hotels, the costliest homes, and you will find Alabastined walls. Alabastine is used in these palatial places, not because it is the most expensive wall decoration, but because it is the most artistic and effective. An Alabastined wall is a delight to the eye—so soft, velvety and beautiful. It will not rub off or fade. Alabastine is cement, and hardens with age. Its beauty is permanent. It is the most sanitary and inexpensive wall coating known. Alabastined walls are now the general vogue, in cottage and mansion alike. Wall Paper is out of fashion. The sales of Alabastine in Canada *have doubled in two years.*

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None Genuine without Little Church on Label

FREE STENCILS

To still furthur popularize Alabastine and again double its sales, we have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to offer FREE COLOR SCHEMES and FREE STENCILS to users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars. Our advice is *free.* Let us help you to beautify your home at a moderate cost.

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When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

SMART SPRING COSTUMES

COSTUMES that are made with belted coats are among the smartest of all things this season. Here are two that are admirable, the one to the left being made in the genuine Russian style and the one to the right showing a fitted coat with belt that makes one of the modifications thereof.

The Russian suit is made from wide wale diagonal serge and is trimmed with banding. The coat is made with blouse portions and peplum that are joined beneath the belt. The skirt is seven-gored and is laid in backward-turning plaits. The coat can be finished with or without the sailor collar and made with the sleeves illustrated or with plain two-piece sleeves either in full or three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required, 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide for the coat; for the skirt, 7¼ yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if there is no up and down; 8⅞ yards 27 inches wide when there is figure or nap. To trim the entire gown will be needed 12 yards of banding. The coat pattern, 6595, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6403, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

The second costume shows one of the snugly fitted coats that is belted and finished with a peplum and which includes a narrow vest. This vest can be of any contrasting material and allows excellent opportunity for the use of embroideries, braiding and all other trimmings. In this case the suit is made from light weight homespun in a beautiful shade of mulberry and the trimming is black Liberty satin while the vest is made of ivory white broadcloth. All suiting materials are appropriate, however, and the design will be found just as well adapted to the thinner ones, such as pongee, as it is those of immediate use. The coat can be made with long or three-quarter sleeves.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 4½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44, 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard for the vest, ¾ yard of silk for the trimming; for the skirt, 7⅜ yards 27, 6 yards 44, 5 yards 52 inches wide. The coat pattern, 6589, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6519, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Coat Pattern No. 6595
Skirt Pattern No. 6403

Coat Pattern No. 6589
Skirt Pattern No. 6519

* * *

WITH TRANSPARENT TUNIC

THE transparent tunic is one of the very latest developments of fashion It is made of chiffon, it is made of marquisette, it is made of all the materials that are thin enough to allow the gown beneath to be seen and it is worn over silk and over lingerie materials, indeed, almost every gown. This one is made of blue chiffon cloth over blue and white foulard and is exceedingly smart and attractive. The tunic consists of the blouse and gored peplum that are joined beneath the belt. It can be made either with long or short sleeves. The skirt is circular. A plain guimpe is worn beneath. Entire gowns of one color are made in this way but the tunic of black also is worn over colors and over white, and such tunics promise to make an important feature of summer dress. They are pretty over muslin dresses, they are pretty over silk, and as will readily be seen, they serve the purpose of renewing the costume and making it up-to-date at the same time that they are charming for the entirely new gown. Any banding can be used as a finish. The tunic is made with a half low round neck, which is trimmed effectively.

For the medium size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44, 3 yards 52 inches wide, 7 yards of banding; for the skirt 6½ yards 24, 5 yards 32, 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

The tunic pattern, 6593, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6226, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

Tunic Pattern No. 6593
Skirt Pattern No. 6226

* * *

A FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWN

EVENING gowns that are made on simple lines are exceedingly fashionable for the spring and summer season. This one is made with a two-piece skirt that is trimmed to give a circular effect and with one of the new bodices that is finished with a high-shaped girdle. The material of the skirt is messaline and for the blouse net in matching color that is striped with tiny bugles, and bugle banding is used as trimming. The same waist can be made with yoke and long sleeves and these sleeves can be either plain or fancy with the short ones illustrated over puffs, making a double effect, consequently the same model can be made adapted to daytime wear. But evening gowns are sure to be needed and this one is graceful and attractive yet perfectly simple. If preferred the bodice portion could be made of silk to match the gown. It is laid in very deep

Waist Pattern No. 6572
Skirt Pattern No. 6213

tucks and while the beaded net is smart and effective, it is not necessary.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¼ yards of material 21 or 27, 1⅝ yards 44 with 1½ yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt 6¼ yards 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide. For the girdle will be required ⅛ yard of silk and to trim the entire gown 11 yards of banding.

The waist pattern, 6572, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6213, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

* * *

IN MODIFIED RUSSIAN STYLE

WHAT are known as modified Russian coats, or belted and bloused coats that are opened at the front, are exceedingly smart for spring wear. This costume shows one such together with a box plaited skirt. The material illustrated is one of the new mixtures of mohair and wool that are exceedingly smart and exceedingly handsome, but the model is adapted to every seasonable material, to the pongees and the like of the later season as well as to the wools of the earlier. The revers can be faced with silk or satin or any contrasting material, or the revers and the cuffs could be made of the same braided or embroidered. The skirt can be made with a yoke at the sides, making perfectly smooth fit over the hips, or without as liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 4⅝ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or 2½ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 9¼ yards 27, 6¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; to trim the coat 1½ yards of satin 21 inches wide.

The coat pattern, 6591, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6438, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Coat Pattern No. 6591
Skirt Pattern No. 6438

* * *

DAINTY SUMMER DRESSES

THE dresses for the younger folk are exceedingly dainty this season. Here are two, one designed for the older girl, one for her little sister. The latter is shown of linen with the trimming of embroidery. It is made in semi-princesse style with a full length panel at the front. This panel can be made of all-over as in this case or it can be trimmed or it can be embroidered by hand. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeves can be made long or short but are in one piece each, the short ones gathered into bands, the long ones left loose at the wrists.

For the twelve-year size will be required 7 yards of material 24, 5 yards 32, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1¼ yards 18 for the panel, 2¼ yards of wide banding and 10 yards of narrow. The pattern, 6393, is cut for girls of 8 to 14 years of age.

The older girl's dress is an exceedingly charming one made from dotted batiste and trimmed with embroidered banding. It is finished with a little gathered frill at the neck, or "modeste" and it is made with double sleeves. Altogether it is chic and lovely in the extreme. As illustrated, it is especially well adapted to graduation and occasions of the sort but the same model can be made with a yoke, leaving it high at the neck if liked, and the long under sleeves can be omitted. All materials that are soft enough to be made full and to be tucked are appropriate and for the trimming any pretty banding can be used. Nets are having great vogue this summer and white cotton net with bands of pink or blue silk would make an exceedingly attractive gown for such a model.

For the sixteen year size will be required 9¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 7½ yards 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide with 12 yards of banding, ¼ yard of net for the modestie, 1 yard of tucked net for the tight under sleeves. The pattern, 6549, is for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

Pattern No. 6393

* * *

BEAD NECKLACES

A MOST attractive and inexpensive necklace which can be made by a girl in an evening is of tiny gold beads and baroque pearl medallions and pendants.

There is a double string of the small gold beads caught at regular intervals with flat, oval baroque pearl beads about the size of a pea. At the middle of the string the lower strand is lengthened and festooned; it is held to the upper string with a flat, round medallion of pearl.

Pendant beads are arranged on the lower string, either three or five, as one wishes. These may be bought at the art needlework counters of all the big shops, and are of a soft, mellow pearl color.

The beads are run on strong waxed silk or surgeon's thread, and the necklace is fastened with a tiny gold clasp.

Cut steel beads with gun metal pendants and medallions also make charming necklaces.

Pattern No. 6549

* * *

A FASHIONABLE SHIRT WAIST GOWN

SHIRT waist gowns that are made of linen, of soft finished pique, of cotton pongee and all similar materials are sure to be in demand with the coming of the warm weather. Here is one that is both simple and smart. The skirt is very new, giving a panel effect, yet is simple and can easily be laundered. The blouse can be worn either with or without the frill and this frill can be made from any pretty thin material. It is tucked after a novel and most effective manner and the gown is altogether one of the best possible for its purpose. Also the skirt makes an excellent model for the coat suit and the waist for the odd one to be worn with any skirt and made from any seasonable waisting material, so that the model serves many purposes.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¼ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8¼ yards 24, 6¾ yards 32, 4¼ yards 44 inches wide. The frill will require ¼ yard of material 32 inches wide.

The waist pattern, 6556, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6552, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

* * *

COPPER AND BRONZE SHADES

THE prominence of copper, bronze and brass shades is really amazing when it is remembered how exceptionally trying are those tints to complexions in the least degree inclined to sallowness and to hair not decidedly blonde, brown or black. Yet these queer shades are fashionable, and it is the province of the dressmakers to mitigate their harshness toward the complexion, eyes and hair by a discreet use of black and white. But how many modistes possess the art of perfectly adapting the magpie combination to a decided color?

At the moment, amber is rather more exclusive than the deeper yellowish hues, but it is coming so rapidly forward that by late spring or early summer, morning frocks, afternoon dresses and dinner gowns of pale yellow will illumine the homes of the upper and middle classes, if not the quarters of the deserving poor. At a fashionable wedding just before Ash

Continued on page 31

Waist Pattern No. 6556
Skirt Pattern No. 6552

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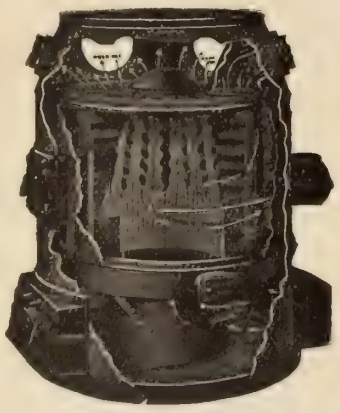

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Books

IT is rather curious that there have arisen two women writers who have gone into the far places of Canada and have given us stories of the remote west and north—and each of them is Scotch and each of them is an Agnes. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron's book, "The New North," was reviewed recently in this journal. Miss Agnes C. Laut's "Canada: The Empire of the North," is one of the latest publications of William Briggs of Toronto. Miss Laut seems to be veering from fiction with historic flavor to a straight narrative of Canada's doings and development. "Lords of the North" and "Heralds of Empire" were novels wherein the fighting was much more realistic than the love-making. "The Pathfinders of the West" gave us a vivid account of Radisson's explorations. "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" was a most vivacious account of the famous men of the rivers and lakes of the great districts which are to most of us Unknown Canada.

MISS LAUT (TO THE LEFT) ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

This latest volume is no dry-as-dust record of men and measures. The chapter headings are merely dates, the first being "From 1000 to 1600," the last, "From 1820 to 1867." Miss Laut has a brisk and engaging fashion of asking stories which lends a personal charm to the course of the story. The reader is confronted at the outset with: "Who first found Canada?" and the all-but last sentence in the book reads: "When political life grows corrupt, is it now cleansed or condoned?"

The dramatic instinct of this writer rejoices in those early days of conflict, when French, Indian and Briton were contending for the country which bordered the St. Lawrence. The various efforts down to 1607 are thus summarized: "Cartier, Roberval, La Roche, De Monts—all had failed to establish France in Canada; and as for England, Sir Humphrey's colonists lay bleaching skeletons at the bottom of the sea." The descriptive qualities of the writer's style are shown at their best in the account of the Champlain voyages. As the explorers leave Ste. Anne's in the spring of 1613, we have a glowing picture of the river prospect:

"The river widens into the silver expanse of Two Mountains Lake, rimmed to the sky line by the vernal hills, with a silence and solitude over all, as when sunlight first fell on face of man. Here the eagle utters a lonely scream from the top of some blasted pine; there a covey of ducks, catching sight of the coming canoes, dive to bottom, only to reappear a gunshot away. Where the voyageurs land for their nooning, or camp at nightfall, or pause to gum the splits in their birch canoes, the forest in the full flush of spring verdure is a fairy woods. Against the elms and the maples leafing out in airy tracery that reveals the branches bronze among the budding green, stand the silver birches, and the sombre hemlocks, and the resinous pines."

Our history from 1812 to 1867 is crowded into less than sixty pages, thus affording but a glimpse of the changes which have transformed the young colony fighting its southern neighbor for very existence into what Mr. Bliss Carman has called "the proud, reserved Dominion, with a history of her own."

Miss Laut's final paragraphs are in a deeply serious vein, a forecast of the assimilative problems which await the nation. The writer knows the new West and realizes the gravity of the situation when races from Europe and even from Asia meet and mingle and make the new town or the county. This latest account of Canada's genesis and growth is well worth a place among our chronicles.

* * *

FROM the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, comes a calendar record of "British Valor and Achievement on Five Continents and on the Seven Seas." This is compiled and arranged by Mr. Frank Wise, who has accomplished the work in an admirable spirit of discriminating enthusiasm. There is a cable message around the Empire in this calendar of brave and useful deeds as recorded on the thirty pages of this pamphlet. A special addition, with a suitable preface, has been prepared at the request of several of the Ministers of Education in the Dominion and by them placed in the hands of every Public School principal. There is no indication of braggadocio in the day-by-day record, and the poetic selections from Tennyson to Newbolt are in excellent taste. Price, twenty-five cents.

* * *

THERE is a new undergraduate production, issued monthly for the undergraduates of the University of Toronto, called "The Arbor." If we may judge from the first number, "The Arbor" will provide a grateful resting-place from the noisy world, where we may enjoy foliage and fragrance. One of the most interesting features is a brief study of Algernon Charles Swinburne by Hazel B. Kemp, in which the writer expresses the opinion that Swinburne was the "greatest verse-maker that England has probably ever borne."

MISS CAMERON (TO THE LEFT) ON THE PEACE RIVER

The article on "An University Settlement" by A. M. Goulding discusses an important movement. The writer concludes sensibly: "If we are to have a University settlement at all, let us have one which we can regard as our own from the very beginning."

* * *

SUCH a deluge of North Pole literature as we are likely to have this year! But, while many magazines have done excellently, *Hampton's* has exceeded them all by paying a dollar-and-a-half a word for Peary's story.

* * *

DR. J. D. LOGAN, who is an enthusiastic believer in the Celtic Revival, has written a highly interesting pamphlet on "The Making of the New Ireland." In the course of this treatise, the author deals so sympathetically with the whole movement that the reader veritably enters "the far-off world of the Keltic dawn, the Keltic bright-day and the Keltic twilight."

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

Wednesday, the maid of honor and the bridesmaid were in amber satin gowns, trimmed with yellowish Chantilly and topped with black maline picture hats. As a proof of the liberties which are taken with yellow tones, it may be stated that these young women carried enormous bou-

Pattern No. 6594

quets of deep red roses, and that the combination was perfectly successful.

* * *

A PRETTY LITTLE FROCK

FROCKS such as this one are charming, made from almost any childish material. One of the pretty inexpensive printed wash fabrics makes the one illustrated and the trimming of plain color with a centre front portion of all-over embroidery is very attractive but while materials of such sort are being exploited and being made, there is a long season ahead during which those of wool will be needed and this dress is just as well adapted to serge and cashmere, shepherd's check and the like as is to cotton and linen. Warm weather fabrics are always especially attractive, however at this season and the dress made from one of the pretty light colored dramie linens, the lovely chambrays or Scotch ginghams would be charming for morning wear, while the same design would be pretty in the thinner batistes and lawns for afternoon occasions. Dresden dimity used for the centre front as well as for the main portions of the blouse and with trimming portions of pale pink would be fascinating and there are various other suggestions that might be made. For immediate school wear shepherd's check throughout with only the trimming portions in contrast, and these made of pale blue cashmere would be exceedingly chic. The skirt is straight, consequently the dress can be laundered with ease. If something simpler is wanted the trimming portions can be omitted.

For the twelve-year size will be required 5½ yards of material 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of all-over embroidery and ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming portions to make as illustrated. The pattern, 6594, is in sizes 8 to 14 years.

* * *

SMART FROCK OF FRENCH PERCALE

FRENCH percale makes a smart as well as durable dress for warm weather and this one is very pretty and very attractive after an altogether simple fashion. It is made with a blouse and straight plaited skirt that are joined beneath the belt and there is a prettily shaped yoke that can be used or omitted as liked, for it is applied over the blouse portion which is designed to be cut away to give a thinner effect. The sleeves are novel, too, and can be trimmed as illustrated or with yoking material applied over their lower edges to give the outline formed by the trimming. Checked gingham with yoke and sleeve trimmings of this latter sort made of white linen is exceedingly smart, but the dress need not be confined to such heavier materials for it will be found very pretty for the lawns, batistes and similar fabrics. If it were made from muslin with the yoke and trimming of tucking it would be a very dressy little frock, whereas made from percale it is a useful and everyday one. It would be very dainty and charming made from rosebud batiste with trimming of pink lawn and there are innumerable suggestions that might be made.

For the ten-year size will be required 6½ yards of material 24 or 27, 4½ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, ⅜ yard 18 for the yoke, 8 yards of banding. The pattern, 6600, is in sizes 6 to 12 years.

* * *

FASHION NOTES

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Hatpins were never so extravagant in size and decoration. Some of the latest and richest are adorned with hand-painted miniatures.

Mourning muffs are made of crepe, the shirrings being held in place by narrow bands of taffeta or nun's veiling.

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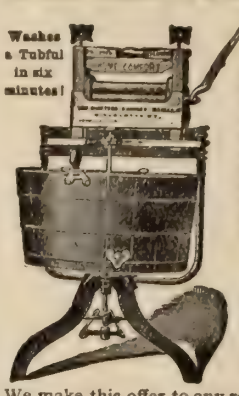

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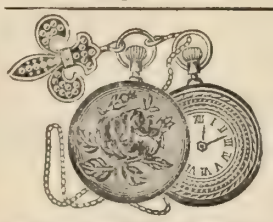

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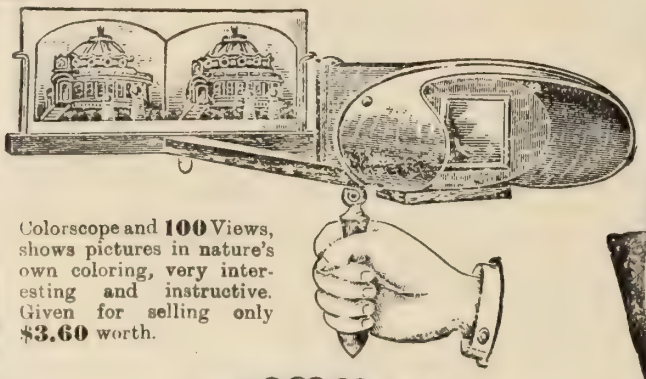

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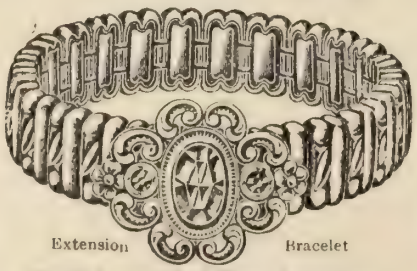

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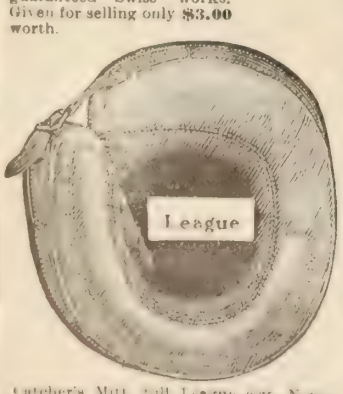

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CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 27

number drove to the home of Mrs. Arthur Farr, where a hearty welcome awaited them. The leading feature of the meeting was a round table question drawer, presided over by Mrs. Arthur Harris. Important questions were asked and discussed, among them being the sanitation, fire-escapes, and other matters pertaining to the public school. A committee, viz., Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Mackinnon and Mrs. Rogers was appointed to visit the school and make inquiries. The subject of a new town hall was also freely discussed, and it was strongly recommended that the Women's Institute co-operate with the Council in taking steps in this direction.

The vacuum cleaner came in for a large share in the discussion. As house-cleaning time draws near, the ladies seemed to feel the necessity of taking ways and means to simplify this laborious task. Mrs. W. O. Duncan was appointed to communicate with firms handling or manufacturing these cleaners, and if possible have one at our next meeting, so a demonstration could be given, and if satisfactory, several ladies living near could purchase one on the partnership plan.

At the close of the meeting the members were invited to the dining-room, where all the season's delicacies were served. The good things provided clearly indicated the fact that the women of Woodbridge were not novices in the culinary art. Our host, Mr. Arthur Farr, presided, and after supper proposed the toasts, the first being "The Gentlemen." Misses McNeill, Duncan, Elliott and Nattress gracefully responded. "Our Women's Institute," responded to by Mrs. A. Harris, Mrs. M. Mackenzie and Mrs. J. Harris. "Woodbridge Corporation," responded to by Mrs. N. Clark Wallace and Mrs. R. D. McLean.

* * *

Summer Meetings

PLANS are now being made for the regular summer series of Women's Institute meetings to be held in the various portions of the province during the latter part of May, throughout June and the early part of July.

It may be that there are some sections to which the JOURNAL goes which are not included in this series of meetings and which would appreciate such a meeting. If there are any such places where some of the women of the locality would be interested in the organization of a Women's Institute, it would be well for them to write the Superintendent of Institutes, Mr. George A. Putnam, Department of Agriculture, Toronto, regarding the matter.

* * *

From Slate River

THIS Institute is in a most flourishing condition, and the President, Mrs. D. J. Piper, and other officers are pleased to report the progress. At one of their most successful winter meetings, ten members from Fort William attended also and enjoyed greatly a "home produce" dinner at the home of the president.

Mrs. J. R. Hutchinson read an excellent paper on "The place of Music in the Home" and one of the leading thoughts was that it is not more wealth or more society that is needed by the country woman in her isolation, but more facilities for cultivation and refining and for making the home cheery and bright and happy. The influence of sweet music is always refining and purifying and the benefits to be had from the influence of a piano in the home, with some one trained to play it can hardly be estimated. Mrs. D. McGregor read a splendid paper on "The Value of Cheerfulness."

ALL shopping commissions in connection with this department we have decided to discontinue. Consequently, in the future, shopping items in this column will be purely for your information, without any intention of establishing a purchasing connection for subscribers.

One of the joys which Eve missed was going shopping. What a dull world this would be for women if there were no such occupation, or diversion, as shopping! To some of us, it is a serious matter, a fine art; to others, it is a necessity, somewhat regretfully undertaken; but the latter are in the minority. Next to going shopping it is interesting to hear of what is being shown in the big shops of the city. Most of us like a glimpse of the April counters. It is understood that our out-of-town readers have a special claim on their department.

IN the millinery department of Eaton's we have a limitless prospect of hats. In spite of the caricatures in the would-be funny columns, there are many sensible and wearable hats. The Napoleonic shapes hold their own and the turban is beheld on every side. Flowers there are in abundance, from the tiny, modest cowslip clusters to the imposing American Beauty rose. Red seems to be a favorite color and is seen in all shades and combinations, with a pink geranium tinge predominating. Two of the most admired hats show the prevalent fancy for gold, one an immense yet graceful creation in black lace and gold, the other a white gauze turban with trimming of tulle and touches of gold ornament. Lilacs are also a popular adornment, as might be surmised of this season, while violets are never entirely out of favor.

Such a bewildering variety of bags! There are bags with patent leather gloss and bags with the softest of suede finish. There are also the very latest of Fashion's bead bags in all their decorated glory. Black beads are the choice of the majority, but there are a goodly number in mauve, green and rose, with the inevitable touch or thread of gold throughout. The newest shapes show a decided decline in the square design, manifesting a triangular finish, which is rather quaint, but leaves a smaller space as receptacle.

The spring fabrics and the summer goods seem more alluring every year. Serge holds its own and the diagonal weaves are much in evidence. The announcement that any goods, up to $1.35 a yard, will be made up in coat costume to your measurement, lined silk or satin, and sent home, all for the sum of thirty-five dollars, appears to attract a host of fair shoppers.

There is an exquisite shimmering fabric which arrests the gaze of many a passer-by. The two-toned ninon de soie is fragile material but is equal to any "dress" occasion in dainty attraction. Soft grey with a bluish haze on it, rose with a hint of amber in its depths, and brown with a golden shimmer through its sombreness show the varying charm of this gossamer stuff which would make a delightful summer gown.

The muslins are of a gayety seldom equalled. We have gone back to our grandmothers' time and are revelling in flowered effects such as bring back a vision of the belles of long ago.

WE are given to economizing space, after a fashion which would be strange to the housewife of a generation ago. Few of us in these days can secure enough linen closets, wardrobes and "places to hang things." Therefore, when one catches a glimpse, in the upholstery department of Simpson's, of a beautifully-covered box in bamboo finish, one is interested in knowing the purpose of this piece of furniture. It is neither more nor less than a blouse box, and you may reflect on the wealth of fancy waists and lingerie which such a capacious receptacle would hold. It is clean and dainty enough to please the most fastidious, and one rejoices in the prospect of filling such a convenient "corner in blouses." There are longer boxes which will hold the daintiest gowns and skirts and which mean a real economy of space and hooks. They are such attractive pieces of furniture that their usefulness is combined with ornament.

The chintz and various hangings are at their lightest and daintest of this season and show the most realistic floral patterns which assure us that the warm weather is, indeed, at hand. It is interesting to note in this connection that Canadians have, in recent years, followed the English models in housefurnishing, adopting the chintz coverings in preference to the heavier styles.

The wicker furniture also suggests the coming of "veranda days" when everything indicating ease and lightness is in fashion. These chairs, which may be so easily moved from living-room to veranda or lawn, are surely an improvement on the old cumbersome "rockers" which were extremely ugly as pieces of furniture and which required no small effort to lift.

THE varying styles of coiffure bring with them the necessity for hair adornment of differing styles. The new turban or braid fashion in hair-dressing demands a new order of decorative pin which bids fair to become generally popular. This is known as the braid pin and is made in three styles, about five inches in length, with square, round or "slanting" corners. At Dorenwend's may be seen the latest varieties of this pin, in pearl, amber or tortoise-shell finish. Then there is the pretty wreath ornament, thoroughly French in idea and style, which lends a picturesque touch to the coiffure. The latest barrette, called the strand, is shown in three styles, plain, gold-ornamented and jewelled. These bits of decorative finish, which add so much to the appearance of the coiffure, are to be purchased at figures from twenty-five cents to three dollars.

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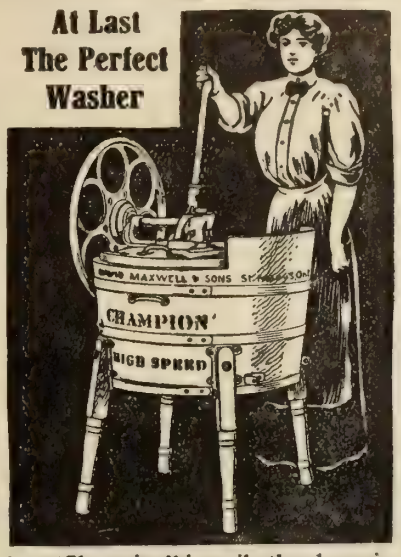

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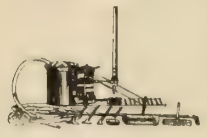

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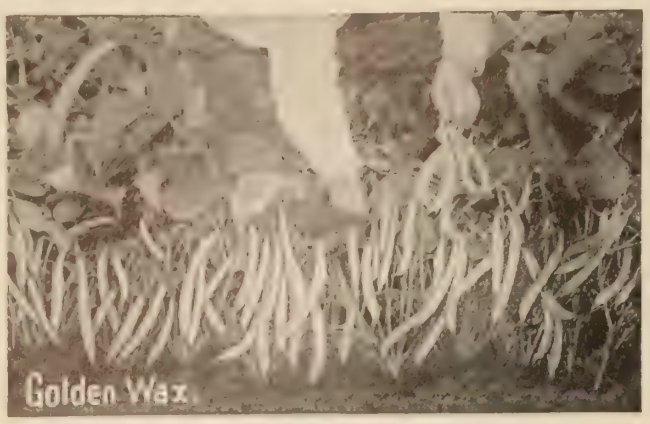

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THE HOME JOURNAL
59-61 John St. - - - Toronto, Can.

My Lady's Garden

THE month of April to the enthusiastic gardener is one full of expectation and hard work. This is the first month in the year that any really hard work can be done out of doors.

Most of the pruning should be done by the early part of the month. As soon as the frost is out of the ground the garden should be raked over, and the rubbish that has collected during the winter piled up on the compost heap or burned. The most important work to be done is getting the hot bed into condition.

It is possible that the majority of amateur gardeners know just how to make a hot-bed frame but for those who do not we offer the following suggestions: Select a position in the garden that will be the most out of the way and that will at the same time be in a position to secure a large quantity of sunshine and be well protected from the cold north and west winds.

Dig a hole in the ground about two feet deep, fill with fresh horse manure and above the ground until the pile reaches fully two feet above the ground. The pile should be about 18 inches wider and longer than frame you propose placing on it. After the manure has been well tramped down place the frame over the pile and bank up the sides of the frame. Scatter about three inches of earth over the manure inside the frame and water thoroughly. Place the sash on the frame and leave for a couple of days until the manure has started to heat and given off the ammonia that will arise. It is then ready for seeds of any early vegetables.

Some growers use old storm sashes for their hot beds but the most satisfactory are those made specially for the purpose. So much of the future results depends upon it that it pays to give all the attention necessary to making and planting of the hot bed.

* * *

In the Vegetable Garden

CULTIVATE the surface of asparagus beds and apply a good fertilizer. Asparagus is one of the first vegetables to mature, and if you have not already a bed it would pay you to plant one this spring. Seeds may be sown but the easiest way is to plant roots that may be obtained from reliable nursery men.

During the latter part of the month select a part of your garden and sow some seeds of peas, spinach, lettuce, radishes, parsnips, onions and parsley. These can be planted with safety as soon as the ground is free from frost. A little cold or snow will do no damage and you will have vegetables a couple of weeks earlier than your neighbor who delayed planting.

By making small sowings every two or three weeks a succession of fresh vegetables can always be had.

There are a number of insects injurious to plant life that live and pupate in the ground. The best time of the year to exterminate them is in the spring. This can be done easily by applying Apterite on the ground and digging it in as the ground is being dug. Many of the large growers are now using this preparation with great success.

* * *

Among the Flowers

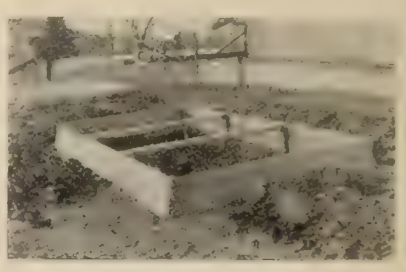
PLANT sweet pea seeds as quickly as the ground can be dug. These plants do best when they secure an early start and must be well rooted before hot weather comes. Sow the following seeds in seed boxes in the hot bed: asters, petunias, verbenas, phlox and any of the other annuals that will bear transplanting that require to have an early start.

Cannas and dahlias should be divided and placed in shallow boxes of soil that they may have an early start. Cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, abutlions, coleus, and other summer bedding plants should be taken and placed in sand for rooting.

Remove the mulch from the beds containing bulbs as soon as they show any tendency to force their way through the covering. This should not be delayed too long as it is difficult to remove the mulch later without damaging the shoots.

Prune all shrubs that flower from the current year's growth such as hardy hydrangeas and roses. These should be pruned to within about six inches of the ground, leaving two or three eyes on the shoot. A good fertilizer or mulch should be worked in around the roots. Do not prune shrubs that flower on last year's growth, such as lilacs, spireas, deutsias or any others of a similar nature.

The hardy border should be looked after as quickly as the frost is out of the ground and the work should be done only by one who is absolutely sure just where the plants are located. If this work is done by a gardener who is unfamiliar with the



AN EASILY-MADE HOTBED.

ground the chances are that the best of the peonies, hardy phlox and other perennials of a similar nature will be exterminated. A good fertilizer should be worked into border as early in the spring as it is possible to work the ground.

The lawn should be well raked and as quickly as it is nearly dry should be well rolled, the bare spots sowed with grass seed. Chemical fertilizers are found to be very satisfactory on lawns owing to their entire freedom from weeds. An application early in the spring will be found to be very beneficial as the early spring rains will wash it well into the ground.

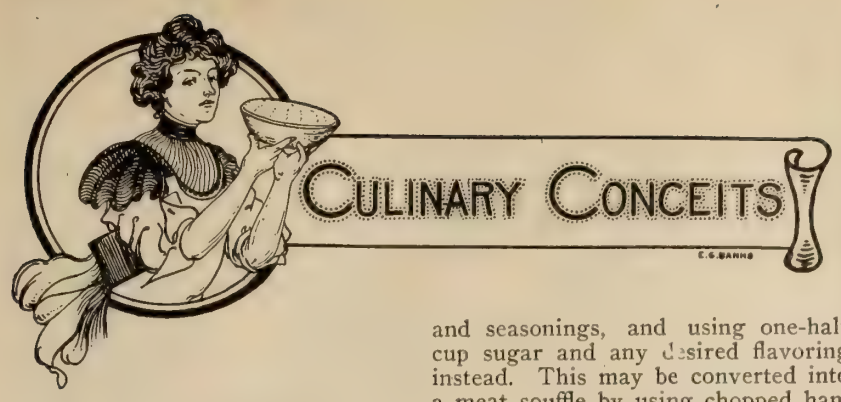
* * *

In the Fruit Garden

PRUNING should be finished by the middle of the month. Grape vines especially should be pruned early as they bleed freely from wounds made later in the season. If you have fruit trees they should be sprayed before leafing out. There are several sprays that can be bought at seed stores that will serve this purpose.

Remove mulch from the strawberry beds as soon as frost will permit. It is best not to remove all of the mulch at once. Enough should be left to protect the ground from alternate thawing and freezing with the hot April sun. This is what does the damage with the strawberry plants. The heat starts the growth and the late frost retards and often kills the plants. Dig in some well rotted manure or fertilizer around the roots of berry and currant bushes.

Remove the canes on raspberries that bore fruit last year, leaving only four or five of the strongest canes of last year's growth for this year's fruiting. Better and larger fruit is grown when the rows are well thinned out.



Cheese Dishes

IN these days, when the price of meat is almost prohibitive, the dish containing cheese is decidedly valuable to the housekeeper. There is a great variety in these dishes, as cheese has a high food value. The three following recipes have been compiled under the direction of Miss M. U. Watson, MacDonald Institute, Guelph.

* * *

Cheese sauce is composed of one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-eighth teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and one-fourth cup of grated cheese.

Put the butter, flour, mustard, salt and pepper into a saucepan; stir over the fire until it froths; add the milk and stir constantly until it thickens and boils. Stand over hot water or on a cooler part of the stove, add the cheese and stir until it is well mixed in.

This may be used to pour over cooked macaroni or cauliflower, or as the foundation of a dish of baked macaroni and cheese. If the cheese is too new, the sauce will not be well-flavored.

This may be converted into a Cheese Soup by adding one cup more milk and seasoning to taste.

* * *

Cheese custard is made up of one egg, two-thirds cup milk, two-thirds cup grated stale cheese, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt.

Put the seasonings and egg into a saucepan and beat thoroughly; add the milk and stir in the cheese. Put over the fire and stir constantly until it begins to thicken and coat the spoon. Take at once from the fire, and pour over soda biscuits, strips of buttered toast, or shredded wheat biscuits arranged on a hot platter. The mixture may be enriched by adding one tablespoonful of butter. If a large quantity is made flour may be substituted for some of the eggs, using two tablespoonfuls for each egg omitted. In this case the milk should be thickened with the flour, the cheese and seasonings stirred in and the beaten egg stirred in just before taking from the fire.

* * *

Cheese souffle consists of one-fourth cup butter, one cup milk, one-fourth cup flour, three-fourths cup grated cheese, four eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard, a little pepper.

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir over a fire until frothy; add the milk and stir constantly until it thickens and boils; stir in the seasonings and cheese; stir in the beaten egg-yolks and take from the fire at once. Stand the saucepan aside and let the mixture cool. Beat the egg-whites stiff, add a little to the cheese mixture and stir it in; add remainder, fold it in lightly but thoroughly, turn the whole into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. The time required for baking depends upon the oven and the depth of the mixture in the dish. It usually takes about an hour. If the oven is in the least too hot stand the baking dish in a pan of boiling water while baking. This may be converted into a sweet souffle by omitting the cheese and seasonings, and using one-half cup sugar and any desired flavoring instead. This may be converted into a meat souffle by using chopped ham or tongue or finnan haddie instead of the cheese. Half of the flour may be omitted, using one-third cup bread crumbs instead.

* * *

Some Good Recipes

FISH JELLY.—Any variety of fish may be used and it should be steamed the day before using and the broth taken for the jelly. Separate the fish into flakes while hot. For a pint and a half mould there should be a generous pint of the fish flakes. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook in it slowly without browning half an onion sliced thin, two branches of parsley and half a dozen slices of carrot. Add these vegetables, half a cup of cooked tomatoes and the thin yellow rind of a lemon to four cups of the fish broth, and let simmer twenty minutes. Strain and cool and then remove the fat. Add two level tablespoonfuls of gelatine, softened in one-half cup of cold water, a teaspoonful of salt, the crushed shell and slightly beaten white of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir over the fire until it boils and let it boil five minutes; then let it stand on the back of the range for fifteen minutes. Strain through a double cheese cloth, let cool a little, add the flaked fish and fill the mould. When cool chill thoroughly in the refrigerator and at serving time garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

GINGER BONBONS.—Melt some fondant in a bowl placed over boiling water, and to a cupful of it add half a cupful of candied ginger cut into small pieces. Stir the ginger into the fondant, then drop from the tip of a teaspoon on paraffine paper.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Cut the tops from large, firm tomatoes and with a small spoon scoop out the insides. Chop this pulp and to half of it, add as much minced boiled ham and two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs; season to taste and fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Set in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

FAIRY SNOW. — Put three cupfuls of water into a saucepan, add the juice and grated rind of a lemon and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and bring to a boil. Mix to a paste in a basin one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn flour with cold water, pour the saucepan's contents over it, and boil up, constantly stirring. Let this cool; then add the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Wet a mould, pour in the mixture, and leave to set. The yolks, a teaspoonful of corn flour, and a pint of milk make a custard.

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

PANTRY TALKS

I am the Queen of the Flour Bin, the lady-in-chief of the Royal Pantry, the oracle of the Royal Household.

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For I have *stories* to tell.

Secrets — flour secrets— to unfold.

And these secrets have come by *Experience* — by actual *knowledge* of flour, actual *study* of different grades of flour.

If I can tell you the secret of making better Bread and Cakes and Pies and Pastry, *that* will be profitable to *you*.

And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

So if you follow my little stories from time to time, as they appear, you will learn lots of things about flour that nobody has told you before. These Pantry Talks of mine will be chiefly about

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so named because it was the flour selected for use in the Royal Household of Great Britain. It is the one flour in Canada which stands out head and shoulders above all the rest. It is made in Canada by the largest millers in the British Empire —The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, and, because of its high quality and absolute uniformity, has given the greatest satisfaction both for Bread and for Pastry. 21

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walks around through wet a loaded clothes come to you and easy reach.

The "MONITOR" is easily handled, opens automatically when set up and closes by simply pulling the cord, is so light that any woman can set it up or take it down and put it away in two minutes and is strong enough to stand the hardest gales.

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ORTHOPEDIC HOSPITAL
100 WEST BLOOR STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Aims at keeping abreast with the latest and best surgical work to help those who have diseases of the nervous system, or persons

LAME, RUPTURED, CRIPPLED, DEFORMED 1991

Won't you have one of mine, it's a

Christie BISCUIT

The unspoiled taste of a child readily recognises and enjoys toothsome things. That's why all children enjoy CHRISTIE BISCUITS. They are delicious and generously good.

N.B.—Try Christie Wafers—you can have them any flavor: Orange, Vanilla, Ratifia, Strawberry, Coffee, Maple Ice, Water Ice and Imperial. Sold in small tins at all grocers.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO., Limited

2155

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

A NECESSARY CONDITION.

WILLIE FOSTER is a small Canadian whom his father is endeavoring to instruct in the best methods of becoming a good citizen. The other day, Mr. Foster gave his son the advice which Josh Billings has expressed so forcibly: Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its success is gained by sticking to one thing until it gets there.

"That's good advice, Willie," said Mr. Foster. "Don't ever forget it."

"But, father," said Willie, with a certain pensive sadness. "The postage stamp doesn't act like that until after it's been licked."

* * *

AFTERNOON TEA.

By J. G.

Just a cup of frailest style,
Just a fleck of cream;
Just a glimpse of Edith's smile
Fleeting as a dream!

Just a tiny silver spoon,
Carved and filigreed,
Just a dainty macaroon,
Such as fairies knead.

Just a bit of sugared kiss
Served from Edith's dish.
As I ate the crumbling bliss
Edith read my wish.

Just a curtained, fragrant spot,
Where the roses be,
Where a blue forget-me-not
Smiles in sympathy.

Just her slender finger-tips
Held in mine once more;
Just a touch of girlish lips,
And the tea was o'er.

* * *

THE BETTER PART.

MR. McNABBER, says the London *Daily Mail*, had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land.

"And while I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the ten commandments aloud frae the top of Mount Sinai."

"Mr. McNabber," replied the minister, gravely, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame an' keep them."

* * *

JUST GOOD ENOUGH.

George: "Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling?"

Darling: "No, George; but you're too good for any other girl."—*Illustrated Bits.*

* * *

UP TO DATE.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The Beef Trust laughed to see the rise,
And the citizen dined on a prune.

—*New York American.*

* * *

MODERNISM.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going first to Smith and Jones to match a piece of ribbon, then to Jones and Smith's to get a dozen hairpins, next to Jones Bros. to look at those darling little baby-pins, after that to Smith Bros. to look for some of those nice what-do-you-call-em's, and then to the hair-dressers, sir, she said."—*The Purple Cow.*

* * *

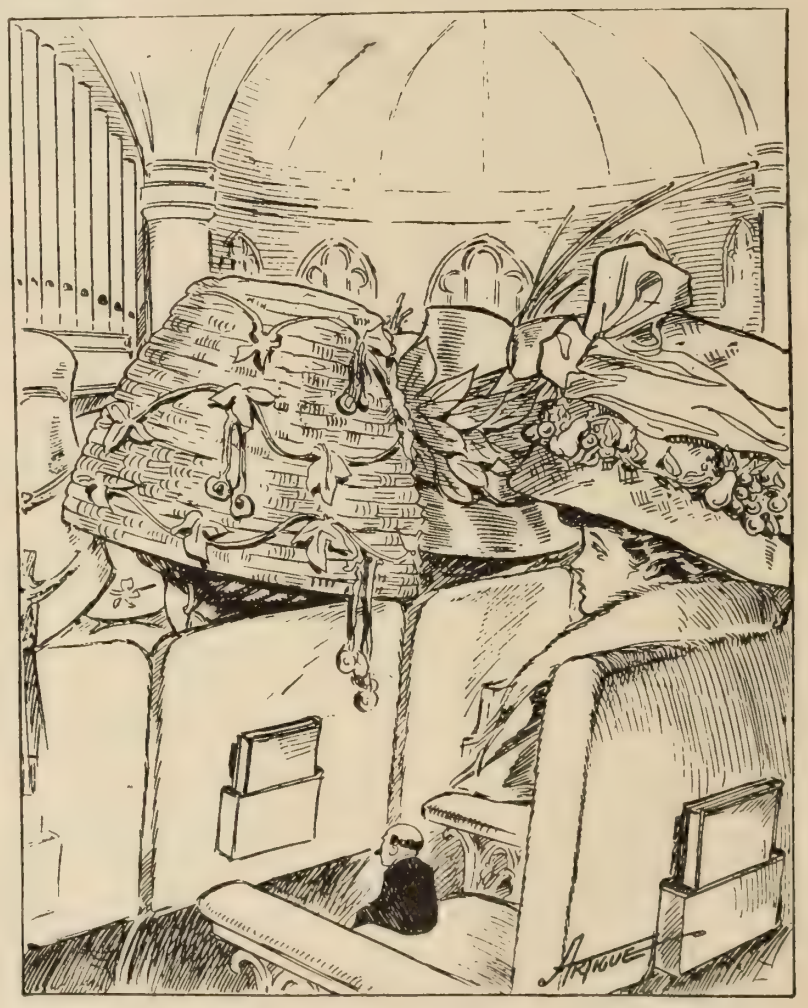
PECULIAR WEDDING PRESENT

"WHAT a peculiar choice for a wedding present!" remarked a lady, trying not to laugh as she inspected a large flat-iron which her charwoman had just purchased.

"Ain't it, ma'am?" said the charwoman, rather proudly than otherwise. "It's my sister that's getting married, and I'm repaying her for the gift she sent on my wedding day."

"Did she send you something very ugly then?"

"Deed, no, ma'am. Her's was a beautiful present. But, you see, ma'am, a little bird whispered to me that her future husband's a man of violent temper, and I thought I'd send her something that would be useful in case of family disputes. She has the straightest aim with a flat iron ever I seed!"



How He Enjoyed the Easter Service.—*Life.*

* * *

AN UNFILIAL SON.

A PROMINENT Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place. "These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them especially for you," answered the dutiful son. Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face.

"Good morning, dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply.

"Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

* * *

HIS TROUBLES.

THE budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd-George, a particularly good one concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being minunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

* * *

CONVINCING ENOUGH FOR HIM.

APROPOS of his great love for horses, the Earl of Haddington told a capital story at an agricultural dinner some time ago. Having purchased a carriage horse to match one he already possessed, a day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"Weel, sir," was the reply, "he's a gran'-looking horse, but he's a wee bit touchy i' the temper."

"What makes you say that?"

"Weel, he didna seem to tak' kindly to anybody, sir. In fact, he didna like me to gang intae his box to feed him."

"His surroundings are strange to him," suggested his lordship. "I don't think there is anything wrong with his temper."

"I didna either at first, sir," replied the groom, "but he kicked me clean oot of the box twice, an' when ye come to think about it, that's sort o' convincin'."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

ALL HOPE GONE.

THIS most persistent lover seemed to make no progress whatever with the object of his affection; she gave him no apparent encouragement. Finally he said:

"My dear Gertrude, can you give me no hope—none whatever?"

"No, my dear boy, I cannot; not one speck of hope—for I am going to marry you."

* * *

FOR HOME OR COUNTRY.

AN Irish recruit who ran at the first shot in his first battle was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't, nayther. I just observed the gineral's express orders. He told us, 'Strike for home and yer counthry,' and I sthruck for home. Thim what sthruck for their country is there yet."

* * *

UNCOMMON WANTS.

CURIOUSLY worded advertisements which are funny without the author's intent, are to be found in almost any number of any newspaper. The following announcements were printed in all good faith in the advertising columns of various English newspapers, and, as a whole, they won a prize offered by a London periodical for the best collection of such specimens of unconscious humor:

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays.

For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

A boy who can open oysters with reference.

Bulldog for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

* * *

A POOR PASSENGER.

AN Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board what's left behind."

RUBY RUB METAL POLISH

SHINES FOR ALL

¶ RUBY RUB is Canada's first, best and only perfect METAL POLISH —try it and encourage home industry.

¶ RUBY RUB does all that it should and nothing that it shouldn't. Cleans everything from a gold watch to a tin pan.

¶ Positively cannot injure the finest metal. Will not scratch, as it contains no grit or acid. Will not stain or discolor around signs or door plates.

Send us your dealer's name and 5 cents to cover postage and receive a 10c. tin FREE.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. A. FRENCH & CO. LIMITED

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TELEPHONE MAIN 7791

Electric Light Alarm Clock
FOR EVERY HOME

Light and alarm operated with dry battery all ready in the clock ready for use. You can own one Free
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

The Home Journal Toronto

A Convincing Test

THIS STRIP OF PAPER IS COATED WITH

Elastica Floor Finish

IT BENDS BUT DOES NOT CRACK

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

Send for Book "How to Finish Floors."

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
Toronto **Limited**

Makers of Fine Varnishes and Lacquerets

NA-DRU-CO

Formulae Have Been Well Tried Out

Though the NA-DRU-CO line of Medicinal and Toilet Preparations have been on sale for a few months only, don't think for minute that in buying NA-DRU-CO goods you are experimenting with new or untried preparations.

Their Origin

The twenty-one wholesale drug firms now united in the "National" had all of them lengthy careers, some for fifty to one hundred years, prior to the union. Each firm had acquired or developed a number of valuable formulæ for medicinal and toilet preparations, all of which became the property of the "National".

Since the union our expert chemists have carefully gone over these formulæ and selected the best for the NA-DRU-CO line. **Every formula has been carefully studied by these experts, improved if possible, and then thoroughly tested again, in actual use,** before we consider it good enough to bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

An Example

A good example of what we mean is **NA-DRU-CO Nervozone** for Brain Fag or nervous break-down. The formula was pronounced the most scientific combination of nerve medicines, but this was enough for us; we had it tried out with a dozen different kind of Brain workers — School Teachers, Lawyers, Bookkeepers—as well as Society leaders and home workers, and everywhere the result was so good that we adopted it as one of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

There are therefore **no experiments** among NA-DRU-CO preparations. We have invested altogether too much time, work and money in the NA-DRU-CO line to take any chances of discrediting it with preparations that might not prove satisfactory. We make **absolutely certain** that each preparation **is satisfactory** before we endorse it with the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

Ask your physician or your druggist about the firm behind NA-DRU-CO preparations and about the NA-DRU-CO line. They can tell you, for **we will furnish them,** on request, **a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO article.**

"Money Back"

If by any chance you should not be entirely satisfied with any NA-DRU-CO article you try, return the unused portion to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will refund your money - willingly, too, because we return to him every cent he gives back to you.

If your druggist should not have the particular NA-DRU-CO article you ask for in stock he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Some NA-DRU-CO Preparations You'll Find Most Satisfactory.

Camphor Ice
Greaseless Toilet Cream
Talcum Powder
Tooth Paste
Tooth Powder

Baby's Tablets
Carbolic Salve
Cascara Laxatives (Tablets)
Cod Liver Oil Compound, Tasteless (2 Sizes)

Dyspepsia Tablets
Headache Wafers
Herb Tablets
Nervozone
Pile Ointment

Rheumatism Cure
Sugar of Milk
Stainless Iodine Ointment
Toothache Gum
White Liniment

NA-DRU-CO TRADE MARK

ONLY OUR PRODUCTS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, KINGSTON, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG. REGINA, CALGARY, NELSON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA.

NA-DRU-CO TRADE MARK

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

"Better Make Quality" Shopmark Buyers' Protection

THE "BETTER MAKE" OF

"Better Make Quality" Shopmark Our Guarantee

Dining Room Suite in Simple Taste after Sheraton Style

A good housekeeper shows her good taste in the furniture she selects to furnish the home. The most expensive furniture is not always the best, as it is often too massive and will not suit every house. There is no furniture more appropriate for the average house than the Sheraton style of which this illustration is a suitable example. The artistic perfection of our work is so great we want it to please and last for your sake as well as ours.

The "Better Make" of "Canadian Quality" furniture is filling a long felt want in homes of refinement and good taste. This make is intended for those desiring to furnish their homes with "OUT OF THE ORDINARY kind of furniture.

The suite shown here gives but a faint idea of the extent and exclusiveness of our make.

As no furniture merchant can be expected to carry all of our pieces on his floor, we have prepared a PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAVURES showing over 100 of our pieces on pages 11 x 14. This handsome book can be seen at all stores handling our furniture. Orders can be placed from it almost as satisfactory as from the furniture itself.

"CANADIAN QUALITY"

Eleven Pieces in this Popular Suite and all in harmony with each other

Look for the Shopmark on every piece.

Toronto Furniture Company
LIMITED

Toronto - Canada

Only "Better Make" has the Quality Shopmark.

May, 1910

10c. a Copy

THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women

Foods Pure and Adulterated.

See Pages 6 &

KLOSFIT PETTICOAT

Patented June 4, 1907

CRESTA TAFFETA KLOSFIT PETTICOAT

1.50

FOR WELL DRESSED WOMEN

Klosfit Petticoats have received the approval of the best dressers wherever sold, on account of the perfect fit and comfort given the wearer. They represent the latest production in high class ready-to-wear apparel and are a necessity to every woman who desires to be well gowned. These petticoats fit evenly and smoothly over the hips, conforming perfecty to the figure and giving those long graceful lines so much admired. The absolutely smooth and comfortable fit of "Klosfit" petticoats is due to the fact that they are made with an elastic fitted jersey gusset over each hip. Another point of superiority which discriminating women will be quick to notice is the placket which is fitted with glove clasps so that it is sure to fasten smoothly and securely. All this without any alterations, delivered to you ready-to-wear.

OUR GUARANTEE

We will give the purchaser the privilege of returning this petticoat at our expense if it is not entirely satisfactory, and will refund the money together with all transportation charges paid.

STYLE DESCRIPTION

The style shown in the illustration is No. J-55527 and is made of **Cresta Taffeta,** a fine cotton fabric, highly finished, resembling taffeta silk in appearance, but will not crack; colors are black or navy. The deep two-piece flounce is trimmed with embroidery and shirring finished with two rows of strapping and dust frill. Every part of the making is finished by skilled workers in our own factory and thoroughly examined before leaving the workroom. In order to introduce these Petticoats to our customers the price has been reduced to that of the old style petticoat, no extra charge being added for the "Klosfit" top.

KLOSFIT PETTICOATS

Patented June 4, 1907

ARE MANUFACTURED AND SOLD IN CANADA

EXCLUSIVELY BY

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

These Petticoats can be supplied in sizes to fit waists 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 or 29 inches, and choice of lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. Colors black or navy. When ordering be sure to state style number, color and size desired. (Waist measure and length.)

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Send for our Grocery Catalogue. It will save you money.

Tents Awnings

Camping Outfits, Guns, Hammocks, Flags, Sails, Fishing Tackle, Waterproof Covers, Boat Hardware, Life Preservers.

Canopies to rent for Weddings and Garden Parties.

Tents to rent for all purposes.

The best are manufactured by
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A Convincing Test

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INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
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Makers of Fine Varnishes and Lacquerets

THE HOME JOURNAL

CANADA'S HOME LEADING MAGAZINE

PRO DOMO ET PATRIA

Volume VI. Number 10 10 Cents per Copy $1.00 per Year

NOTICE—Subscribers in sending in change of address should give the old as well as the new address. Please notify promptly if your Journal does not reach you.

TORONTO, MAY, 1910.

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Editorial Chat

MOTHERS' DAY is an institution which is being honored during May, on the second Sunday of the last month of Spring. This is a festival which should appeal to all our readers and which will be observed, we hope, this year from the Atlantic to Pacific. Read our "white carnation" article on page twenty-two and you will get the history of the new movement.

MY LADY'S GARDEN is a department which is appreciated by all our readers, for the woman who does not love a garden is hardly found in Canada. Miss M. E. Blacklock, who is in charge of this feature of our publication, is to visit Great Britain and France during the coming summer, paying especial attention to the famous gardens and nurseries of these European countries. Her articles on this subject will be a great attraction in our summer numbers, and the attention of our garden-loving readers is drawn to that department.

VACATION NUMBER will be our June issue. There is no country in the world more highly favored than Canada, in ideal spots for vacation enjoyment. Every province of the Dominion is dotted with lakes and brightened by streams. In our June number will be considered the beauties of our country as a playground and the best way to provide for the holidays. The preparations for a summer tour will be considered and an article on the required equipment will be contributed.

THE PURE FOOD subject is of interest to every household. Spices, for instance, are used every day in all Canadian kitchens. Wherefore, we trust that our housewife friends will read the article in the present issue on "Food —Pure and Adulterated." We are pleased to announce that we have a valuable article on baking powder from Professor F. T. Snell, at the head of the Department of Chemistry in the Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. This article will appear in an early summer number. We shall also have during the summer an article on fruit jams and preserves, showing the necessity for obtaining the pure article.

SOME GOOD STORIES by well-known writers are promised for our summer numbers. "The Return Ticket" by Nellie McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," will be sure to please you. Mrs. MacKay has written a delightful story, "The Cat Habit of Slimpsey," which will rejoice all those who like a canine comedy. Virna Sheard has also promised one of her ever-popular stories, and there will be an abundance of "summery" fiction in the June, July and August issues.

THE EXTRA SIZE of this month's issue will gladden your hearts with several pages more than the usual allowance of reading matter, while our advertisers thereby show their appreciation by obliging us to offer a "special edition."

A Physician's Testimony

Dr. Shaw, late Senior Surgeon Cancer Hospital, London, Eng., said:—
"Scientific nutrition like **BOVRIL** will do more to stay the ravages of any malady than a century of progress in drug treatment."

Well fortified by nourishing food you can resist insidious or sudden attack of disease.

BOVRIL is a highly concentrated food. Immediately it is taken it is transformed into energy and strength. No other food so quickly stimulates and invigorates the system as

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China Aster Plants
FROM BEST SEED

Queen of the Market, white, early.
Queen of the Market, pink, early.
15 cts. per dozen; 40 cts. per 100 postpaid.

Lavender Gem, early.
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Crego, a fine late pink.
15 cts. per dozen; 50 cts. per 100 postpaid.
Packed to go safely anywhere in Canada east of the Rockies by mail.

May be planted with good results until 15th June. Not less than 25 of one variety at 100 rates. Orders received now will be filled in latter part of May and in early June. Please send postal note with order.

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If your druggist cannot supply you send 25 cents in stamps for a large size box.

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A new idea in washing Machines.
"Favorite" Churn means easy churning. 8 sizes.
If your dealer does not handle them, write us for booklets and name of dealer near you who does. 77

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E D S

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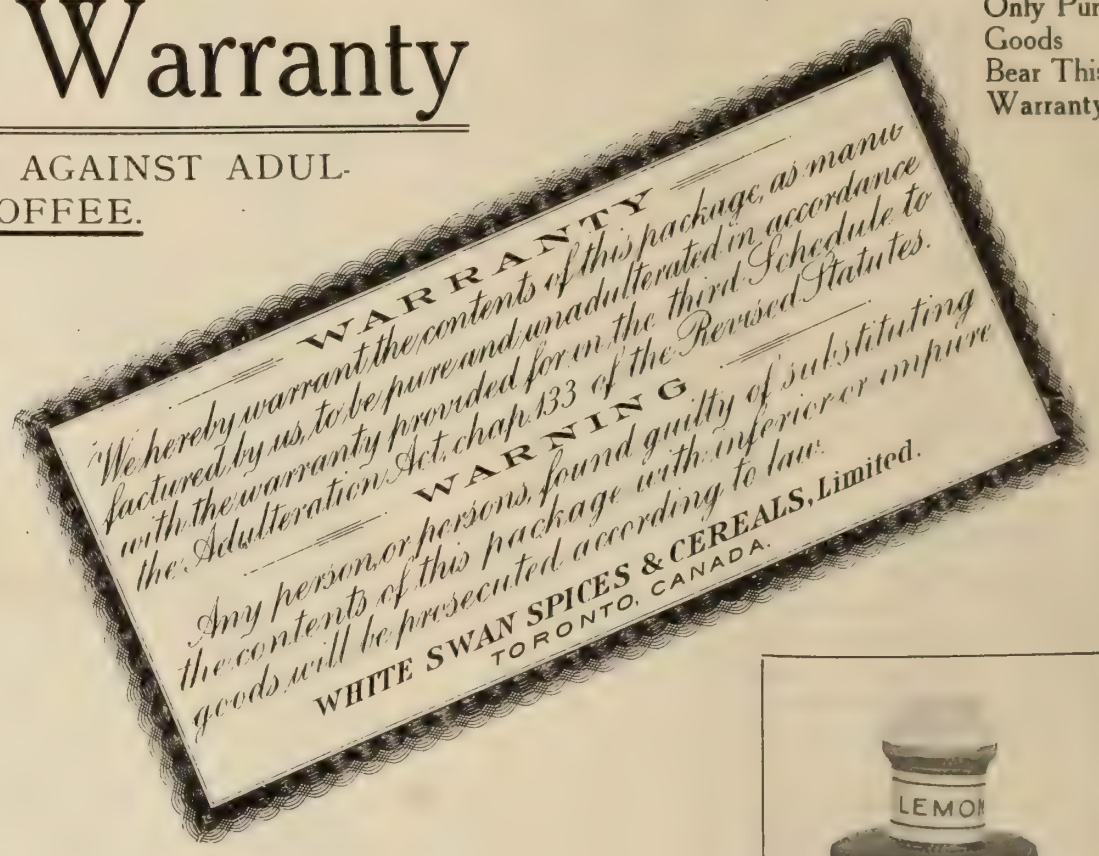
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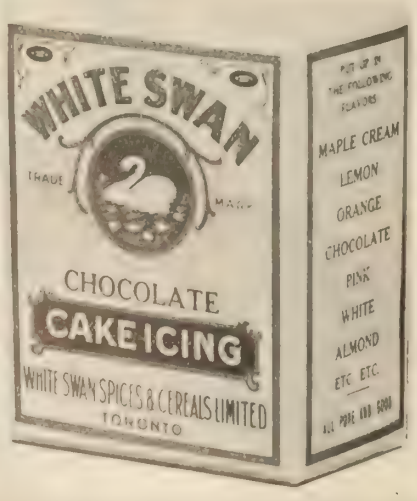
We hereby warrant the contents of this package, as manufactured by us, to be pure and unadulterated in accordance with the warranty provided for in the third Schedule to the Adulteration Act, chap. 133 of the Revised Statutes.
WARNING
Any person or persons found guilty of substituting the contents of this package with inferior or impure goods will be prosecuted according to law.
WHITE SWAN SPICES & CEREALS, Limited.
TORONTO, CANADA.



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Spice millers who adulterate their goods and don't mark them as a "compound" or "mixture" do not do so with the specific intention of fraud. Their motto is not "How pure" but "How much money can we make by adulteration".

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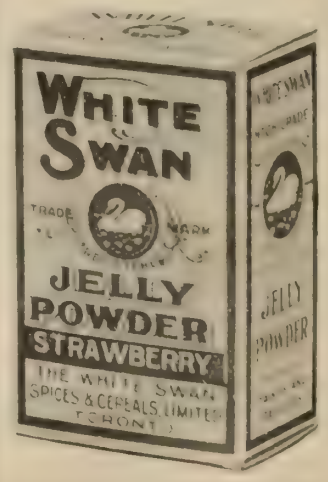
are often used in Coffee, Pepper, Ginger, Cloves, etc. If adulterated with a harmful substance you should not mix it with your food. If adulterated with a foreign filler you should not pay for "pure" goods.

The Word Pure

on a package is not an absolute guarantee to you that its contents are not adulterated. If you insist on all package Spices and Coffee bearing the Warranty here shown you positively run no risk.

Protect yourself by seeing that the spices you buy bear this Warranty.
Sold by grocers in all parts of Canada



WHITE SWAN SPICES AND CEREALS LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA

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Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter. We are not responsible for remittances that go astray. Only one and two cent stamps accepted in payment.

THE HOME JOURNAL

Subscription Price

By subscription for Canada and British Isles, $1.00 per annum; United States, $1.25; Postal Union Countries, $2.00 (8s.) post paid.

Single Copies, 10 cents.

We accept no patent medicine, liquor, narcotic or exploitation announcements.

Published on the 25th of each month preceding date of issue by

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President 59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

For Mothers' Day

A MOVEMENT begun in Philadelphia by Miss Anna Jarvis has gradually spread over the continent—the celebration of the old home and its associations on the second Sunday of May, to be known as Mothers' Day. This year, the movement will be widened probably, as the idea has been welcomed in most communities as appealing to the fundamental emotions. The association of flowers with our various celebrations is entirely beautiful and natural. Holly and roses for Christmas, lilies and violets for Easter and roses for the bride or the girl graduate are the floral accompaniment of festivals of eternal interest to humanity.

For mothers' day, has been appropriately chosen the white carnation, a flower which, in its fragrance and purity, symbolizes the sweetest of home influences. The month of May is usually one of springtime joyousness and sunshine. May the day set apart for the especial remembrance of the mothers of the land be one of brightness and tender associations! There is no country in the world where the home is established under more favorable influences, and the celebration of mothers' day should be as widely observed as the Dominion.

* * *

The Pure Food Agitation

THE endeavor to protect the public against food frauds is being carried on with an earnestness which must ultimately succeed. Most of us, even in this vigorous western world, are in the fatalistic habit of accepting whatever ills we have, in the placid belief that we cannot avoid them. The man or the woman who comes along with the determination to obtain a better water supply, a purer milk supply, or food with the minimum of adulteration, is likely to be regarded as a crank or disturber of the peace. Probably the pioneers, in every change for the better, were not beloved in the neighborhood. However, now that a nation has set out in earnest to secure pure food there will be momentous changes. In the United States, the work accomplished by Dr. Wiley, the great chemical authority in the Department of Agriculture, can hardly be overestimated.

Some years ago, Mr. Upton Sinclair wrote a novel, "The Jungle," which was a most horrifying exposure of the methods used in certain "packeries." The book produced such a profound sensation that canned meat was shunned for a time by all fastidious citizens. Mr. Sinclair's writing, although sensational in style, undoubtedly helped to do some effective muck-raking in the factories of the United States.

In Canada, the pure food legislation is less advanced than that of England or the neighboring republic, but there will soon be brought down measures which will put this country in the front rank of "pure fooders." Indifference is the greatest foe to an improvement in these matters. We hear and know of food adulteration, but have a curious conviction that it is necessary for us to eat such stuff, and that it is quite impossible to avoid impure food. The old proverb, "Everybody's business is nobody's business," probably comes in here and accounts for much of the delay in securing proper legislation and restrictions.

Women are immediately concerned in such matters, and can do a great deal towards the improvement of domestic manufactures by insisting upon the pure article and refusing to buy the inferior. The craze for cheapness has affected the food supplies, as well as the dress department, but we are ultimately forced to return to the genuine and confess the unsatisfactoriness of that which appeared to be a bargain.

Good food, like everything else worth having, must be paid for, and the sooner the housewife realizes that there is no economy in buying fourth-rate articles for home consumption, the better will be the health of the family. Get acquainted with the best and purest brands in food supplies and you will find them ultimately the cheapest.

MISS ANNA JARVIS, WHOSE DESIRE TO HONOR HER MOTHER LED TO THE FOUNDING OF MOTHERS' DAY.

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A Princely Giver

THERE are comparatively few millionaires in Canada. Consequently, wealth such as that possessed by Lord Strathcona attracts a degree of attention which it would hardly receive in an older country. In Montreal, it really seems as if Lord Strathcona had played the part of fairy godfather. Everywhere, in college and hospital, are seen evidences of his patriotism and generosity. There is a quiet thoroughness about this High Commissioner's beneficence which shows the quality of the man who bestows such gifts.

Perhaps one of the most gracious uses to which wealth can be put is the encouragement of either musical or artistic ability. In this respect, Lord Strathcona's liberality has been most admirable. The musical scholarships bestowed on Montreal colleges have been of great advantage to a number of young Canadians. Recently, the return of "Donalda" to Canada has brought back to our remembrance the career of this brilliant Montreal singer whose professional name was assumed in honor of her benefactor, who set forth in life as plain Donald Smith. There is no more delightful reward than the development of genius, whose training is due to discriminating liberality. Lord Strathcona is doing a work for which thousands will thank him, in assisting young Canadians to that study in the older lands.

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The Women's Institutes

THE Provincial Department of Agriculture has arranged for the holding of nearly six hundred women's institute meetings throughout Ontario during the coming summer. This is over fifty more than last year and creates a departmental record. All the constituencies will be covered, except a few in eastern Ontario, and organization meetings will be held in those districts which have not been visited before. It is an interesting fact that the series includes over one hundred meetings in Northern Ontario, which indicates the growth of settlement and agricultural effort in the newly-organized districts.

The Women's Institutes are constantly extending their sphere of influence and effort, and the press of the province, especially *The Globe,* has recently paid tribute to their enterprise. In Manitoulin they purchased a buggy for the Presbyterian student who ministers to the spiritual needs of the district. In another locality they erected a fine fence around the burying ground. In two villages they undertook the lighting of the streets at night. At other points they have defrayed the expense of putting in drains and water service, while in a great number of places they have inaugurated and paid for a tree-planting and beautifying campaign.

FOODS PURE AND ADULTERATED

WHAT YOU EAT IN ADULTERATED FOODS

Salicylic Acid, Dyes, Preservatives, Tea Dust, Chicory, Sand, Alum, Rice, Flour, Olive Stones

THE purity of food concerns all of us. There are many things we can do without, but there has not been discovered any method of dispensing with food. With civilization has come the necessity for cooking food and the elaboration of the menu. Our remote ancestors may have lived on berries and nuts, but our palates demand a variation from this diet. During the last few years there has been a great investigation of food products, with the result that the public is slowly awaking to the fact that adulteration has been practised to a considerable extent. Dr. Wiley, chemist of the Department of Agriculture in the United States, did a magnificent work in exposing food frauds and consequently was highly disliked by the public poisoners. The condemnation of the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative and sulphur as a fruit preservative led to much desirable legislation on the subject.

Canada has not been slow to investigate the quality of food products, and the recent reports of the Inland Revenue Department show how thoroughly the work is being carried on.

The worst practices that have ever prevailed in the States and Canada have been the use of unfit raw materials; cheapening adulterations, such, for instance, as apple juice colored and flavored as a foundation for currant jelly; the use of tomato cannery waste—skins, cores, rotten tomatoes, etc.—as a stuff from which to make tomato catsups and soups; the use of old evaporated fruits, more or less spoiled and vermin-infested, out of which to make preserves; the use of glucose instead of granulated sugar in sweet goods and, also, the use of saccharine to take the place of granulated sugar; the adulteration of vinegar by an admixture of water and commercial acetic acid, obtained from the destructive distillation of wood.

The great snare of the unskilled housewife is the advertisement which extols the cheapness of certain foods. There are women so entirely lost to the best interests of their households as to squander their money on preserves, jams or spices advertised as bargains. These foolish matrons never seem to pause to consider what cheapness means in inferiority of material. You cannot obtain pure food at "cut rates." Cheap butter, cheap preserves, cheap cloves and cheap catsup mean that you are buying adulterated goods. If you prefer to feed the family on rotten fruit, skilfully disguised, if you do not care whether nutmegs are the real thing or a wooden substitute, by all means buy the bargain foods. But a brighter day is dawning for the pantry shelves and the kitchen cabinet. Scientific research is being applied to all food stuffs and it will not be the fault of our professional analysts if our eyes are not opened to our own gullibility.

Take, for instance, that simple substance known as ground ginger, which is used in nearly every household. According to the Government laboratory report of 1909, out of one hundred and fifty samples examined, sixty-five per cent. were genuine, twenty-one per cent. adulterated and the remainder doubtful. The usual recognized adulteration of ginger consists in the substitution of cheaper materials, such as flour and starch, or in the use of exhausted rhizomes, i.e., stock from which the valuable principles have been more or less completely removed by washing. Extraction of the ginger with water (which is one of the commonest forms of adulteration) has the effect of greatly reducing the amount of soluble ash, yielded by the sample. However, this article presents unusual difficulties in investigation, as no single component of ginger is sufficiently constant in amount to make the identification of a sample as genuine possible by its means.

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WE may not be so fond of mustard as our French and English friends are, but we use it almost every day and would find roast beef, cold ham or salad somewhat lacking in flavor if mustard were absent. In the latest Government laboratory report, it is stated that the late Chief Analyst directed attention to the need of definite standards for mustard; and the writer suggests the adoption of a minimum limit of thirty per cent. fixed oil for genuine mustard, and of twenty-two per cent. for compound mustard. But the value of mustard as a condiment does not depend upon the content of fixed oil. White mustard, which *per se*, has little condimental value, contains as much fixed oil as black mustard. The amount of fixed oil, however, is rather a means of ascertaining the amount of foreign material present in admixtures. This added material is usually starch colored with turmeric, and is practically fat free.

After looking through the tables in this report, one comes to the conclusion that very few samples of mustard found on the Canadian market are free from starch and turmeric. Nor is it to be understood that the addition of starch and turmeric is made for purposes of fraud. Certain brands of this condiment, which have been on the world's markets for generations, and have received recognition and honors at International Exhibitions are avowedly mixtures of mustard farina with other materials. It may be, as alleged by some makers, that the presence of starchy matters is necessary to give better keeping quality to the article, which without starch, tends to become lumpy and sticky; that turmeric is desirable to give a pleasing color to mustard, especially when mixed for the table; that the removal of a large percentage of the fixed oil is necessary to permit of satisfactory grinding and sifting. Whatever all these considerations may be, it is certain that mustard should be sold for what it is; and that the presence of added matters should be announced on the label.

The question of the amount of added matters which may be permitted is serious, from the point of view of the use of mustard as a domestic remedy, in blisters, poultices, emetics, etc. The mustard of the pharmacopœias permits of no admixture. Mustard as a condiment is another matter, and the public should learn to recognize the distinction between the two. The latter may be regarded as a substitute, in emergency, for the mustard of the pharmacy, but is by no means to be confused with the latter.

But even as a condiment, there is a degree of dilution which amounts to fraud. The fixing of limits defining mustard for condimental or table purposes is under consideration, and evidently mustard, in a pure form, is no easy substance to define. Probably none of us has ever stopped to inquire, as to the purity of the mustard, and will be astonished to find that the simple condiment which gives piquancy to the sandwich or the salad dressing is capable of affording perplexity to analysts and chemists. Hereafter, let us look out for the label and, if we want mustard for "plasters," buy the raw material at the drug store.

The examination of one hundred and forty-five samples of ground cloves shows that only fifty-two per cent. were genuine. The Chief Analyst states regarding the remainder that adulteration cannot be charged against them, owing to uncertainty as regards the minimum limits of value for genuine cloves. This spice owes its value largely to the presence of volatile oil, and it is open to question whether samples showing less than fourteen per cent. do not consist in whole or in part of "exhausted cloves."

* * *

STARCH is a frequent and convenient adulterant. In the samples just referred to, it is present in twenty-seven instances. This is not a normal component of cloves. In a few cases, says the report, the amount is so small that it may be present accidentally but generally this is not likely. Pimento starch is usually the variety found; but sometimes wheat and maize have been identified. It must be remembered that this spice, while very frequently adulterated by addition of foreign matters, is capable of another kind of adulteration, namely, the removal of the whole or part of the volatile oil. The definition of Standard Ground Cloves must be written in such a way as to exclude both forms of adulteration, and such a definition is being considered. Who would think that a simple matter like ground cloves should prove so very troublesome or that there was so much room for adulteration between the spicy clove stem and the package of the ground material?

In connection with this, the story is told of a traveller in the employ of a certain Canadian spice manufactory, who called on a grocer in a

GOVERNMENT REPORTS PROVE ADULTERATION

Tea.
Tea Dust.
Broken Stems.

Pepper.
Sand.
Cocoanut Shells.
Olive Stones.

Mustard.
Cheap Flour.
Colored with Turmeric.

Coffee.
Chicory.
Roasted Rye.

Ginger.
Flour.
Exhausted Ginger.

Cloves.
Spent Cloves.
Clove Stems.

FOODS PURE AND ADULTERATED

WHAT YOU EAT IN ADULTERATED FOODS

Bran, Glucose, Cotton Seed Oil, Sulphur, Benzoate of Soda, Peanut Shells, Cocoanut Shells

GOVERNMENT REPORTS PROVE ADULTERATION

Maple Syrup.
Glucose.

Jams.
Dyes.
Glucose.
Acid.

Lard.
Cotton Seed Oil.

Flavoring Extracts.
Coumarine
Vannillin.

Vinegar.
Acetic Acid.

Catsup.
Refuse from Cannery.
Aniline Dye.

Lime Juice.
Tartaric Acid

small northern town in the fond belief and hope of disposing of an order. The grocer had almost promised him such a reward on his previous visit and the traveller was somewhat surprised to meet with a refusal. However, the latter met the disappointment with a business man's philosophy and merely asked if his promised customer had found the required goods.

"Yes, sir," replied the grocer, "ground cloves, cheaper by ten cents a dozen than you can sell them."

"Then I'll take a package," said the traveller, who is a man of resource. The firm which he represents is one which has been making an effort to procure and manufacture high-class goods, in spite of the fact that the Canadian housewife requires to be "educated up" to pure food values. Consequently their representative was anxious to see the quality of this cheap package of ground cloves—and was even willing to spend a few cents on the investigation. He opened the package, took a pinch of dull brown powder between finger and thumb and smiled in a superior fashion.

"What's the matter?" said the grocer suspiciously.

"I don't wish to be disagreeable," was the reply. "But I hope you don't call *that* ground cloves."

"Why not?"

"Just let me show you some," said the travelling man, with an irritating air of explanation. He produced a small package, which he opened and offered to the grocer. The latter looked crestfallen, as he surveyed the brighter mixture, from which came a pungent whiff of genuineness. There was a decided difference between the two packages—the difference which always exists between the spurious and the genuine.

"Well, the people won't pay your price," said the grocer.

"So much the worse for the people," came the reply. "They're buying more experience than food just now. But they'll find out."

So the traveller came back to the city firm, bringing with him the package of cheap cloves. Within a month, there came a letter from the grocer in the northern town, ordering the goods "which come a little high but are worth it." Of course, if a woman prefers sand or starch sprinkled over the apple sauce, to nutmeg or cloves, why, she will persevere until she comes to the cheap package and congratulate herself on being economical.

* * *

THERE is one thing which every housewife can do, in order to assure herself that she is obtaining the pure material, or, at least, that which is certified pure. She may look at the labels on bottles or boxes to see if they are marked "pure," "mixture" or "compound." It must be borne in mind that in many cases a compound is an entirely useful and legitimate article.

As a prominent firm has remarked: "We feel that one of the most important safeguards in the matter of preventing fraud is truthful labelling and the strict enforcement of a label regulation." The public has a right to know what is being bought, and it is a woman's duty, as purchaser for the household, to acquaint herself with the various substances used as food stuffs and to examine the package, with a view to discovering the quality of the contents,

The government form of warranty reads: "We hereby warrant the contents of this package as manufactured by us, to be pure and unadulterated in accordance with the warranty provided for in the third Schedule to the Adulteration Act, Chap. 133 of the Revised Statutes."

The meaning of the word adulteration as applied to food is interesting in this connection, as the word "purity" in food supplies is a comparative term. Consequently the following quotation of the third schedule referred to above may be of importance to our readers:

Food shall be deemed to be adulterated within the meaning of this Act,—

(a) If any substance has been mixed with it so as to reduce or lower or injuriously affect its quality or strength;

(b) If any inferior or cheaper substance has been substituted wholly or in part for the article;

(c) If any valuable constituent of the article has been wholly or in part abstracted;

(d) If it is an imitation of or is sold under the name of another article;

(e) If it consists wholly or in part of a diseased or decomposed or putrid or rotten animal or vegetable substance, whether manufactured or not;

(f) If it contains any added poisonous ingredient or any ingredient which may render such an article injurious to the health of persons or cattle consuming it;

(g) If its strength or purity falls below the standard, or its constituents are present in quantity not within the limits of variability fixed by the Governor in Council as hereinafter provided;

(h) If it is so colored or coated or polished or powdered that damage is concealed, or if it is made to appear better or of greater value than it really is;

(i) In the case of milk or butter, if it is the produce of a diseased animal or of an animal fed upon unwholesome food.

* * *

PEPPER is an article which is frequently adulterated and which should be carefully examined as to strength and quality. A curious instance of how the inferior article may be offered, while the public is engaged in buying what is not the pepper it imagines, may be quoted. A certain firm was offering pepper in pails at a price which was surprisingly low. An expert in pepper, who was talking to one of the firm's customers, declared that the article could not be pure and sold at the price alleged .

"To prove it," said the expert, "telephone and ask them what they will charge for whole Singapore pepper."

The answer came back promptly and, strange to say, the unground pepper would cost more than that which was ground. As it costs one-half cent to grind and three-fourths of a cent to put in pails, the inference was obvious. There must have been extensive adulteration of the article, or the unground pepper would have been cheaper than the prepard.

The adulterants of pepper are flour, cornmeal, pepper-shells, cocoanut shells and ground olive stones. The last-named adulterant is decidedly harmful, as it is indigestible to a dangerous degree. The best pepper comes from the Indies, as is the case with most of the spices.

The adulterants of cinnamon are wheat and corn flower, but the extent of adulteration is seldom of significance. The sale of this spice is not so great as in sub-tropical countries. From Penang come the best nutmegs and these command a very large sale in Canada, as custards and eggnogs (of a temperance order, be it understood) would be nothing without the delicate dusting of nutmeg.

Lime fruit juice, or lime-juice, as it is more commonly called, is an object of frequent adulteration and only the best brands of this beverage should be procured. It is a most refreshing and beneficial drink, when obtained in a pure form, and is extensively used in fevers; but care should be taken to examine label and brand. This is becoming an increasingly popular article in Canada, and is used in jellies, fruit punches and puddings with a piquant effect in such dishes. But acid adulterants are common, and the housekeeper who wants genuine lime juice must "look out for the label."

Flavoring extracts have increased greatly in variety and quantity during the last ten years. There was a time when lemon and vanilla were the old "stand bys." The growing prosperity of the country has meant an increase of luxuries, which include cakes and other forms of "sweet things." There has been an enormous increase in candy manufacture also, which means that flavoring extracts have been ordered in larger quantities than ever before. Strawberry, peppermint, pineapple, pistachio and wintergreen are all extracts which have become popular in Canadian households of late years. It is most important to see that these are of purity and strength, if the desired piquancy is to be obtained.

Cereals are not adulterated to any appreciable degree, and in this land of illimitable wheat fields we are supplied with cereals, rolled and flaked.

Pure Food Question in Culinary Details

The Consideration of a Matter of Interest to every Housewife

AT the present time when the cost of living is so high, as compared with say ten to fifteen years ago, it is of the utmost importance that our food and all ingredients entering into it, should be as nearly pure as possible. Every woman in Canada is interested in the question of baking powder, and this of course is natural, as possibly a larger percentage of home baking is done in Canada, in proportion to the population, than in any other country to-day.

A clever and interesting article on the subject is one written by Prof. J. F. Snell of Macdonald College. The basis of the article in question is the report on baking powder, issued by the Inland Revenue Department of the Dominion Government. This report shows that out of one hundred and fifty-eight samples collected, only seventeen do not contain alum. It would be well in all cases when purchasing baking powder, which is an indispensable article in every home, to see that the particular brand purchased is one that is not in the alum class. According to the best medical and chemical authorities, the use of alum in foods is injurious to the system and particularly to the digestive organs. The heart and nervous system are also very liable to be affected. To safeguard the health of the family, the housewife should settle on some well known baking powder that is guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain alum.

The use of alum in foods in Great Britain has been prohibited for many years and the same thing is true of many States in the Union, and there are many reasons for supposing that the Government authorities at Ottawa will not be long in following suit. Quite recently the State of Pennsylvania made very stringent laws in regard to the use of alum, and its use is now positively prohibited, not only in baking powder, but pickles and other similar articles that are consumed by human beings. Little, if any, objection can be raised to the use of cream of tartar as a baking powder ingredient. While there may not be much objection to this class of goods, yet from the purchaser's standpoint, the price is a serious objection for this class of baking powder usually sells at from forty cents to sixty cents a pound. There is every reason to believe that a pound of first-class baking powder in which alum is not one of the ingredients, can be obtained for twenty-five cents, and this should be the standard price for a first-class article.

THERE is no doubt the majority of the goods in the baking powder line, which are sold at the latter price, are not worth over half of this price. For alum powders, we are told, harmlessness is usually claimed by the manufacturers, but not generally admitted by physicians and chemists. Professor Snell says when alum reacts with soda, there are left as residue in the dough, alumina and Glaubers salt and this salt is a very strong purgative, and both alumina and phosphate of alumina are soluble in acids and when dissolved will have the same physiological effect as alum does. When the further possibility is considered of some of the alum in the powder being left unacted upon, it can readily be seen that the use of alum in baking powder stands almost upon a par with the use of alum in flour, a practice which in some countries is forbidden by law, and one which is almost entirely abandoned now. Alum is strongly astringent, even in very small doses, and tends to induce constipation. Alum and other salts of the metal aluminum coagitate albumen and the other proteins of the food, and also tend to precipitate the ferments of the digestive juices, the active agents of digestion. The best possible guarantee of the wholesomeness of any baking powder is the fact of the ingredients being plainly stated upon the label, and it is fair to assume that the makers of the alum powders will not be found doing anything of this kind.

FROM all accounts there has been a great improvement in Canada, in the last few years, not only in the purity of ingredients of food articles but in the cleanliness and general improved conditions surrounding the manufacture of many lines. This is true particularly in regard to conditions existing in canned vegetables and canned fruits. It is not at all necessary that one should be a chemist in order to form an intelligent opinion on the subject, for anything that is injurious, which enters into our food, is equally as bad as or even worse than water containing typhoid germs.

We think the majority of readers of this journal are interested in the question under discussion, and we recommend that the utmost care be used in the purchase of articles that enter directly into the food used in the household. If professional advice is followed, no baking powder containing alum will be used. A general agitation by women, on the non-use of alum, will likely be productive of considerable good.

Health, like liberty, is only bought at the price of eternal vigilance. If we are desirous of securing it, we must not fail to study this question of pure food. Medicine is not food, and a baking powder containing cream of tartar, which leaves a residue of rochelle salt is not an ingredient to be desired. Rochelle salt is an irritant and continual use weakens the stomach and bowels. All persons having weak stomachs should avoid such an irritant laxative mixture with their everyday food.

As baking powder is on every pantry shelf in the Dominion it is essential that it should be of the best quality. The housewives of the land cannot afford to have anything but wholesome and nourishing ingredients in their bread and cakes.

THE question relating to a great many articles used by the average housewife is an interesting one, and we purpose printing a series of articles and in some future one may refer further to the question under discussion in this issue. The baking powder industry is far greater and more extensive than the average reader has any idea of, and we believe our effort along this line will prove to be educational in its nature. Baking powder is a comparatively modern commercial product. When most grown people were children it was the custom to use saleratus and cream tartar, thus making what might be called a home-made baking powder. The modern article made under scientific methods and favorable conditions is, of course, an entirely different product. For guidance of the good lady of the house it is well to explain that possibly as many as eight out of every ten brands that can be found on the grocers' shelves, contain sulphate of alumina or alum in some shape or other.

There is no sure way of distinguishing the good from the bad—not even by the price; for while a first-class article in this line can be sold by the retail grocers at the rate of twenty-five cents for a pound, yet much of the alum kind is offered at this figure, and this, notwithstanding the fact that it would be dear at any price, and should never be sold for more than ten cents. The reliability of the concern producing the article should have a great deal of weight with the consumer, and we recommend this as an assurance of quality.

Quite a serious mistake, and one that is made by the majority of people, is in buying various articles in small quantities, at the same time knowing that it would be economy to buy much more at a time, especially when it is absolutely certain that it will be required. If a quarter-pound of baking powder is purchased for ten cents it is very easy to see that this is at the rate of a pound for forty cents, whereas if a pound package is purchased for twenty-five cents there is quite a nice saving effected.

There is no doubt in the mind of the writer that the public are learning and learning very rapidly, and are becoming smart enough to know that when they ask for a certain brand of any line of goods, they expect the dealer to furnish it. A habit that is becoming more prevalent right along is for a dealer to urge the sale of goods that pay the largest profit. Of course this practice is not carried on to any extent among reputable merchants, but there is still far too great a proportion misleading their patrons in this respect, and trade should be diverted to some more reliable dealer, without delay when this trick is attempted.

The anti-alum crusade is one of the livest topics of conversation in Canada to-day, and it seems rather strange that considering the poisonous effects of alum, that the ladies have not become interested in this matter sooner. A great many interesting physiological experiments have been conducted in the United States, and France, as well as in Great Britain, by some of the most eminent chemists and results of all such tests have proved that the use of alum in food is not advisable. Some of these experiments were made by feeding food prepared with alum baking powder to rats, pigs, dogs, etc., and some experiments were made on human beings, and as stated, resulted in every case, in showing that alum in any shape or form, taken into the system, did an irreparable injury.

In buying baking powder at the present time, it is well to remember the point we have endeavored to make about the grocer urging the sale of the profitable kinds. It is fair to assume that if he tells his customer he has something "better" or something "just as good," that the best thing the customer can do is to insist and insist very positively on getting the particular kind or brand that has been specified. Action of this kind will soon bring these unreliable dealers to their senses.

May Day West of the Rockies

A Merry Festival, Brought from Old England, with a Queen to Rule the Revels

By L. G. CAWSEY

THE REVIEW, AS WITNESSED BY THE "QUEEN."

ALTHOUGH the English element in the population of British Columbia is proportionately much smaller than in that of Ontario, nevertheless an English festival, inaugurated in the earliest days of the western province, is each year celebrated in New Westminster with increasing enthusiasm and delight.

The May Day festival owes its inception to an English officer, Colonel Scot, of the Royal Engineers, who in command of a body of sappers and miners, made the first government road in British Columbia, the great Cariboo road, four hundred miles long.

Sapperton, the largest suburb of New Westminster, owes its name to this circumstance. The old log fort which was the centre of trade with the Siwash Indians is easily within the memory of the school children of to-day. It boasted two small cannon, and its ruined vestiges were but recently obliterated. Here, while the present city was but a trading post on the Fraser River, and before the fiat of Queen Victoria had changed "Queensburg" to "New Westminster," the men who cut the first roadway through the primeval forest, not less tenacious of home customs than they were assiduous in Her Majesty's service, with the assistance of the few women present established also the May Day festival which is celebrated to-day with an *abandon* of enjoyment which augurs well for its perpetual observance. Colonel Scot was Prime Minister to the first Queen of the May, and to each succeeding Queen until his death, the tenure of this office being for life.

In the month of April the May Queen is elected by the school children from among themselves, each child being entitled to vote, and canvassing is prosecuted with a zest and astuteness that would make the partizans in a Dominion election or a Lloyd-George incident feel weak and inefficient.

After election the first of May is awaited in hope and fear, for the frequent rains of that season contribute an element of uncertainty to all outdoor fetes. The children attend school as usual during the forenoon of May Day, but there are frequent requests for permission to leave the room, and the child's face, as it re-enters, is to the other scholars a perfectly intelligible report of present meteorological conditions. At eleven o'clock, if the powers that be are able to decide that weather probabilities are propitious, a flag is run up in one of the schoolyards, and then every face is a sunburst. To keep the children on their seats during the ensuing hour is well-nigh impossible.

Released at noon, they race home for a quick luncheon, thence down town to the point of meeting whence the procession starts, where they swarm into the automobiles, carriages, vans, carts, hay-wagons, etc., that have been requisitioned for the occasion. The firemen—staunch friends of the children—have meanwhile canvassed the citizens and merchants for supplies of candies, oranges and prize-money, and, to make the affair more imposing, get permission from the chief to add a wagon and paraphernalia to the procession. This whole-souled participation by the elders, and the cheerful yielding up of anything and everything on demand, adds greatly to the general jubilation.

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THE procession is led by the royal carriage containing the ex-queen and prime minister, the new queen and her maidens, with the boys' brigades as a guard of honor. All the bands in the city, from the Siwash up, contribute to the joyous clamor, and thus with the thousands of children laughing, shouting, singing, the flower-decked, resplendent procession wends its way up to Queen's Park. On arrival, the royal party take seats on a raised platform and the ex-queen, the prime minister and the maids of honor take part in the imposing ceremony of crowning the new Queen of the May, the ex-queen finally taking the crown of flowers from her own head and placing it upon the head of her successor. From a pole in the centre of the throne hundreds of ribbons are let down and each little girl gets the end of one, her favorite color if possible, and then follows the dance around the Maypole, the bands playing vociferously. In New Westminster the Siwash band is counted the best for lacrosse, "because it plays louder than the people holler."

The head of the Maypole revolves on a shaft so that the ribbons do not weave together, and when the music ceases, each girl, making her bow to the queen, pulls off a ribbon which she retains as a souvenir.

Then follows the march-past of the several boy's brigades. Descending in state from the throne the abdicating queen reviews her soldiers (who carry real rifles), praising and thanking them for past services and commending her successor to their especial regard.

* * *

AFTER suitable speeches by the royalties and others, adjournment is made to that part of the park which is set apart for games. Each child, as it passes through the gate, receives a bag of sweetmeats. The boys enjoy a "scramble," several cases of oranges being scattered broadcast among them.

The rest of the afternoon is spent in prize races and games, and the girls are more eager in this than the boys.

The whole is topped off with a grand ball in the evening, in the administration building of the exhibition.

Sometimes the royalties and officials have supper at a hotel. This is a very elaborate function, but is not properly a part of the May Day fete.

At the ball the May Queen and the prime minister lead off in the grand march, and it is a quaint spectacle—the big men (Colonel Scot stood six feet high and was well set up) marching down the hall with little girls of ten and twelve summers. The principal of New Westminster high school always dances, learned professor though he is, and approaching his eightieth year. It is the one and only day in the year when he trips the light fantastic.

But neither the state supper at the hotel nor the ball in the evening yields half as much pure delight as do the exercises in the park where the children frolic in the sunshine and breathe the scented air, for already in Western Canada the earth is literally clothed with flowers. The intoxication of the perfumed air, the jubilant bird-songs and the quick response of childhood to the call of nature combine to make May Day

> "The merriest, maddest, gladdest day
> Of all the glad new year."

And while to the south the foaming Fraser plunges along its swift descent to the sea, and the white cone of Mount Baker stretches up into the blue, to the east tower the Cascades, silent, serene, majestic, the eternal hills that keep benignant watch and ward over the innocent sports and pastimes of the children west of the Rockies.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE AND GUARD OF HONOR.

THE MAY-POLE DANCE, WITH THOUSANDS ASSEMBLED.

A Timely Complaint

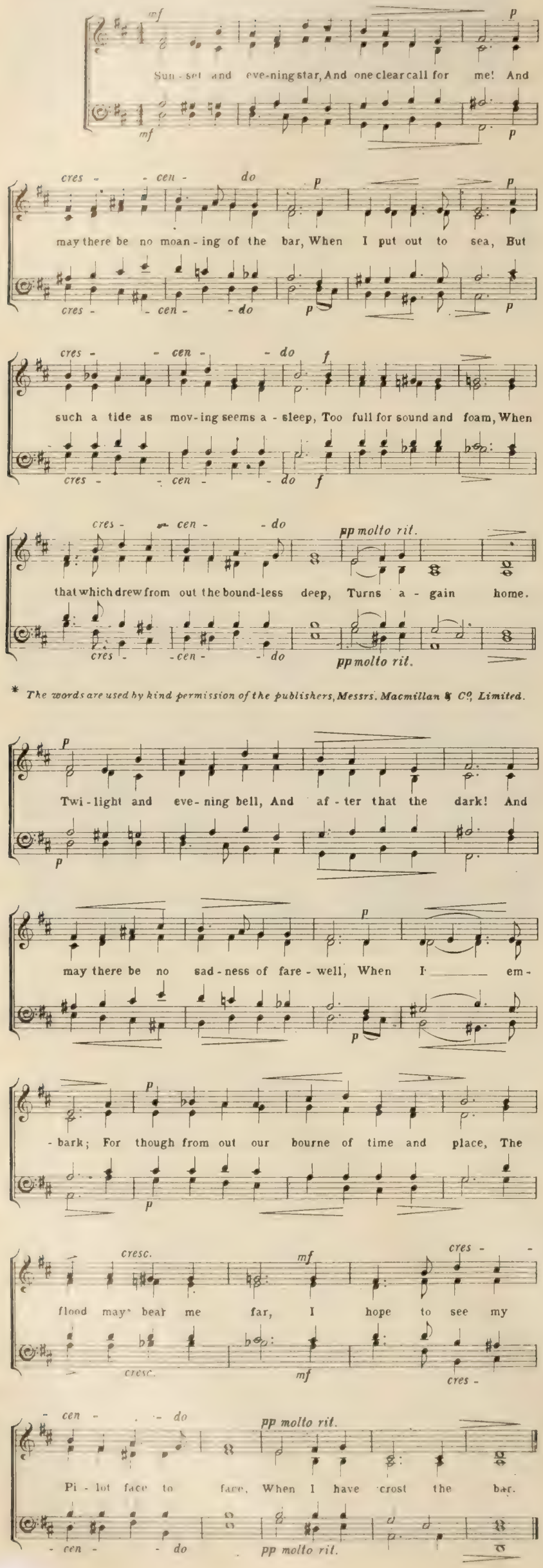
"LADY VAN," in the B. C. *Saturday Sunset*, registers a plea which ought to create sympathy in both East and West.

The public that travels out of Vancouver would be much obliged if someone would capture the Immigration Inspector who boards the trains at Vancouver, and send him back as a free gift to his country. He hangs around the ticket wicket and almost questions every ticket purchased. Then he descends to the train, goes through it and demands to see every person's ticket.

He even goes so far as to dictate to passengers as to what they shall do in the cars. In a day-coach recently he ordered a Swedish man to take his belongings out of the overhead rack. The Swede not knowing any better, was for doing as he was ordered when a passenger told him his rights and explained who the inspector was and how little authority he had in this country. The inspector, nothing daunted, went on down the car ordering other people to remove their parcels, when he struck a big lumber-jack who made a lunge at him. But the inspector was nearest the door and reached it and the station platform first. The general opinion was that if the "jack" had ever caught him, there would have been an ambulance call for the inspector.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* Albert Ham


Sun - set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And
may there be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea, But
such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When
that which drew from out the bound-less deep, Turns a - gain home.
Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark! And
may there be no sad - ness of fare - well, When I ____ em -
- bark; For though from out our bourne of time and place, The
flood may bear me far, I hope to see my
Pi - lot face to face, When I have crost the bar.

* *The words are used by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co, Limited.*

A Song of the Sunset

THE music reproduced on this page will, we are sure, appeal to our readers, as it is a most sympathetic setting of one of the finest lyrics in modern times. The poem, "Crossing the Bar," although not the last poem written by Lord Tennyson, has been placed as the concluding poem, in the authoritative editions. The reason for such choice as an ending is appreciated readily, as it embodies the very spirit and purpose of Tennyson's genius and life.

To the Englishman of imaginative fibre, the sea calls with a voice of tumult and of mystery, sinking at last into the murmur which tells of peace after strife. To Tennyson, the ocean was ever of life association—"unweakened, unwasted, twin brother of Time." As a dreaming boy, as a man saddened by loss of his dearest comrade, as a poet in his prime, watching the surf which broke in creamy lines of spray on the coast of the Isle of Wight, the late laureate of England was ever akin to the sea. When he had passed four score years and was waiting for the Great Release in the quiet gardens of Haslemere, his eyes and his fancy turned once more to the waves of the wonderful deep and he wrote this song of the sunset.

In his early manhood, the figure of Ulysses, the man of a myriad adventures, who "strove with Gods," attracted the poet's heart and we have that noble and robust poem of endeavor, in which the last picture is of the sea.

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die."

Then comes tempestuous "Locksley Hall," with its "hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts," and "The Voyage" with its hundred shores in happy climes and havens hid in fairy bowers. "Enoch Arden," over which our grandmothers wept, is a tragedy of the sea, with here and there a gleam of domestic happiness. No one who has read the poem can forget its haunting description of the lost sailor as he longed for a glimpse of a ship.

"The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

So, throughout the wonderful volume which forms the poet's life-work, the sea surges and ripples, always with an intimate association with human mood or destiny. The court of Arthur, which always had a fascination for the English poet, breaks up in confusion, and Arthur himself is borne away on an unknown sea, while Merlin the Magician, who had followed the higher path, exclaims:

"There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam."

It is no wonder, then, that this son of old Lincolnshire turns at the last once more to the sea and gives us this exquisite song of Peace.

* * *

THE music, as given here, was composed some years ago by D. Albert Ham, organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. Dr. Ham has written other musical compositions, among them a "March Militaire" which is highly popular. A despatch from London, England, announces the success won by the Coldstream Guards Band under Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie Rogan, Conductor, when they played this march at the Crystal Palace. This well-known composition is being played by many of the leading bands in the old land.

Dr. Ham is also conductor of the National Chorus, an organization which has done excellent work, especially in the reproduction of modern British choral compositions.

* * *

The Rain-Ring

By VIRNA SHEARD

On holidays when all the sky is just so clear and blue
It looks as though the floor of heaven was sort of shining through,
Why mother packs a basket up for Jess an' Joe an' me,
An' tells us "Darlings, don't get lost, an' come back home for tea."
But Aunt Jane only sighs an' says
"I guess you'll see them soon.
"For last night there was a *rain-ring,*
"A *rain-ring* round the moon."

An' when my kitten had a fit an' very nearly died,
An' flew all round and round the room, an' lay down on its side,
Why mother only kissed me an' then told me not to cry,
An' said that cats most every time get better by an' by.
But Aunt Jane only sighed an' then
She slowly shook her head,
"When kittens get to taking spells
"They're better *dead,*" she said.

An' sometimes when my lessons are so very hard to do
That after tea it seems as though I'd never learn them through,
Why mother only tells me while she puts my hair in curls,
"You'll learn them by an' by, sweetheart, like other little girls."
Then Aunt Jane's knitting needles stop
Just while she's time to say,
"There's some that learns and some that *don't,*
"I guess they're made that way."

But Jess an' Joe an' me, we *know* Aunt Jane is old an' sad,
An' we don't s'pose we'll ever have such troubles as she's had,
So it wouldn't matter what she said at morning, night, or noon
If she'd forget on picnic days that rain-ring round the moon.

In Quest of Beauty

An Architectural Study of how Beauty may Transform the Common-place

By COLLIER STEVENSON

GREAT personal beauty has from time immemorial wielded an incalculable force in the world, and we have but to turn to the pages of history, either sacred or secular, to judge in a slight measure the lengths to which it has lured both great and lowly. That great mind, Addison, once wrote, "There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to anything that is great or uncommon; the very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties." If the potentialities of personal beauty, then, be so great, is it not only fair to assume that the surroundings in which our lives are cast have a very important temperamental bearing upon us and our associates? And that the effect be beneficial, is it not eminently desirable that our surroundings be made as beautiful as lies in our power?

Many persons, while professedly lovers of the beautiful, go blindly on a path of mediocrity, imagining that for them beauty in their surroundings is quite unattainable, on account of intrinsic valuation. This is a most unfortunate conception, for true beauty (which a well-known writer informs us "consists either in gayety or variety of colors, in the symmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and disposition of bodies, or in a just mixture and concurrence of all together") is not only possible, but has frequently been attained with but trifling outlay.

Very often perseverance and elimination in place of addition, performs the beauty-seeker's work, for numberless are the homes which have gained in dignity and livableness by a careful process of "weeding out" many unnecessary and wearisome objects; often houses have been metamorphosed by the destruction of outbuildings which had outlived their original usefulness; many shops have gained new attraction by having "fronts" installed of simpler design and more quiet coloring, to replace the garish paint and worthless "decorations" which previously existed.

In the country, whereon Dame Nature smiles with particular graciousness, that divine spark—a love of beauty — which is claimed by some to be latent in all mankind, has not prevented serious errors on the part of the dwellers. Only a few years ago a prominent country club of Toronto purchased a large farm, of great natural beauty, situated at some little distance from town. Within a short space of time, at no sacrifice of its simple, old-time spirit, the roomy farmhouse blossomed out as a delightfully inviting clubhouse. The barn was next attacked and conquered, so completely that a real triumph may truthfully be said to have occurred. For years, its sides had been defaced by hideous signs, luridly advertising certain patent medicines. Now that barn by a coat of green shingle stain, has been made a thing of beauty, and melts into the green of the countryside, instead of flaunting a myriad of crude colorings to destroy the charm of the rural scene. It is something to be sincerely regretted that the spirit of commercialism has so engulfed our farming communities that many of the choicest bits of scenery in the land are destroyed by unsightly signs, not only on barns and outbuildings, but on huge signboards as well. It would appear from the vast number of such disfigurements that a love of beauty, if latent in all human beings, is certainly lamentably dormant in many.

* * *

IN random walks — sometimes in the city's crowded street, sometimes along verdant country roads — one pleasurably traces the proximity of a real beauty-lover. It may be denoted by nothing save a straggling little plant, high up in a dingy city window or it may be by a vine spreading its graceful mantle over some time-worn building, but one is cheered and uplifted, perhaps unconsciously, which after all is beauty's true mission.

In the accompanying illustrations are shown a number of buildings, each telling a little story of the results achieved by good taste and a discernment of beauty, rather than by a lavish money expenditure, and, in presenting them, it is with the hope that we may be aroused to the possibilities for beauty and individuality which lie in even the most prosaic things.

Situated in the midst of towering skyscrapers, on one of the most magnificent business thoroughfares of the continent, is a flower-shop, the very name of which—"The Sign of the Rose"—serves as an index to its unique character. It is but one storey and a half in height, and, possibly, by reason of the contrast, its diminutive proportions cause it to be the cynosure of all eyes. Certain it is that it is a veritable Mecca, both

A MODERN ICE HOUSE.

BLACKSMITH SHOP.

COAL, WOOD AND CEMENT EMPORIUM.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY INN.

ARTISTIC INTERIOR OF FLORIST'S SHOP.

for residents and tourists, so one is safe in saying that the breaking away from traditional lines has been a very successful experiment. Gustave Stickley—that master craftsman—designed not only the building, but the furniture as well, and for the construction of the former hard-burned red brick was used. Beneath the steeply-pitched slate roof, a frieze of dull yellow plaster affords the relief which is required, owing to the intensely dark-brown stain used for the exterior woodwork. At one side is a high brick wall, surmounted by cedar-bark boxes, filled with boxwood, while before the flower-shop are numerous clipped bay trees, always of great decorative value, and a sun-dial. The brown stained interior woodwork contrasts agreeably with the greyish-yellow walls, against which the flowers are displayed with wonderfully good effect. At all the windows hang curtains of deep cream fishnet, while an unexpected feature is the small corner fireplace of bricks precisely the same in shade as the red tiled floor, on which lies a rug of Oriental coloring. The conservatory is at the rear of the salesroom, and the illustration shows how effectively cedar bark has been utilized for the side walls, its natural surface being particularly good as a setting for the flowers. "The Sign of the Rose" is so refreshing in its originality and simplicity that it is a splendid example of what may be accomplished by a large outlay of brain power and a comparatively small outlay of currency.

There is undoubtedly a very potent fascination in a blacksmith shop, as we watch

"the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor,"

but on the exterior, even the most sanguine can discern very little attraction in the majority of cases. There is, happily, at least one notable exception to the rule, which was discovered in a little suburban village — really "discovered," for only a picturesque swinging sign at the street betrayed its presence, half-hidden by adjacent buildings. It is a small grey stone structure, to which an Elizabethan feeling has been imparted by the gable front of rough-hewn brown timber and grey plaster — just such a quaint little bit of design as one would expect to come upon in a ramble through some quiet corner of the Old Land. The initial cost of the "smithy" was lessened considerably by the immense quantity of building stone with which the locality abounds, but one can well imagine the design being carried out equally acceptably in either brick or dark-stained wood, where stone is prohibitive on account of its cost, to form a beauty spot in a Canadian village street.

EXTERIOR OF FLOWER SHOP.

* * *

WHO has not a mental picture of the conventional emporium for coal, wood and cement? It will scarcely coincide with a really artistic building situated within a stone's throw of the blacksmith shop. While very free in its interpretation, one traces a distinct "Mission" influence, not only in the wide-eaved roof, but in the generous employment of white plaster—probably the most suitable material for this style of architecture. Stone and buff brick also enter into the construction, giving a diversity of color and material unusual but very pleasing to the eye. The surroundings, too, are worthy of attention, their immaculate condition greatly enhancing the appearance of the property, and, one would assume, being a decided inducement to patronage.

Frequently we find in our oldest buildings a wealth of pleasing composition and delicate detail very often not attained in more modern work. It seems unfortunate, therefore, that so many of these buildings should be demolished or allowed to fall into disuse when careful restoration would give results astonishing to the initiated. That the pleasant task of restoration is not a fruitless endeavor is surely amply proven by two examples before us, "Valley Green" and "The Ice House."

More than a quarter of a century ago "Valley Green" commenced its career as a wayside inn, and time had dealt none too kindly towards it when its quaint, old-time charm was appreciated, leading directly to a successful restoration. In its new guise, it is one of the most tempting little tea-houses one could imagine, its raison d'etre being proclaimed by the ancient swinging sign with its gay coloring. As it now stands, the exterior walls are of ivory-white plaster, all the woodwork being of pure white, while a green stained roof harmonizes the building with its leafy backgrounds. In the foreground is a garden spot replete with all of our favorite old flowers, its boundary being a low stone wall, with a coping of green shingles. Entrance to the garden is by a little lych-gate, very simple in design, yet adding materially to the interesting qualities of the property. At one side is seen the driving shed, also carried out in a white and green color scheme, very similar in design to those in use when the wayside inn was built.

Who that has studied "Valley Green" is not convinced that restoration is an art worthy of attention? Let him, then, turn to "The Ice House," for in it even greater wonders were accomplished. It, too, in various roles, has passed the hundredth milestone. Being erected for a barn, transformed into an ice house, and finally emerging from the turmoil of years as a delightful home, has been its unusual experience. Even a casual glance at "The Ice House" reveals its beauty—due in a great measure to the interesting disposal of windows and doors, but also to the subdued coloring—grey walls and grey-green roof with dark-stained woodwork. Here we find, too, an illustration of the important relation which trees bear to the beautifying of our surroundings, as without them, the Ice House would undoubtedly lose much of its attractiveness. While in this instance many of the trees are very old, there are to be obtained many varieties which are of rapid growth, and which can be depended upon to very quickly transform into beautiful sylvan retreats the most barren looking sites. The poplar and willow are probably the best for this service, although in their old age they are unattractive to many people. It is, therefore, wiser to plant at the same time trees such as the maple, the elm and evergreens, so that the former may be removed when the latter have reached proportions sufficient for shade and protection.

* * *

A SUBJECT of which much has been written and of which much more remains to be said, is ecclesiastical architecture. It is, however, not with any intention of delving into this always fascinating but exhaustless topic that a church is included in our illustrations. While there is undoubtedly much worthy of careful study about this church, our purposes will best be served by noting the evidences of good taste and careful attention which are found both in the church itself and in its surrounding grounds. Vines have been freely employed to soften the contour of the edifice and at its base a low hedge shields the dividing line of masonry and sward, harmonizing the two elements. The churchyard is of generous proportions — another feature which church officials would be wise in taking to heart, as so many otherwise pleasing church exteriors are marred by that cramped appearance which is the result of having a large church on a small site. Surely real estate has not reached such a phenomenally high figure that we must practise rigid economy in providing a setting for the Place of Prayer—particularly in rural communities, where the church is usually not only the religious centre but the hub of social life as well. What has already been said of the beauty value of trees may be quoted in regard to our church sites as well, for they are indispensable to a really effective property, and in England, whence we glean so many desirable examples, the entrance to very many churchyards is marked by another attractive feature, a lych-gate. Our illustration, unfortunately, does not show the little lych-gate and the low stone wall surrounding the grounds, not unlike those which appear in the picture of "Valley Green," but these have both been important factors in the success of the landscape scheme, and are features which can safely be recommended to church officials interested in the creditable appearance of their church properties.

Civic beautifying is now receiving so much attention throughout not only our own fair land but other countries as well, that we, in the capacity of citizens, should realize that, unless we as individuals do our share, the most promising schemes will be set at naught. Cultivators of the land know what havoc can be wrought by the proverbial grain of mustard seed; just as this has a deleterious effect, so has one unsightly or neglected property a depreciating influence over the most beautiful adjacent sites, depreciating not only their appearance

THE TUPMAN-CAMERON AFFAIR

The Story of a Quiet Girl who Became a Conquering Heroine

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

YOU never can tell what kind of a girl a man is going to like. Did you ever notice how the most impossible girls get the best chances? Not that I consider Mr. Tupman a good chance, *really;* but just think of that Cameron girl! *My* dear, you *don't* mean to tell me you haven't heard of *the* Tupman?" Muriel, from the top of my desk, on which she was perched, eyed me with incredulous astonishment. When paying me a visit, she always seated herself on my desk, her daintily-shod feet resting on the one leather-covered chair the sanctum boasted. She rarely paid a visit unless she had important news or had recently passed through another of the interminable crises in her career.

"Is Mr. Tupman the latest victim?" I enquired.

Without deigning to notice my frivolity she continued: "Marion, I have begun to think I talk too much. Oh! *you* needn't laugh. I don't *really* talk a great deal and there are lots of times I don't talk at all. As far as that is concerned, I think we *both* talk too much for our own good—not that we say anything we shouldn't—but people get into the habit of expecting us to amuse them and they rarely make a special effort to entertain us. It makes me bitter at times. As far as men are concerned, it is always those in whom I'm not the least interested, whom I never try to be nice to, who talk to me the most and seem to enjoy my company. I'm arriving at the conclusion that the creatures *prefer* monopolizing the conversation."

"But what has that to do with Mr. Tupman? Have you been casting your pearls before him?"

"Mr. Tupman, my dear," she replied, ignoring my sarcasm, "Mr. Tupman is the man who has made me *think,* that is, Mr. Tupman and that Cameron girl—the one who looks like a martyred saint and lives up to appearances.

"You haven't heard about them and it has been going on for weeks and weeks? I forgot you were only a poor editor-lady who wasn't supposed to know really important current events. But I don't see how the greatest excitement our church has ever known can altogether have escaped your notice.

"Talk about Halley's comet! It waxes pale before the lurid light of Theodore Augustus Tupman. Did you ever hear such a ridiculous name? The 'fierce light that beats upon the throne' is nothing to the limelight that has played upon the sainted Theodore ever since his advent, who is he? The manager of K. and P.'s big new manufacturing plant. Sprang into the lofty position from a humble one in a small town where he was elder in the church, Sunday school teacher, a tower of strength in the village choir and Lord High Everything else. It is *my* private opinion, however, that he is using religion to help him out in a business way. Oh, of course I don't really mean that he isn't perfectly straight, but don't you think there is something queer about a young man who takes all his diversion out of going to church? I don't see how he has time for anything else.

"Marion, if any of your male 'Constant Readers' want to know how a young man can become notorious without making a dash for the poles or inventing a long distance airship, tell them to go to a new town and step into a church where passable unmarried males are scarce and attend all the services. If a man wants to be positively yellow, all he has to do is to follow this up by picking out one girl and paying her marked attention.

"*That* is exactly what Theodore Augustus *did* do.

"Just imagine anything of the kind in our church. It is perfectly lovely, of course, staid, dignified and eminently respectable, the kind where families attend for generations. But nobody would ever accuse it of pandering to popular taste. We are never crowded out of our pews by newcomers. Of course, our dear old doctor has the greatest hold on all of us and his sermons are wonderful. After having baptized us and married us and buried us for—now, what *are* you laughing at? You know perfectly well he isn't a popular preacher.

"Well, that was the reason Mr. Tupman was so conspicuous the first Sunday morning. He was new and though he was being ushered to a pew, he walked up the aisle as if he owned the whole church. He sat just a few seats in front of us. Dick said he had never seen him before and he didn't see why I should be interested in such an ordinary-looking specimen. He wasn't greatly distinguished-looking but he did look so good. Even his appearance doesn't grow on one. You feel you have seen all that is worth noticing the first time.

"When I went to Sunday school, the stranger was there, directly across the room where he couldn't help looking straight at me if he looked at all. I was *so* glad I had worn my new fur turban. Don't you think it is becoming? I have a class of the dearest little girls, *so* affectionate. Our superintendent says it is quite touching to see their devotion to me. The stranger seemed to notice it, too. He kept looking across. That Cameron girl has a class right next, but, of course, no one would have expected anybody to look at her.

"After the lesson, the new man was on the platform. Mr. Alexander explained that he had only come to the city the day before and already attended two services in the church with which he intended to identify himself. He hoped the teachers and officers would make Mr. Tupman feel at

home and requested us to remain afterwards and meet him. Then he asked him to pray. I was a little disappointed in his voice. I believe we can tell a great deal by voices. Still, I was determined to be pleasant to him for Mr. Alexander's sake if for no other reason. I *did* think some of the girls were just a little too eager to make him feel at home. The Cameron girl didn't say a word—just looked at him. Wasn't it sly of her?

"He was at church again at night and the next evening there was a reception and exhibition of work given by the Ladies' Aid. In the committee room, there was a display of the goods to be distributed among the poor for Christmas. There were any number of women, girls and married men when Connie and I arrived. Several of us were talking in a corner when I looked up and saw Mr. Tupman surrounded by the superintendent of the Sunday school and at least six married women. Connie Young looked, too, then she whispered to me, 'Isn't it disgraceful the way even married women monopolize young men? I know he isn't having a bit of a good time.'

"Connie and I were just starting over to rescue him, not really going straight for him, but moving slowly in that direction so he could make an excuse to join us, when who should bear down on top of us but Mrs. Sylvester. She blocked up our way, filled every inch between the table and the wall and you can just imagine how she gushed over the display, over us and everything else, including Mr. Tupman. It didn't strike us until the next day that she was Angelina Cameron's aunt. Her ladyship hadn't paid much attention to Angelina previous to that.

"By the time she had finished with us, everyone had disappeared into the church parlors—at least, Mr. Tupman had. After we had been received by at least a dozen people and had time to look around, what do you suppose we saw? Mrs. Sylvester steering the one and only man straight for that Cameron girl. He was even looking pleased and he sat right down in the vacant chair next to her and seemed to enjoy himself.

"Later, we sat down in the chairs behind them—because they were the only convenient ones, of course. You *know* Marion—you had *better* apologize. What did Connie say? She said she thought it so well-bred of him not to look bored and she *did* pity him.

"You don't remember the Cameron girl at school? Don't you remember that goody-goody frump who was always bringing flowers to Miss Ellis? She still seems to consider it sinful to wear her clothes decently—at least she did until Theodore Augustus appeared. She wasn't striking in any way, just plain goods. It wears well, but you know, that alone isn't very attractive. Why, we never thought of talking to her about anything but the Sunday school lesson or the weather. She is one of the people with whom you always discuss the weather and it doesn't matter whether she agrees with you or not.

"Well, he simply stayed with her all evening, discussed every number of the programme and when refreshments were served, never let his attention wander from her for a minute. We had never noticed before that her hat was becoming. The one she wore all summer was hideous and made her look years older than she is.

"Everyone was talking about them, or rather about him. Everybody was asking who he was and even dear old Mr. McDonald was laughing over it. He said that the namesake of the immortal Tracy had not only dazzled the session, but upset all the sacred traditions of the church. He hadn't waited for the slow process of adoption; he had appropriated everything in sight including 'that demure Miss Cameron.'

"He went home with her at the close and she looked actually kittenish. Demure, indeed! I am positive he was the very first man who had ever paid her the least bit of attention.

"You never saw so many people as there were at prayer-meeting Wednesday night. There wasn't any skating and Connie and I like to go, anyway. It is *such* a help having the Sunday school lesson taken up there.

"She sat right next to us. Why, Angelina Cameron, of course. Mr. Tupman was there, too, right up at the front. She colored slightly when he was asked to pray. Connie said it was a regular brick red. Connie *does* make extreme remarks when she doesn't like people. But then, she is *so* loyal to her friends.

"He couldn't get away to go home with her; there were so many trying to make him feel at home. Connie and I were detained and he overtook us. Mrs. Sylvester was saying good-night to Mrs. Holmes at the very first corner and she attached herself to us. Of course he had to go home with the lady who was all alone and had such a distance to go!

"The next Sunday, Angelina's hair was done in most elaborate puffs. It looked positively sinful on her, though much more becoming. *He* didn't seem to mind when he met her at the door and walked off with her afterwards.

"Nothing else was talked of for weeks—not until the excitement of the Christmas holidays. We were beginning to take it as a matter of course. We thought he would soon find out how dull she really was and lose interest in her, when she appeared two weeks ago with a perfectly lovely triple

Continued on page 23

MAKING ALLOWANCES

Shall the Women of the Household have a Separate Purse

When we asked for an expression of opinion from HOME JOURNAL readers on the subject of allowances, we hardly expected such a varied and interesting expression of opinion as we have received. As this subject is of increasing interest to women in these days when feminine independence is becoming so common, we intend to publish from time to time communications on the matter of allowances. Our first contribution in the present instance is from a lady who knows whereof she speaks and who writes a most instructive letter, as you may judge from what follows.

* * *

IT was in the days when as a bachelor maid, I was earning a good salary, that my ideals of matrimonial happiness received a blow. While discussing the growth and welfare of certain ladies' societies a friend remarked that Mrs. A— was unable to become a member of such societies because she lacked the money for the annual membership fee. Knowing Mr. A— to be a man in comfortable circumstances and also knowing that he was a member of several expensive clubs, it aroused my indignation that his wife should be treated so unfairly.

Now that my eyes were opened, I began to learn that more than one woman was many times embarrassed from lack of a little money she could call her own. Surely this was the solution for a large part of the unhappiness in too many homes.

When the right man came along, I could not ignore this vexatious question. Knowing my own independent nature, which independence the ability to earn a comfortable salary had not had a tendency to lessen, clearly before me loomed up a most unhappy future unless this question was settled. I would not place myself in the mortifying position of meek little Mrs. A—. How could the subject be broached?

My betrothed and I were still on the sunny side of twenty-five and our future looked rose-tinted and full of promise. However, earning our own living had developed our practical common sense and quite frequently we descended from the castle-building and dream clouds to discuss matters earthly and material. Thus it chanced one day, my beloved dropped a remark re allowances and quickly did I seize it and ask for his ideas on this allowance question. It was a great relief and joy to me to know that some thought had been given the problem and to hear him say it was every woman's right to have a certain sum of money, the amount in proportion to the income, about the expenditure of which her husband asked no questions. How good to know this menace to our happiness had been removed before the final vows were taken and on that matter, and other minor ones which grow out of it, it would be clear sailing.

Immediately after our marriage a home was purchased upon which a balance remained to be paid and it was necessary for us to figure rather closely in order to meet our payments. We experimented the first few weeks, keeping a careful itemized account of our expenses and at the end of that time we decided that by my husband supplying fuel, light and meat, five dollars per week would enable me to "run" the house and still save a modest little sum for "pin money." We utilized our garden plot and raised a sufficient quantity of vegetables for table use and for our winter supply of pickles. Thus we have been able to pay off the balance against our home and I have never been humiliated by having to confess that I lacked money of my very own.

* * *

THE second contribution consists of a paper by Mrs. David Miller, president of Warsaw Women's Institute, who wrote a most suggestive article on "The Private Purse."

Should there, or should there not exist separate purses in the family for husband, wife and children? To teach the children the value of money and unselfishness—yes. For the purposes of convenience and economy the wife certainly should have one, that husband and wife may spend what and where they like without in any way considering the other, no. That the wife may be paid—no, she cannot be that. No. A feeling of either dependence or independence should never exist, that the child may purchase whatever it chooses. Many other conditions argue for and against the "separate purse." The sum and substance of all is that to a certain extent there should be and beyond that point there should not be.

Beginning with the child, a separate purse or bank account for each child, just so soon as he or she begins to know what money will do—how it can be used, or abused, with careful guidance will generally teach a child not to waste money, and also to be generous. If the child is given a certain amount, increasing as he grows older, and told that that sum is to provide certain things, he will learn to keep within bounds unless he has found out that if he does spend his money foolishly, his parents will unquestionably procure the needed things anyway. Every child should be taught to save his collection money, and to make little gifts out of his allowance, and share treats bought with it. This teaches the child generosity. Many parents rigidly keep the child to procuring certain necessaries, but tell him that anything he buys with his own money is his own to be used for himself. I have seen a child buy a few candies and offer other members of the family a share and be thanked but told, "You keep them for yourself, you bought them with your own money." Perhaps in later years the parent may wonder why the child is so selfish.

Then, too, it is wise to teach the child that he should save part of whatever he has for church and Sunday school collections, for missions and charities, teaching him that he is responsible for a certain share in the world's work. Money spent in pushing a "hobby" should practically all come out of the child's allowance and if he persists in wearing old shoes and spending more on his "hobby," he will value his hobby more, and make it of greater use to himself, especially if the parent insist that the old shoes be kept neat, and when they are absolutely necessary, insist on new ones. It sometimes happens that a boy or girl will sacrifice absolute necessities to a hobby, either hoping the parent will make good, which teaches debt, or willing to go untidy, which teaches thriftlessness. The child's purse while his own, should be carefully and kindly guarded. An unlimited supply of money—or even a limited supply unguarded or with no restrictions—is ruinous.

In the papers we often see much about the private purse. One hears of it on all hands, if around where many people are. It does seem that the cry the wife should have an allowance (as though she were some child), that she should be paid, that she should be independent, arises out of conditions that should not, nay *cannot* exist in the home where the true idea of marriage exists. Husband and wife are one, and all matters of expenditure should be considered together. Of course, this does not mean that every five cents a husband or wife spends, he or she should take specific pains to tell to the other. Indeed, for matters of economy and convenience, there should be separate purses. The wife has left her own home or given up a good position, and the man who takes her from it is in all honor bound to provide for her as well as she has been, if it is in his power, and to improve if possible, and, even if he has taken her from nothing, he is bound to do his best, if he has any man in him, and the wife has a right to expect it, to take it as her right. At the very outset and through all time, conditions should be considered; each must trust the other and resolve to live within circumstances. On existing income, each should make an estimate of what is needed and right for expenses, and proper clothes are as much a necessity as is our bread and butter. Neither man nor woman, if possible to avoid it, should be improperly clothed. A certain amount of pleasure-making should be provided for, as "a little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men," but the nonsense should only be a relish, not a steady diet.

A wife should never have to "beg" and haggle for every cent she wants, nor for anything. Some men do consider that every time a wife asks for money it is their duty to haggle the amount down, or try to, until the wife is in a state of nervous collapse every time she wants anything. This condition is often caused by the wife herself not knowing what she does want, or by her imagining her husband does not like her needing things. She cannot keep house nor dress on air, and she should maintain her dignity and not put her needs in a begging form, but take them as a matter of course. In some few cases the husband will haggle anyway. Well, such men have no business to have wives and their home certainly cannot be ideal.

It is sometimes said that the wife does more than any hired help could or would do, in addition to her duties as wife. Therefore she should be paid. My husband could not insult me more than offer to pay me, he could not do it; no husband could *pay* his wife. Her work, her responsibility, her care, cannot be paid for in money value, it can only be paid for by a devoted life. Neither is the wife in the home a child to be given an allowance to do what she can with it. True, many a woman does not know the value of money. But for convenience and economy it would seem to be better that there be money that can be used when needed by husband and wife—I would not say by the children—be it kept in purses, teapots, clocks, boxes or what not. And if there be a certain fixed salary coming in, then it would seem that a certain proportion be set aside for the proverbial "rainy day," a certain amount for household expenses, clothing, improvement, pleasure, etc. If no certain amount comes in, then it is obvious no certain amount can be set aside; but for con-

Continued on page

CANADIAN GIRLS' ... CLUB ...

Dear Girls of the Club:—

Who would willingly stay indoors this kind of weather when everything outside is calling so persuasively? The "Wanderlust" is compelling. I want to be out on the streets and roads, talking to new people (not strangers), for if we have nothing else in common there's the joy in just living when the air is so soft and fresh. Are you, who are reading this, one who has that same feeling? Perhaps you are one of those who have written to me. I want to tell you all collectively that I feel just the same—or more so if possible. I have room for just one of the letters I've received.

Dear Secretary:—

Here are five subscriptions, and while I am just in the humor I'm writing you all about them. It's a long time since I was out before—every day seemed so crammed with things to do, calls and dressmaking and teas and household matters, but this warm sunny afternoon I could stand the call no longer, so I shoved everything aside and was out by 2 o'clock. I turned in first at a neat little place with garden beds all ready on each side of the walk. The nicest, middle aged lady with parted grey hair was just coming out and met me at the steps. I explained who I was and what the JOURNAL was. She said "Come and sit down, my dear, and tell me all about it. I didn't know there was a Canadian magazine like this." So I showed her and in five minutes I had her order, but we sat and talked for half an hour about gardens and flowers and arrangements, and I'm going back there to see her plants in a couple of months. She wants that article on "Fertilizing" in the April number; will you hurry a copy on to her?

A subscription at the first place—it was very encouraging. I started to count on my left hand little finger first, and determined to get a handful that afternoon. Next two places the women were not at home and at the next the "madam" assured me that she had more reading than she could manage now. That would have settled it for me when I first joined the Club, but now it was just an opening. I soon found that she hadn't a thing like THE HOME JOURNAL, wasn't very much interested in any part of the papers they were taking, and when she said "Why, that's just the way I feel" about something in "Around the Hearth" and "I wish I had made my dress like this one," I started to write her name in my book. I warrant you never find a more interested subscriber. I wonder if I'm a natural born "Converter" I enjoy so much making people like the things I do.

Then there were several places where I couldn't get an order. Some were out, some were subscribers, others said "call back." I was wondering if that handful was going to materialize. Then I came across a subscriber whose subscription ended with May; she was glad to be saved the trouble of writing and getting postal order, etc. Two more "call backs." Then a place with several children, who all wanted to "see too." While the mother went inside to get her sewing I read "Running Rabbit Stories," and such a volley of "Was Running Rabbit little and poor once? Did rabbits talk then? Were the mice just like our mice? Could the bow shoot as far as that tree?" Whether I could have secured an order from mamma I can't say, for the children did all the persuading.

That was four, and getting late, so I thought of an easy one and went down to the shop and told Mr. Henderson he ought to give Mary a subscription for her birthday next week. He shook his finger under my nose and called me a fraud and said he was "broke" and did I think round silver dollars grew on all oak trees, and then drew out a big roll and peeled off a five-dollar bill. I assured him I carried lots of change for such occasions and handed him over the four. It's always well for financiers, promoters and such to appear very rich, I understand.

That made the handful and I called it a day. It may not appear much to some of those city "members."

Very Sincerely,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

* * *

There's a vacation trip for July and August—the weather man says they will be about the hottest on record. It's two weeks of holidays on the shore of Kawartha Lake for members of the Canadian Girls' Club. Any member can entirely earn this trip, partly earn it, or have the benefit of our special prices. I wish every Journal girl reader would become a member of the Club and that every member would interest a friend. Write me to-day to learn about this trip.

Very sincerely,

SECRETARY CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB.

IN A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF MUSKOKA

THE MORE nearly you approach perfection in bedding, the more nearly you approach ideal rest. The "Gold Medal" idea in mattress making marks an advance in cleanliness and comfort that is surprising and is sweeping the country like a tidal wave. Nothing has ever been produced in Canada that compares in luxury and satisfaction with

Gold Medal
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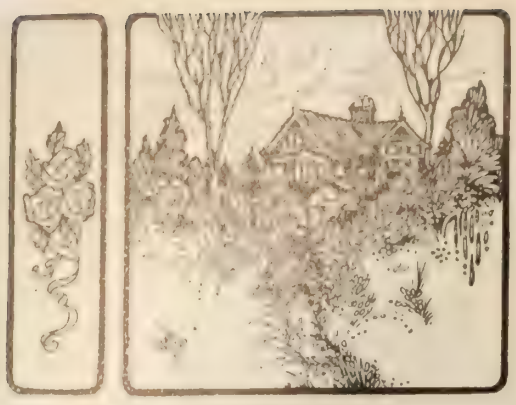
"Hercules"
Bed Springs

which make an ideal combination for comfort. The best mattress can be spoiled by using poor springs, and "Hercules" springs have such wonderful strength and resiliency that no one who has ever tried them will ever want to use any other.

"Gold Medal" Felt Mattresses cost $12.00 and $14.00, according to quality, and are on sale by over twelve hundred wide-awake dealers all over Canada.



Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"I'll send ye a braw new goun, Jeanie,
The braw'st in a' the toun, lassie,
An' it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set roun', lassie."

* * * *

"An' a' that's mine, is thine, lassie."

WE'LL TALK "ALLOWANCE."

"DID you not make an arrangement with your husband before you married him that you were to have so much for your own use, dress and pocket money?"

I stared. There were three of us walking together. It sounded cool-blooded, but she seemed in earnest, and her face had that set look which denoted her individual ability to carry out her suggestion. Mention such a sordid thing as money, a maiden in love with a great-hearted hero, who has repeatedly told her he was longing for the day to come when he could lavish his all upon her! What! Ask him to tell in cold calculating figures what sum he would be willing to stipulate at stated periods, why all sentiment and romance would fly in the face of it! Without a doubt in her mind, she believes that with him, as with Jamie of Scotch song. "A' that's mine is thine, lassie," and she never hesitates to throw in her future with the man she loves without question or parley, and in thousands of cases never has cause to regret it.

Then what is the matter, why cannot they all be happy? Because—oh, say, it is such a broad question because I scarce know where to tackle it—but, because women are not all alike, and have not all been money earners before marriage, so do not know the pleasure and independence of handling an "amount"; and because there are men who are not liberal, in fact they are downright mean and stingy; and more because there are others who like to spend the money themselves, to be sure it is wisely expended, and that they are not deprived of a single pleasure or benefit. Yet, because they do not seem to realize the humiliation a woman experiences every time she has to ask for money, the feeling of utter dependence on his gracious or otherwise moods; and last, because women feel that they are entitled to at least the common wages of a helper in the home, when they do the four-fold work of a wife, mother, housekeeper and servant.

"Do I not give you all the money you need?" a man asks.

That is not the question. Next to the pleasure of earning money is the planning and saving of it, and when a woman is doled out money just as she needs it, she is deprived of that prerogative, and her capabilities as a financier are never recognized. I am not addressing the women who do not appreciate business system in their calling as home-keepers, nor those who would thriftlessly go through an allowance, and others who prefer the get-as-much-as-you-can method, and are incapable of spending economically. But I speak to the wise housekeeper, who delights in handling money to advantage, to the clever woman who can purchase better than her husband, to the shrinking one who is timid in asking for money, and the longing heart that has never been offered a five dollar bill to spend in all the years of her married life.

* * *

THERE are many domestic problems to solve at the present day, the high price of living, the servant question, but greater than any other is this matter of money. I think I am perfectly safe in saying that nine-tenths of the dissatisfaction and unrest in home life arises from the fact that "there's no money in it." The boys and girls leave home, they seek situations where they can have money without begging for it. No wonder the young people leave the farm, and flock to the cities! If, instead of pocketing all the cash for produce and placing it in the banks, the farmer would hand his son and daughter even half what he would be forced to pay for hired help far less efficient because disinterested—there would be something to look forward to, and live for, and the hard work would be made endurable. It is not encouraging for a boy to drub away year after year for his board and clothes, with the distant prospect of owning the place at some future day, in the meantime asking his father for the price every time he wants to treat his "girl," or take a little hard-earned pleasure.

Young blood needs something tangible, some inspiration, the life is too prosy, too monotonous, and the children strike out and leave the home, because they can handle their earnings, and enjoy the fruits of their work. The old folks toil on, early and late, and retire when they are all crippled with rheumatism, and often too far advanced in life to take any enjoyment out of the money so carefully hoarded. They move into town, and the old man rests on the veranda in a comfortable chair, reading and conversing about told times, while the "guid wife" struggles with new conditions, learning to cook with coal or gas, and poor soul, how she does miss her income, the butter and egg money!

On the other hand the town couple who have been engaged in business, have had their upward struggle, too. They have had to meet competition and loss, with a family of small children to clothe and educate, and many times puzzled to make ends meet. Many a woman has been urged to scrimp and save in the early years of married life in order that "we may have it easier after we grow older." The years roll on, and they have gone without many of the luxuries of life, and deprived themselves of the pleasures that tempted them, wife doing her own work, and most of her sewing, but the bank account kept swelling, and the time becomes ripe to retire.

* * *

"LISTEN to me," said an irate little wife of ten years, "I have asked for money for the last time, if we live together till we're eighty I'll never again say I want money. The idea of singling out a five-dollar bill from a roll of fifty for me to go down town shopping. One pair of hose all round, and a few other necessities and it has all gone, and down I go on my knees for more. No, sir! I'll run bills with the shoe man, the dry goods man, no more of this begging for me." Her policy may have been strenuous, but who could blame her, for her only alternative was an everlasting appeal, and any woman of spirit resents being dependent for what is hers by right? A man should use his brains in this direction, as well as in money-getting, and discover what it means to purchase clothing for the family, and then hand out what is necessary without being continually solicited. If the business a man is engaged in represents one-half of life, surely the management of his home and family is the other half. If it requires money to conduct one-half of the enterprise, the affairs of the other half demand it too, and this is the starting point for adjustment.

Where a man receives a stated salary, it is not difficult to estimate the various expenditures, and apportion the amount, deciding whether it belongs to the business part, or otherwise. For instance, a man pays rent or taxes, as the case may be, fuel, light and water rates, his own clothing, insurance, his society expenses, and extras, such as new furniture, doctor bills, and so forth. The wife looks after the grocer and butcher, baker and milkman, the help, her own and children's clothing, the house linen, church money, etc.

It is not so easy to reckon where the income is not an assured one, and is variable. Sometimes a man requires in his business all the ready money he can command, and is unable to be systematic in giving an allowance. But all that can be arranged without difficulty by consulting the requirements of the women interested, for no two would probably desire to meet the same claims. One would prefer a large sum, paying all the bills, reserving all she can manage to save for her own account; while another would only care to have allotted to her just what was necessary for dress and pin money, with what she requires to pay in cash at the door for milk or bread tickets, and laundry.

* * *

I BELIEVE in an allowance, not only for a wife, but for the sons and daughters. It teaches children the value of money, as nothing else can. I do not advocate the haphazard way it is frequently given and the habit of supplementing funds for careless spenders, but on a certain date gives a specified sum, which must be made to last until next pay day. Allow them to borrow and lend in a business way among themselves, but not exceed their allowance. Begin when they are very young, and the amount only ten cents a week, giving them to understand what they are expected to do with it, then increase the amount and responsibility, as the years are added. If they practise spending it foolishly, let them suffer the want of a much needed pleasure occasionally, and soon they will learn the self-denial that enables them to discriminate. When a boy or girl arrives at sixteen, it should not be a difficult task to plan ten dollars a month, buying their own clothes, and having pocket money.

I have often puzzled to understand why men are so unwilling to concede this much-to-be-desired right to their wives. I want to proclaim with no uncertain ring that I favor the allowance idea. It would forever put to flight the longing a woman has to create a "career" for herself, outside her home interests, whereby she could make money, her very own to spend as she likes; it would solve the hateful problem of asking for money; and dispense with the discouragement a woman experiences when called to account for how she spends every fifty cents, or to itemize every household need subject to a man's approval. "I need some new curtains," she ventures timidly. "Those are all right, I see no reason for such expenditure."

* * *

OH, men, blind and stupid on this point, wake up! Give your wives a chance to prove that they have business stamina in their make-up as well as you, make it a point to discover just what their wishes are, and see to it they are respected. It may only be five dollars you can afford, but "shell it out" freely, tell her it is her own to spend as she likes, and ten chances to one she will put it into some coveted article

Do not, I entreat of you, if you still persist in making her ask for money, answer her after the fashion of some men, "What, out of money again! I am sure I cannot see what you do with it. I never saw any one spend so much, with so little to show for it." Another popular response to the question which is always a cringing one to ask, is a bill thrown down rudely with the remark, "You are always wanting money." To be sure she is always wanting money, and always will while she caters to the welfare of you and your children. Why, what else would you expect but she would want money, and why don't you hand it out like a man, and as though she was deserving of her share of your salary? No wonder there are so many "bachelor girls" at the present day. Do you suppose they have watched this little pantomime going on for years, and not given heed to the lesson?

"Not I, thank you," said a jolly spinster, "there are no ropes to bind me, I am like the giddy fly,

'I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the trees.'

"A nine-hundred-dollar salary is good enough for me, with my freedom alongside. Last year I took in the Exposition at Seattle, next year I intend going to Europe. Heigho, where would all my fine times go, were I in matrimony's bonds?"

But I must stay my pen, the subject is a wide one, I have only skimmed over the top, but hope other readers of the HOME JOURNAL will take advantage of the Editor's request, and send in their opinions. Let us hope and look forward to a reformation, to the conversion of the mind masculine, enabling him to view this subject from a woman's standpoint.

The Dressing Table

THE greaseless cream has become to many women a far more attractive toilet luxury (or necessity) than any other. The following recipe is said to make a good face cream or jelly. Use as you would any other face cream, massaging it into the skin whenever necessary. It is called benzoin cream jelly.

Gum tragacanth, white, 120 grains; water, fourteen ounces; glycerin, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, two drams; borax powder, 120 grams; white rose extract, four drams. Macerate the tragacanth in the water until perfectly soft and dissolve the borax in the glycerin. Mix the two solutions, add the tincture and strain through muslin.

We must always remember, however, the difference between skins and the necessity for studying the texture before applying a remedy. Any cream which contains beeswax, spermaceti, or petroleum would be more harmful than curative for cleansing of a skin already sensitive. So, for the woman who cannot be sure that her cold cream will not contain these ingredients, a writer suggests using the following liquid cleanser instead: Almond oil, four ounces; rose water, four ounces. If this face wash is used every night, with more or less elaboration as the skin needs, the complexion will be kept in good shape all the winter long, for the hot bath opens pores, the massage stimulates them and makes the muscles firmer, and the oil or cream feeds the flesh and gives it a purer tint.

Madame Sara Bernhardt has a skin tonic which she is said to use after her bath. This is easily made at home and, as is rightly claimed, is most stimulating and soothing to tired nerves. Here is the formula: Alcohol, ½ pint; spirits of camphor, 2 ounces; spirits of ammonia, 2 ounces; sea salt, 5 ounces; boiling water enough to make 1 quart. Put into a bottle and shake until the salt is dissolved. Always agitate before using.

* * *

IN order to preserve a fine head of hair one must realize that the possession and retention of good hair depends almost entirely on the healthy condition of the scalp. Directly there is any sign here of excessive dryness or moisture, of dandruff, or anything else amiss, steps should be taken to remedy it; if it is allowed to continue the hair will assuredly suffer by falling out, or losing color, or becoming brittle or dull and lifeless—all signs of loss of health. And these remarks apply with great force to children.

In preserving the hair then, it is all important to keep the scalp healthy. When hair becomes brittle and lifeless, and early signs of loss of color are apparent, the cause in nine cases out of ten lies in the minute vessels of the scalp having become clogged with some extraneous matter, such as scurf, or with dried perspiration on the one hand, or that their action has become dull and torpid, and if this is allowed to continue a practical atrophy of the hair follicles is to be feared. To rectify this, patient means must be adopted to stimulate the action of the deadened, heavy tissues so that the secretion from the glands may continue unchecked, and this is best done by the careful, systematic and vigorous massage.

To begin with, it is little good continually pouring liquid on to the head; if used, it must be applied to the scalp, the hair being carefully parted in orderly sequence so that the whole scalp is equally treated. It takes a long time, and is somewhat arm-aching work if the services of a maid or professional masseuse must be dispensed with and one's hair is long, but it is absolutely necessary. In the second place, the treatment should be systematic, carried out quite regularly, and without intermission, according to the scheme being followed, and in the third it must be vigorous, the scalp being well rubbed up and down with the fingers till it glows and becomes slightly reddened. In this way in the first place, the muscles and fatty tissues which lie beneath and in which all growth and coloring potentialities reside, are strengthened, instead of merely lightly touching the probably already hardened epidermis; and, in the second, a healthy circulation is promoted in the sluggish skin.

There has never been a time when artificial hair was so much worn. The prevailing modes of hairdressing cannot be evolved from one's natural crop, no matter how luxuriant it may be. Thick, abundant hair now, instead of being a woman's glory, handicaps her when she wishes to be well *coiffée*. The little hair which is allowed to show in front may or may not be the wearer's lawful property, but the back, and the thick plait which sets it round, must be borrowed from other heads. To achieve a perfect effect there must not be any short hairs in this ubiquitous plait, and any woman will know that such evenness is not to be found in her natural hair.

* * *

NOTHING will spoil the appearance of an otherwise attractive face more than badly-kept, decayed teeth. Bad teeth are sometimes hereditary, but more often than not the trouble is entirely due to careless brushing, and to the extremes of heat and cold to which the teeth are subjected by hot and iced foods and drinks.

The teeth should be cleansed at least twice a day, but if the brushing is not correctly done, it will do more harm than good. Use a rotary motion with the toothbrush, so that the bristles will penetrate between the teeth, and do not forget to brush the upper teeth downwards, and the lower teeth upwards, before finishing the cleansing process.

If the teeth are very irregular it is a good plan to use dental floss between them, where it is impossible for the bristles to penetrate.

If the teeth are cleaned twice a day, the best times are the morning, and evening before retiring. It is not necessary to use tooth-powder both times, but use tepid water always, never cold nor hot. A weak solution of borax is an excellent thing to use as a mouth wash last thing at night.

One of the best whitening dentifrices is finely-powdered charcoal, and precipitated chalk is equally good as a cleansing powder.

Tooth powders are notoriously expensive, and those who wish to practise certain small economies will be surprised to see how much may be saved by making their own tooth powders. Here are two simple ones which anybody could make with little trouble:

Tooth Powder No. 1.—Precipitated chalk, 4 ounces; pulverized borax, 2 ounces; powdered myrrh, 1 ounce; pulverized orris, 1 ounce. Mix and sift through fine bolting cloth.

Tooth Powder No. 2.—Precipitated chalk, 4 ounces; powdered orris root, 8 ounces; powdered camphor, 1 ounce. Reduce the camphor to a fine powder in a mortar, moistening it with a very little alcohol. Add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly, and sift through fine bolting cloth.

Why Have Grey Hair?

Why have grey hair when **PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR** will restore it to its natural color in a few days, at the same time making it glossy and beautiful. This harmless, clear as water preparation, which contains no poisonous sugar-of-lead, and is not sticky or greasy like lead and sulphur preparations, has been used successfully for years, it has our personal reputation and that of the other **Princess Toilet Preparations** behind it. It is:

Easy to apply—does not rub off—has no odor—cannot be detected—best for brown or black hair not more than half grey—keeps the hair fluffy and natural—use it and the hair will not have a dyed appearance—always safe to use. PRICE $1.00, delivered, if your druggist doesn't keep it.

A liberal sample of Hair Rejuvenator and booklet "H" sent on application.

Superfluous Hair

Warts, Powder Marks, Moles, Red Veins, "Cow Licks," Etc., permanently removed by our antiseptic method of Electrolysis, which is safe, sure, practically painless, and satisfaction assured in each case.

Bear in mind there is positively no other treatment or preparation that will permanently remove hair from the face.

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It differs from most underwear that the wool is natural color undyed and free from all chemicals.

It differs from ordinary underwear in quality, in weave, in make, in material, in style, in wear, in comfort.

JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR gives complete satisfaction. What is your experience with other underwear?

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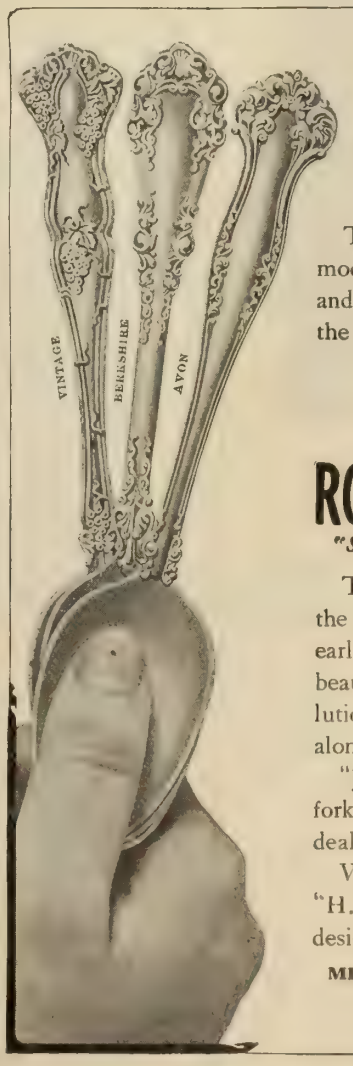

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Write for catalogue "H.70" showing the latest designs.

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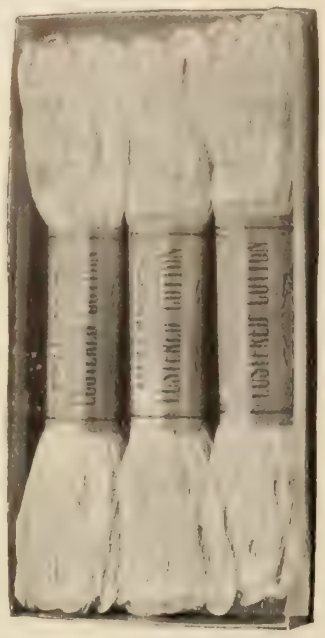

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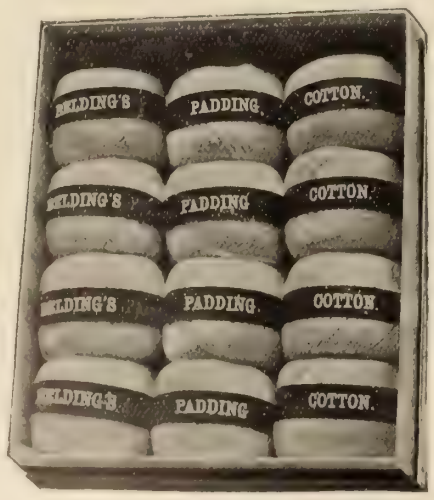

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BELDING'S SPRING, 1910, Catalog of Stamped Linens

Contains Original and Exclusive Designs for COSTUMES, DRESSES and CHILDREN'S WEAR, CUSHIONS, CENTRE PIECES, Etc., and all the latest and best ideas for ART NEEDLEWORK. Handsomely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

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BELDING, PAUL & Co. LIMITED

MONTREAL

Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

Summer Embroideries for Little People

THIS is the season of the year when the little folk blossom forth in all manner of dainty garments, and the handsomest of these, it is almost needless to say, are hand-embroidered on fine materials. Each garment prepared from the layette of the tiny baby to those of the dainty little maiden of larger growth show some very prettily embroidered designs of French embroidery as their suitable decoration, and every year seems to bring out prettier styles for children, so much more simple and practical than the starched and be-ruffled summer clothes of our own childhood. Simplicity seems now to be the keynote as many of the daintiest garments shown for children are simply finished with prettily buttonholed scallops which are so durable, and this is a point to be appreciated when these garments have to be laundered, as lace trimmed articles do not stand tub wear.

Complete sets may be embroidered to match as

No. 5209—Three-quarter Coat.
Stamped on Linen, $1.25.
Hat to match, 40c.

illustration No. 5209 shows a three-quarter coat with a hat to match. This design has an effective combination of braiding and embroidery which is simple but effective, and the coat is embroidered on a medium weight linen and will be found to be a practical little coat for summer wear.

Many are the materials which are suitable for children's embroidered dresses. Fine sheer linen cambrics, lawns, dimities and crossbars are all fashionable, and a dainty simple design embroidered on suitably fine material will repay one for the time spent on it.

The very name baby conjures before our vision all manner of fascinating and pretty things as every one loves to plan all sorts of

No. 1325—Baby Pillow.
Made up and Stamped 40c.

pretty gifts which are usually showered upon the fortunate babies of the present day.

The baby pillow, No. 1325, which is illustrated, is one of the useful slip-over variety which come ready made and frilled, and only require to be embroidered with the pretty design of Empire wreathes, which are embroidered in padded French embroidery. The word "baby" may be added in the centre of the design, or if preferred initials may be worked. Other baby pillows more elaborate than this consist of a handsomely embroidered front and back laced together over a soft tiny down pillow covered with a pretty color of silk. These pillows have scalloped edges and afghans may be embroidered to match these.

A dear little embroidered sacque is pictured in No. 5390, which may be embroidered on either linen, carrick, or a soft woollen weave of cream veiling, which would give the needed warmth for cool, breezy days. If this little coat is embroidered on linen the embroidery could be work-

No. 5390—Sacque.
Stamped on Linen or Veiling, 50c.

ed in a combination of eyelet and solid embroidery, but if the garment is of veiling it should be embroidered with Dresden silk, and if preferred the coat may be made up with a thin silk lining.

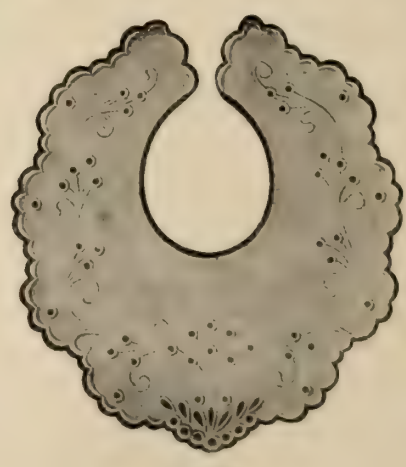
The baby's cap shown in illustration No. 5391 is embroidered on fine linen, and is a novelty both practical and attractive. The design is a very handsome one, and the cap very easily made up. These embroidered linen caps have replaced the shop-made varieties, which were so generally used, as these were fussily trimmed and of perishable materials, their beauty was gone as soon as they were laundered, but these embroidered linen or lawn caps are the favorite

5391—Cap.
Stamped on Linen, 30c.

ones now, as they are durable and launder easily.

The bib, No. 5393, which has a pretty eyeleted design, is also embroidered on linen and will complete the charming baby's set. These sets may be had matched throughout in design, but we have pictured each article with a different design to show a variety.

Any of the articles illustrated on this page if they cannot be obtained from your dealer may



5393—Bib.
Stamped on Linen, 15c.

be had by addressing Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal, P.Q.

Belding's lustered cotton, which is unsurpassed for white embroidery, can be supplied at 3 cents per skein, or 30 cents per dozen, and padding cotton at 5 cents per ball.

Among the Publishers

THOSE of us who were brought up in the "good old-fashioned way" can recall the Sunday afternoons spent in the lurid luxury of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." To some children the book was a horror, suggestive of suffering and ghastly cruelty. To others, it was an improving volume which merely depicted in a vivid fashion the tortures of those who held their faith dear. The old-time memories are revived as one reads the heading, "The Martyrs of New France," on a new book by W. S. Herrington. The writer, by the way, is the author of "Heroines of Canadian History" also, a chronicle which met with deserved commendation. In the preface of his later production the author voices a truth too often obscured when he says:

"Many of our boys and girls are more familiar with the heroes of the neighboring republic, or even of ancient Greece and Rome, than they are with the fearless pioneers who founded and nourished our infant colony."

The list of martyr heroes opens with the name of Father de Noue, who came to Canada in 1625 and was lost in the snow while bravely pursuing his way alone to a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu River. The story of his courageous devotion to duty is simply and effectively told. There follows the story of seven other martyrs who held not their lives dear in the labor of planting the cross in the new country.

This modest little volume will serve a valuable purpose if it opens the eyes of the Canadians of to-day to the heroic virtues of the French missionaries who braved the terrors of the wilderness in the Seventeenth Century. Toronto: William Briggs.

* * *

THE Roberts family is no doubt gifted beyond any other Canadian household in the matter of literary genius. The various voices of Nature make their melodious appeal through the poetry of Charles, Theodore and Lloyd Roberts. The latter has all a youthful poet's delight in the morning of the year. The following verses by him on "Spring's Singing" are characteristic of his buoyant joy in Nature's loveliness.

Spring once more is here—
Joyous, sweet and clear—
Singing down the leafless aisles
To the budding year.

Her chanting is the thrush
Through the twilight hush,
And the silver tongues of waters
Where the willows blush;

Stir of lifting heads
Over violet beds; ;
Piping of the first glad robin
Through the greens and reds;

Croak of sullen crows
When the south wind blows,
Sighing in the shaggy spruces
Wet with melted snows;

Whisper of the rain
Down the hills again,
And the heavy feet of waters
Tramping on the plain.

Now the Goddess Spring
Makes the woodlands ring,
Bringing with a hundred voices
Joy to everything.

* * *

MRS. ATHERTON is in the front rank of "popular novelists" in the United States. Her latest contribution, "Tower of Ivory," is a remarkable production in certain respects, as it introduces a young Englishman whose ambitions and tastes are paradoxical and a prima donna whose meteoric career is more than disturbing. The story is vividly and even dramatically told but is hardly equal, either in unity or in literary workmanship to "The Conqueror," which remains Mrs. Atherton's best achievement. Her theory regarding the development of genius appears to be the same as she announced in "The Gorgeous Isle," that gross irregularity of life is essential to imaginative power. This is, to say the least of it, a dangerous doctrine and is, even from a scientific standpoint, incorrect and illusive. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

* * *

SOME years ago the English publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the best novel by a "new" writer. Mrs. Baillie Saunders was the fortunate winner, with a book bearing the curious title, "Saints in Society." It was to be expected that Mrs. Saunders should continue her literary work, after such a startling success. Her most recent contribution to fiction, "Litany Lane," shows a decided advance in smoothness of narration. The heroine of this story of Old London is a marvellous young girl of the East Side slums whose dramatic gifts are almost incredible, inasmuch as she can imitate any celebrity of Church, State or Society in a fashion which amuses and dazzles even blase fashionable circles. The manner in which she enters aristocratic life is highly sensational and forms the beginning of a plot which unfolds itself in a most interesting series of adventures. The author is rather exaggerated in her depiction of either hero or villain, but the story moves on briskly, leaving no room for dull speculation. The glimpses of allèged "high life" are decidedly disenchanting and leave the reader to the reflection so oft impressed by copy-book maxims that an humble lot is to be desired. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

* * *

AN interesting booklet has been issued by the Reading Camp Association, consisting of their ninth annual report, entitled "Camp Education by Contact." His Excellency, Earl Grey, who has always taken a sincere interest in Canadian progress, is patron, Mr. William Whyte of the C.P.R. is honorary president, and Mr. H. L. Lovering of Coldwater, Ontario, is president. A list of twenty-six instructors shows the extent of the association's work. Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick writes the account of the labor undertaken by this association.

"Nothing but efficiency appeals to these men," he says, "efficiency not in mathematics, literature or theology, but in actual labor of the hands, and in their particular brand of manual labor. It is nothing to them that one has taken a double first in any of the colleges or even has won renown as a pitcher, catcher or half-back on the campus; to be personally popular with the shantyman one must handle the axe, saw and cant-hook."

For Your Guest Chamber

LOUIS XVI SUITE

Nothing is more inviting than white or French grey Enamel Furniture.

Like all our furniture—our enamel is built in our own workshops and is made by the best cabinet-makers. The wood used is the best hardwood suitable for that purpose. The enamel used is strictly our own process, and with ordinary care, will not turn yellow or crack. It is rubbed as smooth as glass. Even the drawers are finished natural and are rubbed inside.

If you are at all interested, ask your dealer to show you the original pieces or illustrations in our "PHOTOGRAVURE PORTFOLIO A," on pages 11 x 14, which, owing to its size, prevents general distribution.

As your guide you will find our Shop-mark in the inside of top drawers. Look for it. Trust to it. It protects you—is a sign—you have found the best.

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Shop Mark

Makers of "THE BETTER MAKE OF CANADIAN QUALITY FURNITURE."

Why "Upton" should be on every Jar of Jam or Marmalade you buy.

¶ Always ask for Upton's Pure Jam and Orange Marmalade. They're pure and wholesome— healthy food for young and old alike—very different from ordinary jam.

¶ In Bulletin No. 194 issued by the Canadian Government, the Chief Analyst declares

UPTON'S PURE JAMS AND ORANGE MARMALADE

absolutely pure. In addition we guarantee that these preserves are put up in season from clean, sound, fresh fruit and granulated sugar— the finest preserves on the market.

¶ Upton's Pure Jams and Orange marmalade are put up in 1 pound glass jars and 5 pound sanitary gold-lined tin pails.

Order from your grocer to-day—one trial will convince.

For Mothers' Day

A Great Celebration in May which will be Kept by All

Mother o' Mine

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' Mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' Mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' Mine.

* * *

THERE has of recent years been celebrated on this Continent a day which means more than any other festival to humanity—devoted to Mothers. The second Sunday in the month of May has been chosen as the day, when all of us shall keep in especial remembrance the virtues of motherhood. On that day, the white carnation, which our own Canadian poet Bliss Carman has called the most comely of flowers, will be worn in honor of Home and Mother. The movement is meeting with the most enthusiastic appreciation, and Canadian people, who have as good homes as may be found in the world, will not be slow to observe a day which commemorates the central figure in the home.

The old motto, which we used to work in reds and blues on cardboard or on canvas, and which hangs, faded by the years, in many an attic—"What is home without a mother?"—is as true to-day as it was when the first home was formed. It is curious and significant that in every home which is truly such, the first inquiry of the returning father is "Where's your mother?" the first cry of the children back from school or playground or party is "Mother!" It is lamentably true that there are mothers who are not a source of either comfort or strength to the household; but these failures are so infrequent that your mother and mine may be taken as convincing examples of the standard attained by mothers of Canada.

* * *

THE month of May is chosen appropriately for celebrating the virtues of motherhood, since it was dedicated long ago to the most favored of the mothers of the race. "The month of Mary," the last month of spring, is marked by celebrations in honor of the Virgin, and one does not need to belong to any particular church or profess any especial creed, to understand the homage of Christendom.

The world has always wondered at and reverenced the amazing devotion of mothers. There is no suffering too great, no toil too arduous for the mother to endure or undertake in behalf of son or daughter. It is the most unselfish devotion in the world, for it asks so little in return, it persists so patiently in the face of carelessness and even cruelty.

Yet, deep in the heart of most men, however low they may fall, is left a reverence for the mother, a longing for her care and tenderness. It is the last touch of humanity which lingers in the depraved nature and is often the redeeming grace through which an appeal is made to higher things. How often has the man who has fallen upon evil days exclaimed: "Don't let my mother know!" How often has a man remained in exile rather than let his mother see what life has written on his face!

The boyish trust in a mother's word was voiced amusingly by the child who insisted: "If my mother says so, it's so, even if it isn't so." This abiding belief in what a mother says, this trust in her truth and honor are the greatest tribute which womanhood receives. Should this belief be shattered, this trust be destroyed, the world turns dark indeed.

* * *

IT was Napoleon who declared that the world's great need is good mothers. It may occur to the reader of history that Napoleon's own mother could not have taught him the lessons of unselfishness and honor, or his career of unheeding ambition would have been different. However, the saying is true and will always be in force. While woman has the power of moulding the early thought and character of the race, she need never complain of the narrowness or insignificance of her sphere. It is world-wide and everlasting.

The declaration was made recently that woman has been neglected in the matter of monuments and memorials, that her work receives little public recognition. However, woman has cared very little through the ages for the monument or the tablet. They may commemorate public work or civic virtues, but she knows that her best work is more enduring than either brass or marble.

This new movement for Mothers' Day is in itself more significant than any monument and, by associating itself with flowers, gives a peculiar sweetness and pleasing suggestion to the memories of the day. No matter how world-weary or troubled the woman or man may be, the very thought of the old home and the childhood associations will bring refreshment and healing. Perhaps it was a farmhouse on the wide acres of a Canadian homestead where there was room and to spare for a band of merry youngsters. There was such a fine old orchard, such an alluring creek for small feet to wade in, such a glorious hayloft for a romp on a holiday! But, best of all, was the mother's face smiling from the kitchen doorway as the tired small persons came home from school or play. What a fine old kitchen it was, with its wide flags and savory smells! There were all manner of good things, spiced and preserved and stored away, and from the old stove came the appetizing whiff which told of baked apples or hot biscuits for tea. The home scene comes back, borne on the scent of a white carnation which, strangely enough, is mingled with other perfumes — the fragrance of apple-blossoms in the large orchards, the lilacs in the old lane, and the heavy scent of the flowers which rested on the coffin.

Wherever the old home may have been, it was a fairy spot and the modern world shows not its like to weary hearts. There are many houses along life's road, but there is only one old home—and its queen was the Mother, whose love has followed her children all around the world. There is the magic in the white carnation.

* * *

IS there anything more pitiful than the neglected "old folks" who long for news from the absent children who seem to have forgotten the strongest ties of all? There is one thing we all may do on the second Sunday in May—write home to those who are left and let them know that our hearts are in the old home still. One warm, living letter is worth all the roses and lilies you can heap on the coffin of the dead. The letters we failed to write, the message we forgot to send are what arise accusingly before us when it is too late for either word or letter to comfort. "It is only carelessness," we say: "we always meant to write, but there was so much to do."

Just listen for a moment to the homely advice of a verse-writer who knew the loneliness of the old home, and who spoke from the wisdom of his heart:

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write.
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write."
Lest their brooding thought go brooding back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needful sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer,
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Mothers' Day will have accomplished its mission if it reminds the forgetful of the desolate ones at home, to whom neglect looms so large and who wonder if all their care and tenderness have been forgotten. So just write the very "homiest" letter you can imagine, with remembrance of the good old days and gratitude for their joy in every line. Such a letter will bring a glow into faded cheeks, a light to dim eyes and the exclamation to the lips—

"Bless the boy! He hasn't forgotten anything about the old times and isn't it good for a busy man like him to spend so much time on a letter home?"

There ought to be a white line of carnations from Atlantic to Pacific on the eighth of May and the postmen ought to be carrying packs of Christmas heaviness on May ninth, all filled with letters to mother from the old boys and girls of Canada.

Three years ago the thought came into the mind of a daughter who desired to commemorate the anniversary of her mother's death that it would be a beautiful tribute to all mothers, the living as well as the dead, if their children, on a given day, would unite in the simple wearing of a white flower and thus make "Mothers' Day" universal. The authorship of "Mothers Day" belongs to a Philadelphia woman—Miss Anna Jarvis.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

Photograph by L. J. Gillelan

Canadian Wild Flowers for Transplanting

Continued from February issue

(5) For damp, shady spots the foam flower (tiarella cordifolia), with its dainty white flowers and beautiful leaves, is most useful. It is to be found in all the English catalogues of herbaceous plants; they know how to appreciate our wildlings over there. A near relative of the foam flower, the two-leaved mitre-wort (mitella diphylla) is not nearly so showy a flower, but it has a quiet charm of its own, and its tiny flowers on their long, slender stems well repay the use of a magnifying glass upon them; then you will see that Mother Nature fashioned them with a snow crystal for a pattern. They also grow in damp, shady places.

(6) The adder's tongue, dog's tooth violet, toad lily, etc., etc. (like "Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess") are all one and the same flower (erythronium americanum). Its green leaves, dappled with purple-brown spots and bright yellow flowers, are well beloved of all children. This little lily requires much patience to dig up, as its bulbous root is generally down six or eight inches in the ground, but once you get it, it grows readily in the garden, and its leaves are ornamental even when it is out of flower. A white species (E. albidum) less spotted on the leaf and with white flowers, somewhat smaller than those of the yellow one, grows in Norfolk and Essex County and also at Niagara Falls, and to it properly belongs the name of dog's tooth violet—though why violet should be tacked on to the name, it is impossible to understand. It is a lovely little flower, and grows easily. There are some exquisite species to be found out west on the mountains.

(7) The early meadow rue (thalictrum dioicum) with its "maiden hair," fern-like foliage and fringed dull purple and yellow flowers, is well worth growing for its foliage, the lasting qualities of which when gathered almost equal smilax, as well as for its graceful if inconspicuous flowers. The tall meadow rue (T. cornuti) which often fringes damp meadows and fence corners, blooms in July and August, and is a very handsome plant; its feathery white flowers on tall, slender stems are very dainty. It needs a moist spot.

(8) The bellwort (voularia perfoliata) with its pale yellow twisted petals and stems growing through the leaves (which gives it its specific name) is another graceful, easily-grown thing, and because of its pendant flowers it is useful to arch over a clump of hepaticas or violets.

(9) The Solomon's seal (polygonatum biflorum) with, generally, twin flowers of creamy white pendant from the axil of each leaf, and (10) the twisted stalk (streptopus rosens) with tiny pink bells likewise hanging at the back of each leaf (followed in due course by red berries) are also useful for the same purpose, but the handsomest of these arching plants is (11) the false spikenard, sometimes called the false Solomon's seal (smilacina racemosa), which has a large white plume at the end of its curving stem, and flowers in June, when the other three are over. Its flowers are followed by a bunch of berries, at first "pepper and salt" in color, but eventually they turn red.

One could have a pretty "wild" corner with an ostrich fern (onoclea strutheopteris) for the centre, with a semi-circle of hepaticas next it (these would bloom before the fern was awake, the ferns being sleepy-heads and late in rousing from their winter's rest). Then a semi-circle of false spikenard to arch over some New York shield ferns (aspidium noveboraceuse). The fresh spring-like green of this fern makes it particularly valuable, as it contrasts so beautifully with the deeper greens of other plants and ferns. Twisted stalk could be used next, to arch over trilliums. Then Solomon's seal to nod over yellow violets (V. pubescens); then bellworts to bow over adder's tongues; next some wild bleeding heart, as much for its foliage as its flowers (both die away early) and a row of the common blue violet as a border. Two or three scarlet columbines and some of the bane berries (actaes spicata and alba) would brighten and add interest when the earlier flowers were over.

The arching plants just mentioned are not so beautiful in their flowers as many others, but are very decorative because of this quality.

(12) The bunch berry or dwarf cornel (cornus canadensis) is one of the loveliest of our berry-bearing plants. Its white flowers are also pretty. Its berriers are an exquisite scarlet, and are most decorative. It has long underground stems and may be hard to transplant (I have never tried it), but I fancy it would grow readily from seed, as it abounds all over Muskoka and is quite a feature in nature's roadside gardening up there—than which nothing could be more beautiful.

(13) The bane berries (actea spicata, and actea alba) are easily grown and very handsome when in fruit. A. spicata, having cherry-red berries, is beautiful, but A. alba, with white berries on thickened scarlet pedicels, is far more so. The flowers of both are white and inconspicuous. They thrive in rich leaf mould in semi-shade.

(14) Mitchella repens (the partridge berry vine) insists on being mentioned. Its dark evergreen leaves (white-veined), velvety white flowers and dazzling scarlet berries, are almost equally attractive, but I have not succeeded in transplanting it so far, though I fancy it also could be raised from seed. It grows under evergreens in sandy soil, so would require the same sort of position in the garden.

(15) The wild phlox (P. divaricata) is one of the loveliest mauve-blue flowers in existence. It is easily grown and uncomplaining as to soil, but prefers slight shade.

(16) Another "flower for the million" is our wild columbine (aquile-

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See "My Lady's Garden"

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"Medium Weight" The Right Underclothing for Spring

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The New York Tribune says:

"Mr. Slezak dominated every scene, and his clarion voice rang out superbly in the climaxes. He sang the Celeste Aida with effectiveness, and the Nile scene with fire and passion, yet always with regard for phrase."

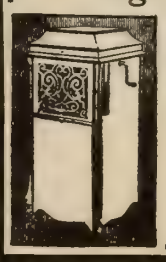
The New York American says:

"It is but a trifling with words, of course, to say that he was the greatest Rhadames that ever appeared on the American Stage. The house was crowded and the standees out in force; yet it was Slezak, not Caruso, who sang the principal tenor role."

These comments represent the consensus of opinion of all who heard Slezak at the Metropolitan in the role of Rhadames. Could you ask for better evidence of the fact that Slezak is the greatest lyric tenor since the days of Tamagno?

He sings the "Celeste Aida" and the great arias from Verdi's "Otello" exclusively for the Edison Phonograph. The Slezak Records are Edison Grand Opera Amberols—playing longer than any other Records made.

The AMBEROLA, the newest and highest type of Edison Phonograph



combines the rich, tonal beauty of the Edison Phonograph with a cabinet that is a masterpiece of craftmanship. It is charmingly designed and finished and comes in either Mahogany or Oak to harmonize with surroundings in any home. It plays both Standard and Amberol Records. It has drawers for holding 100 Records. The price is $240. Other types of Edison Phonographs, $16.50 to $162.50.

See and hear the Amberola at your dealer's—and be sure to hear Slezak sing "Celeste Aida."

Edison Grand Opera Records.....85c and $1.25
Edison Standard Records.....40c
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c

National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

"Lacqueret" is the right thing for renewing the beauty of floors that are dull and lustreless.
There are so many uses for "Lacqueret" in the home that the marvel is that any well regulated household should be without it. "Lacqueret" beautifies everything to which it is applied —makes old furniture look like new and adds a lustre to worn floors that gratifies the particular housewife.
How to apply "Lacqueret" to Floors:
Remove all dust, dirt and grease from the floor. Use one coat of colored "Lacqueret" for refinishing worn, stained and soiled wood floors. If the surface is badly worn and requires a second coat, use clear "Lacqueret" after the colored coating is thoroughly dry. Two coats of colored "Lacqueret" is apt to produce too dark a finish. Stained, natural wood, painted oilcloth and linoleum floors that are in good order but simply dull and lustreless only require one coat of clear "Lacqueret". This retains the original color effect.
Write for our free Booklet, "Dainty Decorator" and learn for yourself the many uses of this household beautifier.
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This is the greatest washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double quick time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

Any woman can have a 1900 GRAVITY WASHER On 30 days' free trial.

Don't send money. If you are responsible, you can try it first. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Let the 1900 Washer pay for itself. Just send us 50 cents each week out of the money it saves you. Write to-day for our Free Washer Book. It explains the "easy payment plan." Tell us your nearest freight station. Address me personally for this offer.

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The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street
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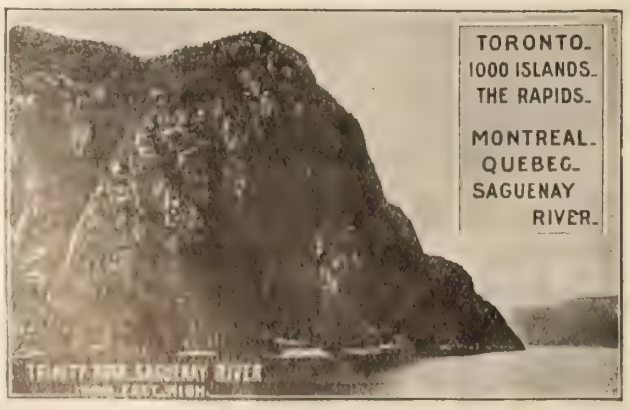
The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements for these districts.

FOR A SUMMER OUTING

try the "St. Lawrence River Trip" through the 1000 Islands and "Shooting the Rapids."



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gia canadensis). Its cheery red and yellow blossoms swinging airily in the breeze from some rocky hillside (where it best loves to grow) are well stored with honey, "where the bee sips" most persistently—this is, I suppose, the excuse for people who ought to know better calling it the honeysuckle—but the honeysuckle and columbine are two separate and distinct plants belonging to widely separated families.

(17) Most of the wild violets are easily grown, and if you can secure any of the bird's foot violets (V. pedata) you will be fortunate. On the Turkey Point plains on Lake Erie (which is a botanist's Paradise) they grow freely in the dry sand. The leaf is deeply cut up, which gives it the name of bird's foot, and the blossoms are large and come in mauve, white, and mauve and purple (var. bicolor). Not only in size and color but also in perfume (which is like that of the pansy rather than the English violet) these violets excel all our other wild ones—though V. canadensis, with white flowers, tinted mauve on the reverse of the petals, is sweet as well as pretty, and the common blue violet (V. palmata of Gray; V. cucullata of Macoun) is a lovely color—but I prefer to exclude it from my garden as it takes possession and soon the sweet English violets (V. odorata) disappear. The tiny white violet (V. blanda) is sweet, but needs too much moisture to grow well in ordinary gardens.

(18) Of the lilies. the wood lily (L. philadelphicum) with upright orange-scarlet cup is handsome and easily grown; so also is the Turk's Cap (L. superburm), with its strongly revolute sepals (folding back like those of a tiger lily) it is a gorgeous flower. That myth (L. canadense) too, is said to be very beautiful, but I have never had the good luck to find one.

(19) Doubtless the wild lupin that clothes the High Park plains with its lovely blue, and (20) the wild rose (rosa blanda) which bears it company, would grow readily in our gardens, but it would be like caging a bobolink to me—they are so happy out in the open and need air and space to prosper.

(21) But the northern bed straw (galium boreale) will not resent the change to the garden, and will give you plenty of its lace-like white flowers to soften your bouquets.

(22) If you like a bit of gorgeous color, bring in a root of the butterfly weed (asclepias tuberosa). You will need a spade to dig up its long roots intact. It is a flaming orange-scarlet with curiously-shaped blossoms (as all the milkweeds have), and enjoys a dry, hot, sandy spot, in full sun—in fact there is nothing modest or retiring about it, but it is a regular "Mrs. Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch" amongst flowers for cheerfulness. While you are on the Humber plains getting your butterfly weed, you can also bring in a root of (23) beard tongue (pensttemon pubescens). It has flowers of a metallic mauve, with a touch of white about them, which are decidedly pretty, and it transplants easily. Another handsome plant from the same locality is the smooth false foxglove (gerardia quercifolia) with its large open yellow blossoms, but as its roots are said to be more or less parasitic it would probably be useless to try and transplant it.

(24) To brighten up the garden in the autumn bring in some of the wild asters or Michaelmas daisies. In England they are most enthusiastic over them, and have done much hybridizing—Barr & Sons catalogue over a hundred varieties, about half of which are probably hybrids. In Professor Macoun's "Catalogue of Canadian Plants," he credits us with over fifty species; therefore, you see, we have the source of supply near at hand. There is every tint in them, from pure white through lilac and mauve to deep purple. They grow everywhere they can find a bit of vacant land—therefore, in gardens, be careful to burn the stalks as soon as the flowers have faded, or they will self-sow from one end of the garden to the other. My favorite is the tiny heath-like one (aster multiflorus), with its wand-like stems so thickly set with small white flowers that two of them, tied together, would make a perfect wreath.

A SHAKESPEAREAN GARDEN IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON

In Macoun's "List of Canadian Plants" there are fifteen genera of orchids, represented by fifty-seven species. Many of these are tiny and inconspicuous, others royally beautiful, but all are interesting. Some of the handsomest of these will grow, at least for a few years, in our gardens. Our largest and most beautiful orchids belong to the genus cypripedium, commonly known as the lady's slipper, or moccasin flower. The latter is much the better name, as the flowers are more like a moccasin than a slipper.

Of these I have grown for a few years several species, but my experience is that they seldom live longer "in captivity" than from three to four years, whatever they may do in their native haunts. The stemless one (C. aucaule), so called because the leaves spring right from the ground, grows happily enough, apparently, in the garden, in half shade, in well-drained soil composed chiefly of leaf mound, its moccasin, magenta-rose in color, is split down almost to the toe. It is the most weird-looking of the family, and the first glimpse of a group of them gives one a sort of uncanny feeling, though one cannot understand the reason, and one insensibly feels like apologizing for intruding upon them, so human are they. The showy lady's slipper (C. spectabile) is undoubtedly the queen of our northern orchids, but unless you have a bog garden, or can simulate one, it is not easily grown, for its home is the sphagnum swamp.

The Art of Stencilling

By JESSIE E. RORKE

ONE sometimes hears stencilling criticized as being too easily done, and for that reason "common" looking. "Easily done" truly, if the work began with the brush and dyes, but that is only the last and decidedly the easiest part of it. The real work begins with the first suggestion for your design—perhaps the branch of a pine tree with cones and needles silhouetted against the sky and already forming a pattern for your use; or the tall orchids surprising you with their stately beauty; perhaps a butterfly resting for but a moment with his great wings still outspread, a shimmer of gold and brown in the sunlight.

Figure 1

Having seen the wonder of line and coloring your problem now is to adapt it to your purpose without losing its charm. To keep all the delicacy and beauty of line while repeating it to form a pattern; to be sure that not only the form is pleasing but the spaces that remain between as well; to retain so much of its exquisite coloring as may be adapted to its new surroundings — the larger masses and more varied coloring of a room's furnishing and the unchanging light and shadow from its windows. If you have kept but the smallest part of the beauty you have seen, if your design repeats but one line truly and well, in so far it has been worth the making, and, even though it be common, it may rank with that beautiful and wonderful list of common things that nature gives to us.

Every girl who stencils has not a hand trained to make her own designs, but she may train her eyes to see, and be wise in her choice of design and color. A bit of autumn woods, the thistles all in bloom against the green of an oatfield, a blue-bird as it flashes past, each might suggest a color scheme that could not fail in harmony.

If your work is to be good work, your stencilling an art, you must call nature to your aid, and, if you cannot make your own design at least be sure that you choose a true one, with real beauty of line and space and color.

* * *

THIS design, Figure 1, would be charming for the study if stencilled on some heavy open weave material such as burlap or monk's cloth,

Figure 4

Figure 2

in the rich oriental colors. Green and gold on a dull blue would be very effective—the leaf in green and the scroll in gold. If dyes are used the design must be darker than the material—a dull red and blue on a tan ground might be used.

The orchid design in Figure 2 will make a dainty cover if carried out in delicate lavender and blue green on raw silk. If intended for a gift, a monogram in the centre will add a personal touch.

A design of pine cones as in Figure 3 will be a pleasing reminder of the summer outing if stencilled in green on Holland linen for a cushion cover, the cushion itself being filled with pine needles.

A dainty and attractive satchet may be made from eight-inch satin ribbon

Figure 5

as in Figure 4. Make your satchet in the form of a square and finish with a large bow of three-inch ribbon in one corner. Stencil the design in Alice blue on a delicate shade of pink ribbon.

In this centre piece, Figure 5, the design might be stencilled in one color or several with the embroidered edge either in the color of the material or the design. If for a study table three bright shades of brown on Holland linen should be attractive.

Figure 3

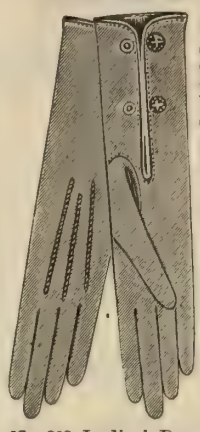
THE WORLD'S GREATEST GLOVE HOUSE

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

OF CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Attention is directed to the following makes of Gloves, all of which are of either British or French manufacture and are entitled to the advantages of preferential duty.

Awarded GRAND PRIX Franco-British Exhibition, 1908



BRITISH MADE

The **"Melton"** Ladies' Tan Cape Gloves, pique sewn, 2 press buttons, 61c. per pair.

The **"Connaught"** Strong Cape Gloves, in tan or oak shades, spear points, prixseam sewn, 2 press buttons, 71c. per pair.

Ladies' Smart Cape Gloves, in tan or oak shades with black points and white with black or self points, 2 buttons, 71c. per pair.

Ladies' 6-Button Length Saxe Cape with elastic at wrist, in tan or oak shade, pique sewn, imperial points, 95c. per pair.

No. 303 Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, superior quality, British made, pique sewn, in white, grey, beaver or tan, 2 buttons, 46c. per pair.

Ladies' Saxe Doeskin Gloves, with tab and press button, similar to illustration below, British made, best quality, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey, 69c. pair.

The **"Canadian"** Ladies' Buck Finish, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 3 buttons, 95c. per pair.

Ladies' Real Deerskin Gloves, in tan, grey or black, prixseam sewn, 2 press buttons, $1.19 pair.

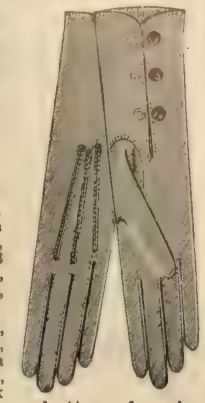
Ladies' Best Quality Real Reindeer Gloves, made from specially selected skins, tan or grey shades, self sewn points, 3 buttons, $2.07 per pair.

FRENCH MAKE

Ladies' Real French Kid Gloves, in black, white, cream, pastel, beaver, tans, browns, greys, green, plum, mole, navy or amethyst, 4 buttons—
The **"Clarette"** 61c.
The **"Lebon"** 73c.
The **"Meissonier"** 85c.

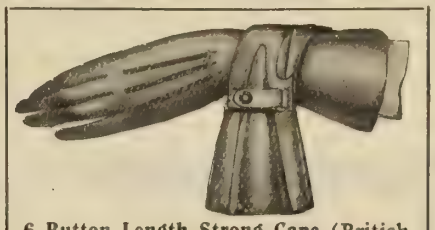
Bon Ami, Pique Sewn, Real French Kid, in tans, browns, beavers, greys and black, 3 rows self braid points, 2 large pearl buttons, 69c. per pair.

Hestia, Pique Sewn, French Suede Gloves, superior quality, in greys, tans, beavers, browns, navy or black with braid points, 3 press buttons, 1c. pair.



Stainless Black Suede Gloves, the most perfect black suede glove in the world, 3 buttons, 91c. per pair.

Chamois, Ladies' 3 Button Dustless Chamois Gloves, natural shade, pique sewn, 57c. pair.



6 Button Length Strong Cape (British made) in Tan or Oak Shade, Wide Arms, Prixseam Sewn, Spear Points, Strap and Press Button, as illustration. $1.19 per pair.

Doeskin, Buck Finish, in the same style as above, Tan or Grey Shades. $1.44 per pair.

Ladies' Chamois Gloves, 6 button length, with elastic at wrist, natural shade, 46c. per pair.

MEN'S GLOVES

British Made

The **"Arlington"** Tan Cape Gloves, medium weight, spear points, 1 press button, 79c. per pair.

The **"Mowbray"** Rainproof Tan Cape, stout make, spear points, 2 buttons, 85c. per pair.

The **"Canadian"** Men's Buck Finish Gloves, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 1 press button, 95c per pair.

Men's Real Deerskin Gloves, best quality, in tan or grey, prixseam sewn, 2 buttons, $1.58 pair.

A complete illustrated Price List will be sent post free on application, to any address; write for one to-day. Mail orders receive immediate attention. Remittances including postage to be made by International Money Orders payable to The London Glove Company, G.P.O., England.

——LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED——

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY - - CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

"To Whom It May Concern"

Mr. Jos. Sieffert, of North Bruce, was permanently cured of Sciatica, after suffering and being confined to his bed from Oct. 1891 to Feb. 1892. He has had no return of the trouble—now over 18 years.

Mr. A. C. A., merchant, formerly of Toronto, was cured in a few weeks after having suffered about three months each year for over nine years. He wrote to a friend: "I thought I never could be cured having suffered so long and having tried so many doctors."

Mr. B., guard of Central Prison, has been cured after having suffered for years and has since sent his suffering friends to be cured in the same way.

Mr. L., formerly of Cottingham St., this city, was cured of inflammatory rheumatism in 1894—has had no return nor any deformities resulting.

Many suffering from sick headaches, constipations, stomach troubles, etc., etc., have been permanently cured.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS CONSULT

THOS. W. SPARROW, M.D. Office: 46 Spencer Ave., Toronto

1.—PURSE—10x6 in.
LADIES! Here's the simple combination that solves the parcel problem. You enlarge this purse to meet your demands by simply unclasping buttons (like those of a glove).
2.—HANDBAG AND MUSIC ROLL 10x9in.
TRIPLEX
CAN BE MADE INTO
FOUR DIFFERENT BAGS
BAG
You can make the four bags as shown in the cuts. Neat, compact, fashionable and durable. Made in the finest Seal Grain "Stamford" leather.
Workmanship unexcelled. $2.50 brings this desirable bag by mail.
We pay postage. Write TRIPLEX BAG MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.
AGENTS WANTED—for this and other patented articles.
WRITE NOW FOR TERRITORY AND TERMS TO AGENTS.
3—SMALL SATCHEL—10x7 in.
4.—SHOPPING BAG—10x16 in.

2 Two Pairs of Hosiery FREE 2

You pay the same price for the hosiery you are now wearing as you would for Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Yet it isn't nearly so serviceable as Pen-Angle. We are so positive of this that we doubly guarantee Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery to wear longer than any other cotton or cashmere hosiery, we care not what make or brand.

This is Our Double Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to WEAR LONGER than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs FREE of charge.

Buying hosiery on this plan you cannot lose a single cent. If Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery fails to fulfill the guarantee in any particular we bind ourselves to give you back, free of charge, twice as many pairs as you pay for.

The largest hosiery mills in Canada stand back of this astonishingly liberal guarantee. It will be fulfilled to the last letter.

Remember, the wear is not the only thing we guarantee. The fit, the comfort, and the permanence of the dyes are also guaranteed. Could you ask for more?

Pen-Angle Hosiery is made by an exclusive patented p ocess. It is the only Seamless Hosiery, made in Canada, that has the shape knitted into it.

The ordinary way to make Fashioned Hosiery is to stretch it into shape while wet. Such hosiery loses its shape after one or two washings. 48

Ask your dealer to show you Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Our guaranteed lines have a guarantee slip in each box. Pen-Angle trade-mark is on the hosiery, too.

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order direct.

FOR LADIES.

No. 1760. Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150. Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720. Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

FOR MEN.

No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500. Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 330. "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from 4-ply Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Dept. 39 PENMANS, Limited, Paris, Canada.

Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE UNSHRINKABLE

Feels Light Cuts White Tastes Right

The Oven PROVES The Quality of

PURITY FLOUR

Making Allowances

Continued on page 1

venience sake certain proportions could be, and in the best all-round-managed homes, are set aside for certain uses; so much for convenience. Now for the economy. Almost any merchant will tell you that if the wife runs accounts which the husband pays, or if she pays them with cheques, she will buy far more than she will if she has the actual money in her hand. Therefore if the man wants to keep down his expenses he is generally wiser to place the money in her hands. Again, as a rule, a woman is a better buyer than a man. She will be more apt to watch sales. She is more apt to know at what times in the year she can buy most advantageously, if she has a certain amount and knows just how much she can have, or that she can have a certain amount at her disposal. She can do far better and make the money go farther, than if she did not know what she could do. Again, it is to the husband's advantage to see that she has the money, if at all possible. Then, if the woman knows how much she is to have, she can make her plans accordingly.

There are some women who do not want to be bothered buying; go to a store they will not, if they can avoid it. Perhaps if money were unlimited they would, but they do not like to bother considering, and in a general way they tell their husbands the things they want and the poor men do the best they can.

* * *

ANOTHER married contributor sends us an interesting bit of personal experience:

My husband and I read with interest your article on "Making Allowances." I have been married nearly eighteen years, and for the first fifteen years I kept house without an allowance, as my husband liked the idea of one purse between us, and I am proud to say he never asked what I did with the money I spent. I always tried to be careful and make every cent go as far as possible. But still I felt I would like an allowance, and told him so several times. So, finally he decided to give me a cheque, the first of each month, for a certain amount, and I am delighted with the results. I would not think of going back to the old way, although I used to spend more money then than I do now. Now I lay in all the bread and milk tickets and groceries and things that are not perishable, at the beginning of each month. Then I lay by enough money for fresh meat, fruit, vegetables, and gas. One soon learns how much is required for the month. Then I know how much I have left for clothes and other spending. Sometimes I make a little overdraft, but very seldom. I always tell my husband cheerfully that I am bankrupt or my purse is empty or make some joke about it and I soon get a few dollars to help me out. I like an allowance as it helps one to calculate how to lay out money to the best advantage. As for an allowance to son and daughter who help at home, I think that is a very nice idea, especially on the farm, as they do not get a chance like the city children to earn a little unless they leave home, which in some cases is a sad mistake. Although many of our best men and women come from the old farm and although I have been brought up in the city, I am a great admirer of our splendid country boys and girls, who are not afraid of work. By all means, make them an allowance; let it be little or much they will appreciate it, and it will make their duties lighter. Do not keep them all at home on the farm; we need some of them, with their clear brain and strong limbs and noble hearts. But give them an allowance and keep them there, till they are old enough to defend themselves against the evils of city life. I trust we shall hear from others interested in Making Allowances.

Gowns for Girls

A DAINTY MUSLIN FROCK

PLAIN material combined with embroidered makes exceedingly dainty frocks. This one is trimmed with flouncing and is adapted to a

Pattern No. 6619

great many different uses. At the sides it is tucked to form a girdle but at front and back the panels extend to full length and give long lines to the figure. If preferred it can be made high at the neck with a standing collar. At this season of the year many girls are in need of confirmation frocks and this model with the panel made of tucked in place of embroidered muslin and flounce and bretelles of the plain batiste hemmed and tucked, or finished in some similar way, would become adapted to such use. If a simple summer frock is wanted it could be made from flowered lawn or batiste with panel to match and trimming either of lace or embroidered banding or it could be made of dotted muslin with flounce and frills of embroidery and panel of the material.

For the twelve year size will be required 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 2½ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 4¾ yards flouncing 10 inches wide, 1 yard of all-over embroidery) 7 yards of banding. The pattern, 6619, is in sizes 8 to 14 years.

* * *

SMART FROCK OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN

EMBROIDERED muslins and flouncings are unusually beautiful this season and are being much used for little girls' dresses. This one is made with skirt of flouncing and blouse of plain material to match trimmed with the flouncing, the edge of which has been cut off to make the trimming and the little yoke. The dress is one of the very new ones that gives the effect of closing at the left of the front but in reality blouse and skirt are joined and closed invisibly at the back. It can be finished with a collarless neck or with a stock collar as preferred, and the same model can be varied almost indefinitely. If it were made of rose colored linen with bands of plain white it would make an attractive and serviceable dress for morning wear. This one is dainty in the extreme. The model suits both dresses equally well and also can be utilized for the pongee that little girls are wearing so much, indeed, for every seasonable material. The skirt is straight and consequently it can be used either for bordered materials or for plain. For immediate wear bordered challis would be pretty made just as illustrated.

For the ten year size will be required 4 yards of flouncing, 22 inches deep with 2½ yards of material 27 to make as illustrated; or 6¼ yards 24 or 27, 4½ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide if plain material is used throughout with ½ yard 18 for yoke, 1 yard of banding. The pattern, 6626, is in sizes 6 to 12 years.

* * *

TRIMMING FOR LINEN SUITS

THE black satin collar, cuffs and pocket lapels which lend so smart an air to a tailored suit of wash material may be made by any amateur who will devote sufficient time to the task. When the black satin pieces have been properly shaped, they should be hand embroidered or soutache braided, then stiffened with canvas, taffetta lined and finally finished about the edges with three rows of machine stitching. As these accessories must be removed whenever the coat is to be laundered or cleaned, their upper edges should be equipped with five or six loops of black twist which fasten over tiny buttons of the same material as the garment.

Pattern No. 6626

A "Cravenette" costume is such a comfort especially to the woman who must be out every day, rain or shine!
If it turns out fine
"Cravenette"
is just as handsome and dressy as any other dress goods—and just as comfortable, too.
If the rain does catch you, you needn't worry about yourself or your costume. "Cravenette" will keep you perfectly dry, and the rain will neither wet nor spot it.
You can get "Cravenette" in the latest shades and mixtures But be sure you get the genuine "Cravenette," with the Registered Trade-mark stamped on the back of every yard.
Further particulars can be obtained from The Cravenette Co. Limited, 39 Well St., Bradford, Eng.
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Home Canning of Meats

By MRS. W. W. FARLEY, Smithfield

CANNING of different kinds of meat is done much the same way. Chickens are cooked as you would for pressed chicken or until the meat drops easily from the bones, salt and pepper to suit the taste being added while cooking and only a small amount of liquid remaining when properly cooked. In preparing it for the cans leave nothing but the bones, pressing the meat into the cans, adding some of the liquid as they are being filled and enough to cover chicken when filled. After it becomes cold, clean off the cans and put the small tin in place. It is now ready to be soldered and it is important that it be well done, for if not air-tight it will spoil. We take it to the tinsmith, who makes only a small charge. After being soldered the corn-size can is boiled for three hours and the tomato size about four. It is very important to keep them boiling the length of time mentioned. Beef, pork, veal, headcheese, in fact any meat, will be a success canned, if the instructions are closely followed. In packing beef or pork in tomato-size cans, put in as large pieces as possible as it turns out nicer for a stew. When a can of meat is to be used cold, cut both ends of the can very closely to the edge and slowly push through, slicing as it comes from the can. When you wish some of the meat for a hot stew, put the can into a kettle of hot water for forty minutes or so, or into the reservoir if water is hot, then cut a small hole in one end of the can and pour off the liquid. Then finish cutting the end out and it is ready for the platter. The liquid with some thickening makes a nice gravy to pour over it.

Since writing the above I received a letter from the president of North York District Institute, Mrs. C. F. Doane, which makes it so it can all be done at home. I will give it in her own words: "A tin can that I have used this last year is a self-sealing one. There is no taking it to the tinsmith to get it soldered and you can it any number of times. The whole top comes off and to use them once is to use them always. They are sold in Toronto by J. F. Ross, 560 King Street West."

Mrs. Farley, the contributor of the above article, gave such an excellent address at the Guelph convention last December on the subject, "The Day's Work," that it was considered desirable to obtain from her the above recipe. We are sure that our readers will be glad to profit by it.

* * *

Laura Secord Memorial

IN the town of Niagara Falls, Ontario, on March 18th, a meeting was held by the Women's Institute to increase interest in the proposal to build a Laura Secord Memorial Hall at Queenston. Mayor O. E. Dores presided. Speeches were made in support of the project by prominent citizens. A resolution was passed petitioning the Provincial and Dominion Governments to take action in the matter and give financial assistance. The proposal is to build a memorial hall to Laura Secord and to make it also a museum where documents and relics of frontier history could be kept.

This project should have the sympathy and support of all loyal Canadians. We live in happier times when there is peace along the border; but we should not forget the names and deeds of those who suffered a century ago that Canada might remain under the British flag.

* * *

A Variety of Branches

THE programme of the Scarboro Junction Branch, East York Women's Institute, for the current season shows a pleasing variety of subjects. June opened with "How to entertain the summer guest," and "Different ways of serving strawberries," August was devoted to pickles and poultry, September to canning tomatoes and so on throughout the year, this month closing with an article, "Purpose and educational value of school gardens." There is a commendable tendency to spend a good deal of time on garden subjects, dwelling upon flowers and their care. Nothing has a gentler, more refining influence than flowers in the home and our Canadian home-makers appear to be alive to their importance.

PICTURESQUE STREET IN AN ONTARIO VILLAGE.

From another source comes the following cheering report:

"The Sunnidale Corners Branch of the Women's Institute is in a very flourishing condition. Not having a suitable hall, we meet monthly at the different homes of the members. We find the printed programmes for the year a necessary help. At each of our meetings we have a roll-call answered by some selected subject, a paper prepared and read by one of the members with discussion of the same. Either or both vocal and instrumental music by some of the members is rendered. We have formed the habit of having lunch served by the hostess but at our February meeting a resolution limiting this to sandwiches and cake was passed, as refreshments were becoming so elaborate as to be burdensome where there was only one pair of hands to do all. During the winter months we have socials of different kinds and in the summer, garden parties, to keep up our funds, with which we have purchased a library. Last autumn we bought the material and called a special meeting to make up clothing for a needy family. As yet we have not had any difficulty in interesting the women in our work and one very gratifying fact is to see the young girls as they grow up, coming out to our meetings and taking an active part."

The report of the banquet of the DeCewsville Institute has been unavoidably delayed in publication, but some of its details may be of interest even yet. The Haldimand *Advocate* remarked, in connection with the event:

"The proceedings, held in the hall, consisted of a social hour, neighborhood re-union and welcome to visitors from Cayuga, Clanbrassil, Nelles Corners and surrounding country, followed by a "sumptuous spread," or, in everyday English, a good square meal, which, since the introduction of Women's Institutes has been the fortune of all DeCewsville people three times a day, but which differed from the regular meal or occasional tea meeting in that this marked an epoch of a lifetime and would have more than done credit to a chef from 'Gay Paree.' Be it remembered that the ordinary guests were the male portion of the community who were assembled to assist the Institute in welcoming the 'Guests of Honor,' Mrs. Dunnet of Clanbrassil, the county Institute representative at Guelph, and Mrs. Green of Cayuga, branch representative to Guelph of Cayuga local institute. The programme opened, and was interspersed throughout, with delightful selections of vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. Dunnet divided her address into two parts, sandwiched between which were some excellent musical selections. Her address consisted of a report of the Women's Institute convention at Guelph in December last. She took nearly an hour and had her subject and the audience well in hand at all times, and it is not too much to say that at the end of the first section, during which she had the closest attention of her listeners, we had the well-known sensations that are felt when a good continued story stops at a very interesting point. All were eager for the remainder, which arriving in due course entirely justified the highest expectations. After a few more numbers Mrs. Green of Cayuga was called on and when she responded, we felt that the task set her, to continue the interest in speeches with unabated enthusiasm, was expecting too much. But, taking up some points which Mrs. Dunnet omitted, Mrs. Green, in a short and witty address, 'made good' and showed that she was second to none. The president of the local branch, Mrs. Campbell, makes an ideal presiding officer, handling her programme and audience with wit and tact."

Miss Kingdon, secretary of the Thistledown Branch of West York, says of their gatherings:

"The Thistledown Branch of West York has been holding interesting and aggressive meetings. The membership has increased considerably and the result of the meetings has been of both social and practical benefit. Our Institute has only been organized for a year and a half and has now about forty members, which is very good considering the size of our village. We always try to have the meetings as varied as possible. For instance, we always have a couple of papers, and the question drawer, and we also have a musical part at the meetings. We hold the meetings at the different homes, which I think brings the people more together for a social time."

From a member of the Fenella Branch of Women's Institutes comes an article on "Dress" from which we quote the following sentiments:

"Dress is one of the most characteristic features of personality. People should always be careful to dress according to their means and above all not to dress in too showy colors or in any way conspicuously. One should avoid putting 'old' colors on children, such as grey, black, mauve or purple. By dressing plainly and in good taste we are helped to keep youthful. For the aged, black or dark grey is usually considered most suitable."

From Mrs. George Atkinson, secretary, comes a pleasant bit of news concerning the Laskay Branch, of the North York Women's Institute. A needlework competition, held at the home of Mrs. R. C. Gillies, Strange, was one of the most enjoyable features of the last season's meetings. The hemstitching prizes were won by Mrs. William Boys and Miss A. Glass. The overhemming prizes were won by Mrs. J. Gillies and Miss O. McCallum. The plain-hemming prizes were won by Miss K. Ross and Mrs. L. Gillham. The darning prizes went to Miss K. Ross and Mrs. John Gillies. Mrs. J. Egan and Miss M. Ross won the mending prizes. Mrs. James Ross and Mrs. John Lawson acted as judges.

* * *

From Alberta

MRS. M. E. GRAHAM of Lea Park, Alberta, formerly a resident of Ailsa Craig, Ontario, took a prominent part in the Institute work of North Middlesex and has been instrumental in forming a local organization in her new home.

From a letter, recently received by the Superintendent of Ontario Women's Institutes, we quote a brief account of Mrs. Graham's recent efforts:

"Your letter reached me about the same day as you went through (if you took C. N. R.) this part of Alberta. I was sorry you had not more time. We would have enjoyed a visit to our Institute. Mrs. Johnston and girls, members here, met you at their

home in Slate River, Ontario, and some of us read the HOME JOURNAL and so keep in touch with your Institute work. I would like to write you at length regarding some of the methods we adopt here, some of the difficulties we have overcome and some of the special things we have carried through. I notice the refreshment topic seems to be on in the east. We in Ailsa Craig seldom had time for it. Here we always have. We have some men members, which is a new feature. We are now having meetings at the same hour in different rooms as the United Farmers. Then we all have lunch together and spend the evening socially.

"I should have had a snap shot for you last meeting. Picture if you can

IN OLD CLOVELLEY.

the president of Farmers' Union, president of Women's Institute, also vice-president (myself) driving out together to meeting with an ox team hitched to a stone boat, sitting in a packing box, on a smaller one. I left home at noon, having seven miles to go. I returned at midnight. That conveyance was one of the unexpected happenings or we might have had a camera turned on. I think we accomplish more in the way of having good times than in real study of topics. We have children of various ages in attendance—have had them as young as two weeks—from that age up to six years. Our superintendent has not paid us a visit nor has he been able to help us with anything except encouragement, but we have not found all our local talent yet. We are planning to organize an agricultural society next. We had a valentine sale, only twenty-two men present but they bought fourteen dollars' worth.

"Our shack has enlarged since I first wrote you but it is still in the rough. We are certainly enjoying Western life and its surprising experiences. To-night the men are about twenty miles away in the woods getting lumber sawn. I am alone. The nearest person at home is a bachelor about a mile away. The nearest woman is two miles. I may not see a person until Saturday night but each day will bring fresh interests. I have fought prairie fire for five hours. I have driven three horses and a sulky plough day after day, thirty acres. I have lost the trail in the dark when out driving alone, came to a darky's house and got him to pilot me to another trail, got thrown from a bucking broncho, got badly hurt but mounted and rode home, but had to be lifted off and put to bed. Drove forty miles to the fair with a collection of hand-selected grain and won first prize. Caught fish weighing eight pounds, shot ducks, and saw moose and deer. There is nothing tame, except the prairie chickens, about life on a homestead."

* * *

A Sewing Class

THE members of the Women's Institute, Winona, have interested themselves in a good work, namely the sewing class of girls in the Winona Public School. This school claims to be the pioneer in this branch of instruction. The class is divided into two parts, a teacher supervising each department, while the Principal is taking up nature study and drill with the boys. At the latest closing exercises, the sewing was displayed on long tables in the Assembly Room, where it was admired by many visitors and parents. The ladies of the Women's Institute awarded prizes and Mrs. Biggar and Mrs. W. C. Dawe were the judges. The prizes were in the nature of sewing-boxes and silver thimbles. They were presented to the scholars by Mrs. R. C. Mackay, vice-president of the Winona Branch.

* * *

Woman Suffrage

THE following resolution was passed by the Women's Institute, Forest: Resolved, that whereas the home is the foundation of national greatness, and the family is at present not fully represented, the male head of the family having no stronger voice in the nation than the unmarried man, it is the opinion of this Institute that to grant the franchise to the women of Ontario would be to represent more fairly the home as well as to increase the stable, conservative and morally uplifting vote of the province, and also to recognize the inalienable right of every British taxpayer to parliamentary representation. Moreover, other British colonies have recognized this, and found the results satisfactory, as in the case of New Zealand and Australia. Therefore, the members of this Institute do respectfully and earnestly request their representative, Mr. R. J. McCormick, M.P.P., to vote in support of Mr. Studholme's Bill for the enfranchisement of women, and to convey the same request to Sir James Whitney, Leader of the Government and Premier of Ontario.

Signed on behalf of the Forest Women's Institute: President, H. J. Macken; Vice-President, Lucy T. Treadgold; Director, Alice Whyte; Secretary, Lydia M. Parsons.

* * *

From Leamington

MRS. J. Mc. R. SELKIRK, a member of the Leamington Branch of the Women's Institute, recently read a paper on "The Sunny Side of Life," which attracted much attention. We have published several articles on "Cheerfulness" and kindred topics, but Mrs. Selkirk's reflections are so sensible that we reproduce a few paragraphs :

After all, the hard places, the dark places, the heavy shadows, take up only a small portion of our lives, or they would do so if we would only let them. It is the natural disposition of many of us, particularly of women, to brood over and to carry over into to-morrow the sorrows of to-day. This is all wrong. Some of us have clung to and carried with us through the years heart-aches and bitterness that we had no need to carry. We all know people who act as if it were a virtue to refuse to let go a sorrow or a grievance.

God forgive the mothers who have laid upon helpless little children the burden of their sorrowful faces and mournful faces. And God pity the men who have loved and married such kill-joys.

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When two patterns are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

DAINTY SUMMER FROCKS

SUMMER frocks made in semi-princesse style are both dainty and smart. Here are two, one for the younger girls and one for the older ones. The dress to the left is made of white muslin with a panel of all-over embroidery and trimming of embroidered banding. It is finished with a straight gathered flounce and the bretelles give becoming lines. It can be made with the Dutch neck or stock collar as liked. All seasonable materials will be found appropriate.

For the twelve-year size will be required 6 yards of material 24, 4¾ yards 32 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 18 for the front panel and 7 yards of banding. The pattern 6619 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

The dress to the right is made with a panel at the front but with separate blouse and skirt that are joined by a belt at the sides and back. It can be made with three-quarter or long sleeves as liked and the little yoke collar can be omitted and the sleeves made still shorter if a more dressy frock were wanted. White marquisette is the material shown and the trimming is imitation Irish crochet. Muslins are much liked and very charming this season, however, and the model suits the pretty flowered and figured ones as well as it does white.

For the sixteen-year size will be required 11 yards of material 24 or 27, 7¼ yards 32 or 6 yards 44 inches wide with 4½ yards of wide, 3 yards of narrow banding, ⅜ yards of all-over lace. The pattern 6587 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

A HANDSOME LINEN GOWN

LINEN gowns are made most attractively this season trimmed with bands of contrasting color. This one is white and the bands are buff and the effect is an exceedingly chic one. Buff linen banded with white would be pretty, however, blue with white is much liked and rose color with white is greatly in vogue; indeed, any combination that may be liked can be substituted for this one. The blouse is very new and very smart, closed invisibly at the left of the front and the skirt includes the short pointed over skirt that is one of the very latest developments. It can be made as illustrated or worn with a belt as preferred, also it can be made longer if a more dressy gown is wanted. The plaited side portions are gored and attached to a plaited yoke but the panels at front and back are of full length.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3¼ yards of material 24, 3⅛ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 27 inches wide for bands; for the skirt 12½ yards 24, 10½ yards 27 or 32, 6½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming.

The blouse pattern 6621 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6610 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6621
Skirt Pattern No. 6610

* * *

FASHIONABLE LINEN FROCK

LINEN frocks that are made in semi-princesse style and closed at the left of the front are among the newest and smartest of the season. This one is white, piped with blue, and trimming of color on white is much liked this season but the dress will be found appropriate for linen of all colors, for all seasonable materials, and can be trimmed in any way to suit the fancy. In this case it is worn with a Dutch collar and jabot of white batiste hand embroidered, but these are not included in the dress and the neck edge can be finished with a regulation stock if preferred. The skirt is cut in seven gores with plaited panels at each side of the front and is joined to the simple blouse beneath the belt. If short sleeves are liked the long under ones can be omitted. The design is adapted to the small women as well as to the girls and is equally attractive for both.

For the sixteen year size will be required 11½ yards of material 24 or 27, 7 yards 32 or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6613 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age; the embroidery design, including pattern for collar and jabot, 481, is cut in one size only.

* * *

DAINTY GOWNS OF WHITE

WHITE is to be extensively worn this season in spite of the many beautiful colors. Here are two gowns, one made of dotted Swiss muslin, the other of bordered batiste.

The gown to the left is made with a double skirt that consists simply of two flounces and a foundation to which the lower flounce is attached. The flounces are gathered and are simple to make as well as graceful in effect. The blouse is a new one with an oddly shaped yoke. It can be worn collarless, as in this instance, or with a regulation stock as liked and the sleeves can be made to the wrists or in three-quarter length. In this case the trimming is imitation Irish crochet and the spaces on the waist, enclosed by the narrow banding, are embroidered with tiny flowers.

For the medium size will be re-

Pattern No. 6619 **Pattern No. 6587**

Pattern No. 6613
Embroidery Pattern No. 481

quired, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24, 3¼ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8½ yards 24 or 27, 5 yards 44 inches wide; for the yoke will be needed ½ yard 18 inches wide, to trim the entire gown, 8 yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6611 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6615 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made with one of the new over skirts or tunics that is pointed at the sides. It, too, includes a straight flounce that is joined to a gored upper portion. This flounce can be either plaited or gathered. When the skirt is made from bordered material the over portion is seamed over the hips to preserve the straight lower edges. When made from plain material it is seamless. The blouse is an exceedingly attractive one with bretelles that suit bordered material or flouncing peculiarly well, but it can be made from anything seasonable and trimmed to suit the taste.

Blouse Pattern No. 6611
Skirt Pattern No. 6615

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 24, 2¼ yards 27, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of embroidery for the bretelles, ½ yard of all-over lace, 1½ yards of banding; for the skirt 7 yards of bordered material 24 or 27; or 7 yards of plain material 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6606 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6627 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

SIMPLE GOWN OF FOULARD

FOULARD made simply is one of the most practical, satisfactory costumes that the summer wardrobe can contain. This one combines a distinctly novel blouse with one of the new skirts that are so well liked. The blouse can be trimmed with the frill as illustrated or left plain as liked, but the frill trimming gives a distinctive touch. The skirt can be either tucked or gathered and made in either walking or round length. If the fashionable Dutch neck is becoming, the blouse can be cut out to any desired depth but just as illustrated the gown is practical, smart and in every way to be desired. The silk shows white spots on a greyish blue ground. The trimming is blue messaline.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4⅝ yards of material 24, 2⅜ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7¼ yards 24, 6¾ yards 32 or 44 inches wide. To trim the entire gown will be required one yard of silk 21 inches wide; for the frill one yard of lace will be needed.

The blouse pattern 6618 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6456 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6606
Skirt Pattern No. 6627

* * *

GRACEFUL GOWNS IN TUNIC STYLE

GOWNS made in tunic style are exceedingly smart just now and the two illustrated are among the prettiest and most graceful. The one to the left is made of dotted net and includes a skirt that can be drawn in as illustrated or made with the upper portion or tunic allowed to hang free at the lower edge. The blouse is a charming and exceptionally attractive one that can be made as illustrated or with a stock collar or with low neck and with either the sleeves illustrated or with the short ones only.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 1½ yards 18 for yoke and long sleeves, 2½ yards of banding, 1 yard 18 for the garniture; for the skirt 7⅝ yards 24 or 27, 4⅞ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6528 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6622 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6528
Skirt Pattern No. 6622

The second gown shows one of the new tunics over a circular skirt. The tunic is made with blouse and peplum that are joined by a belt and is closed invisibly at the back. In this instance it is made of soft grey chiffon and is worn over a grey and white foulard, foulard making the trimming while the yoke and the guimpe are of all-over lace and its sleeves are of unlined chiffon. The tunic is a very simple one that can be made as illustrated or with the straight lower edge as liked. The skirt is plain and circular. It can be cut off in walking length. The guimpe is a perfectly plain one, faced to form the yoke.

For the medium size will be required, for the tunic 4⅝ yards of material 24 or 27, 3¾ yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide; for the guimpe 2⅞ yards 24 with ½ yard of all-over lace, 1 yard of chiffon for the sleeves, for the trimming 1½ yards 24 inches wide; and for the skirt will be required 6½ yards 24, 5 yards 32 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide. The tunic pattern 6629 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6226 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Tunic Pattern No. 6629
Skirt Pattern No. 6226

* * *

NOVELTIES IN LINEN

SQUARE table cloths with a circular centre pattern and corners filled in with a handsome separate pattern are among napery novelties. The same pattern may be cut to a round cloth without in any way interfering with the central design. Another napery novelty has the owner's autograph reproduced in embroidery on table cloth and napkin corners and a third set bears the monogram of the family's head woven in lace stitches about a filet motif.

Blouse Pattern No. 6618
Skirt Pattern No. 6456

The Piano of Exquisite Tone

THOSE who do not regard a piano merely as a desirable piece of furniture—as a factor for household decoration only—but who earnestly desire to obtain the fullest measure of permanent tonal beauty of which the modern piano is capable, should not fail to investigate the

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"The Piano with a Soul."

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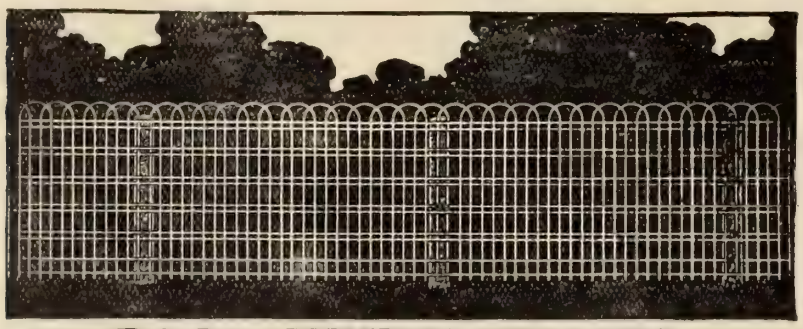

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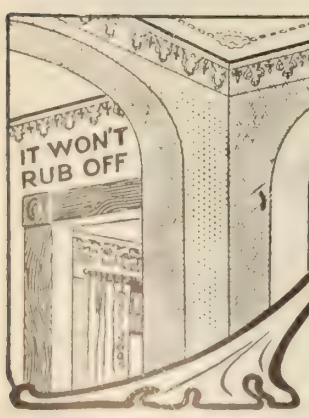

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6

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE fourth season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra closes on April 21st, with the sixth concert, in which Miss Tilly Koenen, the well-known Dutch contralto, who has scored so many triumphs in Europe and America, is assisting artist. Mr. Welsman, the conductor of this organization, is to be congratulated on the series of successful concerts which have marked the season of 1909-1910 and is assured of public appreciation and support since the audiences at all these events have filled Massey Music Hall. The opening concert, on October 25th of last year, with Madame Johanna Gadski as assisting soloist was a brilliant initial event which gave the public abundant proof of the Orchestra's desire to engage only the best talent, while the orchestral portion of the programme, especially the Mendelssohn "Scotch Symphony," showed the technical and artistic progress of the local organization. On November 18th the composer-pianist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, was engaged as solo "attraction," while Haydn's "Symphony in D Major No. 2" was the chief orchestral number. On February 14th, the Austrian violinist, Fritz Kreisler, was engaged for the fourth concert of the series and on March 24th, the wonderful young Russian violinist, Mischa Elman, whose playing at a Symphony Orchestra concert created such a sensation last spring, appeared once more as soloist. The opening orchestral selection, Antonin Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," proved one of the most interesting achievements of this year, the Bohemian artist's interpretation of the varied spirit of America being given with a spirit and understanding which revealed a most musicianly study of the composition. Mischa Elman won fresh laurels for his marvellous genius, and an Anglo-Saxon audience was left once more to wonder at the musical dower which so often is bestowed upon Slav or Hungarian.

MR. FRANK WELSMAN.

* * *

THE Province of Quebec has sent forth one great singer—Albani—who once charmed the operatic world. Donalda is another singer from the French-Canadian capital, who has won fame in European cities. There is in Montreal quite a circle of young musicians who have done good work abroad. Among these is Miss Mabel Barker, who was born in Lime Ridge, near Sherbrooke in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. She commenced the study of vocal music with Professor Landry (now of Winnipeg) and was soprano soloist of St. James Methodist Church for seven years. She went to Paris in 1907 to pursue her vocal study, where she was a pupil of Monsieur Varney. Miss Barker returned to Canada last year and accepted a position as soloist in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. Her work in oratorio is especially fine and Canada may expect still greater triumphs from this singer from the East.

* * *

THE Earl Grey trophy competition in music and drama is not over, at the time of writing, but in Toronto, there is much going to and fro of judges and other authorities. Sir John Hare, who was so welcome in Canada in his acting days, was to act as dramatic judge, but was obliged to disappoint His Excellency at almost the last moment.

This trophy competition has had an interesting history. For two years, it was held in Ottawa, in 1909 it was held in Montreal, and this year it comes to the capital of Ontario. Earl Grey has shown himself the kindest patron of the "arts," in his constant encouragement of local ambition, and it is to be hoped that nothing will occur to mar the success of the present competition. The judges have been chosen from the ranks of the most prominent authorities on music and drama in the country, and the theatre secured, the Royal Alexandra, is one of the handsomest auditoriums in the country. The only regret in connection with the event is that ours is a country of such magnificent distances that it is impossible for Victoria or Vancouver to be represented every year. If the next scene of competition is Winnipeg, there may be a more general representation. The interest shown in this year's competition, among all classes, has proved beyond a doubt the wisdom of the movement.

MISS MABEL BARKER.

* * *

THE various women's musical clubs in the country are flourishing with a vigor which shows that the movement resulting in their foundation was no passing fancy or fashion.

The club in Owen Sound, for instance, is possessed of this spirit in overflowing measure. When the Mendelssohn Choir concerts are going on in Toronto, the members of this enterprising club in the northern city hold an excursion which is so ably financed that the outcome is usually one hundred dollars or more for the treasury. Consequently, the benefit is one in both dollars and musical education. A musical library is the object of most of these societies, and some of them are actually "saving for a hall." The ambition shown by such societies as those in Montreal, Winnipeg and Toronto has been pleasantly manifested in "bringing out" young Canadians with musical gifts—a most useful work in a country with so few traditions.

In the Shops

ALREADY we are beginning to look for veranda furniture, with its light and summery construction. At Eaton's there is a very large display of this furniture in all forms, sizes and colors. The old-fashioned "red rocker" appears to have vanished for the time, and we trust that it will not come back, for it was clumsy and awkward to handle. The modern wicker sets are delightful to move about, so lightly are they built. Their appearance is in keeping with the months of flowers and sunshine and many will prefer the soft green coloring, so restful to the eye. The settees are especially dainty in design and the low chairs are a comfort even to behold.

One of the feminine occupations which never become entirely out-of-date, is fine needlework, and in Eaton's fancy department one may find an immense variety of stamped articles, to appeal to the buyer who desires something which will afford occupation in the long summer afternoons. Embroidered towels are always an attractive furnishing, and either initial or monogram will keep one busy for several hours. It is not too early to begin to think of next Christmas, and a few dainty gifts, such as pretty, fine towels prepared during the summer months, will go far towards making Christmas gifts a simpler undertaking.

In the table linen display, the new maple leaf design, Eaton's own idea, taken to Ireland and made by one of the great linen houses into a variety of fine damask cloths and napkins is most attractive to the housewife's eye. The linen chest is one of the indispensable features of a well-ordered home and no more satisfactory addition to its stores could be made than some of this maple leaf linen. There is also an intermingling of the symbols of Great Britain and Ireland, an ingenious presentation of the thistle, shamrock and rose being obtainable in patterns suitable for both square and oblong tables. A truly Western touch is given by a novel wheat design which with one showing an artistic combination of American beauty roses and ribbons, bow-knots, one of sunflowers and scrolls, and another of valley lilies and maiden fern, make a display of satin damask to gladden the feminine shopper.

* * *

HOW to do the hair is a vexed question with many of us. The turban coiffure, while in fashion yet, is somewhat on the wane, as the exaggerated effects are not popular with women of good taste. At Dorenwend's some pretty and attractive styles are seen in the latest hairdressing, with the small curls very much in evidence. These give a quaint and delicate touch to the coiffure, distinctly of the early Victorian type. In fact, several of the newest girlish coiffures recall the famous engravings of Queen Victoria in the year of her accession.

The braid buckle is one of the latest ornaments for the hair and will be used extensively by the "summer girl." Two or three of these are usually quite enough adornment for the girl of good taste. These buckles are entirely reasonable in price, although those of the best quality command prices that place them in the class of jewels. Never were combs and barettes of more pleasing design. They give to the coiffure a "steadiness" and finish.

The variety in color and style of these combs and buckles gives opportunity for matching which was not afforded in the old times, when tortoiseshell or jet finish was the only style available. The pearl and amber coloring will be chosen by many who prefer the lighter colors as a match for golden or silver-tinged hair.

ARE YOU BUYING A PIANO?

In so important a thing as the purchase of a piano, do not let an apparent saving in cost warp your good judgment.

The differences in piano prices do not represent different degrees of profit for the makers so much as *different degrees of quality for the buyer.*

YOU benefit least of all when you purchase a "cheap piano"—it cannot give you satisfaction long and when once it begins to deteriorate it does so rapidly. The

Gerhard Heintzman
Canada's Greatest Piano

continues to be the finest of all instruments. Its price continues to be the lowest at which a thoroughly high class piano can be bought, and its sales continue to increase at the same wonderful rate as for years past.

The cost is less than you think. Before you decide one way or another, let us discuss the matter together. Easy terms of payment can be arranged and your present instrument taken as part payment.

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We have no connection whatever with any firm of similar name in the city. Ours is the ONLY and GENUINE GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano and our only Toronto Salesrooms, conceded the finest in Canada, are at 41-43 Queen Street West, opposite City Hall.

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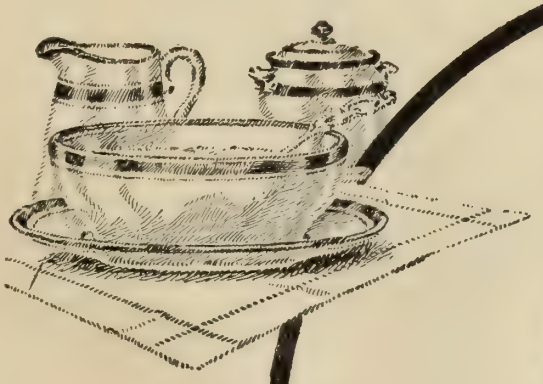

Tempting the Sick

What a task to tempt the elusive appetite of the invalid with something dainty, delicate, palate cooling and wholesome. And it must be made quickly and served very soon after the desire is expressed or the patient has changed his mind. Hundreds of just such tempting jellies, custards, etc., are made possible with

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Dainty, refreshing jellies made with Pure Gold Jelly Powders. Delicious, nourishing puddings with the Quick Tapioca, Chocolate, Arrowroot and Custard. Pure, wholesome and "just right" for the weak digestion of an invalid. From the moment the invalid says he wants it to the time you serve it is but a few minutes.

For example, we suggest this

Invalid's Food

Into one pint of water, slightly salted, stir three tablespoons Quick Tapioca and cook fifteen minutes. Serve with cream and sugar. This is a very nutritious breakfast dish and serves as a change from the cereals.

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Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

2 B

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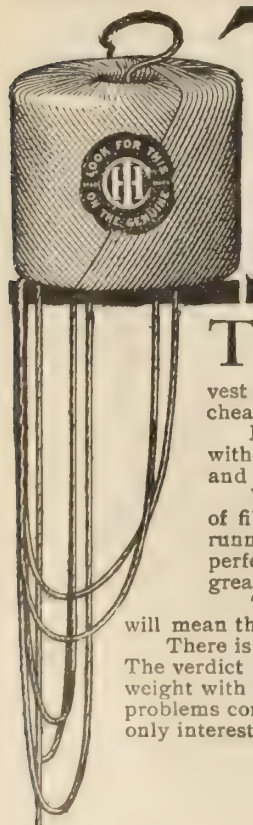

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF THE MAJORITY OF FARMERS BE YOUR GUIDE IN BUYING TWINE

THE time has come to order your binder twine for the 1910 harvest. Twine dealers are placing orders for their season's stock. The mills are running. Now is the time for you to decide the twine question. It is something that requires careful consideration. The success of your harvest will depend on the uninterrupted work of your binder, for no binder can work well if you use a cheap grade of binder twine.

It is our aim to have every farmer who uses I H C twine go through the 1910 harvest season without a break in the field. We have much more at stake than merely selling twine. Your interests and ours are the same.

We know that the raw materials from which I H C twines are spun have the quantity and quality of fibre that insure greater strength than is found in any other twine. They are evenly spun—smooth running—do not tangle in the twine box—work well in the knotter, insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. They insure your being able to work your binder through the entire harvest season with greatest speed and economy and are therefore practical profit insurance.

Those who buy cheap twine will certainly have trouble—delays due to tangles, knots and breaks will mean the loss of valuable time—and every delay at harvest time will cut down your profits.

There is a sure way to avoid this. Let the experience of the past be your guide in purchasing your twine. The verdict of the majority of the farmers of this country is a safe guide. Their decision should have more weight with you than the statement of any twine manufacturer. These farmers know. They have the same problems confronting them that you have. They have no axe to grind. They do not sell twine. They are only interested in results.

I H C Brand of Sisal—Standard Sisal Manila or Pure Manila

Are the twines used by the majority of the farmers of this country. They have been proved to give the best results. Eighty-five to 90 per cent of the farmers use Sisal. It is smooth running and works at steady tension without kinking or tangling in the twine box—insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. Its only equal is the really high grade Manila twines such as bear the I H C trade-mark.

Your interests and ours are identical on this twine proposition. We have more at stake than selling twine. We are vitally interested in the successful operation of hundreds of thousands of binders. On their successful operation depends our success—and we know they cannot operate successfully with poor twine. No binder made can. For this reason we have given the twine problem careful study. When we say "Stick to Sisal or high grade Manila bearing the I H C trade-mark"—we do so because we know them to be the highest standard of excellence in binder twine.

But we don't ask you to do as we say. We want you to be the judge. But your judgment to be right should be based on facts—not on the statement of any twine man. And the fact is—that the majority of the farmers of this country use I H C twine. Sisal or Standard (which is made from pure Sisal) comes 500 feet to the pound; high grade Manila, 600 feet to the pound; Pure Manila, 650 feet. See your local I H C dealer at once and let him know how much you will need. If you want more facts on binder twine, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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Foulard Gowns

(For Patterns see illustrations on page 28)

AN AFTERNOON GOWN

FOULARD makes such a satisfactory material that it is being utilized in a great many different ways. Here is a simple gown made from it with trimming of plain silk and yoke of all-over lace. It includes many of the newest features of the season and it is altogether chic and smart but it is so simple that it can be worn at almost any hour of the day. The blouse is closed invisibly at the left of the front and that feature in itself means comfort while it is in the height of style. The skirt is made with a deep pointed apron, or yoke, which is joined to the flounce above the trimming band, so that it gives the effect of a tunic while really the skirt is all in one. The same dress would be pretty made from linen or from the cotton poplins that are to be so much worn or from any of the thinner, lighter stuffs, such as batiste and lawn. There are inexpensive printed wash fabrics also that make up charmingly for morning wear and one of these banded with plain batiste and with little chemisette of embroidery would make an attractive gown of a still simpler sort.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¼ yards of material 27, 3⅛ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of all-over lace and ½ yard of silk; for the skirt 8¾ yards 24 or 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of silk for trimming. The waist pattern, 6621, is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust,

Blouse Pattern No. 6621
Skirt Pattern No. 6391

the skirt pattern, 6391, in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

* * *

A GOWN OF BORDERED FOULARD

BORDERED foulards are being greatly used this season and are exceptionally lovely in color and design. This one shows dots of black on white, which combination is always smart and always desirable. The skirt is the two flounce sort, made with a gored upper portion and suits bordered material perfectly well

and the blouse is made with bretelles that are especially well adapted to them also. In this case there is a yoke of white lace and a black belt gives just a needed note of color and character. If liked the yoke could be omitted and the sleeves made short, when the blouse becomes adapted to dinner and evening wear. Any all-over lace, embroidery or fancy material is

Waist Pattern No. 6606
Skirt Pattern No. 6615

appropriate for the yoke, and tucked marquisette is one of the novelties.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 21, 2¼ yards 27 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of embroidery for the bretelles, 1½ yards of banding, ½ yard of all-over lace; for the skirt 5¾ yards of flouncing 25 inches wide with 1¾ yards of plain material 27 inches wide for the foundation; or 8½ yards of plain material 24 or 27, 6½ yards 32 or 5 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern, 6606, is size 32 to 42 inches bust, the skirt pattern, 6615, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

In Quest of Beauty

Continued from page 13

but their marketable value. If each citizen would "set his house in order"—for it is true, other things than charity begin at home—we can imagine how our urban streets would be improved in appearance; how our districts would become veritable gardens of Eden; and with how much greater zest we would enjoy this goodly old world.

We have before us a number of properties, the owners of which are unquestionably doing a fair share towards the beautifying of their respective towns as a whole by improving that portion which belongs to them exclusively, and, in order that other places may gain in beauty, let us trust that example is really the compelling force which it is claimed to be—a force that will transform us all into Seekers of Beauty.

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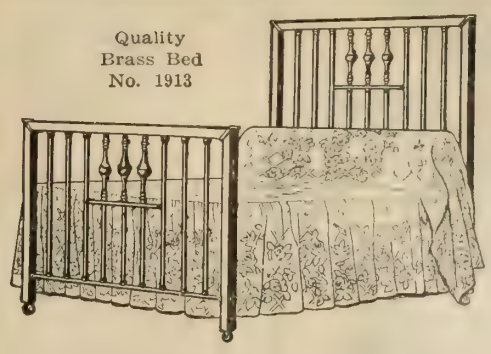
No. 1913



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and every Quality Bed is the *best* that trained artisans, intelligently directed, can produce; with a full measure of conscience wrought into the beautiful, finished Quality craftsmanship. No slipshod methods are tolerated in the Quality plant. Nothing is ever good enough, unless perfect. Quality Beds are put together to *stay*. Quality Beds never rattle nor wobble. Quality joints never work loose.

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are sold with the privilege of trial for *thirty days*. At the end of that time, if you don't agree that you never had as good a bed, the dealer takes it back and the incident is *closed*. Further—if at the end of *five years* your Quality Bed hasn't stood firmly, without flinching, you simply ask for your money—and *get* it. This agreement is plainly covered by the Quality Guarantee Ticket, attached to all Quality Beds, brass or enamel. Just say on a postcard, "Send me 'Bedtime'" and we'll mail free, the handsomest bed catalog you've ever seen. Write *now*. 25

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ELECTRIC

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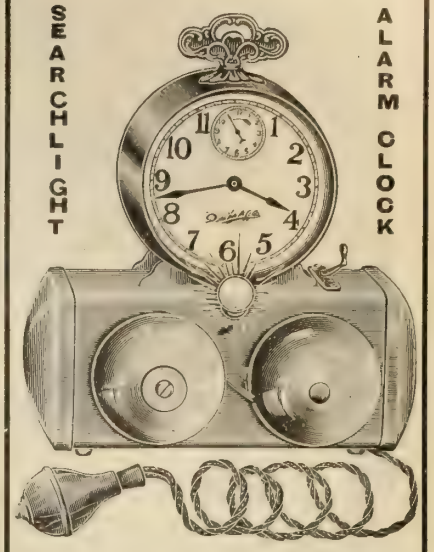

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THE EXQUISITE APPEARANCE

of the New Scale Williams Pianos, shows the result of our special study in the designing of cases and the selection of rare veneers.

Our Period Pianos—Louis XV, English Art Case, Baby Grand, Mission, Sheraton, etc—are marvellous reproductions both as to detail and art.

The woods are finished in their natural colors—figured and inlaid Mahogany, White Mahogany, Green Oak, Circassian Walnut with dull satin finish, French Burl and American Walnut, etc.

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It satisfied me in the most complete manner, and I tell you this with sincerity, and beg you to believe in my best sentiment."

BLANCHE MARCHESI, (Prima Donna.)

Our beautiful new catalogue shows the new styles in New Scale Williams Pianos, and also describes the many exclusive features which make these pianos the choice of pianists and singers, as well as the favorites in homes and schools.

Write for copy of the catalogue and information about our plan of buying a New Scale Williams Piano on easy payments.

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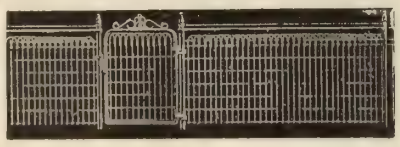

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19

My Lady's Garden

Garden Chat

By M. E. B.

LOW-GROWING HARDY PLANTS.

TALL and striking varieties of hardy plants such as Delphiniums, Sunflowers, Foxgloves, Monkshoods, Boltonias, Heleniums, Giant Daisies, etc., are more or less well known to every gardener; so also are those of less towering growth such as Pæonies, Iris, Columbines, and so on. Very lovely they are and wonderfully effective and necessary; but the garden-lover who has none of the low-growing things with which to carpet the ground in between the larger ones and to be used in the foreground is missing more than half the pleasure of gardening.

These prostrate and dwarf plants are nearly all Alpines. An Alpine does not necessarily mean a plant that grows on the Alps, but that its native home is at a high altitude — Alpine and mountainous have become synonymous terms. Consequently most of them are rock lovers by nature, but they are very accommodating and many of them flourish wonderfully well in the ordinary border. In England they value Alpines at their true worth and give them the environment that is most congenial to them.

Judging by the photographs in English publications, the various "rock gardens" as they are called, must be beautiful in the extreme. Many of the plants that grow there would not be likely to stand out hot, dry summers, and others might succumb to our severe winters; but when these are omitted there is still a goodly number left, that would add fifty per cent. to the beauty of our gardens, if we would only have the sense to try them.

Many of these will grow easily from seed, such as the single form of the white "Rock Cress," (Arabis Alpina), "Golden Tuft" (Alyssum saxatile), purple "Rock Cress" (Aubrietia), "Moss Campion" (Silene acaulis), "Sand-wort" (Arenaria montana), "Soap-wort" (Saponaria ocymoides), "Maiden Pink" (Dianthus deltoides), "Perennial Candy-tuft" (Iberis sempervirens) etc. Others, such as English Primroses and Polyanthus, grow readily enough if the seed is fresh and they are kept moist so as not to dry out at all, when germinating — they are perfectly hardy here as far as our winters are concerned, but sometimes our summers are fatal, unless they are kept well watered, or are in a shady spot, as they have an immense quantity of small fibrous roots near the surface of the soil, which dry out very quickly. But they give prompt warning of this condition by the wilting of their leaves, which ask for water as plainly as leaves can speak.

All of these are more or less valuable and some (with others that are not so readily grown from seed) are absolutely indispensable, if you value spring flowers. If you care to have great sheets of snowy, almond-scented bloom from April to June, then plant both the single and double forms of the Arabis ("Rock Cress"). The single comes first and is a contemporary of the Scilla—the bluest of blue flowers. As it begins to wane the double one is ready to take its place and has for its companion the almost equally fine blue of the "Grape Hyacinth" (the one known as "Heavenly Blue" is especially fine). Yellow also comes into the color scheme and "Golden Tuft" hastens on the scene, to compete with the Daffodils and Yellow Tulips for showiness.

The "Barrenworts" (Epimediums) are some of the earliest and most dainty of spring bloomers, E. rubrum, E. luteum and E. macranthum, all do well here (Toronto) and follow each other in time of blooming, E. rubrum leading the others. It is always in flower the first week in May. A quaint little flower it is, and as its leaves form a canopy over its head it would show to the greatest advantage on a rock-covered bank, where the flowers would be more easily seen. But the leaves are so handsome themselves, that the plant would be well worth growing if it had no flowers. The leaves take on delightfully rich tints as they mature and in conjunction with the grey foliage of the "Mouse-Ear Chickweed" (Cerastium tomentosum) they are wonderfully effective.

A BRICK-EDGED PATH COVERED WITH "MOUSE-EAR-CHICK-WEED." ABOVE IT IS "BARRENWORT."

The Cerastium just mentioned is also called "Snow in Summer"—it is a dear wee thing, with downy grey-white leaves and pure white flowers, from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. A small plant soon becomes a large mass of silvery whiteness, and, as the effect is always silvery whether in flower or not, it enhances the beauty of any pink, rose, blue, or magenta flower that grows near it. Last year a polyanthus, of a rich magenta shade, happened to be planted next it and the contrast was lovely.

Another little Cerastium (C. arveuse compactum) with green moss-like foliage, scarcely rising from the ground, has similar flowers and its very dwarf growth makes it useful for some places, but it is not as beautiful as the other. Common names are very confusing—not that they have a complete monopoly of that obnoxious quality, for botanical ones are not above reproach, but their most ardent admirers must admit this little weakness.

To illustrate this—"Rock Cress" is a name that is applied to both the

Arabis and Aubrietia. I have tried to separate them by calling the Arabis the white "Rock Cress" and the Aubrietia the purple "Rock Cress" (for the benefit of the mentally lazy who absolutely decline to learn the botanical names)—neither of which is strictly true, for there is a rose colored as well as a white Arabis, and the Aubrietia comes in many shades of purple, violet, lavender, pink and crimson-purple—though the commonest form of it is in some shade of purple. This "Rock Cress" is a pretty, showy little thing, but some shades of it are rather trying to make harmonize with other colors; so it is wisest to plant it some distance from any pink or rose-colored flowers, unless you are sure what shade it will be. It is always well to study the effect desired before planting any of these prostrate plants as, once they have become large established clumps, one does not like to disturb them as they are not easy to move "en masse" and retain their beauty of contour. If one has made a mistake, the best thing to do is to dig up and separate the plant into small pieces and plant one of these in the desired spot and wait for its development. The other bits will generally be useful in some nook or cranny; so you will be a gainer by the division, in the long run.

Of the low growing Phloxes (P. subulata), commonly called "Moss Pink," there are now many fine hybrids, ranging in color from white to deep rose. The one called "vivid" is a rich rose pink, and seems to be an improvement on the type, so familiar in old-fashioned gardens in the country, but the pure white is the gem of the family. If you want a rose-colored, low-growing Phlox, get the "Lovely Phlox" (P. amœna) in preference to one of the subulata type—it is not so dwarf, being from four to six inches high, and is decidedly superior to it in every way. In fact its common name is an excellent description of it.

A charming little Veronica, which is sometimes catalogued as V. tencrium dubia, sometimes as V. rupestris, and sometimes V. prostrata, is as meek and innocent as a Forget-me-not in spite of all its imposing names and is one of the most desirable plants to possess. From the prostrate stems, in June, innumerable little spires of bloom arise, completely covering the plant, of the softest, loveliest blue—it is a contemporary of the Cerastiums in time of blooming.

Of the perennial Candytufts, the variety known as "Snowflake" (Iberis sempervirens superba var. "Snowflake") is lovely, the individual flowers being larger than the type. The dwarf varieties of Iris are delightful spring bloomers. The one catalogued as Pumila cærulea, a tiny plant only four inches high, opens the Iris season, about the middle of May, with a goodly display of its delicate pale blue flowers. A few days later various other dwarf varieties follow, some of them having flowers almost as fine as those of the Germanica type—they appear to be quite hardy as far as cold is concerned, but resent too much moisture, particularly from the hose; they require good drainage, or decay will set in. There are many shades and color combinations in them, yellow and white, white and pale blue, violet purple and deep purple, etc., etc.—the latest of them saying farewell as Florentina, the earliest of the other type, puts in an appearance.

The dwarf Campanulas are a useful and beautiful group of rock and border plants. The Carpathian Harebell (C. Carpatica) has as large flowers as the well-known peach-leaved Bellflower (C. persicifolia) and from their upright growth and profusion of bloom are quite as desirable. Besides the old white and the blue (the type) there are several new hybrids of which C. Carpatica turbinata is a good rich shade of blue-purple.

Of the very dwarf kinds the "Wall Hare-bell" (C. Porteuschlagiana syn. muralis) of which the variety bavarica is much superior to the type, is a dainty midget some four inches high with flowers much the shade and shape of our wild Harebell (C. rotundifolia) but on short stems and smaller in size. It blooms in August and September and last year went bravely on until frozen up. There does not seem to be a great deal of difference between the Wall Hare-bell and C. pusilla (syn. pumila)—another very small species, which does not boast a common name—except that it blooms earlier; the white form of it is much more taking than the blue and is a charming little flower.

To return to the early spring flowers, from which we have wandered a little—do try how effective and showy the Polyanthus can prove itself if given a fair chance. From a packet of seed of Polyanthus, catalogued as Dean's hybrids, came such a variety of colors and combinations of colors, in the way of huge eyes or centres, of varying shades of yellow, which in some cases almost usurped half the flower, that the changes were endless.

The English Primrose, too, has been undergoing a Cinderella-like change and the new hybrids of Dean's ring quite as many changes as in the Polyanthus. Fortunately the delightful fragrance of the old primrose-colored one, so dear to the hearts of all children of the motherland, has not been improved out of existence, as sometimes happens in the fascinating work of hybridizing.

These are only a few (but some of the most easily grown few) of the many beautiful dwarf plants that we might add to our gardens. They have been described at some length, at the risk of becoming wearisome, in the hopes that it may lead to their more frequent appearance. Being hardy plants, the first outlay is the only one, provided they are taken care of until established, and they will increase in beauty year by year. If this chat leads one hundred people to plant the Arabis alone, it will not have been in vain, for that dear little "Rock Cress" has a mission in life—it is helping to make the world more beautiful.

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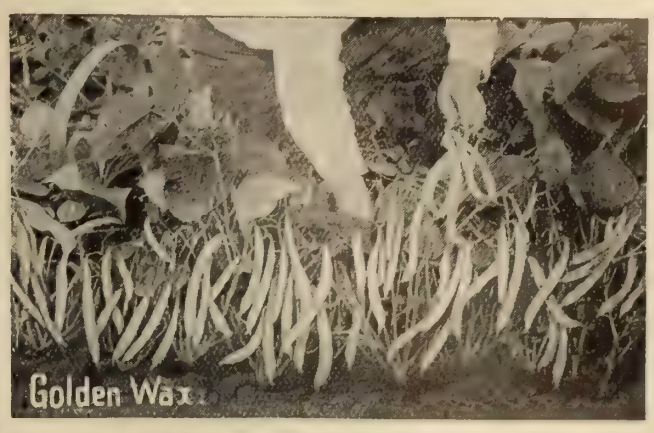

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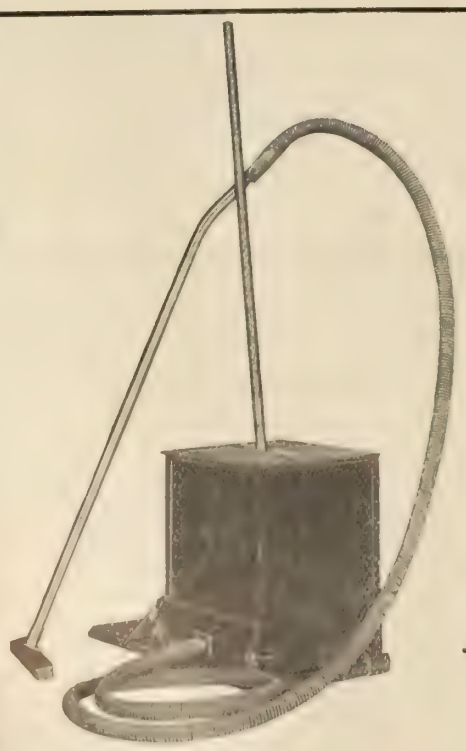

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A Dangerous Household Pest

THE house-fly stands at the bar of modern science, under indictment as the filthiest and most dangerous of all household pests. Practically all the flies found in the house are born in manure piles, garbage cans, or some other equally obnoxious accumulation of filth. They carry dirt of all kinds on their feet and deposit it wherever they happen to alight. They are Nature's scavengers, to be sure, but they accomplish no good in the house, and do a vast amount of harm. They ought to be banished.

HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

Sprinkle the garbage cans with lime or kerosene, and keep them constantly covered.

Do not allow decayed vegetables or other material to accumulate. Keep your premises clean.

Be careful that all doors and windows are screened.

Screen all food, if it is not possible to keep the flies from it in any other way.

To kill flies in the house, dissolve 318 grains of bichromate of potash in ten ounces of water. It should be sweetened with sugar and placed in shallow dishes throughout the house. This material is cheap, can be purchased at the drug-store.

Another anti-fly mixture is one part formaldehyde (formalin) and four parts of water. If this preparation is placed in tins or saucepans about the house, it will prove very effective, as it attracts the flies, and kills them instantly.

Renovating the Carpet

IT is usually economy to send a carpet to a steam-cleaning establishment in order to have the dust wholly removed and the pile or nap raised by steaming, for when once the pile has been flattened or beaten down by improper sweeping and constant wear the life of the carpet will be short indeed. After a carpet has been thoroughly beaten and carefully relaid it may also be cleansed and brightened as follows: Purchase from a druggist four ounces of Peruvian soap bark, place it in a large saucepan, pour over it about four quarts of boiling water, place on the back of the stove to steep for an hour, strain the resulting fluid, and add sufficient cold water to make a pailful of the vegetable soap. If it can be obtained a pint of ox gall added to the water will greatly improve the soap, which should be allowed to stand until it has congealed. When congelation has taken place prepare for some vigorous work, as good results cannot be secured without a considerable expenditure of strength.

Dip a soft scrubbing brush into the thick soap solution, and with it moisten thoroughly about a yard of the carpet, scrubbing gently with the grain; then remove all suds and moisture with the edge of a small flat board or with a rubber window cleaner. As the suds and moisture will carry with them the grease and dirt that is in the carpet it is important to do the scraping thoroughly. Go over the entire surface in this way, and then if ox gall has not been added to the soap sponge the carpet with water that has been made quite strong with ammonia. When the work is done open all windows and doors in the room and let the carpet dry thoroughly. Do not walk on the carpet while it is moist, as the pressure would crush the pile noticeably.

* * *

What Other Women Do

WHEN it is necessary to poach eggs in a frying-pan or other large dish put a heaping tablespoonful of salt into the water. This will keep the eggs from spreading if they are dropped in carefully from a saucer. Or use a little vinegar in place of the salt.

When you need to clean cooking vessels of iron or agateware use pumice stone; it may be purchased at a drug store for a small amount. Wash the vessel in the usual way, then rub thoroughly with the pumice stone, when the black deposit will disappear, and you will find a clean, smooth surface in its place.

When you put lemon and salt on your linen to take out iron-rust stains, instead of putting it out in the sunshine hold it close down over a vessel of fast-boiling water, as it is a much quicker way of removing the stains.

When muffins are left from breakfast they may be dipped quickly in cold water and set in a moderate oven for ten or twelve minutes; they will taste as well as though newly made.

When the yolks of eggs are to be set aside to be used some other time beat them thin, adding a little very cold water. This will prevent the thick scum forming on the top. If the yolks are to be used for salads, however, the water must not be added.

When you slice a raw ham spread the cut surface with lard of the part to be put aside, and it will not become mouldy.

When poisoned with poison ivy bathe the affected parts with 95 per cent. alcohol. The government experiments have proved this to be an absolute antidote for poison ivy.

When clothes become shiny at the elbows or shoulders rub gently with emery paper to raise the nap; then go over the place with a warmed piece of silk.

When stoning raisins free them from all stems, place them in a bowl, cover with boiling water, and let them stand two minutes. Pour off the water and open the raisins, when the seeds can be removed quickly without the usual stickiness.—*The Circle.*

Omelets

UNDER the direction of Miss M. U. Watson of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, have been compiled valuable recipes for egg, milk and cheese dishes, especially acceptable in these vegetarian days. Two of these are given as follows:

FOAMY OMELET.—Take three eggs, a quarter teaspoonful salt, three tablespoonfuls water, one tablespoonful butter, a little pepper. Beat the egg-yolks and pepper until thick; add the water and mix well. Beat the whites until stiff, and fold the yolk mixture into it. Melt the butter in a medium sized omelet or frying pan; turn the mixture in, spread it evenly, and stand on the fire where it will cook slowly; when nicely risen and lightly browned underneath, stand on the upper shelf of the oven to dry off the top; it is done if it does not stick to the finger when touched. Fold and turn out on a hot platter. Milk may be used instead of water, but the omelet will be less tender. Chopped chicken or ham or parsley or onion may be added to the mixture before cooking. Allow one tablespoonful for every egg. Foamy omelet is often served with a sauce around it, but the sauce must be ready when the omelet comes from the oven. One cup sauce is allowed for a three-egg omelet, and may be tomato sauce, or a cream sauce having one-quarter cup of chopped cold chicken or ham, or the same amount of cooked green peas or mushrooms.

FRENCH OMELET.—Take three eggs, three tablespoonfuls hot water, three teaspoonfuls butter, salt and pepper. Scour a medium sized omelet pan thoroughly with salt to make sure it is smooth. Put the butter in and stand where the butter will soften but not melt. Break the eggs into a bowl and beat with a fork just enough to mix them without making them foamy, then stir in the hot water. Stand the platter where it will heat, and have the salt and pepper shakers and a broad-bladed flexible knife at hand. Move the omelet pan forward on the fire, and melt the butter enough to let it run over the bottom and sides. Pour in the eggs and stand where the mixture will cook very slowly. When it begins to set on the bottom, run the knife under from each side and let the top liquid part run under. Continue this until no more will run under, then dust with salt and pepper, roll it up and turn out on the hot platter, and serve at once.

The secret of success here is slow cooking so that the egg is jellied instead of toughened. It is difficult for most people to handle any more than three eggs at a time, so that it is not easy to provide a farge family with French Omelet. In such case it is wiser to take the same ingredients, cook in the same way until it begins to set on the bottom, then keep scraping it off the bottom, until the whole is thickened, and turn out a dish of scrambled eggs.

* * *

The Luscious Pineapple

By WEATHA A. WILSON

OF all the imported fruits probably none is more generally liked than the pineapple. Its flavor is not only refreshing but combines with that of other fruits in such a way as to develop those flavors and at the same time preserve its own. In its fresh state it is a most valuable aid to digestion and might well be used for that purpose when easily obtained. It is the only one of the imported fruits which retains much of its natural flavor when canned, and the variety of forms in which it is put upon the market offers to the housewife a number of possibilities in the culinary line. The sliced pineapple makes a fine dessert alone. When grated it is best for sherbets or custards, while the cans containing coarse pieces are the best for fruit puddings or gelatine work. Another advantage in the use of pineapple is that it does not seem to call for pastry combinations. There is too great a tendency to use several things in combination whereas any one would be sufficient in itself.

WAYS OF USING THE FRESH FRUIT.—To prepare a fresh pineapple for the table, it is best to serve it in small pieces rather than slices. Pare with a sharp knife, taking off the most of the rind and removing the eyes later. A sharp steel knife pares best, but discolors easily and should be washed frequently. A silver fruit knife is the very best thing. After paring, take a silver fork and plunge it straight to the core of the pine. Try in this way to dig out the natural section which is formed about the eye. The pieces will separate easily from the woody core. Save the juice as much as possible. Put the pieces into a dish and sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar. Serve at any time. Lemon juice is an indispensable accompaniment to pineapple, and a few drops on each piece are enough.

TO CAN PINEAPPLES.—Pineapple can be canned like rhubarb by simply paring and cutting, then placing in cold water and sealing tightly. It can then be prepared as wished when opened. If one wishes to cook the fruit before canning the pieces should be cooked in clear water till almost tender, then sugar enough to make a syrup should be added and the cooking finished.

JELLIED FRUITS.—Make a lemon jelly, and as it stiffens add bits of fruits, being sure to include pieces of pineapple.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE.—Cut slices of sponge cake the size of the slices of canned pineapple. Place each slice in a dish and soak with a weak syrup made of the pineapple juice, a bit of lemon juice and sugar. Sprinkle the cake with a thin layer of powdered macaroons and place on this a slice of canned pineapple. Cover with a cooked icing flavored with lemon juice and sprinkle grated cocoanut over the top. If a color is to be emphasized it may be added after the cocoanut. For instance, candied cherries for red or chopped pistachio nuts for green.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.—Drain one small can of grated pineapple. Add from one-half to three-fourths of a pound of sugar, according to whether you wish it sweet or not. Add enough water to make a quart and boil ten minutes. Add the juice of two lemons and the pineapple. Turn into the freezer and when slightly chilled add the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. No trace of the whites should appear when the sherbet is frozen.

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

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Ordinary flour may make fairly good looking bread. But if you care for *food value*, for nutrition, for digestibility, for bone and muscle and blood building quality, you will want a flour rich in the highest quality of *gluten*.

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SCIENTISTS tell us man originally lived in the water. Be that as it may, health still demands a plentiful supply of moisture in the air we breathe as well as in the food we eat. The commonest cause of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and similar troubles in winter is the over-dry, over-heated atmosphere of so many furnace-heated houses.

Of course the average Furnace gives off *heat*—that's what it is for—but it's a dry, parching, snuffing heat that cracks your skin and affects your lungs and throat and makes you feel "chilly" in spite of an overheated house.

It is *moisture* that is wanting in the air—real natural humidity of the outside atmosphere—and the ordinary Furnace is not built to provide this moisture.

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"Good Cheer" Circle Water Pan

A good big water pan—not a mere makeshift—placed in position where the water can be best evaporated, evenly distributed, breathing refreshment and "Good Cheer" air over the whole house.

The "Good Cheer" Furnace gives a natural, humid heat—an atmosphere which is perfectly comfortable at 68°, and as healthy as it is comfortable.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT. - - - - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

NOT EVEN SANDY.

LITTLE Wilfred was sitting upon his father's knee, watching his mother arranging her hair.

"Papa hasn't any marcel waves like that," said the father laughingly.

Wilfred, looking up at his father's bald pate, replied: "No, daddy, no waves. It's all beach."

* * *

FLAPJACK DAYS.

How dear to my heart are the flapjacks and bacon
That mother constructed in the days long ago,
And how I would eat till my food shop was achin'
And swallow each jack till the flap didn't show;
The coffee and rolls and the fritters that sizzled,
The cat that sat mewing for scraps now and then—
Oh, you may have breakfast served up in three courses,
But give me the flapjack and bacon again.

—*St. Louis Star.*

* * *

NO "SIDE."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is devoid of any suspicion of "side" or nonsense. At the close of one of Lord Charles' meetings at York, at the time he was wooing that constituency, a solemn and sedate old clergyman who had been seated on the platform came up to the candidate and said with much gravity: "Allow me, Lord Charles, the pleasure of shaking hands with you. I had the honor of being confirmed, many years ago, by your respected uncle, the primate of all Ireland." Lord Charles instantly shouted in stentorian tones to his brother, who was near the door at the other end of the hall: "Bill! Bill! Here's a parson who says he was confirmed by old Uncle John; come up here and have a talk with him!"—*M. A. P.*

* * *

A JAPANESE COMPLIMENT.

THE Japanese have ever the instinct of politeness. It may happen, however, as in the case recorded below, that their idea of a compliment is not precisely that of the one to whom they wish to show courtesy. The story is told by Inspector General Hornaday.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife."

"I sat between the two, and the lady said across to me:

"'Mr. Takashiru, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?'

"'Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom,' said Takashiru. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam.'"

* * *

HE MISSED IT.

SMALL boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear. "Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh! that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"

* * *

THE ANNUAL SIEGE.

By W. D. Nesbit.

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to cleaning house,
In the spring the soapy water she will vigorously douse
On the window-glass and mirrors, while her husband hies away
To some dingy spot of refuge, to escape the direful day.

In the spring a newer polish tints the burnished kitchen stove,
In the spring your coats and trousers o'er the alley fence are hove—
(Maybe "hove" is wrong to use here, but it surely fits the case,)
In the spring a smudge of cobwebs decorates the housewife's face.

In the spring you come home weary and as through the wreck you creep
You discover there's no dinner and you've not a place to sleep,
And when gently you remark that there might be a saner plan
For housecleaning, shrills a chorus: "Huh! Well, that's just like a man!"

* * *

"Better stick a piece of cheese in it, Gertie, and wear it just the way it is."—*Life.*

* * *

HER OVERDRAFT.

A PROMINENT banker in the city was talking the other day of the foibles of some of his feminine depositors.

"Women are queer creatures when it comes to business," he said. "For one thing, no woman can understand why we won't send her unlimited amounts of money if she asks for it over the telephone.

"But the funniest incident I've known happened the other day. We sent word to one of our woman depositors that her account was overdrawn. We expected her to be angry. They usually are. But she wasn't.

"No, indeed. She sat down and wrote us a gracious and lovely little letter on crested paper, thanking us for letting her know that her account was overdrawn.

"'I am so glad to oblige you by remedying the defect at once,' she wrote.

"And she enclosed a cheque for $750 drawn on our own bank."—*Philadelphia Times.*

* * *

AN INEXPENSIVE FUNERAL.

A SCOTCHMAN and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"O, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeared o' dein', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy, "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

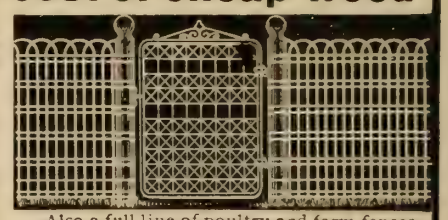
"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldna cost sae muckle to bury."

As handsome as the best iron fence at less than the cost of cheap wood

Here's a neat, strong, durable fence that will add to the appearance of the handsomest city lawn and is cheap enough, close enough and strong enough for the farm. The

Peerless Lawn Fence

is made of heavy No. 9 steel spring wire, so it can never sag. It is carefully galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. No investment you can make will add so much to the appearance of your property.



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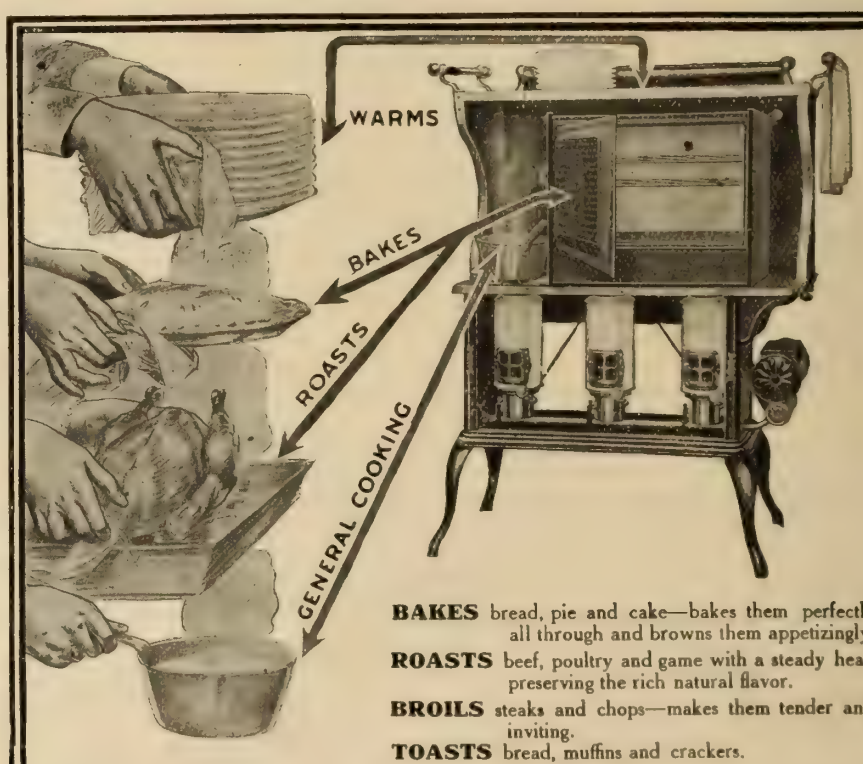
THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD. Dep't C HAMILTON, ONT., WINNIPEG, MAN.



BAKES bread, pie and cake—bakes them perfectly all through and browns them appetizingly.
ROASTS beef, poultry and game with a steady heat, preserving the rich natural flavor.
BROILS steaks and chops—makes them tender and inviting.
TOASTS bread, muffins and crackers.

No drudgery of coal and ashes; no stooping to get at oven; no smoke, no dust, no odor—just good cooking—with greater fuel economy.
Water in washboiler and irons always good and hot.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. Drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans and nickeled towel racks are added conveniences.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Queen City Oil Company,
LIMITED.

FREE--Quarter Pint Tin--Free. Send 10c to Cover Cost of Mailing

And we will Send a Quarter Pint Tin of Any Shade FREE to Any Address in Canada.

ML Floorglaze gives a finish to a floor like a polished surface. It wears better than a painted floor. It is more sanitary than a carpeted floor, and it is the most economical floor covering in existence. :: ::

Put up in easily opened cans
Sizes from a Pint to a Gallon

ML Floorglaze is not a paint—it is put up in Enamel and Lac Shades and can be washed clean with soap and water. A painted floor has a porous surface to catch the dust and make it impossible to be thoroughly cleansed.

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Used Inside or Outside

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Dust Color
Golden Brown
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Dark Drab
Olive Green
Dark Green
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Gloss White
Flat Black
Gloss Black

ML Floorglaze Lac Shades—
Light Oak, Dark Oak
Cherry, Mahogany
Walnut, Rosewood
Ox Blood, Bog Green
Ground Color
Transparent

ML Floorglaze

THE FINISH THAT ENDURES

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Motors
Bicycles
Window Boxes
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Screens
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Furniture
Tables
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With ML Floorglaze you can finish floors, furniture, boats, etc., indoors and outdoors, in either Solid Color, Stain to imitate the expensive hardwoods, or Transparent showing the natural grain and color of the wood.

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ML Floorglaze can be obtained at most of the leading paint or hardware stores, in different size tins. Be sure the label bears our name. If the dealer says he has something "just as good" tell him "no, thank you, I want the original ML FLOORGLAZE.

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June, 1910

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VACATION NUMBER

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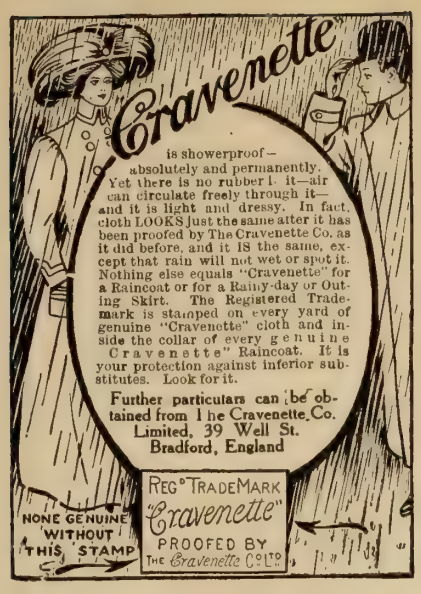
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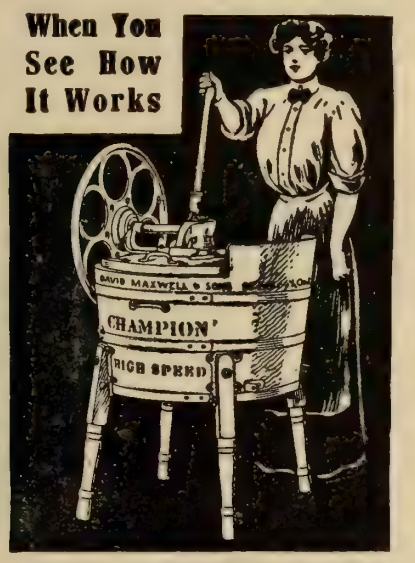

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After a game of any sort, nothing is quite so refreshing as this pure talcum with the exotic fragrance of the variety of Orchid found only in Borneo.

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Volume VI. Number 11 10 Cents per Copy $1.00 per Year

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1910

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Editorial Chat

OUR NEW NAME may come as a surprise to some of our old friends. As a matter of fact, we have almost been obliged to take it, as so many of our subscribers have emphasized the fact that they like our "Canadianism." Henceforth, the publication will be known as CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, instead of THE HOME JOURNAL. We feel that the change is a wise one and will be appreciated by our readers. The attempt to give you articles and stories representative of your own country has met with your sympathy and encouragement, and we feel that the change of name will be merely in accordance with the general policy of the publication. There was a time when Canadians were extremely timid and deprecating concerning their own productions, but that period is past. "Made in Canada" has become a popular label, no less for publishing than for pianos.

OUR VACATION NUMBER should be a welcome visitor to your homes, as it contains so much information which the holiday-maker will find of value. The article on "Tips to London and Back" explains the true inwardness of the situation which is often perplexing to the tourist who is crossing the ocean for the first time. The article on the requisite equipment for the feminine traveller will also be of practical help and interest to all who are contemplating a holiday tour. Beauty spots in Canada have not been neglected, and one pictorially presented, from the Capilano Canyon of British Columbia to the summer delights of the Waegwoltic Club, Halifax.

THE FICTION FEATURES, we are glad to say, have met with the general approval of our readers. Mrs. McClung's story, "The Return Ticket," which is published in this issue, is a pathetic, yet all-too-lifelike sketch of a sad journey. Next month we hope to publish Mrs. MacKay's story, referred to in our May issue, and from Mrs. Sheard we have a charming narrative to brighten the August number.

OUR COVER DESIGNS are such, as our readers find, a bit of brightness, in keeping with the season. This month's design, which the artist, Mr. Lester J. Ambrose, calls "The Love Token," is an exceedingly dainty study of feminine charms, in the appropriate setting of an old-world garden.

THE EXTRA SIZE of our May issue has been adopted for this June number also. The advertising, as most of you will observe, makes such a change imperative, and the four extra pages are merely proof of how our advertising value is esteemed. However, the reader need not feel for one moment that the editorial interest will be sacrificed, as additional reading matter really gives you a supplement to the ordinary JOURNAL size.

Summer Vacation Is Coming

¶ When getting together your outfit don't forget that one of your greatest necessaries is *Pure, Sweet Milk and Cream.* You know how difficult it is to secure these articles in Summer camps. *Take along with you* a case or two of *"CANADA FIRST" Evaporated Cream and Condensed Milk* These are guaranteed *absolutely pure* and with them in your larder you are guaranteed *Fresh Milk at all times.*

¶ It is *very important* that you should *have the best*, as it costs no more, and therefore, you should *insist upon* your grocer supplying you with *"CANADA FIRST" Brand.*

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THE LAW DOES NOT PROTECT YOU

Read Bulletin No. 194 of the Inland Revenue Department, and you will get a fair idea of the Jam situation in Canada—you will see that the Government permits Jam Manufacturers to use Glucose, dyes, preservatives and abundance of water, yet label their products pure. 49 samples contained preservatives, dyes and an excess of water.

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secured at different parts of the Dominion were found "genuine"—true to name and pure in every particnlar. No other Canadian Manufacturers had as hard a test, and none have the same good showing.

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President 59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

Vacation Days

FROM about the first of May, most of us are anticipating the summer holidays, with a thrill that even Christmas hardly brings. Fortunate are those people who have a summer home awaiting them for the months of July and August and who are familiar with every aspect of the woods and rivers and lakes to which they are going. Canada is a country of hard work. Few of us are millionaires, but we have the golden opportunity to attain comfort if not competence which every new country affords.

The summer holidays mean a blissful time to the children, but the toil of much preparation for the housewife. Every year, the summer holidays become more important—perhaps, because the hurry and worry of business life have become greater, with a consequent demand for the rest and change of the vacation season. The poorest economy in the world, especially for the business man, or the woman with many household cares is the attempt to do without a holiday.

Do not make the holiday preparations too much of a burden. Live the simple life in food and raiment for, at least, two months of the year and you will be repaid in refreshed energies and renewed vigor when the month of September arrives. The summer holiday may be taken without going far from home. A change to farm-house for even a fortnight will do the city business man or woman a world of good. Even a camp in the woods will give the needed rest and change which may save a doctor's bill.

* * *

Indecent Books

THERE are some good souls who cannot resist signing a petition, and who never pause to consider what is implied in their signature. They fail to recognize that there is any responsibility in asking for the release of a criminal. It is very seldom, in a country possessing a democratic form of government, that there is either sense or reason in a petition. It is an extremely bad habit to take hold of any community.

The recent release from the Central Prison of men who had pled guilty to selling and advertising filthy books was in direct opposition to the highest interests of the State, and the editorials in the *Globe* condemning such maudlin laxity were not an adjective too strong. This is a matter which affects vitally the homes of the land and which cannot be dealt with too sharply or sternly. The ordinary thief, or the man who commits a murder in the heat of fury is clean and companionable in comparison with the unnatural scoundrel who seeks deliberately to poison the mind and imagination of youth, either by book or by picture. This is no affair for quibbling or argument. Such stuff is not literature—nor meant to be a work of literary art. It cannot be compared with the great books of the ages, in which sin is truly, not viciously, represented and in which there is no purpose or intention of arousing the evil. The women of the country should do all in their power to prevent the dissemination of such filth. Those who exert themselves in behalf of the criminals who spread the poison are allying themselves with the harm. Offenders of that class should be isolated for life—with hard labor at that.

* * *

The Girl Graduate

THE month of June does not belong to the bride alone. It is brightened also by the gowns and smiles of hundreds of girl graduates. School days are the jolliest of all, whether they may truly be called the happiest. It has been the custom to allude to school-girl friendship as if it were a fleeting and merely sentimental affection. Yet it is one of the joys of youthful life, and the girl who has missed school-girl friends has been deprived of one of the greatest delights of existence.

The girls who have shared each other's tasks and "scrapes" for several years have known a comradeship with which nothing else in the world can compare. The friendships of those days are even more educative than the lessons themselves, for the college atmosphere means more than books. Although the Commencement Exercises may mean the separation of many friends and class-mates, the ties of those days are enduring. Often, in the later years, women who have known the trials and worries of the Larger School meet and laugh, with a touch of tears in the laughter, over the failures and triumphs of the days of algebra and botany. The girl graduate is so happy, so confident, so hopeful, that the wide world must wish her well.

* * *

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND.

Welcome the Newcomers

NEVER was the tide of immigration so high as it is in the year 1910. Ship after ship is bringing its load of newcomers to the Dominion of wide, unpeopled spaces. We have land enough and to spare, and, if we can but secure the right class of immigrants, the development of our country during the next fifty years will be such as to justify Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prophecy that Canada would hold first mortgage on the Twentieth Century.

It is most important that those who are pouring into this country from European shores should be greeted in a kind and friendly spirit on their arrival. While there is a stern necessity for keeping out the pauper class and the diseased, there is every reason why honest and willing settlers should be given every encouragement. We refuse to be the dumping-ground for the criminals or the degenerate of Old World cities; but we are more than willing to throw open our gates to those who are not afraid of work and who are willing to go far in search of an abiding-place. The Peace River District alone will support many thousands, while the Pacific Coast is a happy hunting-ground for the Unemployed. Let us help the new citizens to feel at home and to enjoy their first weeks in the Western World.

* * *

Homes for Business Girls

ONE of the recent remarkable developments in our cities is the increased interest in good boarding-houses for girls who earn their own living. Anything drearier than the average lodging-house would be difficult to imagine. The very prospect on opening the door is enough to dismay the tired girl, returning from her daily round of nerve-wracking office work. The hall is usually dreary in the extreme, faintly flavored with cabbage or onions, the carpet is threadbare, the wallpaper is hideous, while the pictures are enough to give the unfortunate lodgers dreams of nightmare proportions.

However, the future is going to change this dreary state of affairs. Business men themselves have aroused to the necessity of giving working girls bright and comfortable surroundings, where the genuine "comforts of a home" may be obtained at a reasonable figure. It is all very well to find fault with modern conditions, to declare that they are all wrong, that woman's place is the home and not the business office. We must face things as they are and provide as best we may for the modern industrial problems, while we also strive to keep the daughters on the farm.

THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

TIPS TO LONDON AND BACK

By WILLIAM PENROSE

MOST of us have a desire at some time in the future to visit "the old country." Perhaps to some it means a visit home, while to others it is a holiday outing that once taken is never forgotten. It is persons among the latter class that will be more interested in the cost and the knowing of what to do to make the trip an enjoyable one as well as getting the greatest amount of service out of money spent in tipping, etc.

The custom of tipping, or in other words, petty graft, is so general that it is not wise to travel without contributing your share. Just what constitutes a share and how much to give to the different servants is a question that the "first timer" finds hard to solve. Many desiring to visit Europe and cover a large amount of territory at a moderate cost and having no special plans nor friends to visit join a house party of fifty to one hundred persons.

Travelling by this method takes all the responsibility off one's mind of settling individual bills, but to offset this it is necessary to go where the party goes, and when they go, no matter what one's inclination is. The cost of a "house party" trip varies from $250 to $1000, determined only by the length of trip and the accommodation provided.

Perhaps the best way of advising just what tipping is necessary on a trip from, say Toronto to London, is to go over the route travelled. As they say in Europe, "follow the man from Cook's," and see what it will cost and learn of a few things you should do on the trip. Mind you, the figures quoted are not the least, nor the most, that is given, but only the amount to be given by a person of moderate means.

The sleeping car is where the tipping starts. The colored porter expects at least twenty-five cents as his share. Of course he blacks your shoes, brushes your clothes and makes a bluff at carrying your luggage to the platform on arrival in Montreal. Next, to a hotel for the day — as one should spend a day in Montreal sightseeing before leaving for Quebec. Cab hire to hotel is fifty cents. You need not mind tipping the cabby. The door porter or bell boy meets you at the door and takes your hand-baggage as if he owns it and waltzes you up to the register. The bell boy will be satisfied with ten cents after showing you to your room. Meals and room for the day for two persons, five to ten dollars. Of course the waiter who serves you expects something. Twenty-five cents a day for each person is about what is usual to give.

One often hears the remark that money will buy anything aboard ship, from the compass to the propeller shaft. This may be the feeling some persons have aboard ships, but it can be said in all truthfulness that the ships sailing from Canada to Great Britain are not as noted for graft as some other lines one could mention. There are several lines of steamships sailing from Canada that have as fine ships as any line in the world. Probably the best boats are the "Empresses" of the C. P. R. Steamship Line. Another day in quaint old Quebec will be a source of much pleasure and novelty before going aboard.

SHUFFLEBOARD ON THE LINER

Once aboard ship it does not take long to get located in your stateroom which is to be your home for the next week. The C. P. R. line is noted for its fine ships and splendid service. It is not necessary to dwell on the construction of the "Empresses," only to say that owing to the modern way they are built one need not have as great fear of being seasick as when the ships of the old-fashioned construction are used.

* * *

THE persons who look after your comfort aboard ship, and who have it in their power to make life more pleasant should be tipped as follows: Table steward, ten shillings (don't forget that from the time you leave Montreal everything is reckoned by English currency). This person can pick out the choicest cuts and serve you in a manner that will make your meals much more palatable if he has a kindly feeling towards you. Next is the berth steward, the man that looks after your stateroom. Give him ten shillings. He will often earn more, especially if you are sick. Give the deck steward five shillings for placing your steamer chair, or more if you are anxious to secure some specially desired position. The deck steward usually earns the tips, as, for instance, when a passenger is sick he will serve hot broth or tea and toast, which everyone knows, that has ever been seasick, is greatly appreciated when recovering. Beside this he will also look after your steamer rug and chair, and in many ways make you more comfortable when on deck. The bath-room steward must also be remembered. Give him five shillings. If a man is travelling with his wife, the stewardess will expect at least ten shillings.

On rainy days or in the evening the library is a source of much enjoyment. The steward here is usually given five shillings. Then there is "boots" to be considered. Three shillings will satisfy this important person, who polishes the shoes you leave at your stateroom door each evening. Then there are a number of lesser personages to be considered, or special favors you desire, such as a favorite dish from the chef, or a visit to the stoke-holds or engine room, the barber, the smoking room steward, cabin boys,

DINING ROOM FOR THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS

and others. The size of the tip can be determined by the duties performed or the exclusiveness of the privilege obtained. It is a safe rule to add ten per cent. to your travelling and hotel bills.

Each passenger is supposed to have the same place at the table during the entire trip and the same location on the deck for the deck chair. It is also usual to have your bath at the same hour each morning. All of these matters are attended to by the steward in charge.

The tips given so far are for one person only, and as two are on the trip, just double the amounts and you will see that so far your tips have cost you five pounds six shillings, plus one dollar and a quarter spent in tips before going aboard, making a total of twenty-seven dollars and four cents in Canadian currency.

These figures are what are known by travelling men who cross frequently, as the recognized tariff for tips that should be given, if one does not wish to look small and stingy, or to throw money away uselessly. Persons wishing to impress the help with their great wealth often spoil the servants by giving tips out of proportion to the services rendered.

Travelling in England is expensive owing to short distances. The majority of persons travel second class in compartment cars or carriages as they say in England. If your ticket is through to London, a special train usually meets the steamer.

After your luggage has been examined by the customs officials, porters will place trunks, etc., on a cab for sixpence apiece. Cab hire is inexpensive but the cabby usually looks for ten per cent. of the cost of hire.

If you have never seen an English train you will be amused at the first one you see. They look not unlike the toy trains the children play with, only the doors are mostly on the sides. There is no baggage man, and you must see to having your trunks placed in the luggage van, also claim it upon arrival at destination. Give the porter sixpence for placing your trunks aboard and the same amount to the porter that removes your luggage from the van to the cab on arrival in London.

English trains do not carry conductors. Tickets are collected either just before the train leaves or the train is stopped a couple of miles from its destination for the collection of tickets. No person is allowed to pass through to a station platform without showing ticket for destination. In place of conductors or brakemen they have men known as guards accompany each train. They travel in a little cooped up compartment at the rear of the train. If you wish to have a compartment for your exclusive use, tip the guard a shilling.

In the better class London hotels, one of the first things you notice is the amount of gold braid and number of uniforms. One would almost imagine that he was entering a military institution. There are the door porters, the head hall porter, footmen, bell boys, and a host of others in uniform. The head hall porter is a man whose good will it is desirable to retain. He is a very important person around the hotel. His duty is to see that incoming and departing guests are properly looked after. He orders cabs, receives your mail, orders other porters to take luggage to your rooms, or have it removed and sent to your train. For these various services he is given about three shillings a week for each person. The porter taking trunks to rooms receives sixpence a piece, the waiter about threepence a meal for each person, the chambermaid one shilling a week for each person.

* * *

THE wages paid to servants in what might be termed public places are so small that if it were not for the tips they would not make enough to keep them. In fact some hall porters give as much as one thousand dollars a year to the hotel management for the privilege of retaining the position.

Over in Paris the hotels have a valet and a maid for each floor (always man and wife). The maid looks after making beds and any wants of Madame, the valet helps with the cleaning and assists Monsieur. When leaving the hotel it is customary to ring for one of them to receive their tips. The valet is the one that usually appears, but don't give him the money, as there is small chance of his wife receiving any of it. He will bow and scrape and hold out his hand for the coin, but if you insist on having him send Madame, he will respond, Oui, oui, Monsieur," and hurry away to find his wife. Give her the money and let them fight it out between themselves.

When you are leaving you will find a small army of help waiting in the hall to receive their share. You may never have seen some of them but they all expect something. You can't get past them without contributing to their support and gaudy uniforms. This is general all over Europe, it is no worse in England than in France and Germany. It is part of the European atmosphere, which has been customary for years, and is now gradually becoming the custom in America.

Your return trip will be merely a repetition of the trip from Liverpool to London.

There are many who condemn tipping, but as the custom has become firmly established there are few who care to attempt any solution of what is often termed a nuisance.

The most interesting part of a return journey would be a visit to the steerage, as it was formerly known, but now known as the third class. There is more difference than in the name. One has visions of this part of the ship being occupied by humans a little better than cattle, eating soup out of a barrel, and in many ways living little better than savages. This is all wrong. Nothing like it aboard an "Empress." The third class are given two or four - berthed permanent rooms painted white, completely furnished and everything. Their food is good and as clean as that served on the better class tables but perhaps not served in quite the elaborate manner. The passengers in this class have steamer chairs, play bridge, read the latest books, have their morning bath, and pink ice cream for dinner, just the same as the more pampered class of society. The emigrants coming to Canada are of a much superior class to what they were a few years ago, and one can hardly distinguish any difference in dress between a third and a first class passenger. Morning coats and princess gowns are quite in evidence. The third class accommodation nowadays is as good as was the first class of twenty years ago. With the great improvement in the third class one can easily picture the excellent accommodation provided for second and first class passengers.

Landing at Quebec, special trains are waiting to carry the passengers both newcomers and others to their destination. Baggage has been examined and checked, and railway tickets sold to each passenger to the destination while steaming up the river, which does away with vexatious delays. You will be glad to be in Canada again, where the air is free and you don't have to keep your hand in your pocket handing out tips to everyone that does something for you.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES

THE STAIRWAY ON THE "EMPRESS"

in restrictions of sending tourists and ors from abroad to participate in the privileges of the club. Last summer record was kept of the number of nd visitors that went through the en- te during the months of July and l the total mounted up to nearly thirty ersons. The clubhouse is spacious and y furnished. There are large parlors and men, sun parlor, writing room, ıd reading room for men, ladies' parlor ıg-rooms and a large dining hall with

The Girl Who is Going Abroad

By HELEN BALL

BETTY had always been solemnly promised a trip abroad, when she should have attained to the dignity of twenty-one years. It was this promise repeated daily, which had carried her in a stoical frame of mind, through school day trials of islands, isthmuses, canals, lakes, rivers, zones, equators, and other equally impenetrable problems, through tedious hours of drawing maps which should bear any remote resemblance to the original (teachers at all times turning an unappreciative shoulder on fascinating flights of imagination and a sense of the artistic in this direction); through the days when Betty, in short frocks and pinafores, first began to understand that there were other places of some mild interest in the world outside her native town, however tiresome these places might be in unpronounceable and not-to-be-remembered-lists-of-names.

And thus it was that having this winter completed the long years of waiting, Betty in an ecstasy of joy, which kept her far from a practical consideration of the subject, began preparations for the great event of her lifetime. Her mind took flight midst distracting silks and laces, flowered hats, and graceful gowns of many hues, and there it soared until the lovely bubble burst, when the heartless edict went forth, that in a steamer trunk and a suit case, must she dispose all the worldly goods which should fare with her across the waters.

And so it was that a crestfallen Betty not long since came to me, of more mature years and experience, seeking sympathy and help in solving the problem of how to look a properly clothed person under these distressing circumstances, for, direst of all calamities, she might, so ran the order, take nought but the suit case with her on the Continent.

Having elucidated to the satisfaction of this perplexed maiden, who adopted a praiseworthy "grin-and-bear-it" attitude, how such a heartless mandate may be turned into endless blessing, if dealt with judiciously, it occurred to me that other unsophisticated demoiselles, not to mention madam, the mother, might find themselves in the same plight with no friend nearby to offer suggestions drawn from practical experience.

In the first instance, when contemplating an extended trip, it must be remembered that with a variety of circumstances under which such a trip may be taken, the requirements will be equally varied. For instance, if a girl contemplates going merely to Great Britain, where she anticipates visits to friends, there will be more demand for the pretty dressy clothes, which in a tour on the Continent would prove merely an unnecessary burden and expense, and in such an instance, individual taste and the elasticity of the parental pocket book would, to a great extent, be a guide. Still, it should always be borne in mind, that it is not to a barren land you are going, but to one teeming with pretty ready-made clothing which can be purchased at a moment's notice if some unlooked for demand be made on the wardrobe.

* * *

THE following suggestions are drawn from experience on an European tour, what we glibly term the Mediterranean trip, but would be found equally feasible for a tour merely through the British Isles. To begin with, it is necessary to plan for the ocean voyage. Essential things here are many. There is the long warm coat (and don't forget the deep pockets which will hold writing material, etc.); the cap or hat—a felt hat after the fedora shape is a favorite with many, though the latest conceit being adopted this season is the motor bonnet which defies the sea breezes and keeps rebellious locks in leash. A long motor veil is indispensable, as are neat gloves and shoes (not old and out of shape), for the days have passed when old clothes could be worn with discretion on ship board. The same applies to well hanging skirt, a warm blouse with easily adjusted collars, a dressy light blouse, and a pretty light gown (an evening gown or otherwise, depending somewhat on the ship you travel by) easy to don, for dinner or possible entertainments.

Regarding underwear and nightgowns, it is not a bad idea to wear on board garments which can be thrown away without compunction when the other side is reached, thus avoiding the necessity of packing soiled linen in your steamer trunk which will be sent to London while you go to Italy or wherever your objective point may be. Of course if you go first to London, this would not be necessary in any way. But whether old or new, the undergarments must at least be warm, and, by-the-way, a flannel petticoat is a thing not to be despised. Then there must be bedroom slippers, a bath gown or at least a dressing-jacket, the indispensable hot-water bag, and advisedly a candle and box of safety matches.

Have all your toilet articles, such as brush and comb, tooth brush, soap, face cloth, hairpins, nets, pins, safety pins, manicure requisites, etc., in a bag made for the purpose, with pockets for the various articles. Thus there will be no scurrying in nervous haste hither and thither when dressing, which at best is not a matter to dally with on board ship.

A steamer rug, of course, is an absolute necessity, as well as a cushion of some description. Quite the most comfortable of these latter are the air cushions which occupy next to no space in the trunk. Rather a clever dodge which one girl had was a bolster-shaped feather or down cushion with a long muff-cord attached, and hung backwards about her neck, so that if she stood up to get a glimpse of a passing ship, the cushion did not weakly flop into her seat, but got up with her, and when she resumed her seat, adjusted itself in exactly the right spot. Steamer chairs can always be procured on the ship, though it is a wise plan to write ahead to secure it. And while doing so, write as well to the second steward to reserve your seat at table. It all saves bother when you first go on board.

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FOR a multiplicity of reasons it will be found best to take nothing but hand baggage on the Continent. The cost of sending baggage on the trains, is very high and will often amount to the price of another seat. With few exceptions there is no system of checking, and it is a constant source of worry to keep track of trunks, while the attendant feeing of hotel porters for carrying up and down is an additional source of expense. This point of having only luggage you can carry, cannot be emphasized too strongly. Now, in your stateroom on the ship you have your steamer trunk, which you will send on to London to await your coming, or leave there as the case may be, and your suit case which is to carry you through Europe, and at the end of the ocean voyage, the contents of these two must be arranged accordingly. Here, in passing, is a simple discovery worth heeding. Tie a bow of red ribbon to the handle of your suit case and to the handle of your trunk before disembarking. Then, in the melee of suit cases, so amazingly alike in appearance, as they are thrown off the vessel, it will be the matter of a moment to identify your belongings, the same applying to the trunk.

And now for the suit case and its carefully selected contents! To travel in comfort, first there will be the tailored suit, which you will wear constantly. This should be smartly tailored, of not too heavy a material—serge of light weight and durable color—the skirt gored, not pleated, the latter requiring at least occasional pressing. Grey mixtures are the most serviceable as they do not show spots or dust. (Three piece Rajah silk suits are advised by some, but experience has taught that after a heavy rainstorm they take on a dilapidated air. They might, however, be found a practical suggestion for any who contemplate spending a good deal of the time in one place during the hot weather). To wear with the suit have a tailored silk blouse the same tone as the suit, to which various collars may be attached. (For variety, an Irish lace boned collar which never requires ironing is a good idea). Another thin silk waist of plain design, a washable crepe waist, such as have lately come into favor, or a white linen blouse, a dressy waist (cream lace being about the best as it does not crush), and one evening gown, preferably one which permits of high or low neck, will complete that part of the wardrobe. For the dress, nothing is better than one of the fashionable foulards, or a black or white net or crepe de chine, as these materials are impervious to crushing. But, whatever the material, the gown should be of simple design, lacking frills and fussiness which would soon become dowdy.

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FOR headwear, a hat in a neat turban effect will afford the most comfort, and the addition of a few flowers or aigrette for a special occasion would allow for all contingencies. Some carry panamas which will fold into the suit case, and which can be worn on a day's expedition and donned on the train, while the other hat is deposited in a silk bag brought for the purpose. Here, as on ship board, the chiffon veil is a necessity. Two pair of comfortable, moderately heavy shoes are essential. Have your handkerchiefs in a bag, your neckwear in a bag, your toilet articles in a bag, and whatever few medicines you must have, in a canton flannel bag.

Carry not more than two changes of underwear, and the most practical idea is to have them either of natural silk which is cool and sheds the dust, or of the woven mesh garments. Each night it will take but a few moments to wash out the underwear and stockings you have worn that day. By morning they will be dry, but it is wisest to stow these in the suit case, and don others. The same economical methods may be employed with handkerchiefs. Of course if you do not fancy this suggestion, and must have whitewear at all costs, you will always be able to get laundry done over night. Regarding the petticoat, silk is to be preferred as it sheds the dust. The two nightgowns should be high in the neck, and of fine material which will pack into small space. A money pocket either secured about the waist or sewn into the petticoat is indispensable. Sandal rubbers should be carried in a small bag. A piece of laundry soap is essential amongst the smaller things, as well as thread, needles and scissors and darning cotton in a bag, and a fountain pen is a blessing. Add a dressing jacket, a cravenette raincoat, and an umbrella, and except for the guide books which you can best procure as you enter each country, the list is about complete.

Agate-Hunting on Bay of Chaleur

By GERTRUDE SPAIDAL

LIGHTHOUSE POINT—ENTRANCE TO DALHOUSIE HARBOR.

HAVE you never known the witchery of the Bay of Chaleur? Then life still holds in store for you one supreme delight. For whether the brilliant sunlight simmers on its broad bosom, or the mists curl down from the mountains, with their all-enveloping mantle of purple and grey, Chaleur is ever the same—magic incomparable!

Commercially Canada possesses in the Bay of Chaleur perhaps the most magnificent haven on the continent. Over ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty miles wide, it stretches inland from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its waters are singularly free from rock and other barriers, and thus offer safe navigation for the largest ships. And they come, into its shelter, ships from all over the world—barques, schooners, all kinds and descriptions of sailing vessels, and an occasional tramp steamer—bound for cargoes of fish and wood.

This gives to the Bay and its ports a cosmopolitan touch of the old world very surprising to the casual visitor. Especially is this true of Dalhousie—or Dalhowsie, as they say down there. In the harbor of Dalhousie one hears the soft tongue of Italy and Spain, mingled with the nasal tones of France, and the more guttural speech of Denmark and Sweden, as the sailors sing their chanteys at their work.

We were spending our holidays on the Bay of Chaleur, a mile from Dalhousie, at the historic old "Inch Arran"—a spot redolent with the memories of the building of the Intercolonial, of Governors-General, and above all of Sir John A. Macdonald. Twenty years ago the "Inch Arran" was perhaps the most fashionable watering-place in Canada.

A MORNING'S CATCH.

But with the building of the C. P. R., and the opening up of other eastern resorts, fickle fortune turned her back on the famous hostelry, and it was closed for the matter of ten or twelve years, to be opened again to the public only last year. It is an immense frame structure of between three and four hundred rooms, with endless corridors, a fifth of a mile of verandas, and quarters for an army of servants. Last summer there were just fifteen of us tucked away into all this space, and we counted ourselves extremely lucky to have found a spot so beautiful, so comfortable, and so free from the obnoxious "Summer Boarder."

The house stands just a stone's-throw from the Bay, and always we could hear the splash, splash, of the surf upon the beach. The beach of the Bay of Chaleur is made up of minute particles of broken shells and brilliantly colored pebbles. These pebbles range from clearest white through all the shades of pink, crimson, yellow, blue, green, grey, to inky black. Of all shapes and sizes they lie in loose banks, or are pounded by the waves into an exquisite and gorgeous mosaic. They are positively fascinating, these little pebbles, and our pockets were always weighted down with them, but one day came a story that quite spoiled our enjoyment of anything so plebeian as pebbles. A farmer had come into Dalhousie with a gallon measure filled to the brim with lovely translucent agates, picked up across on the Muguasha shore of the Gaspe peninsula. It was on conquest bent that we crept from our warm beds, tip-toed down the long halls, past the closed doors of our sleeping fellow-guests, and stepped out into the chill of early dawn.

Sunrise on the Bay of Chaleur! We waited in the fragrant hush of the August morn for the most perfect day-birth in Canada. Behind us, the little town of Dalhousie nestled, surrounded by the rugged hills of the Metapedia range—dark, distant, sentinel. We stood at the entrance to Dalhousie harbor, and from the distant mountains the swift, deep Restigouche hurried along, past the sleeping village, past the most northerly point of New Brunswick, to merge its fresh waters into the salt of the Bay at our very feet. Away to the right the white spires of Charlo gleamed across the waters. To the left the picturesque shore of Gaspe peninsula surmounted by the Grand Peak of Tracadie-Gash mountain, thrust a rugged menace out into the Bay. But in front as far as eye could travel stretched an unbroken path of silver grey—bay and ocean—to the very shores of distant Labrador.

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THE air was superb, bearing the double tang of pine and salt—born of the marriage of forest and sea. It stirred the blood, swept the cob-webs from the brain, and made one feel that all the world was young again. Even the barriers of space seemed lifted, and we seemed able to look far off to where tawny gull-capped Percé forever guards the entrance to the Bay. That little barque, creeping out into the grey of the dawn, might bear none other than the brave heart and adventurous spirits of Jacques Cartier, and his gallant men. A very natural mistake theirs! Supposing themselves to be still in the Northern Atlantic, they pushed their way almost to the end of the Bay. But before they reluctantly left this land-locked, sun-kissed haven—so different from the cold, bleak ocean outside—they gave it their blessing, and its name "Bay of Heat"—Bay of Chaleur. But that was all nearly three hundred years ago, and now the first flush of morning brought us back to the present with a start.

The sun had opened one lazy eye above the horizon. With long arms of wind he brushed away from his ruddy face the mists of sleep. He sent an audacious wink to grim old Tracadie-Gash, still muffled to the chin in white cloud sheets. Peak after peak gave back a morning greeting, and soon a fairy carpet of crimson and cloth-o-gold covered all the Bay. The sky glowed and deepened in a thousand exquisite tints, and before our eyes had come again God's miracle of Dawn.

A shrill whistle sent us scrambling down the steep bank to the beach below. It was Ar'tur, our habitant boatman—a person so overpoweringly big that one would as soon think of asking Niagara Falls to wait for one! We hurried along the beach, past brown seaweed, bleached driftwood, and amethyst jellyfish, all stranded high and dry by the tide, climbed breathlessly in the dory, and were off.

Although it was now bright morning there was little life stirring on the Bay. Just above us a white-winged gull poised, dived, and reappeared in a moment with a good sized cod in her talons, which she carried, struggling, to her hungry babies in their nest on the lonely Gaspe cliffs. "A breakfast of fish, my dears!"

NATURAL BRIDGE, BAY OF CHALEUR.

Out in the deeper waters a school of porpoise seemed playing a gigantic game of leap-frog, their backs gleaming white above the green-blue of the Bay. They also had breakfasted on the fish of Chaleur, and were now homeward bound for the ocean. Between fishermen, porpoise and seagulls, the fish in the Bay of Chaleur have not—if one may be permitted—the life of a dog! And yet the supply seems practically exhaustless.

We rowed along, quietly, drinking the fine air in deep quaffs. At Lighthouse Point we passed a schooner laden with lumber for Australia—six months there and six months back. The sailors were busy with the rigging as we pulled by into the treacherous waters beyond. Here the Restigouche rushed down to meet the tide rushing up, and the sudden squalls from the Gaspe cliffs added their menacing touch to the turmoil. We sat a little tighter on our seats and Ar'tur bent his broad back and rippled his biceps in a reassuring pull on the oars. The distance lessened perceptibly.

COUNTRY ROAD, NEAR DALHOUSIE.

"See," said Ar'tur, pointing to the rugged Gaspe shore now within our vision—"see dat leetle house up dere on de hill? Dat's my huncle's—my mudder's brudder."

* * *

HIGH above us, a little frame cabin perched on a terrifying angle of the cliff. At one side was a little clearing, but all around a flood of pines threatened to engulf it. As we gazed up, a man appeared on the edge of the clearing, leading a team of horses that drew a stone-boat loaded with hay—no wheeled vehicle could have withstood that grade! They crawled like flies across the dizzy slope. That moment the door was flung open, a woman stepped out into the light, and the shrill sound of a dinner, or rather breakfast, horn startled all the sleeping echoes.

"Dat's my aunt," informed Ar'tur. "Dey want me to leeve up dere all de tam. But not for me, dat. It's a clam, clam, clam all de tam!"

"But why—by all that's reasonable—doesn't your uncle try farming on the level shores across the bay?" we queried.

Ar'tur's eyebrows and shoulders went high.

"My huncle he own fine farm on Charlo, but he marry one Muguasha girl—des Muguasha shore—and she fret, fret all de tam for de hills; so my huncle, he come here, and build un leetle cabine"—and Ar'tur finished with an eloquent gesture.

We strained our eyes up at the slender figure standing so high above us. "Are you happy in your eerie home, now you have your heart's desire, strange creature of strange longings called woman?

We left the little home behind, and pulling round the bold promontory, found our treasure shore before us. In appearance it looked just like the other shores around, rough, pebbly, with the surf breaking over it in blue-green spray. But here—as ever—appearances were deceitful.

And did we find any agates? Oh, yes! A fine box full of clear sparkling beauties. But we also found that the agate does not reveal [illegible] to the casual observer. To find an agate,

on your two good knees you must go, and do penance on the rough shore, till your back aches, your head swims, and you feel—with Solomon—that "all is vanity." At this psychological moment, however, as you sift through your fingers positively your *last* handful of pebbles, a crystal clear, dazzling, beautiful—fairly leaps to your vision, and all fatigue is forgotten in the joy of the quest! To be a successful agate hunter two things are necessary—a hopeful disposition and a hinge in the back! Granted these two, a fine day, and the Muguasha shore of the Gaspe peninsula, and I promise you a superb collection of Canadian agates.

At noon we ate our lunch with prodigious appetites, our tired backs propped against some driftwood, and our bruised knees stretched luxuriously on the warm sand. The place was uncanny in its solitude. We seemed as remote from all the world, as though this were a desert island, and Arthur our own good man Friday!

The dusk was deepening before we reluctantly closed our treasure box, and pulled away from Agate beach. Again the Bay seemed asleep except for the ever-vigilant seagull overhead. The last perfect picture of that perfect day met our eyes as we rounded Lighthouse Point homeward.

The sun had set, leaving behind him a golden glory reflected bay and sky. Across this shining path a dory drifted, the figures of its stalwart fishermen, standing, as they set their nets for the night, silhouetted sharply against the sky. What was there about the scene which stirred the imagination, and yet seemed strangely familiar? As if in answer memory whispered—

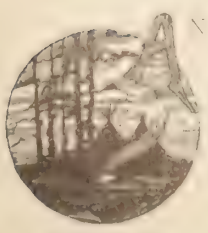
"They had toiled all night and had caught nothing-. . . . and the Master said 'Cast in your nets on the other side.'" That was it! The sweet old story of Galilee drawn as if by the hand of a Dore against the glowing canvas of God's sky!

With its spell still upon us we crept off to bed, to dream a glorious jumble of treasure beaches, pirate ships, and the stout bark of Cartier to our rescue in this witching Bay of Chaleur.

OUR LADY OF THE SUNSHINE.

Round an Indian Bonfire

By MARY S. EDGAR



An early Autumn moon shimmered its pathway across a little lake in Northern Ontario, and across the bright-ened streak several canoes darted from out the darkness and were hidden again in the darkness. But the merry voices and gay laughter of the occupants echoed along the wooded shores and broke the dead stillness; while far ahead, on a rocky point, a bon-fire leapt brightly behind silhouettes of giant hemlocks and issued forth its warm invitation to camp hospitality.

The canoes darted on, for Camp Canuck's hostess was noted for her successful bon-fire parties, and no one ever arrived too early or stayed too late. Then too, there was some mystery awaiting them they felt sure, for the birch-bark invitations had announced a "Pow-wow of the Tribe," and that left great scope for the imagination.

The wharf looked quite deserted as the canoes were pulled up, then suddenly from among the trees an Indian Brave came creeping stealthily holding above his head a lighted torch. He led the visitors through a winding path to the log shanty where their hostess received them in a squaw costume of brown and red lining trimmed with gaudy beads. Here the girls were each given a red blanket, and a feather for their hair, while the boys were given grey blankets and a more elaborate, though home-manufactured headdress of feathers. This change of costume seemed to also change time and environment; one seemed truly to be living in the Redman's time and among the forests primeval.

When "the tribe" had collected in a circle about the bon-fire, the hostess announced that among Indians each must contribute some "feature stunt" to the Pow-wow. She would therefore suggest the first number and the person to her left would be the next to lead. She then gave a dramatic account of how spies had discovered Ojibways prowling near the camp and that they must be routed before daybreak. "The tribe must therefore arm themselves and proceed in Indian file through the woods." It was a spooky procession that filed through the winding paths in silence; led by the Brave with the lighted torch, peering into the darkneses at either side, sometimes hiding the light and crouching low—until at last they wound back again to the bon-fire.

The next member of the tribe proposed a continued Indian story, to which every one contributed a part of the plot. It was most successful, at times becoming weird and uncanny, sometimes romantic, or again thrilling one with horror as a masculine member drew blood-curdling word-pictures.

One suggestion must have been inspired by Mitch Manito, the bad, for a boy whose turn it was, impishly declared that the "injuns" must be tattooed with charcoal. The result was most ludicrous. The added touches of Indian art gave a more realistic appearance to the make-believe redmen.

One demure squaw of a practical turn of mind proposed that the Braves replenish the fire, which hint was soon followed, and the flames again towered high and lit up the woods with a ruddy glow. Then one of the group, who was possessed of elocutionary powers recited "Hiawatha's Wooing." Another girl, a mischievous maiden, suggested that the Braves in turn should give an exhibition of Indian dancing around the fire, combined with the war-whoop. This was exciting and most amusing for the blanketed figures looked very grotesque.

There were other games, such as saying quickly a place with an Indian name, while a questioner demanded, "Lest ye be scalped, tell where you're from—one, two, three.....ten." Places with Indian names are so numerous both in Canada and the States, that few had to pay the penalty of being isolated from the circle.

The refreshments were served around the fire. The first course consisted of chicken broth served in cups and imbibed through straws. It almost reminded one of the peace-pipe ceremonies—save that each had his own straw. Then a huge pot of boiled corn was brought into the circle and was partaken of from the cob, with butter and salt. Cornmeal muffins and maple syrup were followed by fruit, nuts and bon-bons.

Then, after tribal reminiscences were exchanged about the dying embers, the blanketed forms stole back to the shanty and emerged with a more civilized appearance to bid their kind hostess good-night and to express their delight at having been able to slip back, for an evening, past the milestones of the years, into the Realm of Yesterday.

In the Western West

Continued from page 12

the suspension bridge, we crossed a solid wooden bridge some fifty feet long, as the canyon has narrowed down to that width right there. The motor-car having come around by the road, met us and the drive was continued for several miles. The road led through a forest of giant Douglas fir whose tops seemed to sweep the skies with their feathery branches, and play battledore and shuttlecock with the clouds: British Columbia tooth-picks they have been called, and resemble that article in their absolutely straight growth and finely tapered tops.

After leaving the wooden bridge the canyon was left behind but the road still followed the river, which rapidly widened, and after a lengthy drive we heard a peculiar rushing sound which announced the approach to what is known as the dam. Vancouver city obtains part of its water supply from this glacier-fed river; with this achievement the dam became a necessity but rather adds to the beauty of the scene. When the salmon are running, it is a common sight to see these sporty fish endeavoring to jump each lift of the dam, and a great number of them succeed.

The widened vista at this point allows a view of many mountain peaks, all snow clad and holding in their shoulder-hollows numberless lake-gems that are frequently frozen over the year around. Silent and wonderful, their timber-line delicately defined, these nature-built sky-scrapers rose superbly on every side. The Vancouver mountaineering clubs are doing energetic work in this district, and most of the peaks which range from four thousand to ten thousand feet, have been conquered.

After dinner at the hotel which is picturesquely situated at this spot, we made the drive back to civilization. And with dusk hovering on the heels of day, the witchery of the surroundings was enhanced and followed us to the very edge of man's domain.

One does not soon forget the visit to that beautiful canyon situated in Vancouver's playground. It loses nothing of its beauty by the visits of wondering humans; it will ever be the same depth and width, and its walls being practically inaccessible are immune from devastation. Thus Capilano Canyon promises to gladden the eyes of those who visit it for countless ages to come.

Lilac Lane

By JEAN BLEWETT

You find your way inside a gate
  That, creaking, sighs: "I am grown old!"
Lo, here's a world where early, late,
The robin carols to his mate
  A roundelay both glad and bold.

Down through the boughs the sunlight streams,
  Yet comes a patter soft of rain,
And straight each leaf bejewelled gleams—
A highway to the land of dreams
  Is this old half-forgotten lane.

Where overhead the lilacs meet,
  Where perfumed cluster gladly swings
In amorous breezes that entreat,
And nothing breaks the silence sweet
  But song of bird and whirr of wings.

O, lilacs in a stately row,
  Full heavy is the weight you bear
Of purple splendor, low bend low
To one who loved you long ago,
  Your beauty and your fragrance rare!

SUNSET AT POINT AU BARIL

Away in the Breezy North

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Holiday

THE days are coming when the "call of the North" will be so loud and insistent that human nature will be quite unable to resist its appeal. Even as we walk along the city streets there seems to come a breath of pine, a whisper from the waters that even now are dimpling in the summer sunshine. What a land of lakes we lucky Canadians possess! All the way from Bras d'Or in Cape Breton Island to the jade-colored lakes which nestle near the Rockies, we have a wealth of inland waters of which no other land can boast.

In Quebec the lakes are often mountain tarns, darkening beneath the shadows of fir and spruce,

"HOLE-IN-THE-WALL"

but in Ontario, especially in the northern section, they are so thickly strewn that a morning walk in the Parry Sound district usually reveals a string of such lakelet jewels, sparkling in their setting of stone. The Georgian Bay, beyond the Muskoka Lakes, is a sheet of water which is a joy to the heart of either sportsman or artist. It is no wonder that the visitor from the older countries pauses in wonder as he sees the dark-blue expanse, stretching away beyond the hills, and exclaims: "Surely you do not call this a bay!"

The beauties of Georgian Bay have been discovered and every year a larger host of summer guests and holiday makers finds a way to the north. However, it is fortunately such a vast expanse of islands, channels and alluring inlets, that it is impossible for it to be spoiled by the greatest rush of what is vulgarly called tourist traffic. As soon as the warm weather comes, we know the signs of rush to the north—trunks, by the thousand, are piled on the vans, canoes, dinghies and row-boats are placed on baggage-cars by perspiring railway employees, who seem to be the only men to deprecate the popularity of the pine regions, and distracted parents gather children and parcels as the last call for the northern express is heard.

From Toronto, it is only a six hours' ride to one of the most delightful spots on the Bay—Point au Baril, where the summer days are all too short for the sport and fun which may be packed into them. The northern journey is a delightful trip, as one approaches the land of rocks and breezes. Barrie, on Kempenfeldt Bay, one of the prettiest towns in Ontario, smiles a welcome as one approaches; Craighurst is a picturesque bit of scenery and Bala, with its melodious waterfall brings us fairly to "the north countree." Then we pass through the magical land of the Muskoka Lakes, where the influence of Indian tradition and lore always seems to linger. Away past Lake Joseph, the most northerly of these limpid brown lakes, we come to Parry Sound, surveying the wide sketches of Georgian Bay and just a short journey beyond is Point au Baril, which has emerged from obscurity into the proud possession of a station, a post-office, three hotels and seventy-five cottages. "No better air in the world," declares the embrowned citizen, as he returns to the city after a fortnight or a month in the Georgian Bay.

To those who are familiar with the history of this great playground of Ontario, it is wonderful how swiftly it has been transformed during July and August into scores of summer hamlets or colonies, provided with all that is needed for comfort or amusement, yet surrounded by the wildest and loveliest of Nature's charms. In some of the inlets you could almost imagine yourself an isolated adventurer, the first man who had fished in those waters, or the first white woman who had paddled up the lonely waters in search of birch bark for an "album."

Of course, to take an extended trip from Point au Baril, up the Shawanaga River, for instance, the services of an experienced guide would be necessary. On this delightful trip, you pass through a series of lakes which make each expansion a new enjoyment, as the beauties are unfolded of Five Mile, Birch, Partridge, Wallace, Trout, Le Vale and half-a-dozen other gem-like sheets of water. The portage, which takes us back to the days when we read "Indian books," is encountered on this trip, but not to such an extent or length as seriously to fatigue the amateur explorer.

Georgian Bay is a rather tumultuous sheet of water when one is out in the open; but its smaller channels and inlets are such as afford excellent rowing and paddling for even a feminine canoeist.

* * *

A CANOE is one of the supreme joys of life, a dinghy is something to be desired; but, after all, what is a summer holiday without fish? May it be many a year before these northern waters are "fished out." Black bass, it goes without saying, abound in these regions, while pickerel, pike, and maskinonge are to be had for the fishing. This vast range of lake waters, quite unknown to the fashionable tourist and a paradise for the angler, prove an attraction which few who have tried such regions can resist. Summer after summer sees the exodus to the north in ever-increasing numbers. One can hardly over-estimate the pleasure which the true disciple of Izaak Walton feels, as he reaches such a territory and realizes day after day the reward of patient effort in the shape of a "string" of shining beauties. Even such as have not known before the delights of such a sport catch the infection and set out in search of tackle and bait. Later on, the hunters come up from the southern towns and cities, in search of deer or bear and make a record of which Nimrod might well be proud.

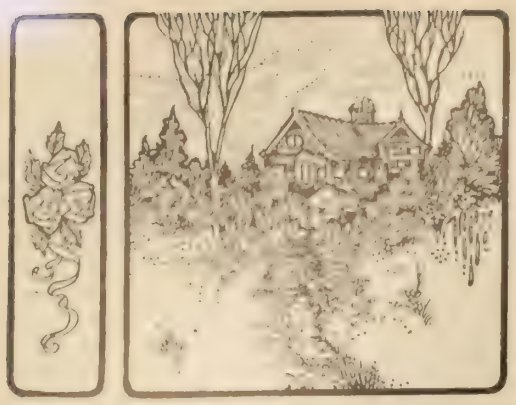
In these days, even our remote playgrounds are invaded by the latest inventions, whether these be aeroplanes or motor boats. The latter

CAMP DINNER AT THE POINT

have reached Georgian Bay and its many channels and may be seen coursing gaily through the dark-blue waves on any bright summer day. The gasoline launch is also known, where in past centuries only the Indian glided in his slender birch-bark canoe. So, it is hard to escape entirely from civilization, which, in the form of motor boats, railways and telegraphs, is within easy reach and hail of the summer citizens of Point au Baril.

A TYPICAL HOLIDAY SCENE

SOME SHINING TROPHIES AT THE POINT



Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

Who sang to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My mother."

MOTHER AND BABE.

MY mother! What visions of bygone days your memory recalls! Emphasize the *my*, and it is *your* mother, a halo of light clinging to the recollections. They may have been entirely different types of women, may have moved in circles far separated, may have been educated or refined, or illiterate and uncultured, may have had no two features of similarity, no matter from what standpoint they were judged, but the tenderness of my memories, and the sweetness of your impressions, places them both on a pedestal, around which everything that is good and lovely, pure and angelic hovers, and nothing on earth can ever efface the influence that emanated from their lives, and moulded itself into our character.

The boy may go far wrong, may drink the dregs of this world's most sinful cup, may drown the thoughts and prayers of mother in the polluted cesspool of vice and wickedness; the girl may wander far from home and mother, may sink into sloughs so deep and dark, she is lost sight of; but they never get beyond the mother love. The world may cast them out, the father may in sternness denounce them forever, but the longing, loving heart of a mother reaches out and beyond all bolts and bars, down and into the deepest abyss, waiting to forgive and embrace, for, oh, the strength of her boundless love! Well has the poet immortalized it in these words:
"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be;
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then might thou mete out a mother's love."

* * *

HAPPY should be that woman who is blessed with the trust of little human beings, who has the privilege of directing the infantile thoughts, who can lead and guide the little minds! I can conceive of no work more beautiful, more ennobling, than training the baby tongue to lisp its first words, the little tottering feet to walk, and the innocent and unstained little soul to "walk in wisdom's pleasant way." Empty must be that woman's heart who has never looked into the depths of baby eyes, all her own, nor felt the thrill of happy motherhood as the little creature singles her out with arms outstretched; who has never pressed closely to her breast a little shining head, nor stood gazing with admiring eyes upon the sleeping darling, with chubby little limbs, and long lashes sweeping the rosy cheeks. She, who has never known motherhood has not tasted of the deepest, tenderest joy on earth, and I have often thought that we mothers do not stop to realize all we stand for to our children, those little beings that look up to us, as we look up to God, whose happiness or woe depends upon our smile or frown.

"If my baby were only older," I have heard women exclaim. Now, don't; just try and enjoy [illegible] of that little life, from the tiny, helpless, red-haired stranger, all through the interesting evolution until they are able to wait upon themselves. Every moment of their existence reveals attractions hitherto unknown; so do not be impatient, and wishing them older. We often hear the expression, "You are having your best time with them right now." To a woman who is struggling along with five or six little ones, all, perhaps, under ten years of age, that sounds discouraging. I remember when my inward ejaculation at such a speech could be interpreted thus: "Well, if *this* is my happiest time, Lord help me, later on."

I look back upon those days and, believe me, they *were* my happiest days, and yours, too. You washed and fed the little flock, and tucked them safely in bed, and they were pleased with whatever mother thought best, the toys, the new clothes, but that changes and a new era dawns. They grow away from the nest, have their own ideas of what they like and dislike, they decide that they are very capable, and we know that they really need us more than ever. So, we realize that our best time, after all, is when they look to us as an all-wise authority, to whom they appeal to settle their vexed questions.

* * *

AND what diversity of character we meet in the members of a family, each requiring a different method of treatment! How necessary that we be cheerful and patient, kind yet firm withal, dealing out justice tempered with mercy, making allowance for the disposition, for who can understand the heart of a child as the mother? It takes the keenest diplomacy and tact to solve the well-springs of conduct in a family of children, to look beneath the surface and see their reasoning, to view matters from the child's standpoint. Sometimes they are not so far wrong as they seem, for the unformed character can not discriminate as to right and wrong; they need the teaching which only a faithful, earnest mother is in a position to give.

In my mind are four young sisters, the eldest of whom could not be moved once having decided she would not do a thing. Her attitude was: "I have said I won't, and I won't." The second sister could be reasoned with, the fourth could be coaxed into doing what she had declared she would not, but that third case seemed to me the oddest little girl I ever met. You could reason, debate, coax, all to no avail, but start a good brisk scolding, berate her soundly, and she was won. I am often asked if I believe in whipping. You will be puzzled if I answered both "yes" and "no." So I will relate a little story that has given me many a laugh, and expresses my sentiments fairly well.

It was in a railway depot, passengers waiting for the train. A small boy was making it lively for his mother, and interesting to the impatient travellers, by wanting everything he could think of, asking innumerable questions, pulling and hauling at his mother, kicking her shins, and slapping her face, and "got off without even a pinch." I will give the rest *ad verbatim*.

"Please, Johnnie, be good. See how they are all looking at us," she entreated.

"I don't care if they are," he shouted, making a kick at an old man whose feet he had walked over several times. And then the curtain went up on the play. With one twist and two motions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and before he could squawk once the spanking machine began its work. If ever a boy of seven was neatly wound up, and the ugly taken out of him inside sixty seconds, the work was no more complete than in this case.

"Thar!" said the spanker, as he up-ended the boy, and placed him on a seat. "You'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was a-sufferin' for it. Beg your mother's pardon for interferin' in fam'ly matters, but you set right thar till the train comes in."

The boy "set," and a calm stole over the crowd. The old man turned to his neighbor and said: "He puts me in mind of my Willyum when he was a kid. Thar was times when nothin' on airth would put good natur' into him, but a good, sound spanking."

So there you have my opinion. There are some natures that seem to positively suffer for a good castigation occasionally. Nothing else can take the place of it, and if you "spare the rod you spoil the child."

* * *

BUT never for accidents, no, nor for mischief when it is not wilful, would I slap a child. They break a dish, tear their clothes, fall into the mud. Surely we all encountered those things in our childhood, and how grateful we were when we escaped punishment. A rod is cruelty in those cases: the child is sufficiently punished by the results. A dark closet, and being sent supperless to bed will never confront me when I am called to account for my stewardship. The horrors of the first on a nervous disposition, and the ruined health of the second, on a child's craving stomach for food! Put them into a light room if their offence deserves isolation, and feed them with bread and water, but never be guilty of letting a child suffer the pangs of hunger to mete out a merited punishment, or draw upon their imagination terrors that are stamped there for life.

The tone, the look, should have a meaning. "Baby, come, mother wants you," should mean exactly that, and teach baby that he must give heed to that call. It takes patience to enforce these little things, but a few lessons impress the fact on the little mind that they *must* put things back, that they *must* come when called, and the way is paved for all future years. A path of obedience has been hewn out, and they do not expect to swerve from it, but make it a purpose in life to follow in the straight line of authority.

* * *

I THINK the greatest compliment I ever received, at least the one I most appreciate as a mother, came through a remark made by one of my children. A neighbor told me of it. She had made this observation: "Oh, but your mother may have forgotten about it." She said he looked her straight in the eye, and said: "Do you think my mother ever forgets her promises? She is not that kind of a mother; she'll do it, because she said she would."

It is often difficult to keep a promise, but with children, so much depends upon the non-fulfilment. Their trust is gone, the confidence shaken, they hesitate to believe in the future. I have heard mothers console little ones who fretted at their departure, assuring them with a good-bye kiss that if they dried their tears, and remained at home, they would bring them some candy, a promise they never thought of again until they spied the expectant little face at the window or gate. I did that once, but when the eager little ones ran to meet me, I punished myself to the extent of going back, tired as I was, to the nearest store, and purchasing the promised treat.

We cannot be too careful about keeping our word. A child misbehaves on the street, or in church. They know better, and you whisper that you will punish them when you reach home. Do you do it? Invariably you do not; good conduct has been re-established, your own annoyance has passed, and why renew the unpleasant episode? Let it go, it is surely the quietest way. Yes, it certainly is much easier to condone a fault when it is all over. But what about the child's faith in mother and her promise? More than once I astonished the members of my household by quietly taking by the hand a perfectly good-natured looking child into the privacy of mother's room, and administering what was to me a very heart-rending but necessary punishment, for a wilful disobedience that I felt it was no kindness to my child to overlook. Oh, yes, mother, if the rule works one way, it is also good in the other.

It need only be a serious talk, a reprimand, or perhaps confinement in a room for an hour, mayhap a hand held out for a couple of slaps, but if you have promised a punishment, fulfil it, and in future they will know exactly what you mean, as well as what to expect if they ignore your commands.

There is no time a mother is placed at such a disadvantage, as when she is away from home visiting or travelling. It is then the home-training counts, and the mortification that mothers endure is largely that of their own making. The faults are not so glaring seen at home, but when confronted with them before strangers, and the inability, so apparent, to make any impression upon their child outside of a downright whipping, makes them resolve that the future enforcement of obedience will be exacted to the last toll.

But that is soon forgotten, the rigid system relaxes in time, it is really too much trouble to always insist, and thus the character of the child suffers, as well as the nerves of mother. Whenever I see such mistaken indulgence—really arising from indolence in persisting—I always say to myself, "Poor woman, she is preparing a rod for her own back." Sooner or later, she understands that she has spoiled a naturally good child by the lack of a gentle firmness which should be a prominent virtue in a wise mother.

HOLIDAY HINTS

SUMMER holidays are much in the mind of the housewife from the first of May, and to that end, the summer sewing is usually well out of the way before the month of June arrives. Fortunate are the households which possess an unfailing "sewing girl," who comes to them as regularly as the violets to the woods of Spring. She is as much of an institution as the grandfather's clock and settles down at once to "make over" or lengthen the last year's gowns. Two weeks of this invaluable assistant are usually long enough to get the summer clothing in good condition, and this state of affairs means a tremendous relief when the rush of getting away for the holidays is once upon us.

In Canada, where the sultry season is so short, there is not the necessity known in more southern latitudes for a radical change in the house furnishing. The recent change from heavy carpets to rugs, in most households, has rendered it unnecessary for the house to be turned inside out, when the warm weather arrives. Happy are those citizens who have summer homes outside the town or city, to which they can repair at the first hint of warm weather and enjoy the summer days far from the dust and dreariness of the madding crowd.

* * *

IN Ontario, most towns are in easy reach of the water—whether lake or river—and it is consequently very easy to make provision for a day's outing or a week-end, when a summer home is out of the question. Do not make a burden of these summer trips and go to the trouble of elaborate preparations for what should be a joyous and careless summer outing. There are women who seem never to "relax"—busy Marthas, who make a picnic a serious matter and are always fussing over the baskets and wondering where they will be able to get hot water for the tea. Make the summer as real a rest-time as possible, even if you are obliged to miss some of the fruit and rely on the preserves and jams which are put up by the factories.

"I just loafed all last August," said a woman who had learned by painful experience that too much work makes Jane a dull girl. "I had a delightful time camping in the woods, wore all my old clothes and we ate all our meals outdoors. It is the worst economy in the world to stay in the city all summer."

We have all read Samanthy Allen's amusing account of the pleasure "exertion," which was a series of trials and disappointments, and we have all suffered from similar experiences. However, it is quite possible to make even a picnic a scene of enjoyment and genuine rest, if the managers of such an event set out with the determination of leading the simple life.

* * *

FASHIONABLE summer resorts are a farce, so far as either fun or rest is concerned, and the women who frequent them are the most foolish of their sex, given over to bridge and "glad garments." We take it for granted, that our readers are outside this class and appreciate a true holiday too thoroughly to think of spending it at a fashionable hotel. Muskoka, with its scores of picturesque and home-like "inns," Georgian Bay, with its splendid sweep of water and its wealth of islands, the St. Lawrence, with its varied scenery of loveliness in stream and landscape, are only a few of the Canadian scenes which gladden our hearts and eyes in the summertime. We have no excuse for not enjoying the months of "blue unclouded weather."

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Can You Beat It?

She: "I don't see why you should not be willing to marry on three thousand dollars a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that."

He—"But, my dear, we must have something to eat."

She (petulantly)—"Isn't that just like a man. Always thinking of his stomach."

"IF ONLY ANNIE HAD A 'PHONE WE'D HAVE CALLED HER UP AND GOT HER TO COME OVER' HERE TONIGHT. WE'D HAVE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME, AND SHE'LL BE SO SORRY TO MISS SEEING YOU."
C.W.

THE 'PHONE IS A PROMOTER OF SOCIABILITY

THE TELEPHONE IN THE RURAL HOME

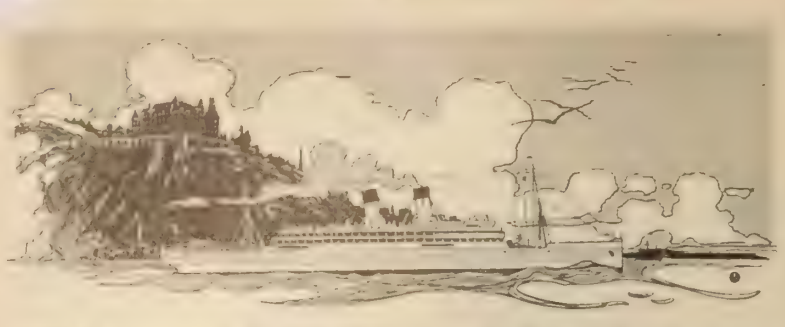
¶ Local telephone service in the rural districts is a live topic at the present time in many parts of Ontario. The most satisfactory method of securing and maintaining this local telephone service in its best form is through a local organization.

¶ "Canada and the Telephone" is the title of a book which has just been published by the Canadian Independent Telephone Co. of Toronto for the purpose of illustrating the value of a telephone in the rural home. The book contains 32 illustrations, each similar to the illustration above, depicting a special way in which the telephone will prove a desirable and profitable factor in the rural home.

¶ If you are interested in rural telephones, write us and we shall be pleased to forward you a copy of this book. We believe you will find it of much interest.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED

18-20 DUNCAN STREET, TORONTO



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The "Royal Edward" will inaugurate the fortnightly service of the Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited—The Royal Line—from Montreal and Quebec to Bristol, on Thursday, May 26th.

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For full particulars, rates, booklets, schedule of sailings, etc., apply local agent or write to **H. C. BOURLIER,** Gen. Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

The Quickest Route To Muskoka

is by way of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway which gives direct access by rail to the head of the lakes and has boat-side stations at Bala Park and Lake Joseph.

THE LAKE SHORE EXPRESS with parlor-observation and dining cars is the best appointed train in the Muskoka service and provides the quickest, most comfortable way to reach

Lake Simcoe, Sparrow Lake, The Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound District, The Georgian Bay, The Maganetawan Country.

For literature and general information, call at C.N.O.R. ticket offices, Union Station and Cor. King and Toronto Streets, Toronto, or write C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

FANCY HAT PINS

GIRLS generally like to have hat-pins to match each different costume, and if they follow my directions they will be able to indulge their taste at a very trifling cost.

The hat-pins which I think most effective, says the *Girl's Realm,* and at the same time cheap and easy, are those made of sealing-wax of different colors. With originality and artistic taste, an infinite variety of these hat-pins can be produced. It is needful to have a supply of cheap hat-pins with plain black or white heads, also some sticks of sealing-wax of different colors, including gold and silver. The more ordinary shades can be had in penny sticks, but the others run from five cents to ten cents according to size. A friend of mine spreads a paper over the table to catch any stray drops of sealing-wax, and she provides herself with a lighted candle and a bowl of water. She holds in her left hand one of the plain hat-pins, and in the right the stick of sealing-wax of the color she happens to require. This she places over the candle, as near as she can without actually touching the flame, as contact blackens the sealing-wax. She then applies the melting wax to the head of the plain pin, turning it round and round till the head is well covered. She moistens her fingers, and, by gently rubbing and pressing, blends and shapes the wax to any form she pleases. The moistening of the fingers is very necessary to prevent the sealing-wax from sticking and from burning the fingers. Whilst shaping and ornamenting the pin, she holds it over the flame to soften each part as she comes to it. The pins can be decorated with an endless variety of objects, such as fancy buttons, glass beads, shells and bits of coral.

Here are a few of the dainty hat-pins my friend turned out as a stood watching her: A kind of calyx in sea-green wax, shaped something like a tulip, into the top of which she pressed a grey-blue mother-of-pearl button, which reflected the green shade of the sealing-wax. At the four corners she embedded into the wax four tiny spiral shells. Another pin-head was shaped like an acorn. A third was of a rich heliotrope tint with gold veinings, and had a large white pearl button fixed on the top. A very pretty pin, suitable for Irish girls to wear on St. Patrick's Day, is made of emerald green sealing-wax, shaped like a shamrock and with a pearl to represent a dew-drop. If the pin is wanted as an emblem of luck, it is easy to turn it into a four-leaved shamrock.

Another pin is made of red wax with coral beads to represent the seeds of the wild arum-lily. Yet another is cup-shaped, of gold sealing-wax, with a green calyx and with small spiral shells fitted into indentations made in the rim.

Turquoise-colored wax is most effective, with pearls worked into it. A quaint device is to string beads on horse-hair, or very thin wire, and twine them round a cone-shaped head, burying the ends of the string in the wax. Buttons in enamel or embroidered silk are very effective when embedded in a thick layer of sealing-wax with a small border of wax around the button.

Let me now turn to quite another kind of hat-pin, of which I have just received two samples from a French girl living at Rouen. They are made of tin; one is fashioned like an owl's head with two bright yellow stones to represent the eyes. The bill, ears and feathers of the owl are all tooled into the tin in the most delicate way. The other pin has a large amethyst-colored stone riveted into the tin, which is beautifully embossed all round the stone. Both these pins are in the fashionable "Art nouveau" style. The making of these pins, however, entails a good deal more outlay and labor than is the case with those made of sealing-wax. This is how my French friend describes the making:

You must first of all get a locksmith to rivet a wooden button-mould to a steel pin from which the head has previously been removed. You then take a piece of tin slightly larger than the mould; on this you trace a design with the special sharp tool used for this kind of tin-work, marking the space or spaces where later on you wish to introduce the large colored stones which form the chief beauty of these pins. You work at this part of the tracing with the piece of tin resting on some hard material, such as a block of wood. The embossing of the design must next be done with the tin resting on a soft pad of cloth. For the finishing touches the tin must be placed once more on a hard substance. The next proceeding is to fill in with soft wax all the hollow parts at the back of the design, that the right side may be well in relief. You next cut out the round spaces intended for the colored stones, being careful not to make them too large or the stone will not keep in place. The outer rim of the piece of tin has to be cut into little dents like the fine teeth of a saw. There remains then nothing to do but to mount the pin. You place on the wooden mould a piece of white paper of exactly the same size. This will add brilliance to the transparent stones. You then place the stone in the setting, or round hole, prepared for it. You apply glue to the teeth cut in the rim of the tin and you bend these over the edge of the button-mould. You then cut out a round piece of tin, through which you pass the steel pin, and this you fix firmly with glue to the under part of the button-mould.

To finish the pins properly you rub gently with a soft piece of linen the blackened surface of the tin, so that the parts in relief appear bright and polished like silver while the hollows alone remain black. You polish up the pin with silversmith's soap and rub with a chamois-leather.

All this gives the impression of a good deal of labor, but the result repays for all the trouble.

Another sort of pin can only be indulged in by girls who have brothers or cousins in the army or navy. The making of this pin consists in riveting to a steel pin the gilt buttons from a naval or military uniform.

The last kind of pin I shall describe to you entails next to no outlay, and it is very ingenious and pretty, but it requires patience and some dexterity. It was a young engineer who kindly showed me how to make these pins. They can be done in silk cord of various colors to match one's dress or in tan-colored leather boot-laces.

First form the boot-lace into two loops, then pass the long end of the lace under the right-hand side of the second loop, over the right-hand side of the first and so on, till the result is a sort of rose pattern.

Now continue with the same end of the lace, and carefully follow the first strand in and out, until the strands are threefold throughout the pattern, and lying flatly side by side. Be very careful not to twist the lace, and keep it always the same side uppermost. Draw in the strands till the opening left is just large enough to admit the head of the pin. Insert the pin, and continue to tighten the lace, following each strand along the whole of its course, until the pin-head is firmly enclosed therein. Then cut off both ends quite close to the pin.

Smart Embroidered Waists

THE very latest ideas for embroidered blouses are pictured here and we are sure our readers will appreciate their variety and charm, and also the fact that the designs for these are simple but effective.

The well dressed woman has her wardrobe well furnished with blouses suitable for every

No. 5395—Tailored Waist.
Stamped on Linen, $1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

occasion, and many will match the costume with which they are to be worn, and she will not commit the error of wearing elaborately embroidered and lace trimmed blouses of sheer material with plain tailored suits for either travelling or morning wear.

The more dressy blouses have their own place, and fittingly complete the more elaborate cos-

No. 5396— French Embroidery.
Stamped on Linen, $1 50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

tumes of silk and other fine materials. The craze for elaborately trimmed waists has certainly subsided. We can well remember those of two or three summers ago, and the fact remains that these were cheapened by the shop made varieties with their showy trimmings of coarse laces and

No. 5397—Braiding Design.
Stamped on Linen, $1,50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

embroideries. The more simple blouses have a style all their own, and have the great advantage of laundering beautifully. These blouses ought to be embroidered on linen, for the double reason that it is easier to do good embroidery on this fabric, and also because it wears better than cotton goods, and seems more worthy of good work.

No. 5395 is a very smart blouse which shows the fashionable one-sided closing effect, and has a stylish arrangement of square embroidered tabs, and graduated dots. These tabs are finished with a solid, buttonholed edge, and the remainder of the design is worked in solid, padded embroidery, A connecting note of color to the costume with which it is to be worn might be given by working the dots in color, or the embroidery may be worked in all white, and the dots and tabs afterwards outlined with the color.

No. 5375—French Embroidery.
Stamped on linen, $1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

No. 5396 is another handsome blouse with a beautiful design of solid French embroidery, and it shows as well as the other two blouses illustrated on this page the one-sided closing effect. Turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match complete this waist, which is certain to be a very popular design.

No. 5397 has an effective arrangement of braiding with the fashionable rat-tail cord which is so much used this season, and which launders perfectly. This design has as a finish, an embroidered scalloped edge, and is a very stylish blouse,

No. 5167—Neglige.
Stamped on Dimity or plain Lawn $1.00.

also having the turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match.

No. 5365 shows a charming collar, and a knotted four-in-hand tie embroidered to match.

The pretty little neglige shown on figure 5167 is a very cool and dainty garment, with a beautiful design embroidered with single chrysanthemums. The material used for this neglige is a white cross-barred dimity, and the making up of this after being embroidered is simplicity itself, as the pattern is cut in two pieces, back and front, and is laced on the shoulders and under the arms with ribbons drawn through eyelets. The waist line is shirred and drawn in with soft ribbons, and dainty bows complete this simple and useful little garment.

If the articles illustrated on this page cannot be obtained from your dealer, address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal, for further information.

BELDING'S
SPOOL SILKS

BELDING
Silk Sewed
Seam

Will Stand a Bull Dog Strain

Fill your sewing basket with Belding's Spool Sewing Silk for dressmaking and all home sewing. Use cotton for basting only. Belding's Silk Sewn Seams lie flat, never pucker, never rip or tear. Sew buttons (even shoe buttons), darn socks, repair damages with Belding's Silk. You will have far less to do over, use less thread, less time and trouble. Belding's Silk is economy, cotton extravagance. This is why first-class dealers always keep

Belding's Spool Silks

Belding's Darning Silk

Soft finish
Aseptic Dye
Wash Color

Made especially for darning hosiery and knitted underwear, whether of cotton, wool or silk.

Cotton, wool or silk hosiery mended with Belding's Darning Silk is always soft to the foot.

Belding's Darning Silk is the most efficient medium for reinforcing new hosiery and knitted undergarments.

Also recommended for cross stitch and tapestry embroidery.

Put up twenty yards on a spool in black and all the leading shades.

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are unequalled for artistic embroidery.

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Clark's

Kitchens are at your service

¶ What is the use of toiling and broiling in a hot kitchen, wasting time and fuel and wearing yourself out, when Clark's mammoth kitchens are doing your work? Here CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are prepared and cooked better than any home-cooking can make them, and at less cost than you could prepare them for. Begin using them and you will wonder why you bore the burden of the hot kitchen so long.

Ask your Grocer. 10c. 15c. and 20c. tins

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2.—HANDBAG AND MUSIC ROLL 10x9in.

LADIES! Here's the simple combination that solves the parcel problem. You enlarge this purse to meet your demands by simply unclasping buttons (like those of a glove).

TRIPLEX

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FOUR DIFFERENT BAGS

BAG

You can make the four bags as shown in the cuts. Neat, compact, fashionable and durable. Made in the finest Seal Grain "Stamford" leather. Workmanship unexcelled. $2.50 brings this desirable bag by mail. We pay postage. Write **TRIPLEX BAG MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.** AGENTS WANTED—for this and other patented articles. WRITE NOW FOR TERRITORY AND TERMS TO AGENTS.

3—SMALL SATCHEL—10x7 in.

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"To Whom It May Concern"

Mr. Jos. Sieffert, of North Bruce, was permanently cured of Sciatica, after suffering and being confined to his bed from Oct. 1891 to Feb. 1892. He has had no return of the trouble—now over 18 years.

Mr. A. C. A., merchant, formerly of Toronto, was cured in a few weeks after having suffered about three months each year for over nine years. He wrote to a friend: "I thought I never could be cured having suffered so long and having tried so many doctors."

Mr. B., guard of Central Prison, has been cured after having suffered for years and has since sent his suffering friends to be cured in the same way.

Mr. L., formerly of Cottingham St., this city, was cured of inflammatory rheumatism in 1894—has had no return nor any deformities resulting.

Many suffering from sick headaches, constipations, stomach troubles, etc., etc., have been permanently cured.

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Our Cleaner is not a toy, but is the only thoroughly practical *Vacuum Cleaner* on the market.

Our Cleaners are in use in all the principal Hotels of the *Canadian Pacific Railway System*, and also in the *Leading Banks, Railway Offices, Churches, Apartment Houses and Principal Residences* throughout the *Dominion*.

Write for particulars to Head Office.

Acme Vacuum Cleaning Company, Limited

20 and 20A St. Peter Street - MONTREAL

Agents wanted in every city and town where electricity is used.

The Return Ticket

Continued from page 13

cheered up. Her face was a bad color from the pain she was in, and what did this man do but git up and come down to us and tell Annie she could have his place. He said he wasn't in very bad pain now, and he would take her place. He made very little of it, but it meant a lot to us, and to him too, poor fellow. Annie didn't want to do it, but he insisted. Sick folks know how to be kind to sick folks, I tell you."

The dawn began to show blue behind the frost ferns on the window and the lamps overhead looked pale and sickly in the grey light.

"Annie had her operation on Monday," she went on after a long pause. "She was lookin' every day for a letter from Dave, and when the doctor told her they would operate on her on Monday morning early, she asked him if he would mind putting it off until noon. She thought there would be a letter from Dave, for sure, on that morning's mail. The doctor was very kind to her—they understand a lot, them Mayos—and he did put it off. In the ward with Annie there was a little woman from Saskatchewan, that was a very bad case. She talked a lot to us about her man and her four children. She had a real good man by what she said. They were on a homestead near Quill Lake, and she was so sure she'd get well. The doctor was very hopeful of Annie and said she had nine chances out of ten of getting better, but this little woman's was a worse case—Dr. Will Mayo told her she had just one chance in ten—but dear me, she was a brave woman; she spoke right up quick and says she, 'That's all I want, I'll get well if I've only half a chance. I've got to; Jim and the children can't do without me.' Jim was her man. When they came to take her out into the operating room they couldn't give her ether, someway. She grabbed the doctor's hand, and says she, kind of chokin' up all at once, 'You'll do your best for Jim's sake, won't you?' and he says, says he, 'My dear woman, I'll do my best for your sake.' Busy and all as they are, they're the kindest men in the world, and just before they began to operate the nurse brought her a letter from Jim and read it to her, and she held it in her hand through it all, and when they wheeled her back into the ward after the operation, it was still in her hand, though she had fainted dead away."

"Did Annie get her letter?" I asked her.

My companion did not answer at once, but I knew very well that the letter had not come.

"She didn't ask for it at the last, she just looked at me before they put the gauze thing over her face. I knew what she meant. I had been down to see if it had come, and they told me all the mails were in for the day from the west. She just looked at me so pitiful, but it was like Annie not to ask. A letter from Dave would have comforted her so, but it didn't come, though I had wired him two days before, telling him when the operation would be. Annie was wonderful cheerful and calm, but I was tremblin' like a leaf when they were givin' her the ether, and when they wheeled her out all so stiff and white I just seemed to feel I'd lost my girl."

I took the old lady's hand and tried to whisper words of comfort. She returned the pressure of my hand, her eyes were tearless, and her voice did not even waver, but the thought of poor Annie going down into the valley unassured by any loving word gave free passage to my tears.

"Did Dave write or wire? I asked when I could speak.

"No, not a word; he's likely off on a spree." The old lady spoke bitterly now. "Everybody was kind to my Annie but him, and it was a word from him that would have cheered her the most. Dr. Mayo came and sat beside her just an hour before she died, and says he, 'You still have a chance, Mrs. Ferrier,' but Annie just thanked him again for his kindness and sorta shook her head. . . . . The little woman from Saskatchewan didn't do well at all after the operation and Dr. Mayo was afraid she wouldn't pull through. She asked him what chance she had, and he told her straight—the Mayos always tell the truth—that she had only one chance in a hundred. She was so weak he had to bend down to hear her whisperin' 'I'll take that one chance!'"

"And did she?" I asked eagerly.

"She was still living when I left. She will get better, I think. She has a very good man by what she was tellin' us, and a woman can stand a lot if she has a good man," the old lady said with the wisdom born of experience, "I've nursed around a lot and I've always noticed that!"

I have noticed it too, though I've never "nursed around."

"Dave came with us to the station the day we left home. He was sober that day and gave Annie plenty of money. Annie told him to get a return ticket for her, too. I said he'd better get just a single for her, for she might have to stay longer than a month; but she said no, she'd be back in a month all right. Dave seemed real pleased to hear her talk so cheerful. When she got her ticket she sat lookin' at it a long time. I knew what she was thinkin'. She never was a girl to talk mournful, and when the conductor tore off the goin' down part she gave me the return piece, and says she, 'You take this mother'. I knew what she was thinkin' and what the return half would be used for."

We changed cars at Newton, and I stood with the old lady and watched the trainmen unload the long box. They threw off trunks, boxes and valises almost viciously, but when they lifted up the long box their manner changed and they laid it down as tenderly as if they had known something of Annie and her troubled life.

We sent another telegram to Dave and then sat down in the waiting-room to wait for the west train. The wind drove the snow in billows over the prairie, and the early twilight of the morning was bitterly cold.

Her train came first, and again the long box was gently put aboard. On the wind-swept platform Annie's mother and I shook hands without a word, and in another minute the long train was sweeping swiftly across the white prairie. I watched it idly, thinking of Annie and her sad homegoing. Just then the first pale beams of the morning sun glinted on the last coach, and touched with fine gold the long white smoke plume, which the wind carried far over the field. There is nothing so cheerful as the sunshine, and as I sat in the little grey waiting-room watching the narrow golden beam that danced over the closed wicket, I could well believe that a rest remains for Annie, and that she is sure of a welcome at her journey's end. And as the sun's warmth began to thaw the tracery of frost on the window, I began to hope that God's grace may yet find out Dave and that he too may "make good" in the years to come. As to the little woman from Quill Lake, who was willing to take the one chance, I have never had the slightest doubt.

The Farmer and the 'Phone

By W. J. HALL, CHURCHVILLE

THE farmer of to-day is one of the most progressive citizens of this progressive country. Whenever he is thoroughly convinced that a certain tool or piece of machinery will do his work better, do more of it, or increase his income, it is not very long before he owns that tool or machine.

The first thought that comes to the farmer is: "What good is a telephone to me?" This is but a natural question. The farmer above all, is a practical man, and the value of the telephone has to many not yet been demonstrated. He cannot see the utility of it. It will not milk the cows, plough the soil, nor make the crops grow. What practical benefit, then, can a farmer derive from the telephone?

We can understand that it might be "just the thing" for the capitalist. We can see how merchants and city folk can use it, but the farmer cannot find time to fool around the house talking over a telephone. Some farmers argue that they have gotten along so far in life without a telephone, and why not the rest of their days?

This same argument, if carried out, would have hundreds of our improvements, now considered absolute necessities, off the farm, and would thus have retarded the marvellous march of progress that has made the modern farmer of Canada the model of the world. Because a man might walk from Quebec to Vancouver is no reason why it would not be cheaper and much more sensible to ride, as well as being quicker and easier.

Thousands of farmers, however, are quick to recognize the value of the telephone to the rural resident. They see the improved conditions that its adoption will bring to them and their families and the consequence is that the building of farm lines, which began some time ago, is going on at a livelier rate than ever before.

IN spite of this fact, some farmers even yet are undecided as to the wisdom of this universal improvement. They fear that it is a needless waste of hard-earned money. But the farmer who has had a telephone for a year or more, knows why so many farm lines are being built. To him the reason is plain. It is because the telephone is a money-saving, time-saving, labor-saving addition to the farmer, that pays its own way.

The farm telephone has come to be recognized as a necessity. No one questions the statement that time is money, and very few will question the statement that as a time saver, the telephone has no equal. Time is an important factor on the farm.

"The great man goes ahead of time, the prudent man goes with it; and the blockhead endeavors to go against it." The farmer with the telephone is the great man of the time; he is the prudent man.

The need of telephonic connection is far more urgent to a farmer than to the city man. Every errand means a trip to town or to the neighbors, involving a loss of time at every step. Lost time means lost money, lost opportunity.

Suppose, in the rush of the busy season, when every hour is precious, a piece of important machinery breaks down. What is the result? To get repairs means a trip to town, lost time, perhaps a wasted crop. With a telephone at hand the new part may be ordered in a moment from the local agent. Then if not in stock, it can be ordered from the head company, often reducing the delay from a day to an hour.

The product of the average farm in Ontario is about $800, but the progressive, busy farmer, who uses the most improved implements and machines, produces 50 to 100 per cent. more than the average. There are only about 200 good working days in the year on the farm, therefore every day counts. When a corn field is getting weedy, a day's work with the cultivator will make a difference of $25 in the value of the crop. When a field of wheat is ripe the delay of a day may cost more. The successful farmer has to consider all these things, and he cannot afford the time to run errands, when nature is calling him to the field.

The farmer with a telephone not only saves time which he can devote to the field, but if he need a man for a few days or weeks, the telephone gives him the "inside track" in finding some one. If he has fences to build or some other job that he cannot take the time to do, a moment on the telephone will find some one in a nearby village or town who would be glad to have a job. While it is getting harder and harder to find men who will work by the year on the farm, the telephone makes it easy to get help just when you need it without the loss of time hunting for it. In a hundred other ways the telephone saves the time and helps to keep things going on the farm, thus swelling the profits for the year.

IT saves the hard-working farm horses many a drive when they need rest. When stock gets sick, you can call a veterinary and often save the most valuable animal on the farm, for usually that is the particular one that is stricken and is liable to prove a great loss. When threshers are in the neighborhood you can step to the telephone, make all needed arrangements for "change" of work, hire extra help, and other provisions, meats, etc., from town.

Perhaps the greatest service the telephone can render is in time of sickness. Medical attention can be summoned, more than half the time saved, and in many instances, a life saved. When accidents happen or fire breaks out, the telephone affords assistance that is of great value.

Before hauling your products to town, you may know just what your dealer is paying. You are in a position to buy when prices are down and to sell when prices are up.

The telephone is the connecting link between city, and town and country. It puts the farmer next door to everybody and everywhere. In a social sense alone, it is worth all it costs. News of the neighborhood flashes across the wire before it gets cold. It helps to keep the boy and the girl contented at home. They are no longer isolated from the society of other young folk and farm life is not the drudgery of no telephone times.

The advantages of a farm telephone are so numerous and valuable that one cannot measure or appreciate them at their real worth.

Cleaning Day

WHEN using a cleansing fluid rub it gently on the fabric with a clean cloth. It is not necessary to rub the material roughly in the hands.

Yellow spots on clothing are often due to acid. Try immersing them in a weak solution of ammonia, and water.

A good way to bleach linen or lace is to put it in a towel of soap water and set it out in the strong sunlight. If it will be exposed thus to dust and dirt, place a piece of glass over it.

To remove grass stains from children's clothes, rub the spots thoroughly with a little fresh lard a short time before washing. Then wash as usual and the spots should come out.

CHRISTIE BISCUITS

"THERE'S A Christie Biscuit for every taste, and they all taste delicious."

Note the quotation marks, madam!

Thousands of Canada's particular housewives—ladies you would be proud to know—make that statement every day. A million Canadians eat Christie Biscuits every day. What's the reason?

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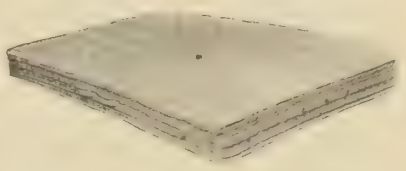

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This Refrigerator Should Be Yours

The "EUREKA" is the result of 25 years of practical experience and close study of refrigerator perfection, and stands to-day unapproachable as the finest refrigerator made.

It is designed with patented system of air circulation which gives a constant current of cold DRY air—so different from the damp, musty, stagnant air of the ordinary refrigerator. Foodstuffs kept in the "EUREKA" are kept sweet and fresh as it is the ONLY ABSOLUTELY DRY REFRIGERATOR.

Only the very choicest of materials are good enough for the "EUREKA"—odorless spruce or porcelain are used in the interior linings, and the exterior is handsomely finished in solid ash—the "EUREKA" is built and proven to last a life time, and is not only a perfect and useful refrigerator but is a piece of furniture to be proud of.

"EUREKA" refrigerators are endorsed by leading butchers, grocers and in hospitals, hotels and restaurants throughout the Dominion.

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and therefore at a saving to you. Let us send you our Illustrated Catalogue.

Write or 'phone Parkdale 513, or call at the factory 54-56 NOBLE STREET, PARKDALE. Take Queen car to Brock Avenue, then Noble Street is one short block north.

EUREKA REFRIGERATOR LIMITED - TORONTO

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. **Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.**

DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS.

SUMMER gowns made of muslins are always dainty. This year the materials are exceptionally lovely. In the illustration are shown two typical ones. The gown to the left is made of embroidered batiste with trimming of embroidered bands. The blouse is a simple one, tucked to form its own yoke, and can be made as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves. The skirt consists of a straight flounce joined to a five-gored upper portion.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4⅛ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅞ yards of banding; for the skirt 10½ yards 24, 8¾ yards 32 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide with 6½ yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6647 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6349 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made of bordered cotton voile and is exceedingly charming. The blouse is made of plain material to match and is trimmed with lace. The skirt is made with three straight flounces that are joined one to the other and the blouse is a simple tucked one, closed at the back. The chemisette can be added, making it high at the neck, and the sleeves can be made long. Also if the waist is used for foulard, pongee or other silk or wool material it can be lined and the front can be trimmed with braid and lace frills, provision for such being made in the pattern.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 24, 2¼ yards 32 or 44 inches wide with 1¾ yards of banding, 4 yards of edging; for the skirt 9¾ yards of flouncing 24 inches deep, or 7 yards of plain material 24, 5¾ yards 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6640 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, the skirt pattern 6252 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

PRETTY SUMMER FROCKS.

THE frocks of the summer are very pretty and very attractive, yet simply made. Here are two that are charming. The one worn by the little girl is made of white linen and is trimmed with embroidery. As illustrated it is given a dressy effect by the trimming applied below the tucks but this can be omitted if preferred and the dress can be gathered if better liked, also the neck can be made high. In fact, the model provides for both the afternoon frock and the one for morning wear, for it assumes quite a different aspect when made as shown in the back view with long sleeves.

For the two-year size will be required 3 yards of material 24 or 27, 2 yards 32 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of banding, 2½ yards of embroidery for frill. The pattern 6625 is cut in sizes for girls of 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

The older girl's dress is made from one of the pretty inexpensive wash fabrics and is piped with plain color. It combines a straight plaited skirt with a simple becoming blouse and is closed at the back. If preferred, the yoke, sleeve-bands and belt can be of contrasting material, also the trimming band on the skirt when that is used, but a great many mothers like a plain skirt, and the waist only trimmed, using plain material on figured, colored material on white or white on colored. Pale blue linen or chambray with the trimming of white would be charming, rose color is liked used in the same way and white linen with either trimming of blue or pink would be dainty and attractive.

For the medium size (ten years) will be required 6¾ yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the fold on the skirt. The pattern 6634 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Pattern No. 6625

Blouse Pattern No. 6647
Skirt Pattern No. 6349

Blouse Pattern No. 6640
Skirt Pattern No. 6252

Pattern No. 6634

PARIS IS PAISLEY MAD.

PARIS has a new craze. She has gone crazy over Paisley. Everything to wear is made in this well-known pattern, says a Paris correspondent in the New York *Sun*.

The old-fashioned mixture of Paisley and fringe is shown in most of the shops in many articles of clothing and other accessories women use. There are Paisley collars, ties and stockings, there are Toby frills of the same pattern and Paisley hand bags and sunshades embellished with long hanging fringe. In dress materials there are Paisley silks, cottons, foulards, chiffons and velvets, and perhaps the very latest thing is Paisley shantung.

In every variety of costume Paisley is used. The great lady drives to the Bois in a rich afternoon gown of Paisley silk, while the midinette trips out to luncheon in a skimpy Paisley cotton blouse.

It is a craze which men have not escaped. A Paisley tobacco pouch is the latest thing to give to a man, while he must wear a Paisley cravat, and even Paisley waistcoats have been seen.

* * *

THE FASHIONABLE LINEN.

LINEN is a useful, fashionable and practical material for summer gowns and the two illustrated will serve a great many uses. The young girl's dress is made of rose color with bands of heavy white lace and is worn with the new plaited collar, or chanticleer, frill. It is a very pretty, effective, yet perfectly simple model made in semi-princesse style. The skirt is four-gored and the blouse is laid in a wide plait over each shoulder. If preferred, long plain sleeves can be used in place of those illustrated and the neck can be finished with a collar. Small women will find the design a good one as well as young girls.

For the sixteen-year size will be required, 7¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 5½ yards 32, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 6¾ yards of banding. The pattern 6644 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown to the right is made of plain linen trimmed with plaid and makes an excellent one for outings and general wear. The blouse is buttoned over to the left side in Russian style and the skirt is thirteen

gored, there being a plait at each seam. It could be made with a yoke if preferred and a great many women are wearing yoke skirts this season. All materials that can be made in so simple a style are appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¾ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8¾ yards 24 or 32, 5 yards 44 inches wide, 2 yards 27 inches wide for trimming the entire gown. The waist pattern 6654 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6633 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

* * *

ABOUT TRIMMINGS.

SCROLL designs of braid are fashionable, and heavy Russian braid is greatly used as a trimming, though we associate this, as a rule, with the heavy stuffs of autumn and winter. Black braid is used in various widths on one gown, and the designs of braiding are altogether bolder this season, in addition to which it is not so flat as before, but raised, which gives to it a rich effectiveness. Still, there is a great deal of soutache seen, and we have also braided buttons. Collars are often braided, but just as often they are faced with black satin and moire, and left quite plain or only edged with braid. Striped materials are self-trimmed by means of the arrangement of the seams, and so we see coats which are built with the lines going lengthwise over a skirt which has cross or circular lines. In light materials the same effect may be seen in tunic gowns, the tunic being striped lengthwise, and the under part of the gown and the kimono sleeves being circular. I am not sure that I care for this; it certainly seems to me to shorten the figure.

Blouse Pattern No. 6623
Skirt Pattern No. 6539

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF TWO MATERIALS.

TWO materials in one gown are being much exploited just now and this one is exceptionally graceful and attractive. The over blouse and the upper part of the skirt are made of silk voile showing an embroidered figure in self color and the lower portion of the skirt and the trimming are made of messaline while the yoke and the sleeves of the guimpe are of all-over lace. The skirt is a simple gored one, laid in tucks at the waist, and to produce this effect the materials are joined at about knee depth. The over blouse is one of the new ones made with sleeves and body portion in one and a plain guimpe is worn beneath. Any two harmonizing materials can be combined in this way and foulard with plain silk is much liked; thin materials with heavier are greatly in vogue.

Pattern No. 6644

Waist Pattern No. 6654
Skirt Pattern No. 6633

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse 2¼ yards of material 24, 1½ yards 32 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of silk for trimming. For upper portion of the skirt will be needed 5¾ yards 24, 3¼ yards 32 or 44 inches wide; for the lower portion of the skirt 4¼ yards 21; for the plain guimpe will be needed 2 yards 32 with 1½ yards of all-over lace.

The over blouse pattern 6623 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. Any plain guimpe can be used.

* * *

GRACEFUL SUMMER FROCK.

SUMMER frocks that are made of muslins are always dainty and always attractive. This one is white with trimming of heavy lace and is just as charming as well can be. It is made in semi-princesse style with skirt and blouse joined and closed at the back and as illustrated it is trimmed at the left side and worn with a crush girdle of solf silk. The trimming and the girdle become matters of taste, however, and can be varied to suit the individual. The skirt is a simple two flounce one and the blouse is tucked to form its own yoke. The sleeves are novel and becoming and altogether the dress is an exceptionally graceful and attractive one. It is very simple, too, and easily made. If liked a tiny little yoke and collar can be added, making it high at the neck. Both skirt and flounce are straight and consequently the dress suits washable material peculiarly well. The skirt could be made from flouncing or with the blouse of plain material trimmed to match, and flouncings of bordered material are greatly in vogue this season. The design is adapted to small women as well as for young girls.

For the sixteen-year size will be required 10¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 7 yards 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide, 7½ yards of banding. The pattern 6367 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

* * *

CHARMING GOWN OF WHITE BATISTE.

WHITE is always the prettiest of all things for summer wear and this gown is made of embroidered batiste, trimmed with imitation Irish lace. It is eminently attractive and dressy in effect, yet really is very simple. The skirt is made in three sections, as shown in the back view, and the lace has been joined to the lower edge of two of the wide tucks, then mitred and turned up over the tucks at each side, the turning being made at whatever point is most becoming to the wearer. In the wide tucks ribbon is inserted and the ends are tied into bows at each side. The blouse is an effective one, trimmed on indicated lines. It can be made with a yoke and collar if preferred. Any banding can be used as trimming and the same waist will be pretty with a plain skirt if a simpler effect is liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 2¼ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding; for the skirt 10 yards 24 or 27, 7½ yards 32 or 6¼ yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding, 12 yards of ribbon.

The waist pattern 6657 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch

Waist Pattern No. 6657
Skirt Pattern No. 6658

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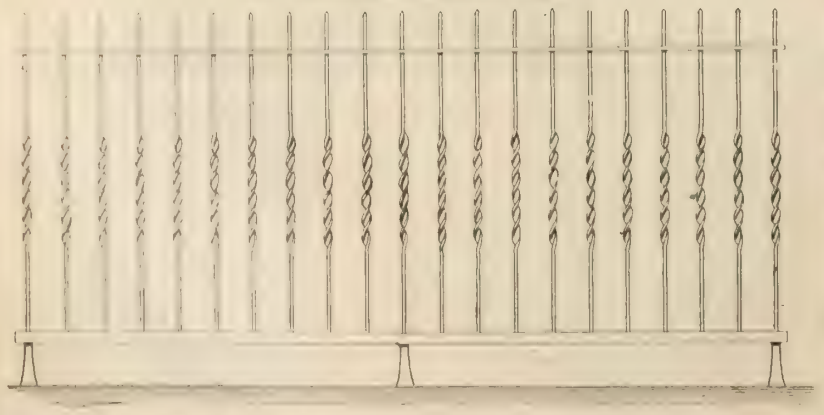

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bust measure; the skirt pattern 6658 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

A GOWN OF FOULARD.

FOULARD is being utilized for gowns of a great many different sorts this season. This one is simple and adapted to general wear. It combines one of the very latest skirts that is made with a deep yoke, giving the suggestion of a short tunic, with a blouse that is closed at the left of the front. It includes novel sleeves also and the neck is finished with the frill that is so much liked just now. There are many possibilities in the design, however. Plain long sleeves can be substituted for the fancy short ones or those illustrated can be lengthened by means of deep fitted cuffs, and in place of the frill a regulation stock collar can be used as finish for the neck. There is a fitted lining which serves to keep all parts of the waist perfectly in place. The skirt is cut in six gores and plaited at the front, back and sides and is joined to the yoke at the inner edge of the trimming, so that the yoke falls free for a short distance, giving the over skirt effect. It can be closed either at the left of the front or the right of the back. A great many materials are appropriate for such a gown, pongee would be charming so made, any of the fashionable spring materials of lighter weight could be utilized and also the same model will be found a good one for washable materials, for the lining of the blouse can be omitted. Foulard, however, is one of the most fashionable as well as the most serviceable materials of the spring and summer season and this gown is practical at the same time that it is essentially smart.

Blouse Pattern No. 6441
Skirt Pattern No. 6651

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3⅝ yards of material 24 or 27, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard 18 for the sleeve puffs; for the skirt 8¼ yards 24 or 27, 5 yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard 21 inches wide for trimming. The blouse pattern, 6441, is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust, and the skirt, 6651, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

* * *

SMART SUMMER COSTUME.

YOUNG girls will wear a great many summer costumes made with modifications of the sailor blouse. This one is very pretty made with two tucks over the shoulders that mean just becoming fullness and it is combined with a plain gored skirt. White linen trimmed with rose color makes this frock, but all the heavier washable materials are appropriate and poplins and various fabrics are included in the list. Collar and trimming can be of any contrasting material or they could be made of the same either braided or embroidered. Blue or rose color braided or embroidered with white would be both pretty and fashionable. If preferred a shield can be worn with the waist, making it high at the neck but the open throat is greatly in vogue just now and it is both comfortable and healthful. The skirt is a plain five-gored one, laid in inverted plaits at the back. The sleeves are slightly full and gathered into straight cuffs. The front edges of the blouse are finished with hems and the closing can be made invisibly or with buttons and buttonholes. If liked the patch pocket can be arranged over the left side. The blouse will be found an excellent model for small women as well as for young girls and it can be utilized with the separate skirt as well as for the entire dress.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 27, 2⅜ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 32 for collar and cuffs; for the skirt 4⅝ yards 27, 4¼ yards 32, 2⅝ yards 44 for linen or other material without figure or nap. For the band will be needed 1 yard 32 inches wide. The blouse pattern, 6652, sizes for 14, 16 and 18 years, skirt pattern, 6570, sizes 14 and 16 years.

Blouse Pattern No. 6652
Skirt Pattern No. 6570

From the Publishers

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY (Emily Ferguson) was born at Cookstown, Ontario, and is the daughter of the late Isaac Ferguson and niece of the late T. R. Ferguson, M.P., who represented Simcoe for many years in the Dominion Parliament.

She was educated at Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, and was married at the age of nineteen to Rev. Arthur Murphy, an Anglican clergyman. After several years of work in different parishes in Western Ontario, Mr. Murphy went abroad accompanied by Mrs. Murphy. It was at this time that the "Janey Canuck Abroad" sketches appeared and received favorable comment for their vivacity of style, their vigorous and pungent comment, their entertaining humor; "nothing escaped her pen from German cooking to English ritualism." This was followed, on Mrs. Murphy's return to Canada, by a series on "Janey Canuck at Home," giving a description of a three-months' trip in the West.

The family now settled in Manitoba, Mr. Murphy engaging in timbering and agricultural enterprises, assisted by Mrs. Murphy, who also kept up her literary work, contributing to various magazines and continuing her duties as review editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

From Manitoba they removed to Edmonton, where Mr. Murphy is interested in coal-mining but is also active in church work. Mrs. Murphy is a prominent figure in the social activities of the Alberta capital, being president of the Hospital Aid and vice-president of the Edmonton Women's Curling Club. She is fond of outdoor sports, especially of horseback riding. She favors the unconventional western style of riding, as a matter of caution and common sense, for, as she says, "It is not pleasant, or for that matter safe, for a woman to be hooked to the side of a horse as if she were a bundle of clothes on a peg."

Mrs. Murphy, says D. G. F. in the *World*, puts force and enthusiasm into anything she undertakes and does not hesitate to make herself both heard and felt. She is a witty and entertaining talker, and is well informed upon the questions of the day. She has unbounded faith in the future of the West.

A new book from her pen, "Janey Canuck in the West," giving a series of sketches of the life and work of the pioneer of the Canadian West, is now in the course of publication and will be brought out at an early date by Cassell & Company.

* * *

THE name of William T. Allison is familiar to the readers of Canadian publications, for Mr. Allison has devoted himself to literary production with a result in appreciation which should lead him to more sustained effort. His essays and verse were the natural outgrowth of the literary temperament. The publication of "The Amber Army and Other Poems" showed the desire of the writer to express in more permanent form the fancies and reflections to which the magazine, in spite of its modern popularity, gives comparatively fleeting utterance.

The curious fascination which autumn exerts over the fancy of the Canadian poet has never been explained—but it is a noticeable circumstance. In England and in France, the springtime is the season when the poet's fancy, whether he be young man or old, expresses itself in delicate and airy rhyme. However, when it comes to the poets of this young and hopeful land, it is remarkable how they, one and all, turn to the season of falling leaves and write odes to the departing year. "The Amber Army," the first number of this volume, describes the days when

"Red-coated, amber, grey,
The falling leaves to-day
Drop in dead drifts within the wood,
As soldiers should."

Whatever else may be considered commercial in Toronto, her university building is regarded with a pride in its architectural beauty which deepens to a passionate admiration. A host of students will respond to "A Summer's Night on the University Lawn" with memories that are a part of those four years of student dreams and aspirations.

"Infinite calm of the summer night,
Warm stars in a measureless distance of space,
Low voice of the wind in the trees and the towers,
Silence and gloom round the stately old place.

"Cold, in a splendor of silence, grey,
Half-hidden in ivy the dense Norman pile,
Wide home of the arts and the wisdom of men,
Sleeps in her classic repose for the while."

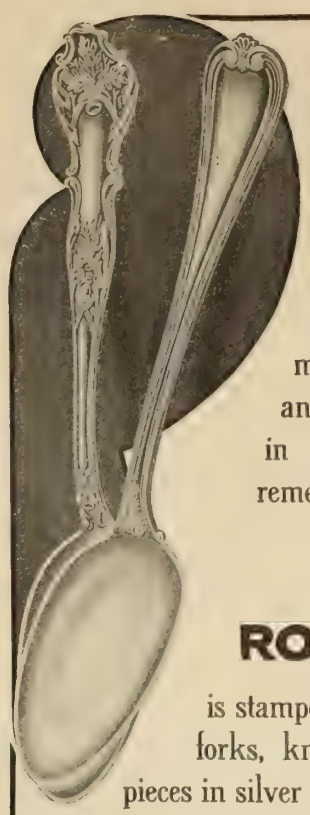
The slender volume, which Mr. Allison has sent forth as a contribution to Canadian literature, is characterized by a sympathy and a delicacy which are indicative of the true poet. Among the poems, none is more appealing to the reader than the sonnet, "The Canadian Pine."

This book of poems, daintily bound in green and white, is published by William Briggs, Toronto.

* * *

MORE than twenty years ago, a book review in Mr. Goldwin Smith's *The Week* referred to Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel and made mention that the novelist in question was a most prolific writer. Year after year, since then, showed at least one new Crawford novel, until one expected it as much as the flowers of May. His best-known novels are probably the fourfold list, beginning with "Sant Ilario." To many his finest work is not one of fiction at all, but that wonderful glimpse of the Eternal City in *Ave Roma Immortalis*. The death of Mr. Crawford has been followed by what is described as "the latest Crawford book," entitled "The Undesirable Governess."

Anything less like the ordinary Crawford novel, full of Roman politics and lightened by the smiles of alluring women, than this story of English home life it would be difficult to imagine.— Lady Jane Follitt is exceedingly anxious that an unattractive woman should be secured as governess for her small girls, since Lady Jane's masculine relatives are decidedly susceptible to the charms of a pretty governess. An advertisement is answered by a young person of the desired ugliness, who proves, however, to be a pretty girl and who accomplishes as much destruction as is usually attributed to the attractive damsel. The book is a playful and domestic narrative, which may well afford an hour's amusement. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



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GEORGE. A. PUTNAM,
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Bee-Keeping

By JEAN CAMPBELL

ONE of the few outdoor occupations for women is that of bee-keeping. Woman's employment is invariably indoors, and she knows but little of the joys of outdoor physical work, as does her farmer brother, for instance. But if she tires of her indoor work, with a little study upon the habits of bees and how they make honey to the best advantage, she can earn a nice income and have the outdoor, health-giving life like her brother.

The Italian bee is very gentle. With a little use of the "smoker" before starting to work with them one will have no trouble. So the best breed for a woman to handle, or a man either, is the Italian bee. Before purchasing, find out all you can about them by reading books and magazines on bees, then buy the pure Italians from a reliable source, and don't buy too many at first. Start with one or two and increase them yourself; then after you have had practical experience it would be safer to invest in more.

Now I hope I am not writing to women who are like a girl who once said that there were two things of which she was afraid, a bee and a man, for my work would be wasted. But if you like bees—and men—as I do I shall tell you about the bees. I won't tell you anything about men, you all have at least one man to look after and as they are all more or less alike you know all about them.

I have been interested in bees since I was a little girl, when a bee expert came to the hotel at a summer resort where I was staying and invited all the guests to a neighboring farm to see him change a hive of bees into another hive. I thought it was the most wonderful thing to see that man handle that mass of stinging insects as coolly as if they were minus their stingers. With the party was a naturalist who was badly stung on the nose, as the bees were a cross half-breed variety. Although the expert didn't say anything about his stings if he got any, but the naturalist standing away off did, and he was very indignant at the poor bees, remarking that he got on much better with snakes than bees.

Bees are much alike, but, like men, some are hot-tempered. Those were the kind I had at first; I soon got rid of them, as I like to keep my temper and how could one keep one's temper working with hot-tempered bees! It was impossible; so, getting stung one day, I decided to re-queen all the hives. So, sending to a bee supply establishment I received a pure Italian queen. She was a beautiful yellow bee, and she came in a cylinder case attended by two worker bees. I put her in a hive that was full of bees and honey, first killing the common black queen that they had. I kept her in a case first, until they noticed that they had lost their queen, for had they not noticed their loss, they would have stung the stranger to death as they only observe allegiance to one queen in one hive.

As soon as they knew of the change, I let her out into the hive and soon she was laying tiny elongated white eggs in the comb prepared by the working bees, and in a few days the eggs had developed into larvae which the bees fed with honey until they had enough, then they left them alone to develop into young bees.

In the spring when the bees first leave their hives, they take a good look around to locate their hive, then when they return in the early evening laden with pollen they know exactly where their homes are and make a "bee-line" for them.

Now a bee owner knows this. So, when he wishes at swarming time, to prevent the young bees with a young queen from swarming, i.e., to leave the old hive and seek a new home, he puts a new hive in the place of the old one, so the old bees that have been out working return to the new hive, and their queen is caught, as the queen doesn't leave the hive, and given to them, while the young queen with her young bees have the old hive. This knowledge saves the bee-keeper much trouble and labor, for we all remember how, when living on the farm when we were children, before the bee-keeping became such an industry, the bees would swarm and locate on the highest branch of the highest tree, and how the men would be called by the small boy who had spied them. The men would be busy haying but they would come and climb a high ladder and shake the cluster of bees into a pail or basket and carry them down and empty them in front of a new hive. Sometimes the bees would remain in the new hive; but more often they wouldn't as the queen bee may have escaped and of course the bees would follow her.

But all that is radically changed and with a little study of the habits of the honey-producing insects one can very easily handle them and reap a harvest of pure honey yearly.

"WHEN ALL THE WOODS ARE GREEN."

* * *

Summer Series of Meetings

PLANS for the summer series of meetings are about completed. For the most part, only one speaker will be sent and it will be necessary, therefore, for the local officers to provide short addresses or musical selections to supplement the addresses of the delegate. Some 570 meetings will be included in the list this year, and the Department has been very fortunate in securing competent, experienced workers to address the meetings.

The success of the summer series will depend upon the co-operation of not only the officers, but the individual members. They can increase the attendance by giving personal invitations to other women. All are welcome at meetings addressed by delegates from the Department.

It has been decided not to give cooking demonstrations at the meetings this summer. We believe, however, that the addresses will be of greater interest and value than usual. Among some of the more interesting topics will be found the following: "The Sacredness of the Body," "Homemaking versus Housekeeping," "The Importance and Meaning of Woman's Work," "Teacher and Parent," "Rural Telephone System," "Responsibilities of Mothers to Daughters, and Vice Versa," "Demonstrations in Needlework," "Kitchen Conveniences," "Habits," "The Nervous System—Its Construction and Modern Abuse," "Physical Education," "The Educational Value of Plays and Games," "The Family as a Shaping Influence," "The Influence and Tendencies of Canadian Children," "Influence of Environment," "The New Woman's Ideals," "The Physiology of the Digestive System," "Some Changes in Home Life," "Mental Culture," "The Care of the Sick at Home," "Twentieth Century Devices for Preserving Health and Saving Labor."

* * *

Rainy River Convention

ON March 2nd South Rainy River Women's Institute, comprising Barwick, Barnhart, Burriss, Emo, Stratton and Shenston branches, held its second annual convention at Stratton, which was in every respect a complete success, a large share of the credit for which was due to the bountiful hospitality exercised by the Stratton people.

In a neat address, characterizing the year's work among the branches and making several recommendations for future attention, the District President, Mrs. Alex. Corless, opened the convention. Immediately following these remarks came an address of welcome delivered by Mrs. W. H. Weir, President of Stratton branch and District Vice-President, to which reply was made by Mrs. T. McDonald, Emo.

The programme proper opened with reports from all the branch secretaries on the subjects dealt with during the present institute year and the method of treatment in each case, whether by original papers, extracts from Women's Institute reports or newspapers, roll call, or informal discussion. Then followed several splendid original papers on "Resourcefulness in Emergency Meals," by Mmes. Littlefield and Kennedy of Emo, "Making the Best of Things," by Miss Maguire of Shenston, and another on the same subject, read by Mrs. Woolsey of Barwick, a paper on "Pin Money for Girls," by Mrs. Chas. Gadd of Burriss, one on "Gossiping," by Mrs. Law of Barnhart, one on "The Value of Reading," by Mrs. W. H. Weir of Stratton, and one on "Hints to the Home Nurse on Emergencies," by Mrs. Wm. Earl of Emo. Each subject in turn was thrown open to the meeting for discussion, when the diffidence in expressing views noticeable at the previous convention—an initial effort—seemed to have quite disappeared.

In connection with the convention, an evening "at home" was held, the twenty-number programme for which was contributed by representatives from each branch. As in the afternoon, the attendance was large and appreciative.

It may now be confidently said that in South Rainy River, the Women's Institute movement is past the experimental stage. Practically no advertising has ever been resorted to, to gain a footing, but through "making good" every branch is now established in the confidence of the public.

* * *

Home Sanitation

A PAPER by Mrs. A. Ruppert of Preston deals informingly with this subject, as follows:

People in general and housewives in particular are becoming more alive to the advantages and necessity of proper sanitation in the home.

What do we understand by sanitation? Why, the proper airing and keeping the home in a perfect condition. Let us begin with that most necessary of all rooms, the bedroom. In the first place the bedroom is intended as a sleeping-room only, therefore anything not necessary to the comfort and convenience of sleeping and making the morning and evening toilet should be eliminated. Unfortunately, most of us like to have our bedrooms look well and consequently all sorts of pictures, draperies, cushions, tidies, doilies and various kinds of bric-a-brac find their way into this room. Now these things, while, no doubt enhancing the appearance of the room, are more or less dust catchers, and as the air we breathe during sleep should be perfectly pure, it is important that we have all the breathing space possible. All vessels in use should be thoroughly scalded at least twice weekly, or a disinfectant added to the water in which they are washed, which will remove the necessity of scalding, any cloths or sponges in use thoroughly washed, boiled or hung on the line in the sun or frost, to destroy or remove any germs that may have accumulated on them from contact with the body, all bedding, pillows, etc., should be thoroughly aired by windows being kept open at least a portion of the day in winter, and day and night in summer and during the warmer months, and lastly, the floor covering.

Personally, I am very much in favor of the present fashion of covering the floor with matting or linoleum

with pieces of carpet or small rugs laid down on places most walked on. These rugs, while giving an extra warmth, are easily lifted and shaken, and the other covering can be easily washed or wiped up. Or, perhaps, some prefer the bare, painted, or varnished borders with rug or carpet centre. These are much more sanitary and more easily cleaned than a carpet covering the entire floor. Of course, one objection may be offered to this method and that is, a floor thus covered is not as warm except perhaps in furnace or steam heated houses. Above all, let us not exclude the fresh air and sunlight as they are the first essentials to health and strength.

Most town and city dwellers have the convenience of bath-room, closet, etc. A great deal may be said to us to the perfect condition this, of all rooms, must be kept in. It is not enough that the window be kept partly open day and night to ensure ventilation. All waste pipes ought to be scalded frequently with a disinfectant and the water turned on and allowed to run freely in order to flush out all pipes and ensure the perfect evacuation into the sewers. All tubs, basins, etc., to be scoured after use, and all metal fittings be kept polished. There is a washable wall paper to be had which makes an ideal wall covering in that it is easily washed or wiped off. Where the floor is not tiled linoleum makes a good substitute. It is important that a good supply of wash cloths, sponges and flesh brushes, towels, etc., be kept in this room, so that no two persons be obliged to use the same articles.

Give halls and stairways plenty of sunlight and air, also parlors and sitting rooms. Have a few plants in these rooms, as they absorb the poison gases thrown off by the lungs and help to maintain a healthy atmosphere. Very little need be said as to be decoration of these rooms as it is pretty much a matter of individual choice and convenience.

As in most houses, the dining-room is really the living room, let it be on the sunny side of the house, as nothing adds so much to the comfort and enjoyment as a bright sunny outlook, and surely it is worth while when we consider the many hours to be spent in this room.

A good many of us must, of necessity, spend some hours of each day in the kitchen, and unfortunately the day of the large, light, airy kitchen is past.

Most of the kitchens of the present day are tiny box-like rooms. Of course, some claim this as an advantage, as it saves a great many steps. Be this as it may, it is much pleasanter and less exhausting to the worker to have plenty of space, light and air to work in, and especially is this true in summer.

I will quote an extract from the *Globe* of Feb. 22nd: "Out of 1,000 children born alive in Ontario cities one hundred and sixty die in the first year." Now this can not be from impure milk alone, but from improper care and living in close ill-ventilated rooms, where in most of the crowded tenement houses even the first rules of cleanliness are not observed, the food is not properly cooked and subsequently taken care of, kept free from dust, germ, etc., sinks, refrigerators, cupboards are not carefully looked after and are allowed to become close and musty, scraps of food left lying about instead of being used up immediately. Decaying vegetables and fruits are allowed to remain in the cellar until perhaps housecleaning time instead of being carefully looked over, and any showing spots of decay promptly removed. Aside from the actual waste of neglect of these precautions entails, the vegetables in time throw off a disagreeable odor which penetrates the house and is inhaled by those brought in contact. This can not fail to affect the health. Any spot or pool where wash water is thrown should be far enough from the house that no smell can be detected, as is frequently the case when the sun shines on dirty or soapy water. It is quite frequently to these causes that cases of typhoid or diphtheria can be traced, although more often these diseases are traceable to impure drinking water. Then let the utmost care be taken to keep everything sweet and clean and in the words of the old song let us

"Clean the darkened windows, open wide the door
And let a little sun shine in."

* * *

From Various Branches

THE members of the Lucan Women's Institute thought to make themselves more widely known in the town and "do something."

"We are not one year old," says the Secretary. "We engaged Miss Alma James of St. Thomas, to come and prepare an operetta, "Queen of Poppyland," with local talent; Miss James to get forty per cent. of proceeds and we pay expenses. We secured among our young people seventy-three to take the various parts. It was prepared in three weeks and was a great success. We cleared $40.96 and secured interest of people who could not be brought out any other way than through the children. The meeting directly before and the recent one were full of new people who have promised to join for the new year."

A GOOD TIME ON THE ISLAND.

The Women's Institute of Chilliwack, B.C., have been enabled, owing to the generosity of the municipal council and the business men of the city who have recognized the need of such rooms, to lease and furnish a women's rest and waiting room in the Westminster Trust building. The room will be open every day until 10 p.m.; light, heat and toilet conveniences are furnished, and is for the use of the women of both city and country whether members of the Institute or not.

* * *

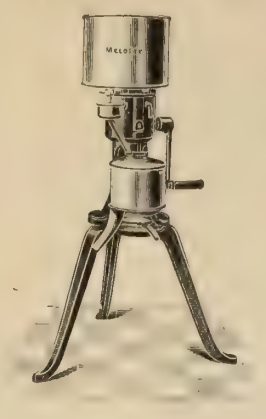
Concerning Soup

ALTHOUGH soup is regarded by many as an especially grateful dish in winter, it is so nourishing a feature of the dinner that the following paper by J. A. S. Scott, holder of a first-class diploma, West-End Training School of Cookery, Glasgow, Scotland, will be welcomed by many. It has been forwarded to us by the Nelson, B.C., Institute:—

Soup ought, if possible, to enter into our daily dietary, both from motives of economy and also for the nourishment it contains. There are a great many different kinds of soups and to-day I will make four, one of each different class. In winter

Continued on page 34

WIFE'S PROFITS—DAIRY PRODUCTS



1st Lady: "I want more and better butter."

2nd Lady: "I want *less work* and something more for doing it."

3rd Lady: "So do I, but I purchased a **MELOTTE CREAM SEPARATOR** and am perfectly satisfied, for I get all that is possible out of the Dairy, and am advising all my friends to do likewise."

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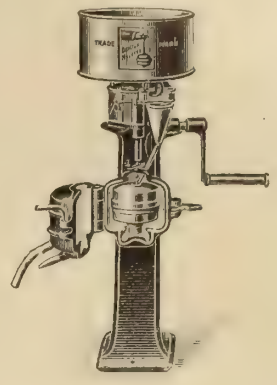

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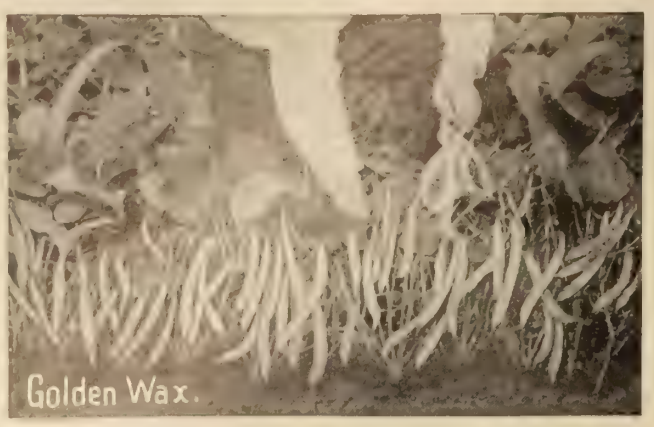

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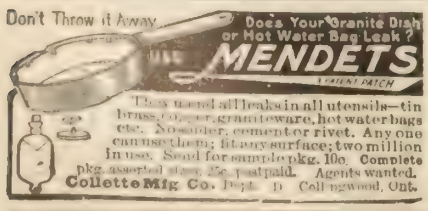

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My Lady's Garden

Garden Chat

By W. P.

THE work necessary in the garden during the latter part of May and the first part of June is usually the heaviest and the most important of the whole season. There are so many things to be done that one often wonders if it will all be accomplished in time.

Those who have started gardening early in the season and made preparations for June planting will find the work comes much easier than when trying to do it all at once. For those who are busy most of the day a few hours work in the evening or morning will work wonders. There is no time like the morning for gardening. One always feels so much fresher and can work without the fatigue very often present when work is done in the evening. It is during the month of June that we get the greatest amount of sunlight and by rising a little earlier each morning there will be found plenty of light for the work and much pleasure in accomplishing something very often before the other members of the family are up.

Bulbs should be lifted and placed in a trench in some out of the way place in the garden and left to ripen. Manure should be dug into the flower beds before planting other plants where the bulbs have been growing.

Gladioli bulbs can be planted in succession of two weeks apart, which will give a succession of bloom until frost.

It is not wise to plant any of the very tender annuals until the first of June. In some of the northern parts there is frost even after this date.

There is nothing that adds more to the tropical appearance of a flower garden than some good liliums. There are the lilium auratum, rubrum and album, of which the first mentioned is the most showy and best to grow. These bulbs can be planted sufficiently deep to allow their being left in the ground permanently.

Dahlias planted in the middle of June have often been known to give better quality of blooms than those planted earlier. The reason some of the growers give for this is that the late planting does not allow the plants to produce blooms during the hot and dry month of August. The best dahlia blooms are usually those that flower just before frost.

Rose bushes should be carefully watched for insects. As quickly as they appear the bushes should be sprayed with some of the many excellent spraying mixtures that may be obtained from any seedsman.

If the sparrows are eating the tops off your sweet peas a remedy can be found in driving three stakes all along the rows at a distance of about eight feet apart. Place the centre stake about the middle of the row and just a little higher than the top of the row. Place another stake on each side of the row about three inches from the centre stake. Drive these two stakes into the ground within three inches of the top. String black thread along the top of these the whole length of the row. The sparrows will become mixed up with the thread and it will frighten them off. This method has been tried successfully for years.

Keep pansy blooms well picked. The more you pick the better the quality of bloom will be and the larger the flowers. Do not forget to water and shade the newly planted plants for two or three days after planting is done. The latter part of the month thinning and cultivating become necessary. Weeds rapidly make their appearance and must be kept constantly checked.

If you have a large bed and desire to have a tropical effect the same can be obtained by the use of castor oil plants, and using house plants such as palms, rubber plants, aspidistras, among these can be placed fuchsias, gladioli, petunias, tuberous begonias and other smaller plants to fill up.

* * *

Fruits and Vegetables

KEEP a sharp look out for insect pests. Some of them usually make their appearance during this month. Spraying is about the only efficient remedy for their extermination.

Remove the weeds from the strawberry beds and keep the surface soil well stirred. Strawberry plants should never be allowed to blossom or fruit the first season of planting. Remove the blossoms so that the strength of the plants goes toward forming strong plants. When picking berries never leave them in the sun. Strawberries are better when picked by pinching off a part of the stem, touching the berry as little as possible. Do not remove the hull until preparing for the table. Those desiring large berries must do considerable thinning as quickly as the fruit is set.

AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

About the second week of June it is safe to plant the most tender vegetables, such as cucumbers, pumpkins, squash, melons. Much trouble is often experienced during the month of June by cut worms destroying tomato plants. Various methods have been suggested to overcome this trouble but the best remedy so far appears to be the digging of Apterite into the soil before planting. It is said that this preparation destroys all insects, worms, etc., that live in the soil.

Avoid planting immediately after a heavy rain. The best test to know whether the soil is fit for planting is to walk over it, and if the soil adheres to your boots don't plant. Another test is to take a handful of the soil and close your hand tightly upon it. If it remains a solid lump the soil is too wet for planting.

The average amateur planter makes a mistake in not firming the soil around the roots of the plants when planting. It is not sufficient to make a hole, drop the plant in and scrape the soil upon the top. This often leaves the roots suspended in a hole in the ground.

Thin out the suckers around your raspberry bushes, leaving only three or four of the strongest growths for fruit next season. If you want to multiply your gooseberry bushes, just bend down some of the branches to the ground and pin them there, covering them over with soil. New

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Special Announcement

SERIES OF SUMMER MEETINGS, 1910

Afternoon sessions will for the most part be held at 2 o'clock and evening sessions at 8 o'clock; the officers of the Institutes concerned, however, have the privilege of choosing the exact hour and making local announcements accordingly. "Aft." indicates an afternoon session only, "Eve" an evening session only. At other places it is expected that an afternoon session will be held, and possibly an evening session. The location of meeting will be given in each local announcement.

Division 1.—Miss G. Carter, Guelph, May 27 to June 16. Dr. Edna Guest, Toronto, June 13 to June 30.

MONCK—			
Smithville		May	27
Silverdale	aft.	"	30
Fenwick	aft.	"	31
Pelham	eve.	"	31
Wellandport		June	1
Winger, Disciple Church		"	2
Canboro, Church		"	3
SOUTH BRANT—			
Falkland	aft.	"	4
Burford		"	6
Cathcart		"	7
Hatchley		"	8
Scotland	aft.	"	9
Mohawk		"	10
Ohsweken		"	11
NORTH BRANT—			
Onondaga		"	13
Tranquility	eve.	"	14
Paris	aft.	"	15
Glen Morris	aft.	"	16
NORTH WENTWORTH—			
Millgrove	aft.	"	17
Kirkwall		"	18
Freelton	aft.	"	20
Waterdown	aft.	"	21
HALTON—			
Kilbride	eve.	"	22
Burlington, Library	aft.	"	23
Palermo	eve.	"	24
Trafalgar	aft.	"	25
Georgetown	eve.	"	27
Norval	aft.	"	28
Acton, Town Hall	aft.	"	29
Ballinafad, Town Hall	aft.	"	30

Division 2.—Mrs. J. Joy, Toronto, May 26 to June 16. Miss L. Reynolds, Toronto, May 26 to June 16. Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill, June 17 to June 30.

WELLAND —			
Humberstone		May	26
Ridgeway	aft.	"	27
Bowen Road	aft.	"	28
Willoughby	aft.	"	30
Crowland	aft.	"	31
Quaker Road	aft.	June	1
Welland	eve.	"	1
Allanburg	aft.	"	2
Queenstown	aft.	"	3
Jordan	aft.	"	4
Beamsville	aft.	"	6
SOUTH WENTWORTH—			
Winona	aft.	June	7
Stoney Creek		"	8
Hannon	aft.	"	9
Binbrook	aft.	"	10
Blackheath	aft.	"	11
Glanford	aft.	"	13
Carluke	aft.	"	14
Ancaster		"	15
Jerseyville	aft.	"	16
HALDIMAND—			
Caledonia	aft.	"	17
Hagersville	aft.	"	18
Springvale	eve.	"	18
Gill, Church	aft.	"	20
Decewsville	eve.	"	20
Clanbrassil		"	21
Cayuga, Court House		"	22
York, Town Hall		"	23
Canfield, Church	aft.	"	24
South Cayuga	aft.	"	25
Rainham Centre	aft.	"	27
Selkirk	aft.	"	28
Sandusk		"	29
Jarvis	aft.	"	30

Division 3.—Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, May 26 to June 23. Miss E. J. Guest, Parkhill, June 21 to July 7. Dr. Annie Backus, June 6 to June 13.

NORTH OXFORD—			
Princeton	aft.	May	26
Drumbo, Town Hall		"	27
Plattsville	aft.	"	28
Cassel	aft.	"	30
Bright	eve.	"	30
Braemar, Gospel Hall	aft.	"	31
Embro	aft.	June	1
Harrington		"	2
Kintore	aft.	"	3
Thamesford	aft.	"	4
EAST ELGIN—			
Mapleton	aft.	"	6
Lyon's Hall	aft.	"	7
Springfield		"	8
Aylmer, Town Hall		"	9
Bayham		"	10

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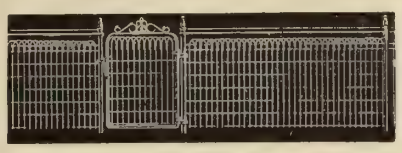

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(Trade Mark Registered)

Baking Powder

When you break open a biscuit and see its white, light interior—when you taste its flaky deliciousness you will conclude that this pure, Cream of Tarter Baking Powder best repays baking skill.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

2 P

PURE GOLD MFG. CO.
Limited
Toronto

MADE IN CANADA

Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address

Buy Hosiery Made by the Largest Mills on a 2-for-1 Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

That 2 for 1 guarantee—the most liberal given anywhere—is backed up by the largest hosiery mills in Canada. You can depend upon the guarantee being fulfilled to the last letter.

Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double penalty.

But after you've worn a pair of Pen-Angle Hosiery you'll understand why we give this 2 for 1 guarantee, for you will have discovered your ideal hosiery—form-knitted, seamless, longest-wearing.

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

Seamless Hosiery

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed, send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors. 45

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 39 Paris, Canada

Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMANS HOSIERY

Copenhagen ..... aft. June 11
Luton, Church ..... " 13

West Elgin—
Iona, Baptist Church ..... aft. " 14
Dutton ..... aft. " 15
Rodney ..... aft. " 16

West Middlesex—
Appin ..... aft. " 17
Napier, Town Hall ..... aft. " 18
Strathroy ..... aft. " 20

East Middlesex—
Hyde Park ..... aft. " 21

North Norfolk—
Guysboro ..... aft " 22
Courtland ..... aft. " 23
Delhi ..... aft. " 24
Simcoe ..... aft. " 25
Windham Centre ..... " 27

South Oxford—
Folden's Hall ..... aft. " 28
Curries ..... aft. " 29
Burgessville ..... aft. " 30
Norwich ..... aft. July 2
Springford ..... aft. " 4
Mount Elgin ..... " 6
Tillsonburg ..... aft. " 7

Division 4.—Mrs. T. Shaw, Hespeler, May 26 to June 4; June 13 to July 7. Miss L. Rose, Guelph, June 6 to June 11.

North Middlesex—
Lucan, Carlisle ..... eve. May 26
Mooresville ..... " 27
Ailsa Craig ..... aft. " 28
West McGillivray ..... eve. " 30
Greenway ..... " 31
Sylvan ..... aft. June 1
Parkhill ..... " 2
Beechwood ..... aft. " 3
Coldstream ..... aft. " 4
Lobo, Masonic Hall .... aft. " 6

East Kent—
Thamesville ..... aft. " 7
Botany ..... " 8
Croton ..... aft. " 9
Wabash ..... aft. " 10
Kent Bridge ..... aft. " 11

West Kent—
Eberts ..... " 13
Irwin ..... " 14
Valetta ..... " 15
Quinn, Union Hall ..... " 16
Tilbury ..... " 17

North Essex—
Comber, Town Hall ..... aft. " 18
South Woodslee ..... " 20
Maidstone ..... " 21
Maidstone Cross ..... " 22
Oldcastle ..... " 23

South Essex—
Essex, Town Hall ..... aft. " 24
Amherstburg ..... aft. " 25
Harrow ..... aft. " 27
Kingsville ..... aft. " 28
Cottam ..... aft. " 29
Leamington ..... " 30

West Kent—
Wheatley ..... aft. July 2
Port Alma ..... aft. " 4
Cedar Springs ..... " 5

East Kent—
Morpeth ..... " 6
Highgate ..... " 7

Division 5.—Mrs. J. E. Brethour, Burford, May 26 to June 7. Miss E. E. Smillie, Toronto, May 26 to June 15. Miss V. Powell, Whitby, June 8 to June 25. Mrs. F. C. Hart, Galt, June 16 to June 25. Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, June 27 to July 12.

East Wellington—
Arthur ..... aft. May 26
Damascus ..... " 27
Kenilworth ..... aft. " 28
Mount Forest ..... aft. " 30
Conn, Orange Hall ..... aft. " 31
Cedarville ..... aft. June 1
Monticello ..... aft. " 2
Colbeck ..... eve. " 2
Grand Valley ..... " 3

Centre Wellington—
Bethany ..... aft. " 6
Metz, Orange Hall ..... aft. " 4
Cumnock ..... aft. " 7
Belwood ..... aft. " 8
Orton ..... aft. " 9
Hillsburg ..... aft. " 10
Marsville ..... aft. " 11
Erin, Town Hall ..... aft. " 13
Coningsby ..... aft. " 14
Ospringe ..... aft. " 15

East Lambton—
Watford ..... aft. " 16
Arkona, Town Hall ..... aft. " 17
Thedford ..... aft. " 18
Forest ..... aft. " 20
Warwick ..... " 21
Aberarder ..... aft. " 22
Camlachie ..... aft. " 23
Wyoming ..... aft. " 24

West Lambton—
Petrolea ..... eve. " 24
Oil Springs ..... aft. " 25
Brigden ..... aft. " 27
Osborne ..... aft. " 28
Colinville ..... " 29
Courtwright ..... " 30

Wilkesport ..... aft. July 2
Becher ..... " 4
Rutherford ..... eve. " 5
Oakdale ..... " 6

EAST LAMBTON—
Shetland ..... aft. " 7
Cairo ..... aft. " 8
Aughrim ..... aft. " 9
Alvinston ..... aft. " 11
Inwood ..... aft. " 12

Division 6.—Mrs. M. L. Ashley, Londesboro, May 26 to July 6. Miss J. VanDuyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 24 to June 28.

NORTH YORK—
Schomberg ..... May 25
Nobleton ..... eve. " 26
Laskay ..... " 27
King ..... aft. " 28
Vandorf ..... aft. " 30
Newmarket ..... aft. " 31
Queensville ..... aft. June 1
Keswick ..... " 2
Mount Albert ..... aft. " 3

PEEL—
Tullamore ..... aft. " 4
Bolton ..... aft. " 6
Mono Road ..... " 7
Mono Mills ..... eve. " 8
Alton, Science Hall ..... " 9
Belfountain ..... " 10
Cheltenham ..... aft. " 11
Brampton ..... aft. " 13
Malton ..... aft. " 14

SOUTH WELLINGTON—
Everton ..... aft. " 15
Rockwood ..... aft. " 16
Arkell ..... aft. " 17
Puslinch ..... aft. " 18

NORTH WATERLOO—
Conestogo ..... aft. " 20
St. Jacob's ..... aft. " 21
Floradale ..... aft. " 22
Hawkesville ..... aft. " 23
Linwood ..... " 24
Wellesley ..... aft. " 25

SOUTH WATERLOO—
Preston ..... aft. " 27
Hespeler ..... aft. " 28
Galt, I.O.F. Hall ..... aft. " 29
Branchton ..... aft. " 30
Cedar Creek ..... aft. July 2
Central Dumfries ..... aft. " 4
Ayr, Foresters' Hall ..... aft. " 5
New Dundee ..... aft. " 6

Division 7.—Miss Laura Rose, Guelph, May 28 to June 1. Mrs. W. Breckon, Waterdown, May 28 to June 14. Miss L. Duncan, 5 Ridout St., Toronto, June 2 to June 18. Miss E. E. Smillie, Toronto, June 16 to July 13.

SOUTH PERTH—
Staffa ..... aft. May 28
Mitchell ..... " 30
Sebringville ..... aft. " 31
Tavistock ..... aft. June 1

NORTH PERTH—
Hampstead ..... " 2
Millbank ..... " 3
Milverton ..... " 4
Listowel ..... aft. " 6

WEST WELLINGTON—
Palmerston ..... aft. June 7
Rothsay ..... aft. " 8

SOUTH BRUCE—
Mildmay ..... " 9
Walkerton ..... aft. " 10

CENTRE BRUCE—
Paisley ..... aft. " 11
Williscroft ..... " 13
Chesley ..... " 14

WEST BRUCE—
Port Elgin ..... " 15
Arkwright ..... aft. " 16
Tara, ... " 17
Allenford ..... " 18

SOUTH BRUCE—
Teeswater ..... aft. " 20
Lucknow ..... " 21

CENTRE BRUCE—
Kincardine ..... aft. " 22
Bervie ..... aft. " 23
Ripley ..... aft. " 24

WEST HURON—
Kintail ..... " 25
St. Helen's ..... " 27
Wingham ..... " 28

EAST HURON—
Fordwich ..... " 29
Bluevale ..... " 30
Molesworth ..... aft. July 2
Gorrie, Town Hall ..... " 4
Jamestown ..... " 5
Brussels ..... " 6
Walton ..... " 7
Ethel, Township Hall ..... " 8

WEST HURON—
Londesboro ..... " 9
Holmesville ..... aft. " 11
Goderich ..... aft. " 12
St. Augustine ..... " 13

Division 8.—Miss B. Duncan, Toronto, May 27 to July 5.

CENTRE GREY—
Hopeville ..... May 27
Dundalk ..... aft. " 28
Badjeros ..... " 30

Cook Comfortably

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives **no outside heat.** All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards, but not around. Consequently all the heat is utilized in cooking and none in outside heating.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is **no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.** Why? Because

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

is the result of endless scientific experiments. It is scientifically and practically perfect. The operation of the wick is automatically controlled, so that no matter how much you try you cannot use too much. Only the right amount of wick can be used, so that you get the maximum heat and yet **there is no smoke.** The burner is simple and all parts of it can be reached. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—**consequently there is no smell.**

The whole secret lies in the perfection of the draught. Once this was solved the stove was perfect. You will find the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove a wonderful comfort for year-round use, and especially in summer. It uses heat nowhere except in cooking—its heat operates upward to pan, pot or kettle, but **not beyond** or around. Useless for heating a room.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove takes up little space. It has a Cabinet Top, with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot, and every other convenience a woman appreciates. It has small drop-shelves ready to relieve a busy woman's hands of the coffee pot or saucepan. Then there are the nickeled towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Cautionary Note.—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

THE QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, LIMITED
OR **THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED**

Maxwell ..... May 31
Flesherton ..... June 1
Priceville ..... " 2
Eugenia ..... " 3
Vandeleur ..... aft. " 4
Kimberley ..... " 6
Heathcote ..... " 7
Clarksburg ..... " 8

NORTH GREY—
Meaford ..... aft. " 9

CENTRE GREY—
Rocklyn ..... " 10
Walter's Falls ..... aft. " 11
Williamsford ..... June 13

UNION—
Harriston ..... " 14
Teviotdale ..... aft. " 15
Clifford ..... " 16
Drew ..... aft. " 17

NORTH BRUCE—
Wiarton ..... eve. " 18
Lion's Head ..... aft. " 20
Hepworth ..... aft. " 21

NORTH GREY—
Clavering ..... " 22
Kemble ..... aft. " 23
Annan ..... June 24
Brookholm ..... aft. " 25
Kilsyth ..... " 27
Desboro ..... aft. " 28

SOUTH GREY—
Elmwood ..... aft. " 29
Ayton ..... aft " 30
Holstein ..... aft. July 2
Robb ..... aft. " 3
Dremore ..... aft. " 4
Durham ..... aft. "

Division 9.—Miss B. Gilholm, Bright,

In the frozen regions of the North or in the hot countries of the South, a pure high grade Coffee like

Seal Brand Coffee

is the friend of mankind, bringing comfort and cheer wherever used.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only. 115

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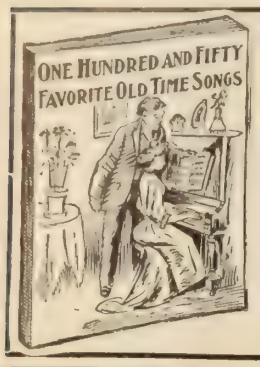

150 Favorite Old-Time Songs

With Words and Music Complete for

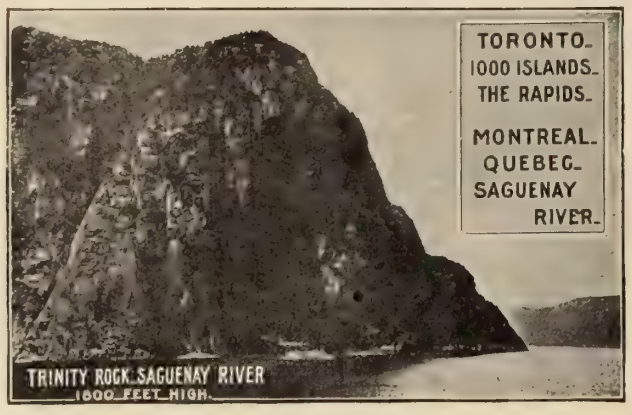
15 CENTS

This is a splended collection of old-time songs and ballads—songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved today as when they were written. Each song is published in this book **with both words and music** complete and we question if there has ever been issued a book containing so large a collection of sterling favorites at so low a price. We will send this book postpaid to any address on receipt of **15 cents.**

The Wholesale Book Co. Dept. H, WINNIPEG CANADA

FOR A SUMMER OUTING

try the "St. Lawrence River Trip" through the 1000 Islands and "Shooting the Rapids."



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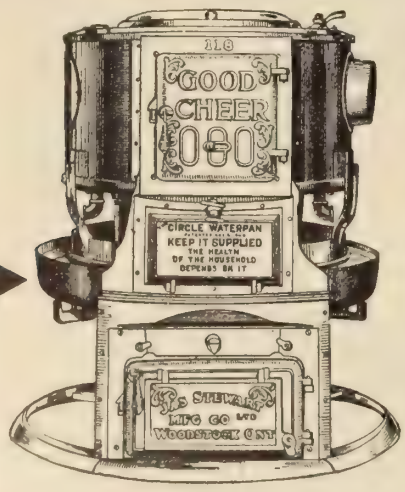

A Real Summer Temperature

YOU know the perfect comfort of a summer day with the thermometer at 65°. Why does 65° in the house in winter feel chilly? Why does 75°, while warm enough, feel stuffy and oppressive?

Because the average furnace, in warming the air, dries out the natural moisture and fails to replace it. Instead of the 70% average humidity of the outside air, your furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture.

The sudden changes from this hot, dry air to the cold, outdoor air is the commonest cause of the colds, sore throats and lung troubles so common in winter.

The Remedy is the

"CIRCLE WATERPAN"

OF THE

"GOOD CHEER" FURNACE

This pan encircles the firepot, and holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average furnace. The result is an evaporation sufficient to keep the air in every room in the house at practically the same humidity as the fresh outside air, so that 68° feels perfectly comfortable, like a summer day. Plants and people thrive in such an atmosphere.

The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace saves doctors' bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of this splendid furnace write

The James Stewart Mfg., Co., Limited

WOODSTOCK, Ont. - WINNIPEG, Man. 2

May 26 to July 9. Mrs. L. M. Parsons, Forest, June 8 to June 15.

DUFFERIN—
Orangeville ..... May 26
Blount ..... " 27
Camilla ..... aft. " 28
Whittington ..... eve. " 30
Laurel ..... " 31
Bowling Green ..... aft. June 1
Shelburne ..... " 2
Keldon ..... " 3
Corbetton ..... aft. " 4
Horning's Mills ..... " 6
Honeywood ..... " 7

WEST SIMCOE—
Avening ..... " 8
Everett ..... aft. " 9
Duntroon ..... aft. " 10
Singhampton ..... aft. " 11
Creemore ..... " 13
Batteau ..... " 14
Sunnidale ..... " 15

CENTRE SIMCOE—
New Flos ..... " 16
Edenvale, Hall ..... " 17
Minesing ..... aft. " 18
Dalston ..... aft. " 20
Hillsdale ..... aft. " 21
Phelpston ..... aft. " 22
Elliott's Corners ..... " 23
Elmvale ..... aft. " 24
Wyebridge ..... aft. " 25
Randolph ..... aft. " 27

EAST SIMCOE—
Coldwater ..... aft. " 28
Warminster ..... aft. " 29
Orillia ..... aft. " 30
Hawkestone ..... aft. July 2
Shanty Bay ..... aft. " 4

SOUTH SIMCOE—
Stroud ..... " 5
Ivy, Orange Hall ..... " 6
Churchill ..... " 7
Bradford ..... aft. " 8
Newton Robinson ..... aft. " 9

Division 10.—Miss S. Campbell, Brampton, May 27 to July 7. Miss R. A. Walsh, Orono, June 6 to June 18. Miss J. Van Duyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 22 and 23.

WEST YORK—
Islington ..... aft. May 27
Lambton Mills ..... eve. " 27
Mimico ..... aft. " 28
Thistleton ..... aft. " 31
Woodbridge ..... aft. June 1
Nashville ..... " 2
Maple ..... aft. " 3
Eli, Foresters' Hall ..... aft. " 4

WEST VICTORIA—
Lorneville ..... " 6
Woodville ..... aft. " 7
Islay ..... eve. " 7
Linden Valley ..... aft. " 8
Lindsay ..... eve. " 9
Oakwood ..... aft. " 10
Valentia ..... aft. " 11
Little Britain ..... aft. " 13
Sonya ..... " 14

NORTH ONTARIO—
Gamebridge ..... " 15
Zephyr ..... " 16
Goodwood ..... aft. " 17
Altona ..... aft. " 18

SOUTH ONTARIO—
Claremont ..... " 20
Whitevale ..... " 21
Pickering ..... aft. " 22
Whitby ..... aft. " 23
Columbus ..... aft. " 24

EAST VICTORIA—
Cameron ..... aft. June 27
Burnt River ..... " 28
Pleasant Valley ..... aft. " 29
Fenelon Falls ..... aft. " 30
Bobcaygeon ..... aft. July 2
Dunsford ..... aft. " 4
Omemee ..... " 5

WEST PETERBORO—
Lakefield ..... " 6

EAST PETERBORO—
Warsaw ..... " 7

Division 11—Miss A. Hotson, Parkhill, May 26 to June 13. Mrs. Muldrew, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 18 to July 2. Mrs. V. Loree, Hamilton, June 22 to July 2.

PRINCE EDWARD—
Rednersville ..... May 26
Mountain View ..... aft. " 27
Gilbert's Mills ..... aft. " 28
Bloomfield ..... aft. " 30
Wellington ..... " 31
West Lake ..... aft. June 1
Cherry Valley ..... aft. " 2
Milford ..... aft. " 3
Picton ..... aft. " 4

EAST YORK—
Thornhill ..... " 6
Highland Creek ..... aft. " 7
Scarboro Junction ..... " 8
Box Grove ..... " 9
Markham ..... aft. " 10
Stouffville ..... aft. " 11
Agincourt ..... aft. " 13

SOUTH MUSKOKA—
Reay ..... eve. " 18
Germania ..... eve. " 20
Muskoka Falls ..... June 21
Bracebridge ..... aft. " 22
Baysville ..... aft. " 23
Bardsville ..... " 24
Brackenrig ..... aft. " 25
Port Carling ..... eve. " 27

CENTRE MUSKOKA—
Ufford ..... " 28
Parkersville ..... " 29
Utterson ..... eve. " 30
Allansville ..... aft. July 2

Division 12.—Miss H. McMurchie, Harriston, May 27 to July 9.

EAST DURHAM—
Manve'rs Station ..... May 27
Millbrook ..... aft. " 28
Springville ..... " 30
Mount Pleasant ..... " 31
Bailieboro ..... aft. June 1
Garden Hill ..... " 2
Charlecote ..... aft. " 3

WEST DURHAM—
Kendall ..... aft. "
Newtonville ..... aft. " 6
Orono ..... " 7
Hampton ..... aft. " 8
Solina ..... aft. " 9
Bowmanville ..... aft. " 10

WEST NORTHUMBERLAND—
Elmview ..... aft. " 11
Cobourg ..... eve. " 13
Grafton ..... aft. " 14
Penella ..... " 15
Roseneath ..... eve. " 16

EAST NORTHUMBERLAND—
Warkworth ..... aft. " 17
Codrington ..... eve. " 18
Wooler ..... aft. " 20
Smithfield ..... aft. " 21
Hilton ..... aft. " 22
Dundonald ..... aft. " 23
Castleton ..... aft. " 24

WEST HASTINGS—
River Valley ..... aft. June 25
Wallbridge ..... aft. " 27

NORTH HASTINGS—
Bayside ..... aft. " 28
Wellman's Corners ..... " 29
Springbrook ..... " 30
Eldorado ..... aft. July 2
Queensboro ..... " 4
Madoc ..... " 5

EAST HASTINGS—
Roslin ..... " 6
Foxboro ..... " 7
Quinte ..... " 8
Melrose ..... " 9

Division 13.—Miss G. Gray, Toronto, May 26 to July 8. Miss J. Van Duyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 20 and 21.

LENNOX—
Adolphustown ..... May 26
Conway ..... aft. " 27

AMHERST ISLAND—
Stella ..... aft. " 28

FRONTENAC—
Westbrooke ..... aft. " 30
Latimer ..... aft. " 31

SOUTH LEEDS—
Lansdowne ..... aft. June 1
Seeley's Bay ..... aft. " 2
Delta ..... aft. " 3
Newboro ..... " 4

NORTH LEEDS AND GRENVILLE—
Easton's Corners ..... " 6
Merrickville ..... " 7

SOUTH LANARK—
Perth ..... aft. " 8
Maberly ..... " 9

NORTH LANARK—
Lanark ..... " 10

SOUTH LANARK—
Carleton Place ..... aft " 11

NORTH LANARK—
Almonte ..... " 13

NORTH RENFREW—
Bromley ..... eve. " 14
Queen's Line ..... " 15
Forester's Falls ..... " 16
Stafford ..... aft. " 17
Alice ..... aft. " 18

CARLETON—
Galetta ..... aft. " 20
Stittsville ..... eve. " 21
Manotick ..... " 22
City View ..... " 23

GLENGARRY—
Maxville ..... aft. " 24
Martintown ..... aft. " 25

STORMONT—
Finch ..... " 27

DUNDAS—
Chesterville ..... eve. " 28
Morewood ..... aft. " 29
Winchester Springs ..... eve. " 30
Brinston ..... aft. July 2
Inkerman ..... aft. " 4
Dundela ..... " 5
Iroquois ..... " 6

SOUTH GRENVILLE—
Brouseville ..... " 7
Maynard ..... aft. " 8

Division 14.—Anson Groh, Preston, May 30 to July 8. Mrs. M. L. Woelard,

Continued on page 39

THE DRESSING TABLE

IF you wish to be beautiful, says a writer in the Montreal *Standard*, drink camomile tea and if you wish to be fashionable drink camomile tea. The advice is easy to follow, for the tea, in spite of the fact that it makes for beauty and fashion, is very inexpensive. The fashion is only just arriving on this side, but the women who are growing beautiful on their herb beverage say that all French women drink camomile tea in preference to anything else.

A New York woman who is pretty enough not to need complexion improvers was taking luncheon at the home of a friend the other day when she made a discovery. After-luncheon coffee was served to her in the usual tiny after-dinner coffee cup, but the other women at the table were drinking from generous, big, fat, round cups which looked as if they held half a pint each.

Would they ruin their nerves and their complexions by taking black coffee in such quantities? she meditated. No, it couldn't be possible, she made up her mind, and not all of them would do it anyway, and besides the complexions of the three were perfect. She had remarked to her hostess on her arrival that she had developed a skin of roses and lilies since she had seen her.

"What are you all drinking?" she asked finally. There was a multi-millionaire banker's daughter, a woman of affairs and a literary woman present.

"Camomile tea," they all answered like a chorus, and everyone laughed.

"Is that what has given you that beautiful complexion?" asked the inquisitive visitor of her hostess.

"Yes," answered the one of roses and lilies, "there is nothing like it for the blood and consequently for the complexion. We all drink it three times a day, and nothing else. It simply makes you over. The French women drink it, and that is what keeps them so fresh and young."

Camomile tea is an old-fashioned remedy of the days of the grandmothers, when it was taken for colds or as a spring tonic. The Germans also use it in large quantities, though more as a remedy for minor ills than as a beauty drink. It has taken the French women to discover its uses in that direction.

It is the German camomile flower that is used for making the tea. There are two kinds, the German and the Roman. The German is a little daisy-like flower, with a yellow centre, and the Roman like a small double daisy, without a centre. It is to be found at the druggists, and two ounces will cost five cents, while an ounce will make a pint of strong tea. The druggist will tell fearful inquirers that camomile is, as the beauty seekers say, a good tonic for the blood, that it may be taken in any amount without harm and with really good effects.

The tea is made as other tea is. The boiling water is poured on the little flowers, they are allowed to steep for a time, and then the liquor is strained into the cup for drinking. It has rather a peculiar flavor, not altogether agreeable, but not distinctly unpleasant.

Forest, May 30 to July 8. Mrs. V. Loree, Hamilton, June 3 to June 6

NORTH MUSKOKA—
- Aspdin ..... May 30
- Ashworth ..... " 31
- Ravenscliffe ..... June 1
- Huntsville ..... " 2
- Brunel ..... " 3
- Birkendale ..... " 4
- Hillside ..... " 6

EAST PARRY SOUND—
- Emsdale ..... " 7
- Doe Lake ..... " 8
- Midlothian ..... " 9
- Magnetawan ..... " 10
- Burk's Falls ..... " 11
- Sundridge ..... " 13
- South River ..... " 14
- Powassan ..... " 15
- Trout Creek ..... " 16
- Granite Hill ..... " 17
- Golden Valley ..... " 18
- Arnstein ..... " 20
- Loring ..... " 21
- Resteule ..... aft. " 22

EAST NIPISSING—
- Burrett's Settlement ..... " 23
- Calvin ..... " 24
- Mattawa ..... " 25

TEMISCAMINGUE—
- Hillview ..... June 27
- Milberta ..... " 28
- Uno Park ..... " 29
- Hanbury ..... " 30
- Charlton ..... July 2
- Heaslip's ..... " 4
- Tomstown ..... " 5
- Hilliardtown ..... " 6
- Clover Valley ..... " 7
- Thornloe ..... " 8

Division 15.—G. H. Farmer, Steelton, May 26 to June 4. Henry Grose, Lefroy, June 6 to July 8. Miss Bella Millar, Guelph, May 25 to July 8.

EAST MANITOULIN—
- Little Current (W.I. only) .... May 25
- Sheguindah ..... " 26
- Green Bay ..... " 27
- Budges ..... aft. " 28
- Manitowaning ..... eve. " 28
- Hilly Grove ..... " 30
- Tehkummah ..... " 31
- Sandfield ..... aft. and eve. June 1
- South Baymouth (W.I. only) ..... aft. " 1
- Silver Bay ..... " 2

EASTMAN—
- Big Lake (W.I. only) .... aft. " 2

EAST MANITOULIN—
- Mindemoya ..... " 3
- Carnarvon ..... " 4

WEST MANITOULIN—
- Grimesthorpe ..... " 6
- Billings ..... " 7
- Gordon's ..... " 8
- Barrie Island ..... " 9
- Poplar ..... June 10
- Silver Water ..... " 11

ST. JOSEPH ISLAND—
- Marksville ..... " 14
- Kaskawan ..... " 15
- Stone ..... " 16
- Kentvale ..... " 17
- Richard's Landing ..... " 18

CENTRE ALGOMA—
- Tarentorus ..... " 20
- Goulais Bay ..... " 21
- East Korah ..... " 22
- West Korah ..... " 23
- South Prince ..... " 24
- Base Line ..... " 25

EAST ALGOMA—
- Thessalon ..... " 27
- Alma Heights ..... " 28
- Livingstone's Creek ..... " 29
- Sowerby ..... " 30
- Iron Bridge ..... July 2
- Wallford ..... " 4

STURGEON FALLS—
- Warren ..... " 5

WEST NIPISSING—
- Four Mile Lake ..... " 6
- Widdifield ..... " 7
- Woodlands ..... " 8

Division 16.—Henry Grose, Lefroy, May 30 to June 3. Mr. Geo. H. Farmer, Steelton, June 9 to July 8. Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton, May 30 to July 8.

ALGOMA NORTH SHORE—
- Desbarats ..... May 30
- McLennan ..... " 31
- Lidstone, School ..... aft. June 1
- Bar River ..... eve. " 1
- Sylvan Valley ..... " 2
- Echo Bay ..... " 3

THUNDER BAY—
- Paipoonge ..... " 9
- Nolalu ..... " 10
- Hymers ..... " 11
- South Gillies ..... " 13
- O'Connor ..... " 14
- Conmee ..... " 15
- Murillo ..... " 16
- Ouimet ..... " 17
- Dorion ..... " 18

WABIGOON—
- Dryden ..... " 20
- Barcley ..... " 21
- Cairnbrogie ..... " 22
- Oxdrift ..... " 23
- Mannitaki ..... " 24
- Eagle River ..... " 25

RAINY RIVER—
- Stratton ..... " 28
- Klondyke ..... " 29
- Barwick ..... " 30
- Shenston ..... July 2
- Emo. ..... " 4
- Barnhart ..... " 5
- Devlin ..... " 6
- Burriss ..... " 7
- Isherwood (F. I only) ..... " 8

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During the summer months the complexion should be carefully treated and protected from the ill effects of exposure to wind and sun. Don't let your skin take on that russet leather look that takes weeks and months to clear, but use

Princess Cinderella Cream
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to cleanse, protect, beautify and keep the skin comfortable. Don't buy before you try. Send 10 cents for samples of each and booklet "H". Price of each 50 cents postpaid.

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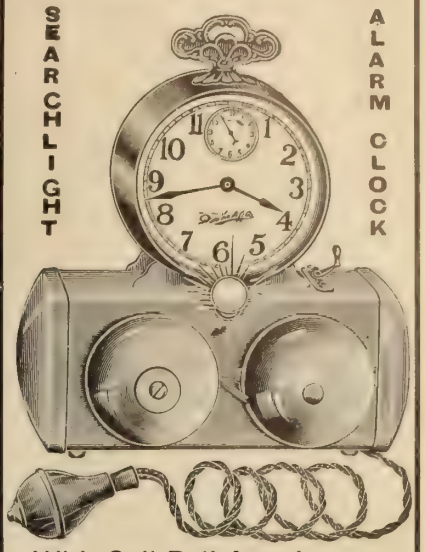

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66 John Street, Toronto

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Every dairyman—every farmer—anybody who owns one milch cow or more should use the STERILAC SANITARY MILK PAIL. It prevents contagion and disease, makes clean milk an absolute certainty, it saves time, and puts an extra profit on your milk supply. The Sterilac Pail has a capacity of 14 quarts, stands nearly 14 inches high, and has no joints or seams on the inside, thus making it germ-proof and easy to clean. It has extra wide detachable funnel, equipped on the inside with a deep metal dirt shelf. Place a piece of ordinary cheese cloth over the bottom of the funnel as a strainer. All dirt falling into the funnel opening is caught on the shelf or screen—not on the milk strainer, which is protected from falling dirt by the top part of the pail. As the milk falls on the slant, it passes over the shelf direct to the strainer into the pail. Milk and dirt do not come in contact—no chance of anything falling on the strainer but milk. This is the only effective and economical sanitary pail on the market. Highly endorsed by medical authorities. Price $2.50, in lots of six or more $2 25—money back if not as represented. Write for big Catalogue of dairy supplies—free.

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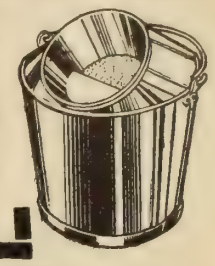

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Linen and cotton absorb quickly but retain the impurities secreted from the body or from the atmosphere.

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On the sunny upland slopes of "Salada" plantations the loose soil admits light and air to the plant roots; the sloping land gives perfect drainage; the equable temperature permits an even development of the leaves.

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The delicious quality of "Salada" is chiefly due to Nature. We do our part by giving you Nature's best growth of tea, untouched and uncontaminated by human hands, from the time the leaves fall into the picker's basket until they exhale their delicious fragrance from your cup.

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Ask your grocer for **"Salada"** Tea or send for a free trial package. We mail it without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

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SAVES THE PRICE OF A NEW BOWL

Mend the broken one.
You can do it with Cæmentium.
It is a mineral paste—not a fish glue.
When set, Cæmentium withstands water and all changes in temperature.
It is just as satisfactory for mending kitchen utensils; for it also withstands fire—actually becomes a part of the mended article.
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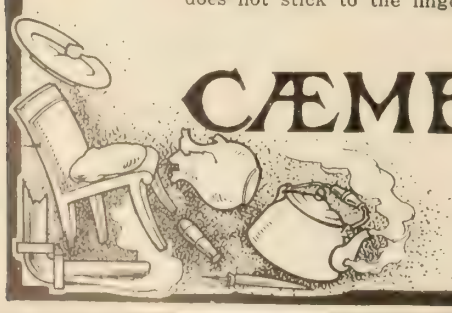
Cæmentium is a powerful mineral paste—odorless, non-poisonous. It comes ready to use, in patented air tight tins. It is easy to use and does not stick to the fingers.



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Let us send you this beautiful **Belt or Collar Pin.** Just send your name and address plainly written, with the three initials you desire, and we will send this **Pin** to you by return mail, postpaid. These Brooches are beautifully made, heavy sterling silver, satin finished, your monogram hand-engraved. They sell regularly for **seventy-five cents.** If satisfied after you receive the Pin, all we ask is that you send a postal note or post office order for **thirty cents;** if not, return the Brooch to us. Show the Pin to your friends and tell them where they may obtain one like yours.

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Kitchen Wrinkles

TO take ink spots out of a mahogany table, apply spirits of salt with a piece of rag until the stain disappears.

For a headache take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water with a pinch of soda in it. Drink while foaming. This is excellent for bilious people.

Tired feet should be well bathed in warm water to which a little sea salt has been added. Dry thoroughly and rub with a little lemon juice. It is wonderful how this treatment eases them.

If night-lights are burnt in the nursery and you run short of them, try this alternative. Take a wax candle, cover the top, which has been burnt level, with a thin layer of salt, and leave only the blackened end of the wick exposed. Light the candle and it will give a faint but steady light all night.

In paring apples for cooking there is usually a great deal of waste, but this may be prevented if some hot water is poured over them before paring, letting them stand for one minute and they can then be pared quite thinly and easily without injuring the flavor of the fruit.

Floor-cloth should never be washed with water if you wish it to wear well. Instead wash it with skim milk, rub dry, and then polish with beeswax and turpentine. Treated in this way once or twice a week, and on other days well rubbed with a dry duster after sweeping, it will look well to the last.

Boots or shoes that have been wet through and become hard in the drying may be softened by the application of a little paraffin. The oil should be applied by means of a soft cloth and be well rubbed into the leather. Paraffin also acts as a preservative of the leather, and so causes the boots or shoes to wear longer.

* * *

Get Ahead of Insomnia

BEFORE going to bed the body should be brought into that state which gives the surest chance of dropping speedily asleep. There must be the right kind of breathing, deep, slow and full rhythmical breaths.

The spine should be laterally straight, the muscles relaxed.

Do not go to bed in a room where the gas has been burning for hours without opening the windows as wide as possible and arranging it so that there is a circulation of fresh air all night.

The temperature of the bed should be agreeable.

The position of the bed is also important.

It is easier to get an unimpeded breath when the head is on the level with the backbone, and it is much more healthful to sleep without a pillow. With the head low the strain on the muscles is relaxed.

High pillows push the shoulders forward and prevent the chest from being properly expanded. The more nearly horizontal the body is the less effort is the heart obliged to make to send the blood to the points farthest from it, and during sleep is the only resting time for this hard worked organ, as then it beats more slowly.

Most physicians recommend sleeping on the right side, and there are those who emphatically assert that the correct position is to lie on the left side, with the arms thrown behind if one wishes perfect rest, a fine figure and good health.

The springs and mattress should be firm enough to support all parts of the body when it is in a horizontal position.

When the bed is too soft or the springs sag, the middle part of the body sinks into the yielding bed and is at an angle, where it should be straight so as to give perfect freedom to the internal organs. A soft bed is enervating; it embraces the body and makes the tissues flabby, which, together with the covering, interferes with circulation and prevents the body throwing off its impurities.

If one wishes to sleep the perfect sleep, wishes to develop energy, he must learn to sleep on a hard bed with light covering. If one wishes to preserve a good figure and enjoy a healthful sleep it is necessary to fight shy of all luxurious beds.

The bed should be placed in a room so that there is as much air in circulation as possible without necessitating a draught. It should be high from the floor and pushed away from the walls on all sides.

The bed should be thoroughly dry and wet clothes should never be hung in a sleeping-room.

Open your window night and day, rain or shine, and remember that fresh air is one of the best remedies for restlessness that can possibly be secured. The victims of sleeplessness should be careful what they eat and drink for the evening meal. Neither should they go to bed immediately after studying hard, as the brain is in a state of excitement that will prevent sleep.

* * *

Helpful Hints

Mix pastry several hours before it is to be rolled out, and much labor is saved and a better result obtained.

Thin brown bread and butter sandwiches are the most appetizing accompaniments for fish salad of any sort.

It is said that ink stains on white goods and also on the hands may be removed by rubbing them with a ripe tomato.

Whole cloves scattered plentifully among clothing in dresser drawers will keep away moths as effectually as camphor.

Iron rust stains should be washed in oxalic acid melted in hot water. Rinse with pure water and a touch of ammonia.

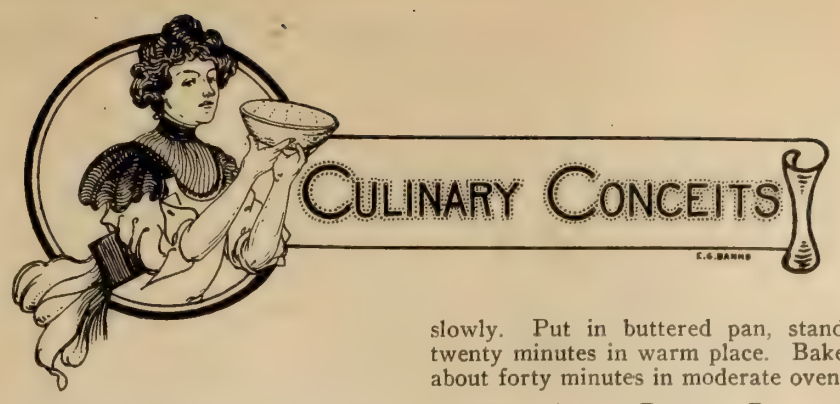
Fat is a preventive of neuralgia, and people who suffer in this way, but dislike fat meat, should eat liberally of thin, well-buttered bread.

A dozen grains of rice in a salt-cellar will absorb dampness and keep the salt in powder. It also breaks the lumps that there may be in salt.

Eggs strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase.

To polish amber, rub it with whitening moistened with water, and lastly with a little olive oil laid on, and well polished off with a piece of flannel.

When soot falls on the carpet, cover it quickly with salt and then sweep it up. In this way you may remove it without doing the least damage to your carpet.



More Pineapple Dishes

PINEAPPLE FRUITADE. — Pare the thin yellow rind of six lemons and three oranges and pour over them one cupful of boiling water and let stand covered in an earthen or granite bowl till cold. Strain into a large bowl and add the juice of twelve lemons and three oranges. Add light brown sugar to taste, a pint of tea made of half an ounce of Oolong and a few sprigs of fresh mint brewed with the tea. Pour on enough water to dilute sufficiently, allowing for a bottle or even two of seltzer water which is to be put in just before serving. Add also a can of grated pineapple, some very thin slices of cumquats and some Maraschino cherries. Serve ice cold.

PINEAPPLE SALAD.—One can of shredded pineapple, one-fourth pound of salted almonds chopped, one-fourth pound of shelled filberts chopped. Let stand for an hour or more in a dressing made of oil, orange juice, lemon juice, and a dash of tarragon vinegar. Arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with thin slices of cumquats and Maraschino cherries. Arrange mayonnaise at one side or around the salad but not on it. The mayonnaise may be colored light green or made with a very yellow yolk.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT.—Take sliced canned pineapple and cut into eighths. Pare sweet, juicy oranges and remove each segment free from the membrane and seeds. Sprinkle lemon juice over the pineapple. Arrange the orange sections and pineapple slices nicely, sprinkling with powdered sugar or a mixture of powdered and grated maple sugar. Over this put a layer of grated cocoanut. The fresh is best, but the dried can be steamed a few minutes and made quite tender. Any sort of fine canned fruit can be used instead of the oranges or with them. Peaches or pears are especially good.

PINEAPPLE SLICES.—Use the canned sliced pineapple. On each dish place a slice. Cover with a mound of whipped cream piled high in the centre. Over this sprinkle finely chopped preserved ginger and cherries. A few pistachio nuts, chopped very fine and sprinkled over the cream and about the edges of the fruit would add a pretty color note.

* * *

Excellent Recipes

AN INEXPENSIVE CAKE. — Here is a recipe for a nice, simple, and inexpensive cake, the quantities for which can, of course, be easily doubled, or increased proportionately to any extent: Beat a quarter of a pound each of butter and castor sugar with the hand until they are quite white and creamy; then add the grated rind of a quarter of a lemon, and two eggs, together with five ounces of fine flour, which has been warmed and sifted; lastly, add half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter of a pound of mixed fruit, the raisins cut up in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half, in a buttered tin dusted with flour and castor sugar mixed in equal quantities.

WALNUT BREAD.—Four cups of flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, one cup sugar, one and a half cups of milk, two eggs, quarter pound of chopped walnuts. Mix dry ingredients together, then mix eggs, milk and sugar, stir in slowly. Put in buttered pan, stand twenty minutes in warm place. Bake about forty minutes in moderate oven.

SWEET APPLE PICKLE.—Put one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice in a cheese-cloth bag and boil this in a syrup made of one quart of vinegar and three pounds of sugar. Have ready four pounds of apples, pared, cored and halved. Place these carefully in the syrup, simmer till tender and then put the apples in heated sterilized jars. Cook down the syrup till thick, then pour over the fruit in the jars and seal. The jars must be full to overflowing, and care must be used that no air bubbles remain in the jar.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of apple sauce, with one teaspoon of soda stirred in, one cup of brown sugar, one-third cup of shortening, one cup of raisins, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one of cloves. Bake in a square tin in a moderate oven.

CUP CAKES.—Two cups of sugar, one scant cup of shortening, two eggs, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon soda and one large teaspoon of cream of tartar, three and a half cups of flour, last stir in one cup of chopped raisins or English walnuts. Bake in well greased gem tins.

WHITE FRUIT. — One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one teaspoon salt, eight eggs, whites, three level teaspoons baking powder, one half glass white wine, one-quarter pound citron, one-half pound almonds, three-quarters cup dessicated cocoanut, one cup light sultana raisins. This makes two brick loaves.

Concerning Soup

Continued from page 34

thy dietary, but as two-thirds of the whole body is water and as it enters into all our tissues, bones and muscles so that an average man will require 70 to 80 ounces daily, it will be seen that some part of our diet should be in a liquid form. Now let us see which of these foodstuffs are contained in our soups.

KIDNEY SOUP.

Proteid in the kidney.
Water.
Little fat.
A fraction of carbohydrates.
No salts or only a fraction.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.

Carbohydrates—in potatoes, artichokes and flour.
Fat—in the butter used.
Water.
Small per centage of proteid in milk.
Salts in all the vegetables.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Rich in salts from all the vegetables.
Carbohydrates—in rice and some vegetables.
No proteid.
Fat—small quantity.
Water.

SCRAP SOUP.

Proteid—in form of macaroni, cheese and beans.
Fat—in dripping and cheese.
Salts—in vegetables.
Carbohydrates—in rice and potatoes.

So therefore this last soup contains more of the proximate principles at a minimum cost than the other soups, and comes nearer being a perfect food. Please think this over and do not, because of a little extra trouble, allow to waste valuable material.

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

The Secret of Good Pies

PIE CRUST, more than any other delicacy of the oven, ought to be tempting and appealing to the taste.

You do not eat pie as a nerve tonic or to strengthen your appetite. You eat it for *pleasure* mostly.

You want it, of course, to taste good, at the same time you want the crust to be light, flaky, wholesome. Now, pie crust properly made from

Royal Household Flour

is *always* good food, the absolute uniformity of this best of all flours eliminates failure entirely. You get the same delightful results every time and your pies are more healthful and nourishing than if made from ordinary flour.

The reason is that "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" having a larger percentage of high quality gluten, assimilates more readily, is more satisfying than ordinary flour, comes out of the oven flakier, more tender and more digestible.

Be sure to try **"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"** when next you make pies. It is the finest flour in the world not only for Pastry but for Bread and *all* family baking.

"Ogilvies Book For A Cook" containing 125 pages of tried and tested recipes will be sent free to any user of Royal Household Flour who asks for it. 23

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

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EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED
IT DOES PLAIN OR FANCY WORK.
SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS.
GIVE IT A TRIAL.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS SAY YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HOME JOURNAL

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

EGGING THEM ON.

A LITTLE girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

* * *

AN UNKIND MAN.

THINGS hadn't turned out too well with their love affair. The fatal word had just been spoken, and he was rejected. The rejected suitor stood respectfully before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. Below the smooth waters of Oriental Bay rested in awesome wonder.

"I trust I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

* * *

FOR LUCK.

Boarding Mistress—"Is there anything wrong with that egg, Mr. Fourper? I see you are according it a very critical examination."

Mr. Fourper—"Oh, not anything wrong with the egg, Mrs. Skimpem. I was just looking for the wishbone, that's all."

* * *

HAPPY "JEAMES."

JEAMES knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands for a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "Oh," she cries, with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful old Sevres!"

"Oh," exclaims Jeames in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, ma'am; I thought it was something new, ma'am!"

* * *

NAMING THE BOY.

"WHAT you want to do for that kid," said the old bachelor, who had backed off suspiciously from the new baby, "is to call him something that can't be nicknamed. The way to do that is to give him J. for a middle initial. I have made a study of proper names and their nicknames, and I have figured out that there isn't one chance in a million of the boy whose middle name begins with J ever being nicknamed. Positive immunity is guaranteed by William J. Just cast your eye over the William J's you have heard of and see if one of them is ever called Bill by any except the hopelessly jocular, and even they don't dare say it to William J's face."

* * *

A CAREFUL BUYER.

SHE was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of a fortune, and concluded a horse was a necessity in her new establishment, so she sent for a dealer and had a talk with him. What she didn't know about horses would fill a livery stable and she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge, and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came, and she went out to pass judgment. She walked all around the animal, critically, as professionals do.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired, with the air of a jockey.

"Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She is well gaited and fine in harness."

"Um-um," said the girl; "is she all right in the botts?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the dealer; "but you see, I've only got shoes on her forefeet."

He said that because, really, he didn't know what else to say.

"I notice that you couldn't really have them on her five feet, could you?" she gurgled.

"I mean, miss," stammered the dealer, "that she is shod only on the forefeet."

"I understand," she said, seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?"

"Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer with a great sense of relief.

"She seems to be all right in the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't appear to be quite right," suggested the girl.

"There is nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound."

"There is no danger of her withers being spavined, is there?" she inquired carefully. "I've seen horses like that and they always make me nervous."

"No danger in the world, miss," the dealer assured her.

"How old is she?" inquired the girl.

By this time the dealer knew his man and was confident.

"Being a lady, miss," he smiled, "I'd rather not tell her age."

"How considerate of you," she said earnestly. "I'll take her."

* * *

HERE AND THERE.

A MAN was waiting patiently for a street car the other day at a transfer station, says the Boston *Record,* when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried, "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

* * *

A PROFITABLE GAME.

A CERTAIN woman had a barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

* * *

ESKITOLOGY.

A little igloo now and then
Is relished by the Eskimen,
A little whale oil, well frapped,
Is relished by the Eskimaid.
A little gumdrop, this is truth,
Is relished by the Eskitooth.
A little blubber, raw or b'iled,
Is relished by the Eskichild.
The all of which shows just how hard
The grind is for the Eskibard.
But poets might detect a gap,
'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimap.
And think that Peary, in straits dire,
Rejoiced to find an Eskiliar.
A little pemmican to chaw
Is welcomed by the Eskima.
We could keep this up all fall
But fear 'twould make the Eskibawl.
'Tis said two gumdrops and a knife
Will buy a man an Eskiwife.

* * *

PROMPT ACTION FOLLOWED.

A MEMBER of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

'Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

* * *

A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

THE pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman, anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative, how?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny.'"

* * *

NOT A SUFFRAGIST, YET.

DURING the Presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con, and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way between the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.

"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad, but just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."

* * *

A PRACTICAL TEST.

SOME visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum inquired of the guide what method was used to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We lave it running and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they have emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them that ain't idiots turns off the tap."

* * *

HIS PREPARATIONS.

SMITH walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown, "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

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